

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 in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—  
Julius Caesar, Act IV., Scene 1.

(Continued.)

Not even Herzog's ingenuity could keep up the masquerade much longer, I was assured.

For all my preparedness I could not repress a start when the crisis came, as it did shortly after we entered the drawing-room. Lord Alphonso had said good-night and had retired to the library on the plea of important business to attend to with a private secretary, who had just arrived. Lady Muriel was chatting to Herzog, who, to my surprise, had put himself in her way on entering the room. I was standing at an open French window, looking out over the moonlit sea, and before I turned my back on the room Carden had been examining some photographs at the table.

Suddenly a light tap on the shoulder caused me to wheel round and face him. He had quitted his purposeless occupation and had come forward to set at rest the question that had vexed him. The way in which he looked at me was in itself an accusation. It was difficult to believe that a face so boyishly good-natured could have grown so grave and stern.

"I want a word with you," he said peremptorily. "Shall it be here, or shall we step into the garden?"

"Here, by all means. There is too heavy a dew to make it pleasant on the grass in this shoo." I answered carelessly, affecting to ignore the offensive intonation of his tone.

"Well, then, to put it straight, I don't believe your name is Martin," he blurted out. "I once knew someone exactly like you, who ought to be in a very different place from this. Carry your memory back to Woolwich ten years ago. You are Arthur."

And then, before he could utter my name and set me the problem whether to lie or confess, Lady Muriel's clear voice rang out across the room, uttering the very word she had arrested on his lips.

"I say, Ralph," she called to him, you must have been at Woolwich with Arthur Rivington—you know who I mean, the poor fellow who was lately convicted of murder, and escaped the other day to America."

Carden turned round to her as though someone had fired a pistol at his ear. Herzog had moved away from the girl, who was standing in the glow of a softly-shaded lamp, and there was nothing to suggest that the question had been prompted by him. In fact, the expression on Herzog's broad face was one of bewildered amusement, but there was always this about that face—that when it carried any expression it revealed the antithesis of his thoughts.

"Yes, I was at Woolwich, for one term, with Rivington. What of it?" said Carden, without moving away from me. There was a hidden menace in his attitude, as though he were ready to spring on me and secure me if occasion arose.

"Only this, that I am deeply interested in him, and am convinced that he was no more capable of those atrocious crimes that I am myself," Lady Muriel made answer firmly. "I thought you might enlighten me as to what he was like as a youth."

Herzog at this point, as though weary of a subject that had been threshed out in the newspapers and stilled by the lawyers, strolled to the table and became engrossed in a book of prints.

"Anyone would think that you knew the fellow yourself, as you espouse his cause so warmly," said Carden, maintaining his vigilant attitude towards me. "From the published accounts of the trial I should not think there was a shadow of a doubt about his guilt."

"I have never seen Captain Rivington, but I know the girl he was engaged to, and from what she tells me there must have been a grievous miscarriage of justice," was the reply, for which I could have kissed the hem of Lady Muriel's pretty dinner dress. It was like balm to an open wound—that first word of human sympathy, except Janet's, that had come to me since my arrest.

"They don't make such mistakes in courts of justice nowadays," said Ralph Carden, a little doubtfully. He was moved, I really began to hope, by the vigorous advocacy of the woman he loved.

"I shouldn't like to think, Ralph, that you were as uncharitable as Mr. Marske; he wouldn't listen to a word on Captain Rivington's behalf," my fair young champion went on hotly. "For myself, I cannot and will not believe that a bad man could have inspired such tender trust and unspoken love as Ja—I mean, my friend, had for that unfortunate. But you have not told me what sort of a fellow Rivington was at Woolwich?"

Carden had, perhaps unconsciously, relaxed his close watch on me at the mention of Roger Marske. His rival's view of the case seemed to demand opposition, even at the sacrifice of commonsense and preconceived opinions, and the admission he now made showed that he might range himself in my camp after all.

"I shouldn't like to be unfair to the chap," he said more gently. "He was a goodish bit older than me, and left the Academy shortly after I joined, but I remember that he was kind towards the youngsters, and an all-round sportsman at football and cricket."

"There! that bears out what my friend says," cried Lady Muriel triumphantly. "Does your description tally with that of a man who would kill his mother and sister for gain? A hundred times no, and I shall be ashamed of you, Ralph, if you don't take my side about him when Mr. Marske returns."

