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STOLEN JEWELS

Kitty turned on her fiercely.

fault that the motos are attracted? I public find themselves quite at home don't ask your husband to come; if he in the Metropolis of the South. There finds in me what he misses in you, it are the same bold, speculative qualiis your fault, not mine-your errand is ties, the same restless pursuit of pleauseless, I cannot help you."

She turned to go, but the young woman sprang forward and caught her

You shall not go-you shall not! she almost shricked. "You and Fenton are dragging us both to perdition: he has ruined himself for your sake, and his friend-God help him-his friend has insulted me with words of

"Am I the guardian of your virtue?" said Kitty pitilessly. Mrs. Malton stood wringing her

"Oh, God, have you no pity? I am woman like yourself-my husband should protect me, but he leaves me for you—and," in a whisper, don't know all—he has given you presents, rich presents, and to do so

has committed a crime." "A crime!" "Hush! hush!" glancing fearfully around, "not so loud-not so loud- of offices was taken in Collins street, yes, he has embezzled money, sands of pounds, for your sake.' Kitty gave a cry, and gasped at a

chair for support. "I-I-did not-not ask him for his presents." No; but it was for your sake-your

You must help him." "I", laughed Kitty mockingly, "help Help him! -help any man! My good woman, if he went into the prisoner's dock to-morrow, I would not lift one finger to save him." Mrs. Malton fell on her knees.

"Oh, my God, don't talk like that!" she cried wildly. "You will ruin him -you will ruin him."

Kitty swept round with a cold glit-

ter. like steel, in her eyes. 'Yes! it is my business to ruin men. When I was poor, and anxious to lead a good life, any out-stretched hand might have saved me; but no. I was a pariah and outcast—they closed their doors against me. I asked for bread. they gave me a stone—they made of me a scourage for their own evil doing-this is the time for my revenge: fallen and regarded though I be, I can wring their hearts and ruin their homes through their nearest and dearest, and you come to ask me to relent -you, who, if you saw me to-morrow on the streets, would draw your

skirts aside from the moral leper!" "No, no!" moaned the other, beating her breasts with her hands. "Have mercy, have mercy?"

"You know the manager of the company, Mr. Fenton; he is your loverhe can refuse you nothing. Speak to him, and see if anything can be done." "No!"

"For God's sake!"

"No!" "You have a child?"

"What is my child to you?" "Everything. You are a motherso am I; you love your child-I love mine; yet you would make my innocent child suffer for its father's crime. Oh, if you have any feelings for a mother, spare the father for the sake of the child."

Kitty stood irresolute, while the woman at her feet burst into wild and passionate weeping.

At this moment Meg entered the room by the window, and paused for

a moment. "Mumsey," she said, "why does the lady cry?"

Mrs. Malton stretched out her hands rice; but Fenton had to pay pretty to Meg with a quiet indrawing of her dearly for his position. Kitty spent his breath. "I am crying for my little girl."

her shoulder. "Poor lady-poor, poor lady! Kitty could contain herself no longer. With a sudden impulse, she bent down and raised the weeping woman. "I will do what I can," she said

huskily, and sank into a chair. 'Thank God!" cried Mrs. Malton, advancing, but Kitty waved her off. while Meg stood looking from one to the other in amazement. "Go, go!"

Mrs. Malton bent down and kissed her hand. "May God be merciful to you, as you have been to me," and, without an-

other word, she departed. "Mumsey," said Meg, trying to take her mother's hands from her face, "were you cross to the lady?" "No, darling, no!" replied Kitty, drawing Meg close to her. "Mother

was kind to the lady because of her little girl." "Good mumsey, dear mumsey; Meg loves you," and she put her arms round Kitty's neck, while the poor woman leaned her aching head against the innocent breast of her child, and

turst into tears. CHAPTER VI_ It is a curious fact that Melbourne has, in its social and business as-



pects, a strong leaven of American-"Can't I help that. Is it the candle's ism, and visitors from the great Rsure, and the same rapidity and promptness of action which characterises the citizen of San Francisco or New York. Consequently, there are many Americans to be found in reason of your visit," she said, in a city so congenial to their tastes, and

of these Hiram J. Fenton was one. He had come over from the States as the agent of a dry goods firm, and, travelling all through the Australasian colonies, soon saw the enormous capabilities of wealth that lay before him. Gifted with a ready tongue and at the little figure with a frown. a persuasive manner, he interested several opulent Victorians in a scheme for floating a Life Insurance Company. A prospectus was drawn up. which promised incalculable wealth Fenton, illnaturedly, "getting fresh to those who would take shares, and, by means of Mr. Fenton's brilliant Insurance Company soon became an accomplished fact. A handsome suite

a large staff of clerks engaged, a gen- him turn round. ial medical man, whose smile itself was a recommendation, remained on the premises to examine intending policy-holders, and the emissaries of the company went to the four-quorters of the globe to trumpet forth the praises of the affair, and persuade people to insure their lives. The company prospered, a handsome dividend was soon declared, and, thanks to his Yankee sharpness, Mr. Fenton now found himself occupying the enviable position of manager with a large sal-

He was a handsome man in a bold, sensual way, with a certain dash and swagger about him which impressed strangers favorably, but a physiognomist would have mistrusted his too ready tongue and the keen glance of his eye. There is no greater mistake



than to suppose a villain cannot mee an honest eye, for, as a matter of fact, a successful villain having his nerves under admirable control can stare any one out of countenance, and the keen, rapid glance can take in at once the weak points of a stranger.

Mr. Fenten occupied pleasant apartments, went into society a great deal. and altogether was a very popular man. Cold, calculating, and far-seeing as he was, he had yet a weak spot in his character, and this was extreme partiality for the female sex. Any woman, provided she was pretty, could easily twist him round her finger: and as Kitty Marchurst now had him in her toils, she took full advantage of his infatuation. There was a certain amount of notoriety in be-Kitty would have interposed, but ing the lover of the now famous Capmoney like water, and when he ventured to remonstrate, laughed in his "Is she dead?" asked Mez, coming face and told him he could go if he to the kneeling woman, and touching liked, an intimation which only rade him resolve to stick closer to her. Nevertheless, about this time relations were rather strained between them, and any one knowing the facts of the case would have seen that the end was not far off,

As to Evan Laiton, he was Fenton's assistant manager, and was the moon to the astute American's sun. Weak, irresolute and foolish, he was, nevertheless, by some strange contradiction, a capital business man This arose from his long training in office work; he could do nothing by himself, but guided by I inton, he made a most admirable subordinate, and was amenable to his superior in every way. He admired Fenton greatly, copied him in his dress and mannerisms, affected a rakish demeanour towards his friend's mistress, and thoroughly neglected his poor wife, a neglect which Fenton tried hard to take advantage of. Had Malton known this, it would doubtless have changed his feelings towards the American, for though he thought he was justified in leading a fast life, he strong'y objected to his wife showing any liking for any one bu' himself. Fenton, however, believing in no woman's virtue, did not despair, but protected Kitty openly, to delude Malton into a false security, and made love to Mrs. Malton sub rosa.

It was quite warm out of doors in spite of the season, and out on Kitty's lawn were a group of people .aughing and talking together. Kitty, in a comfortable chair, was chatting to Keith and Ezra, who had ast arrived, and there were several other ladies present, including Milly Maxwell, who was the second lady at the Bon-Bondark-browed, majestic and passionate; Dora Aven. t, who looked like a doll and had the brains of one; and Mrs. Wadby, who wrote scandal and dresses for The Penny Whistle, under the nom de plume of "Baby."

As to the gentlemen, there were present Ted Mortimer, bland and smiling, Slingsby, the parliamentary reporter; Delp, the theatrical critic; Toltby, the low comedian at the Bon-Bon, and about half-a-dozen others, who were more or less connected with the stage and the press. The men

In the drawing room, howev to the window, sat Meg, buried in a hig armchair, reading a fairy talls, and a pretty picture she made with her little loose white dress, and her giorious hair falling about her pale

"And the beautiful Princes," read Meg in ecstacy, "fell asleep in the Magic Castle for one hundred years oh!" breaking off suddenly hungry she must have been when she woke up!"

Meg shook her head over this problem and resumed the story. "And a great forest grew round the castle, which could not be got through till the handsome Prince arrived." Here the drawing-room door opened, and Meg looked up, half expected to see the handsome prince. It was only Fenton, however, and

he disliked Meg intensely, a dislike which that young person was by no means backward in returning, so she went calmly on reading her book. "Well, where's mother?" asked Fenton in his slightly nasal voice, looking "Mumsey's in the garden," replied

Meg. with great difficulty, flinging back her curis. "Just where you ought to be." said air."

"I'm reading a fairy tale," explaincommand of words, and skilful manied Meg, closing her book; "mumsey pulation of figures, The Never-say-die said I could do what I liked." "Your mother don't rear you well." retorted the American, and he walked away, when a peal of laughter made

"What funny faces you make." said the child; "I feel quite laughy." "I'd like to spank you." observed Fenton, with no very amiable expres-

sion of countenance "You're a bad man," said Meg, indignantly: "I don't know a baddernot a bit like my Mr. Keith." "Oh." sneered Fenton, "and who is Mr. Keith?"

"He is a very nice gentleman," plied Meg. pursing up her lips: "he stopped the wheels going over me." "I shan't." retorted Meg. obsinateton, vindictively. "Meg. go and tell mother I want her right away."

"I chan't," retorted Meg,o bstinately; "you're a rude man."
"I'll make you smart," said Fenton, catching her arm. "Oh, mumsey," cried the child, in tone of relief, and Fenton turned just

to see Kitty looking at him like an enraged tigress. "You lay a finger on my child," she said, viciously, "and I'll kill you!" The American released his hold on Meg with an awkward laugh, and

took a seat.

"Why don't you teach her ranners?" he growled. "That's my business," flashed out Kitty, haughtily. "And now you are here, I wish to speak with you. Meg, my treasure, run out and say mum-

sey won't be long." "Mumsey's going to you now," said Meg consolingly to Fenton, and then ran out laughing, the man looking angrily after her. Left alone Kitty sat down near Fenton and began to talk.

"I asked you for live hundred." she said, coldly. "Yes and I refused. "sulkily. "So I saw by your letter What is

vour reason?' "That's my business." "And mine also. Why did you refree?" she reiterated.

"I'm sick of your extravagance." Caprice laughed in a sneering way that brought the blush to his cheek. "Do you think I'm dependent on you for money?" she said, with scorn. "I know fifty better men than you who would give me the money if I asked

"Then go and ask them," he returned brutally.

Kitty sprang to her feet. "Of course I will; that means your dismissal." Fenton caught at her dress in genuine alarm.

"No, no! don't go; you know I love "So well," she interrupted, "that you

refuse me a paltry five hundred pounds." "I would give it to you, but I haven t

"Then get it," she said coolly. "I'm nearly ruined," he cried desperately. "Then retire, and make room for

better men." "You're a devil!" hissed Fenton. "No doubt. I told you what to ex-

pect when I first met you." "Do you mean to say you will throw me over because I've no money left?" he said fiercely, grasping her wrist. "Like an old glove," she retorted. "I'll kill you first."

"Bah! you are melodramatic." "Oh, Kitty, Kitty!" with a sudden change to tenderness.

"Don't call me by that name," said the woman, in a low, harsh voice. "Kitty Marchurst is dead; she died when she went on the stage, and all en me a lucky sixpence. He says we're

Winone, Minn - "I suffered for more

S. and was so bad I could not rest at nightwould lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around would be all tired Vegetable Comd and thought would try it. My

weil and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recom-mend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. Album Sultze, 608
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How often do we hear the expression

among women, "I amso nervous, I can-not sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultag's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, displacements, inflammation, pains, backache, displacements, periodic pains, period siness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the stanhard remedy for such ailments.

womanly pity died with her. You are speaking to Caprice, the most notorlous woman in Melbourne." Fenton sat sullenly silent, glancing

every now and then at her beautiful. scornful face. "If you won't give me money," she said at length, mindful of her promise to Mrs. Malton, "you can do something else."

"What's that?" eagerly. " Mrs. Malton was here-" "Mrs. Malton!" he interrupted, springing to his feet. "What did she

"Several unpleasant things about your love for her," said Kitty coolly. "It's a lie," he began, but Kitty shrugged her shoulders. "Bah! I'm not jealous; I only care

for your money; not for you. But about this visit; her husband has embezzled money in your office." Fenton turned a little pale, and looked steadily at her.

Embeszied money, the scoundrel!" he said furiously. "Yes, isn't he?" said Kitty derisive-"Not a noble, upright gentleman

like Hiram Fenton." He turned from her with an oath. "I've been a good friend to him right was fixed up for life, if haved himself; now I'll put him in prison.'

"So that you can make love to his wife," retorted Kitty coolly. "I don't care two straws about his wife," replied Fenton, with a scowl. You are the only woman I love." "Then promise me to help this un-

happy man?" Certainly not. You are asking me to compound a felony." "I'm not a lawyer," she said, coldly, "and don't undertand legal terms. am only asking you to save him

from gaol for his wife'= sake." "You don't love him?" jealously. "Bah! do I love any one except my-

"And your child," with a sneer. "Let my child be. Will you help Evan Malton?"

"No; the law must take its course. "Then I'll help him myself." "But how?" "That's my business—the money

must be replaced—find out how much is missing, and let me know." "What's the good? you've not got the cash." "Do what I ask!"

"Very well!" sulkily. "I can't pay the money myself; but I'll give him time to repay it." "You will?"

"Yes; and Kitty," shamefacedly. "I'll let you have that five hundred." "Good boy," said Kitty approvingly, and laughed. She had gained both her points, so could afford to do so. At this moment Meg entered the room from the garden, followed by Keith. on seeing whom Fenton's face dark-

"Mumsey!" said Meg, bounding up to Kitty, "I've given him the knife. and he says it's lovely-don't you," turning to Keith.

"Words fail me to express my anpreciation," said S' wart, with a smile looking at the large very large ivory handled knife "and it's got an inscription, 'From Meg,'-beautiful," "It will cut love. Mr. Stewart," said Kitty, with a laugh.

"Oh no," interposed Meg, "he's giv-

TORONTO The Show That FAT Produces the Good Butcher STOCK Stock and Breaks the Sale SHOW Price Records

UNION STOCK YARDS DEC. 5th, 6th

empaged new, and when I grow up.
Minney, I'm going to marry him."
"In this true?" sphed Kitty golly.
"Are you going to rob me of my daughter? This is dreadful? What do you say, Mr. Penton?

Mr. Fenton smiled in a ghastly manner, then hurried away muttering under his breath. "It's bad temper," observed Stewart, looking after him.

"No, my dear," said Kitty, airily; "it's jeniousy."

(To be continued)

Some Bings at Bingen. (Since Bingen on the Rhine has

een bombed the old McGuffey's fourth ader has got into the war, together with other classic volumes.—Ex-An allied aviator came gliding to his

He looked devoid of worry, a grin was on his face. His comrades ran to met him-they saw him loop the loop-

And then they grabbed his flyer, and put it in its coop. Come tell us what you've been and done, they said with one accord. Oh, well, I will if you insist, he said,

though looking bored; I've been off on a journey, and I've come back feeling fine. For I've been bombing Bingen. Bingen on the Rhine.

Don't send it to the papers; 'twill scare the home folks so; And I'm not finished with it-I'm going back, you know.

The Huns have bombed old London and French towns by the score, And trouble's coming to them in car-

load lots and more. I'm going back to Hunland; to-inorrow back I'll fly: Until they're more than fed up with

murder from the sky. They'll soon get all they care for, an more, too, I opine. For we'll keep bombing Bingen, old Bingen on the Rhine.

His voice grew faint and hoarser, his eyes began to close.

And shortly he was snoring like sixty through his nose.
His compades went and left him, and toten gasoline. And put another cargo of bombs in his machine.

Anon the soft moon rose and sailed across the sky: She looked on banged up Bingen, and winked the other eve.

She said it has been raining, although the night seems fine. And some one's soaked old Bingen old Bingen on the Rhine

NEW HEALTH FOR WOMEN

The most fateful years in a woman's life are those between forty-five and fifty. Many of the sex enter this peralong," he said in an angry tone. "He iod under depressing conditions, Maubeuge and it was evident that through overwork or worry about the home, or through a condition in which the blood is weak or watery and they suffer heavily. Among the commonst symptoms are headaches, feverish flushes, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, backache, depression and other well recognized disturbances of the health which signifies that the blood requires attention. Women urgently need rich, red blood all their lives, but never more so than in middle-life. when the nerves are also weak and overwrought.

Now every woman can prove the prompt help afforde dto her health by renewing and building up the blood. It is a test that any ailing woman can make by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for these pills make rich, red blood, which in turn stimulates the appetite, strengthens the nerves and restores full robust health. Thousands of women have found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills new health and strength and with these a new

happiness and interest in life. So if you suffer, avail yourself at pepper. once of the splendid home treatment which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so easily afford, and you will be among those who rejoice in regained health. medicine, or may be had by mail at 50 a lower temperature until the meat is cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by | done. writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE STORY OF THE OLD

CONTEMPTIBLES. (Montreal Star.)

"I want eighty men of the regiment to volunteer for a dangerous adventure. They will remain behind when the column moves off and do all that is possible to cover the withdrawal the advance of the enemy. There will be no surrender, but they will stand-to the last-with me." These simple words, spoken four years ago by the senior major of a famous British infantry regiment, as wearied soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force rested for a brief hour along the Oise, on the La Fere-Noyon highway, met with an instant response. for the clear tones of the speaker had no sooner impressed their meaning on minds numbed by hardship and fatigue than the whole regiment to a man leaped to a willing response. A few minutes later the column moved off and the men who had chosen to stay behind grouped themselves na, chamois. along the dusty road and sang: "Good-bye, Johnny, you must leave

Don't you 'ate ter 'ave ter go." This is the epitome of the Retreat from Mons, the dominant note of a symphony of sacrifice and supreme courage, the theme of the imperishable epic of the "Old Contemptibles." There were no heroics, but a good deal of grumbling; no boastings, but many a joke and a heart-song; no sentimentality but an over-flow of quiet courage. Those disciplined ranks, suddenly called upon to face the severest test to which war could subject them, marched cheerfully, fought splendidly and died gallantly. Four years ago last Saturday the British Expeditionary Force consisting of six divisions of infantry and one of cavalry landed safely in France without a single casualty. On August 21st its concentration was practically completed and on the day fol-

as on my should

selt. They were hard, red ad very painful, and were and very painted, man and rest itching. but they failed. Then I used Cuticura Scap and Gintment, and I used these cabes of Cuticura Scep and four bosse of Cutie

ent and I wencom e chiained a clear I kin by the use of Cuticute, hosp clear by using the Scap for all toiles purposes, essisted by touches of Oint

dress post-oard: "Universe, spe Dantes, U.S. A." | Sold query:

lowing it took up its position on the line stretching from Conde—just within French territory—to Mons, the centre of the South Belgium coalfield. The position was on the extreme left of the main French armies. disposed along the River Sambre, and it was understood that one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps with, perhaps one cavalry division, were in front of the British position. There was no expectation of an attempt at an outflanking movement for the fortress of Namur guarded the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse and although the Germans had occupied Brussels, the Belgian army was giv-

ing them some busy hours. Suddenly the entire situation was changed. The great fortress of Namur, which was to withstand the fiercest onslaughts for several weeks. collapsed like a house of cards, four years ago to-day, compelling the retirement of the two reserve divisions of the Fifth French Army on the immediate right of the British. At the very moment that Sir John French, the British commander-inchief, received word of the French withdrawal "a most unexpected message from General Joffre" was placed in his hands, advising him that at least three German Army Corps were moving on the British position in front, while another corps was engaged in a turning movement from Tournay. In face of these overwhelming numbers the position of the British army was one of the gravest peril. With the withdrawal of the French brigades it was quickly apparent that the only support which could give him effective aid was that afforded by the great fortress of the enemy was seeking to pin him against its bulwarks. There was no option but to retire. So the force was withdrawn to the Maubeuge-Valenciennes line, thence to the Le Cateau-Cambrai line, and still the retreat continued. Throughout these days and nights the British were har-

MEAT STEW

With Dumplings, Makes a Good Dinner.

assed by the ceaseless and relentless

pursuit of five German Army Corps.

A Meat stew with dumplings is a good choice for dinner these days. For the stew take five pounds of a cheaper cut of beef, four cups of potatoes cut in small pieces, two-thirds cup each of turnips and carrots cut into one-half inch cubes. one-half onion, chopped: one-quarter cup of flour and salt and

Cut the meat into small pieces, removing the fat; try out the fat and brown the meat in it. When well browned, cover with boiling water. These pills are sold by all dealers in | boil for five minutes and then cook in

> If tender, this will require about three hours on the stove or five hours in the fireless cooker. Add carrots, turnips, onions, pepper and salt during the last hour of cooking, and the potatoes 15 minutes before serving. Thicken with the flour diluted with cold water. Serve with dumplings.

If this dish is made in the fireless cooker, the mixture must be reheated when the vegetables are put in. Such a stew may also be made of mutton. of the First Division, by hindering If veal or pork is used the vegetables may be omitted or simply a little onion used. Sometimes for variety the browning of the meat is dispensed with. When white meat such as chicken, veal or fresh pork is used, the gravy is often made rich with cream or milk thickened with flour. The numerous minor additions which may be introduced give the great variety

of such stews found in cookbooks. Suit Suitability.

Coats long or short. Fur in wide bands as trimming. Furry, outstanding collars and cuffs, Nifiy colors, such as mahogany, hen-And, of course, all the rich staple

