

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET.

Millions of Mischief.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Duke Decides," "A Race with Ruin," Etc., Etc. "And some that smile have their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Scene I.

(Continued.)

For I could not take my eyes off Roger Marske, who during all the preliminary of the launch watched me like a wild cat crouching for his pounce on a helpless rabbit. It soon became apparent that something was wrong with the work of rescue. Men in court jackets came to the great swing doors of the lifeboat-house, and gazed anxiously along the beach. A gentleman, whom I took to be the local secretary, fussed and turned in and out. Above the howling of the tempest and crash of waves on shore the murmur of voices rose. "They're generally the two first," I shouldn't be surprised if they don't turn up at all. My mind jumped back to Mr. Peter Croal and his grievance, and recognized the cause of the trouble. His opportunity for avenging the fancied slight on him had come, and with the malice of a mean nature he was sulking in his cottage when his lean, lithe arms were so sorely needed in the lifeboat. And the comrade he had mentioned was probably following suit. In the interval of waiting for the missing members those of the bystanders who had glasses turned them on the wreck, and many were the speculations as to the name of the vessel and the number of her crew. About a score of men could be seen clustered in the rigging, and there was but little hope for any who had remained on deck unless they were sheltering in the deck-houses, so tremendous were the volumes of water that broke over the ill-fated steamer. "I was on the cliff just after she struck, and I thought I could make out a female figure and another rush from amidships into the wheel-house at the stern. My glasses are exceptionally good ones," remarked an old gentleman of self-important demeanour. Roger Marske turned sharply upon him. "You must be mistaken," he snapped with a warmth that seemed quite uncalled for. "That isn't a passenger steamer. She's too small for that." "Nevertheless, sir, I adhere to my original statement," the puffy gentleman retorted. "I gave fifteen guineas for these glasses, and I have absolute confidence in them. But here comes a coastguardman who will possibly corroborate me,

for doubtless they were watching the steamer from the station." I looked along the footpath that winds along the base of the cliff, and sure enough a coastguardman was hurrying along it towards the lifeboat-house, as though on an urgent errand. But in the same line of vision, though some two-hundred yards behind him, was another figure which set my heart beating fast—that of the local policeman, advancing with the leisurely tread of his species to the centre of excitement. I involuntarily glanced at Roger Marske. His eye met mine, and by the malignant triumph in his face I guessed that he too had seen the constable, and meant to take advantage of the opportunity. But no; my temporary protector saw the danger signal, and took instant action. There was very little that escaped the alert insight of Lord Alphington. "Look here, Marske," he said sternly, but in a lowered voice, "if you do anything to mar my enjoyment of this picturesque scene, you and I will be strangers in future; and you know what that entails." Biting his lip and scowling at me, my enemy was equal to the occasion. "Consideration for your lordship and my devotion to Lady Muriel will prevent me from performing an obvious duty," he replied. "I shall not denounce this person so long as he is in your company." "Mind you don't—by word or sign," said the Premier, turning away to hear what was being said by the coastguardman, who had now arrived, and before entering the lifeboat the magnate with the expensive field glasses. "Yes, sir," the honest Jack was replying. "You are perfectly right, sir, there is a woman on board. We made her out quite clearly before the vessel took the ground." "She is a passenger steamer then?" pursued the old gentleman, delighted with his first hit, and hoping to score a second. But he had to be content with a partial victory. "No, sir, the woman is probably the captain's wife, or sister; the wreck is the steamer Nightshade—port of London, bound for Barcelona in ballast for fruit," the coastguard replied, and he elbowed his way through the throng into the building, where the absence of Croal and his adherent was now causing dismay. The coxswain's voice was heard within, condemning the recalcitrant members of his crew

to the most terrible tortures, and the word "volunteers" came frequently above the tumult of crashing wave and angry talk. But what was wrong with Roger Marske? That sudden pallor could not be due to his having been partially scored off by the owner of the valuable glasses. My experience of the rending of human heartstrings had been extensive during the recent months, and I knew that he was face to face with a crisis that called for immediate action. This was the way he met the crisis. "I can't stand this," he cried, for the benefit of the bystanders at large. "If the boat is short-handed I'll go as a volunteer. I can pull a good car." And amid cheers from the wind-riven, rain-soaked crowd he pushed his way into the lifeboat-house. Heaven knows what instinct prompted me, but the inspiration came that if Roger Marske, the soft-living, ease-loving sybarite, wanted to be out there on the storm-swept Shingles I ought to be there too. My sluggish brain was conscious of some new awakening, though not till afterwards did I piece it all together and understand that it was the woman on board the wreck who had called me. "My lord, I am entirely in your hands," I whispered to the Premier. "Have I your permission to volunteer also?" "Cut along," was the reply. "To me you are 'Mr. Martin' for the next four-and-twenty hours—the man who saved my daughter. He does not need my permission for anything." I was quitting his side, when he laid his hand on my arm. "A word to the wise," he added. "I have been studying Marske for the last half-hour. I am beginning to think that there may be something in all this. He looks desperate. Take care he doesn't hit you over the head with an oar—accidentally, of course." I thanked him with a look, and rushed away to offer my services to the harassed coxswain, who received them with a mighty growl of approval. A minute later I had donned a cork jacket and taken my place in the boat, which I was thankful to find was nowhere near my enemy. He was in the stern, and I was in the bows, so that after we had settled to the oars I could see without being seen by him. But the glance he gave me as I passed to my seat would have slain me if it could. Too much precious time had been lost already, and when the boat had

sped down the slip into the turbulent sea, the coxswain gave orders for a quick stroke that absorbed all my energy. I became infected with the mad craving to get to the steamer in time. In the wild desire to save life, and in the supreme physical effort, I forgot for a while the strange jumble of events that had sent me, a sentenced convict, out on such an errand. For the moment I was lifeboatman, with no use for anyone or anything but my own thaws and sinews. At first we pulled straight for the wreck, but at some distance from the shore the coxswain gave the boat a slant to windward, with the object of getting the current to help us. About this time a roar from him told us that the forepart of the steamer, with the masts to which the crew were clinging, had gone. All that remained was the stern, with the wheel-house. The announcement drew a groan from the brave fellows near me, but Roger Marske turned in his seat and flung at me a glance so full of malicious triumph that I could not understand it, so irrelevant did it seem. But enlightenment was soon to come. The coxswain had again turned the boat straight for the Shingles, and the wreck, and I guessed that he was searching for open water to take the boat through to the sheltered stern, when he loosed a bellow that no storm-rage could drown. "There's a woman at the wheel-house window and a man at the door. Put your backs to it, lads." We did put our backs to it, with such good purpose that our cunning steersman found the opening he wanted—found, too, that it was close to the battered remnant of the wreck, showing that had she kept but a hair's-breadth to one side she would have made a clear passage. Leaning all his weight on the tiller, our chief swung the lifeboat into the narrow channel in the seething mainstrom, so that she almost scraped the stones of the bank. The boat shot through the opening under the steamer's stern, and as she did so Roger Marske dropped his oar. A rope had trailed overboard from the steamer, and seizing it he swung himself into the air. For a moment he hung suspended in the blinding spray, and then hand over hand he swarmed up the rope into the fantastic fragment of the Nightshade. I, being in the bows, had already passed the dangling rope, or I should have followed, so keenly alive was I now to the intention of Marske in joining the lifeboat. But I had not long to wait. With a half-admiring oath for the breach of discipline, which he attributed to over-eagerness to save life, the coxswain brought the boat round under the lee of the bank and of the wreck and it is matter of pride to me that, excepting Roger Marske, I was the first to catch the rail and scramble on board. I had no sooner gained the deck than I was nearly swept away by a towering wave that crashed against the weather side of the stern of the steamer, and, leaping on board, flooded it with such violence that when the surge had subsided I was surprised that I had contrived

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will ease the cough, soothe the inflamed throat and loosen the phlegm. Mrs. Joseph Paradis, Blackwell, Ont., writes:—I had such a bad cold I could hardly breathe. I noticed Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised, so had my husband get me two bottles—I had only used one before I was cured. I recommended it to a friend, and two bottles cured her after other remedies had failed—we both kept it in the house now and would not be without it. It is the best cough medicine I have ever taken." Price 25 cents per bottle.

to hang on—surprised also that the wheel-house was still standing. But it was, and in the doorway was Janet—my Janet—pointing to the brink of the broken deck, whence the forepart of the steamer had been wrenched by the sea. She did not recognise me, but, distraught and terror-struck, kept pointing to the whirlpool almost beneath her feet, and screaming—"They are washed away, both of them. They fought, Herzog and Roger Marske, and the wave came and washed them away. But I have the proofs." "Janet!" I cried, "Janet, don't you know me?" But as I staggered towards her across the sloping, slippery deck she swooned away, and I was only just in time to catch her as she fell. (To be continued.)

CHILDREN LIKE "SWISS FOOD."

Children like "Swiss Food" for breakfast or tea and nothing is better for them—15 cts. packages. All grocers.

The local government will hold a meeting at Fredericton on Tuesday week when it is likely the date of the meeting of the legislature will be decided upon. The writ may also be issued for the Northumberland by-election.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name?—Representative Olmsted of Pennsylvania says that old Dr. Levi Bull was a clergyman of the Episcopal faith, and lived in Chester County, his State, many years ago. The good old doctor was called upon to baptize a child, the offspring of a family with the surname of Frog. Without any preliminary observations the father and mother were called to the font at the end of the second part or lesson of the service.

"Name the child," said the doctor. "We name it after you, sir," said the mother in a low voice, as she handed the baby to the doctor. "Oh, but you named the last after me. It was christened Levi," said the minister.

"Well, doctor, call this one after your t'other name." And so the minister did, christening it Bull, and the youngster went forth with the cognomen of Bull Frog.—Baltimore Herald.

ROCKEFELLER'S FAULT.

If John D. Rockefeller had never been born, the people who get sure tips from friends in Wall street would never have discovered the real value of Amalgamated Copper engravings; the editors who are consuming tons of white paper in moralizing upon the danger of concentrating western capital in the east would be compelled to write learnedly on subjects involving four figures instead of ten. The Democratic party would be deprived of trust-busting issues. Eugene Debs would be confronted with a dearth of material for the speeches on the brazen effrontery of capital. "Tom" Watson be driven to the compilation of biographies exclusively. The people would lose their interest in red headlines; the yellow newspapers would lose their readers; the paragraphs would lose their jobs, and the cartoonists would lose their minds.

Blinded With Headache.

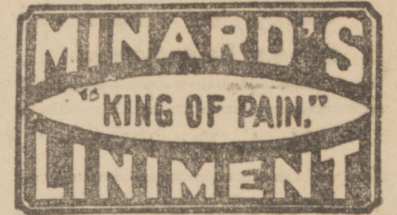
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Hilary term of the supreme court opens at Fredericton on Tuesday morning. The docket is not likely to be a very long one.

Dry Goods and Millinery CLEARANCE SALE.

Owing to change of business, which will continue until the whole new and complete stock (\$15,000) has been disposed of. Such Bargains in Ladies' Garments, Ready-to-Wear Suits, Skirts and Coats, we venture to say have never before been offered in this city. Absolutely no reserve and no two prices.

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