Carden colored slightly and shot a glance at me, which he instantly averted when he saw how I was hanging upon his answer. "We will see about that," he laughed contentedly. "Not that either your championship or mine is likely to do Rivington any good, especially as he has got away to America, but I'll go so far as this—I hope they won't catch him. Now sing us something, Muriel, and forget all these horrors."

As though to give effect to his dismissal of the subject he started to saunter to the piano, but I followed, and, touching him on the arm, said in a low tone: "When Lady Muriel interrupted us the discussion which you had invited was reaching rather an interesting point. Hadn't you better continue it?"

He swung round and faced me fairly. I detected no apology, but a trace of pity in the frank eyes.

"Would it serve any useful purpose?" he said.

"You are the best judge of that. You sought and raised a question as to the name I bear," I persisted.

His hand went to his fair moustache, he looked down at the carpet, raised his face to mine again, and said diffidently: "A question can be waived, I suppose, Mr. Martin. Let us leave it at that."

With which he strode off to the piano, and while he arranged Lady Muriel's music, I was free to draw a long breath over yet another reprieve. But a moment near the table turned my attention to Herzog, who had remained stooping over the prints during—could I hope it was so?—Ralph Carden's conversation.

Herzog was straightening himself from his stooping posture, at the same time rubbing his large hands softly together, while every feature of his broad countenance expressed satisfaction. The sight of him plunged me back into the depths. I guessed that his wonderful insight had detected my danger from recognition by Carden, and that it was due to his inspiration that Lady Muriel had intervened at the psychological moment. He was aware of her enthusiasm on the subject; a mere suggestion from him would have sufficed to make her question Carden in the nick of time.

But what depressed me was that his could have been no kindly diplomacy. It could only have been directed at saving his own skin, or to enable me to make a fresh attempt on Lord Alphonso's life—probably at both.

(To be continued.)

You gain more than we do by eating "SWISS FOOD"—the most perfect breakfast cereal sold. P. McIntosh & Son, Millers, Toronto.

Doctor—I think I'll have to call in some other physician for consultation. Patient—Go ahead. Get as many accomplices as you wish.

No Breakfast Table complete without **EPPS'S** An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children. **COCOA** The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Was Not Able To Walk For Three Months. Was Given Up To Die. The Doctor Said So. Burdock Blood Bitters Saved Her Life.

Read what Mrs. Wm. Castillous, Newport, Quebec, has to say about Burdock Blood Bitters:—"Last December I fell very sick after confinement, I was not able to walk for three months, and was given up to die by the doctor. My husband read of the many wonderful cures made by Burdock Blood Bitters, so procured me two bottles. After using it for about ten days, I was able to get around, and could mind my baby without help from anyone, and am now well, and able to do my own work. I told a lady friend of mine who was troubled in the same way, and she used it with equal success. I cannot too highly recommend your medicine, for I know just how good it is, and hope and wish that anyone suffering as I did will give it a trial."

SEASON 1886 AND 1887. At the annual meeting held 14th December, Simeon Jones was elected Press: A. L. Law, Vice-Pres; F. O. Allison, Secretary-Treasurer; Thomas Rouet and A. O. Skinner, Representative Members R. C. C. C.; S. F. Matthews, Representative Member Maritime Branch R. C. C. C.; John White, A. L. Law and G. F. Fisher, Managing Committee; John White; A. L. Law, F. P. C. Gregory, A. O. Skinner, H. W. Barker, M. L. Harrison, A. Watson, G. F. Fisher, G. A. Kimball, S. S. DeForest, F. O. Allison, and W. E. Collier, Skips. Saint Andrew's this season won matches with the Thistle by nineteen points; Thistle (Inter-Provincial series) by three points, Moncton by forty-eight points, and St. Stephen by nine points; and lost that with Fredericton by six points. The Rink medal was won by G. A. Kimball, Seniors vs. Juniors was won by Seniors; and Married vs. Single by Married by twenty-two points. The Jones' cup was won by Skip John White, ten points; the B. C. C. C. medal by John White, eleven points; the Milligan medal by J. B. Watson, seventeen points; and the DeForest cup by A. L. Law, fourteen points.

SEASON 1887 AND 1888. The annual meeting was held 13th September and the following officers elected: Simeon Jones, Press; A. L. Law, Vice-Pres; F. O. Allison, Secretary-Treasurer; T. McClelland and W. C. Whittaker, Representative Members R. C. C. C.; S. F. Matthews, Representative Member Maritime Branch R. C. C. C.; John White, A. L. Law and G. F. Fisher, Managing Committee; John White, A. O. Skinner, F. P. C. Gregory, A. L. Law, T. O. Allison, G. F. Fisher, S. S. DeForest, G. A. Kimball, G. W. Jones, M. L. Harrison, J. U. Thomas, and W. C. Whittaker, Skips. In the Married vs. Single competition, played on 12th January, the former won by 15 points. Mr. A. Hay won the points medal, played for on January 10th. The Milligan medal, played for on 16th January, was won by W. S. Barker. In the annual match with the Fredericton club, played on home ice, on 19th and 20th January, St. Andrew's won by six points. On 2nd February, the old and new members met, the latter defeating the veterans by 15 points. The DeForest cup was won by G. F. Fisher, and the Jones cup by Andrew Finlay's rink by nine points. In a match between Scotch and all-comers on 17th February, the former won

## ST. JOHN'S OLDEST CURLING CLUB.

The Braw Lads of St. Andrew's Have Been Organized Nearly Half a Century---Their History, Practically the History of the Game in This City.

(Continued.)

by 17 points. In a second match the all-comers won by 25 points. The club met the St. Stephens on 15th February, and outplayed the border men by 15 points. With the Moncton club, played on 24th February in this city, the home curlers won by nine points.

SEASON 1888-1889. Early in January 1889, a match was played between the married and single men, resulting in a victory for the latter by 53 points. On January 19th, two rinks, and of evil service employes for the other, played the former winning by 7 points. The club met with a defeat at the hands of the Frederictons, on 20th February, at the capital, being beaten by 30 points. They took it out of Moncton, however, on the 26th, by 32 points. The club medal was won by W. A. Stewart. The Jones' cup was won by A. Watson's rink, the Milligan medal by John Miller, the DeForest cup by A. L. Law. In a match between the old and new members, the so-called novices won by 66 points. The list of meets that year was very brief. The officers elected at the annual meeting on 10th September, 1889, were: Simeon Jones, president; A. O. Skinner, vice-president; H. A. McKeown, secretary; W. A. Stewart, treasurer. The skips chosen were: W. S. Barker, S. S. DeForest, J. U. Thomas, W. A. Stewart, A. L. Law, John White, H. V. Cooper, G. F. Fisher, A. Watson, A. O. Skinner, S. Jones, F. O. Allison, H. A. McKeown, G. L. Slipp, G. A. Kimball, G. W. Jones, F. P. C. Gregory, H. H. Harvey, J. B. Hegan and A. Hay.

SEASON 1889-1890. The club medal was taken by W. W. Allen; the Milligan by J. T. Hart, and the rink by J. U. Thomas. J. D. Hazen won the Jones cup. The Ferguson medal went to the married men, and the match between the

Scotch and All Comers was won by the latter. In outside matches the club won from Fredericton and St. Stephen in the first games and lost the second. The previous year's officers were re-elected, and the following skips were chosen: S. Jones, F. P. Allison, W. S. Barker, John White, S. S. DeForest, H. A. McKeown, F. P. C. Gregory, R. Thomson, A. L. Law, G. L. Slipp, G. F. Fisher, G. W. Jones, F. L. Harrison, J. D. Hazen, H. V. Cooper, W. C. Whittaker, W. A. Stewart, and A. Watson.

(Continued next Saturday.)



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.

Scotch and All Comers was won by the latter. In outside matches the club won from Fredericton and St. Stephen in the first games and lost the second. The previous year's officers were re-elected, and the following skips were chosen: S. Jones, F. P. Allison, W. S. Barker, John White, S. S. DeForest, H. A. McKeown, F. P. C. Gregory, R. Thomson, A. L. Law, G. L. Slipp, G. F. Fisher, G. W. Jones, F. L. Harrison, J. D. Hazen, H. V. Cooper, W. C. Whittaker, W. A. Stewart, and A. Watson.

## 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.

The Demand for

# MANITOBA FLOUR

Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces

The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

## KEEWATIN

# "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR

Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

It is Manufactured by the

# LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED