

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET.

Millions of Mischiefs.

By HEADON HILL

Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Duke Decides," "A Race with Rufus," Etc., Etc. "And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—Julius Caesar, Act IV., Scene 1.

(Continued.)

The pathos of the request, made to a helpless girl by a great statesman amid the splendour of his own mansion, was not to be denied. At any rate, I am not so constituted as to have made a scene and insisted on sending for the police without allowing an interview. I bowed a silent assent.

"I thank you, and I will not keep you waiting long," said Sir Gideon, and he quitted the room with the air of a state prisoner going to execution on Tower Hill.

I found myself wondering how an old man of such repulsive appearance could manage to speak and walk with so much dignity in such trying circumstances. I suppose I was getting a little hysterical over my successful chase of Roger Marske, and perhaps after my physical trial that day, for suddenly I began to laugh. Sir Gideon, I told myself, had acquired his self-control while answering embarrassing questions in the House of Commons about a graduated Income Tax. I have often heard my father abusing him for his callous indifference to the burdens of the poor.

And then I was recalled from my silliness to respect for the man to whom I had administered such a shock by the entrance of a footman bearing a tray, on which were wine, biscuits and fruit.

hear me out," he broke off, as I leaped to my feet jubilant. "Rivington can—I hope will—be cleared, and Roger must bear his load of shame and misery. But, oh, Miss Childmark, I come to you as a supplicant."

"For what?" I asked with a tinge of suspicion. It seemed to me that there was nothing more to be done than that Arthur should be released by the King's pardon and Roger Marske be arrested.

"For my son's life, or, to speak more correctly, for the barest chance for it," replied Sir Gideon, eyeing me askance. "I have kept my word, and will not do so—unless you give me permission to tell him that he may try to make good his escape. In return for your clemency, I will engage to furnish you with certain proofs which my son has indicated to me for the establishment of Rivington's innocence, and, also, his own guilt. The disgrace I must bear as best I can; it is just for his life, if he can save it by flight, that I plead."

All my instincts were up in arms at that. "You mean," I said hotly, "that if I do not consent to your terms, the proofs you mention will not be forthcoming?"

For the fraction of a second a scowl creased his wrinkled forehead at the bluntness of my question, but his parliamentary training came to the rescue. He waved a deprecating hand.

"Not quite that," he said smoothly. "But you will understand, being a young lady of so keen an intelligence, that if you demanded my son's arrest to-night here in my house, you could not expect the same facilities that a more yielding attitude would entitle you to. I should, naturally, after my son's arrest, be deeply concerned in moving heaven and earth in his defence."

I understood, or thought I did, not only that, but a good deal more beside. I understood that my conversation with this gentleman had been entirely without witnesses and that he intended to repudiate everything that had passed if I did not accede to his demand. I had no reason but a woman's reason for thinking that he would be so wicked, but, to put it plainly, I did not "live his looks." That dislike influenced the course I took—that and my eagerness to obtain proofs of Arthur's innocence without a day's delay.

"That I may tell Roger that he may make his escape—with at least fifteen hours' start it will be, if he goes at once," replied Sir Gideon, leaning towards me. "Then, tomorrow, I will myself take you to where you can verify the confession he made to me just now. If you will do me the honour to be my guest to-night, my housekeeper—I am a widower, and there are no ladies in the family—shall attend to your comfort, and in the morning I will drive you to the place where the proofs are to be obtained."

"Very well," was my answer. "I shall be as you wish, but I would prefer not to spend the night here." "You have made me a heavy debtor," said Sir Gideon rising. "Roger shall be gone in twenty minutes, and you will find me prompt in carrying out my part of the compact. But will you not re-consider your decision not to sleep here? Even if I sent you to Brentwood in a carriage you would be too late to catch the last train, and there are no hotels there where you would—"

"Where they would take me in this condition late at night and without luggage," I helped him out. "In that case I must avail myself of your offer."

"It will enable us to start early to-morrow," said Sir Gideon. "I will send the housekeeper to you at once." And with bent head and feeble gait he went from the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Face at the Gangway.

I did not sleep well that night. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the remoteness of the mansion from other dwellings, I had very little choice in the matter, unless I was to seek a convenient hay-rick, but no sooner had I been shown into a bedroom by a respectful and profusely sympathetic housekeeper, than the incongruity of my position struck me with full force.

Marske had seemed the last place in the world in which my friends and well-wishers, had they known of the circumstances, would have desired me to lay my head. In the well-ordered house of a Cabinet Minister, with troops of servants within call, I was not really apprehensive of personal danger. But the fact remained that I was in the enemy's country, and I was particular to look to the defences of my bedroom door.

The night passed, however, without any occasion for alarm, and breakfast was brought up to me by a resourceful maid, who helped me to remove from my clothes the traces of

my scramble at the burning Mill House. I guessed by her manner that she had been specially instructed not to show surprise at the state of my garments, and I have often wondered since what reason had been given to her. It could not have been the right one, for she chattered about the fire as if it were genuine news to me.

The girl seemed to be so well disposed and unobservant of the trouble I was bringing upon her master's house, that I could not refrain from making sure of one point that had vexed me all night.

"Is Mr. Roger Marske staying here?" I asked her.

"Oh no, miss," was the prompt reply. "He arrived last night, but he didn't stop more than an hour. One of the grooms drove him to Brentwood, but as it was too late for the last train he must have stayed there. How glad I was that I had not insisted on going to Brentwood too. I might have come across the fugitive, and one narrow escape from the hands of Mr. Roger Marske was enough for a lifetime, I told myself.

At ten o'clock the same girl returned to say that the carriage was at the door, and that Sir Gideon was waiting for me, if I would be so good as to go down to him. I found my host in the great oak-panelled hall his gaunt shoulders swathed in a plaid in spite of the summer heat.

His face looked drawn and haggard, as though the night had been an unquiet vigil for him, but his manner as he advanced to meet me was firmer and more assured than during the momentous interview of the previous evening. I was glad that he did not attempt to shake hands. I was in the mood to be suspicious of undue friendliness or familiarity.

"I trust that my people have made you comfortable," he said. "Ah, that is well. Then, if you are ready we will start, for we have a long drive before us."

Under the portico a barouche, having the hood closed and drawn by a fine pair of bays, was waiting, with a powdered coachman on the box and a powdered footman with his hand on the door-knob. I could not help thinking gaily that my vindication of Arthur bade fair to be a triumphal progress, but I was recalled to more sober reflections when Sir Gideon followed me in, taking the opposite seat, as far from me as possible. He preserved a rigid silence till we were clear of the lodge gates, then leaned suddenly forward and said—

"Beyond the immediate purpose in view, you and I have nothing in common between us. You will not expect me to do violence to my feelings by keeping up the pretence of polite conversation. The subject that is most in our minds I decline to discuss."

"I should prefer not to talk, but I think that you owe it to me to tell me where we are going," I replied.

"I have not the least objection to that," he made answer, his lips twitching strangely. "It seems from what my son told me last night that he was secretly married to Captain Rivington's sister. They spent some time together on a yacht, which is now lying in the Victoria Docks. We

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and an effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble." Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

All dealers, or Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

are going there to see the captain of the vessel, who is in a position to prove the connection—also, that my son parted from his wife after a serious quarrel."

I have been informed since that it is very doubtful if I had succeeded in obtaining Sir Gideon's glibly promised "proof," whether it would have been strong enough of itself to convict Roger Marske of the two murders, or even to snatch Arthur from the executioner should he be discovered. But in my ignorant vanity I thought that I had achieved so much that I had as good as achieved all, and I sat back, content with the explanation.

During the eighteen-mile drive we exchanged no further words, but I had plenty of food for thought in Sir Gideon's disclosure. Roger Marske's courtship of Lady Muriel shed a lurid light on his reason for killing Clara, and Mrs. Rivington too, if the latter was aware of the secret marriage. I could see it all so clearly, and so, no doubt, would the jury before whom Roger Marske would be tried. It was the old story of a clandestine marriage, of speedy repentance on the part of the husband, and of lapse into crime when more material advantage offered in a better match.

THE MOROCCAN TANGLE.

Tangier, Morocco, Jan. 12.—Pierce fighting is reported to have occurred between Kanyle tribes in the neighborhood of Alcazar whence burning villages are visible. Refugees report that many tribesmen have been killed or wounded. There are grave fears at Alcazar that the victors may attempt to sack that town.

EX-MAYOR MUST HANG.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 12.—The supreme court of appeals to-day refused a writ of error in the case of ex-mayor McCue of Charlottesville, convicted of wife murder and sentenced him to hang the 20th of this month.

Anthony Hope's New View.

To write in the vein of former successes is usually the road to further triumphs in literature; but once in a new field an author makes even a greater stroke. This surely has been the case with Anthony Hope. Beginning with the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda," his popularity blazed with renewed vigor when he brought out the almost frivolously witty "Dolly Dialogues"; and now he has added the laurels of a true novelist, through his story dealing with the problems of married life, "Double Harness," in which the critics declare that "he comes home to the fuller realities of human experience." That the public likes Mr. Hope in his new role as a commentator on real life is evidenced by the fact that the "Double Harness" is one of the best-selling books of the year, and is now going into its fourth edition.

A Two Minute Cramp Cure

That isn't equalled the world over is Nerviline, the greatest relief for cramps and stomach pains ever discovered. Nerviline acts promptly and is very pleasant to take. "I think Nerviline is the finest remedy in the world for colic and cramps" writes W. B. Wilton of Toledo. "When I take Nerviline I know it's going to relieve quickly and for that reason I am never without it. I have found Nerviline good for sick headache and stomach troubles and recommend it for strength and sureness." Excellent for inward use—good to rub on. Price 25c.

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.

B. MYERS, Dry Goods Store, - - 695 Main Street.



RECEIVED THIS MEDAL.



This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

YORKSHIRE BAR ALE and PORTER 4c.

Per Glass or Tankard. Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, ENGLAND, 1886 European Plan. JOHN RHEA, 20 Mill Street.

BEGIN NOW! Times Wants Bring Good Results.

FLOUR - White BREAD - Light PRICE - Right

Then HOME'S BRIGHT

All Essentials for a Bright Home found in

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

Artificial Bleaching not required.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED.