Continued from Tenth Page. for someone might come that way, someone who new them, and might wonder at

seeing them slone together. 'Why,' Cora said, with her dark, a'ling gaze still upon him, 'did you tell me you were not at Metherell Court when my mother was murdered? I find that you were there—that you were staying in the same house, at the same time. What part did you take in the crime, Jim Hartland? I am certain that you had a band into it. It will be better for you to confess the truth now.

'There is nothing to confess,' he said, his eyes shifting from hers.

'You expect me to believe that ?' don't see why you should not believe

He walked on a few pace as if to end the interview.

Then he came to a standstill, just where the cliff was broken away.

Cora hesitated a moment, then followed 'It you refuse to tell me,' she said, 'I

shall take means to force the truth from you.'

He moved his position. through the heart, riding the world of one of the vilest of women. She crossed my threaten me. She found her mistake too a good, swinging pace up the drive. late. as you, too, shall find yours.' While speaking, he had pressed her

nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff. In horror and surprise she had listened to his awful confession, till sudderly she became aware of what he was doing. For an instant she stood quite still, look-

ing beyond him at the misty landscape. There was not a soul in sight. She might scream with all her strength,

and none would hear. The wash below came to her cars. Then he spoke again, while his hands down the lawn.

gripped her arms-'You know what I am going to do. | the house. Fling you down there, and silence you for Mr. Metherell has returned, and has

found, but none will ever know the truth.' room.' He laughed exultantly, then tried to throw her from him; but Cora was strong and agile, and desperate terror added to her strength.

She clung to him like a wild cat. Again and again he tried to shake her off, till, in the awful struggle, his greater | where have you been?

power began to tell.

and wild eyes upturned to his. All through that terrible fight for life

Cora had uttered no sound; but now, as she bung from that giddy height, the cried out in hearse broken accents for mercy. 'Have pity! I will do vou no harm-I swear-ob, save me! If you must kill me,

do it some other way, not this-not this! It is too awful. Pity-help! Save me-I will never breathe a word of what I knowwe need never meet again. I am going! Oh, help me! I am going!' Her fingers were slipping from the

coarse strong grass to which she was clinging; but, with an almost superhuman effort, she gripped it atresu.

'Save me!' she gasped. 'Save me!'
Then Dorrien did, perhaps, the most cruel deed of his evil lite.

Kneeling down, he leant forward and deliberately forced back the girl's tenselyclenched fingers.

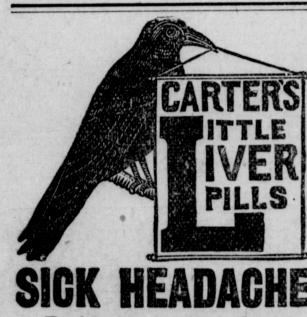
'Devil!' she panted, 'you shall surely suffer for this.'

He said nothing. His face was red, the veins in his forehead swollen and dark, while his expression was one of fixed and awtul determination. 'Devil!' she cried again, and then her hands were wildly clutching at the air as she disappeared.

The next instant, Dorrien had sprung to Someone was coming along the cliff-

path, whistling a gay air, and already a dark, quickly advancing form was visible through the fog.

After one guilty glance in that direction, Dorrien turned and fled.



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his face and clothes

A horror seized upon him, an overpowering terror which made his limbs quake beneath him.

He tancied he heard a voice-a faint, far-off voice, craing for help and mercy; while icy fingers seemed to press about his listen. throat and lips, and stifle him.

He left the cl ff, and, striking across a field, tramped the green corn under toot in his frenzied flight. Reaching the road, he paused for an in-

he heard pursuing steps, hastened forward sgain.

The moisture was dripping from his torehead when he reached the gates of Metherell Court. With a shaking hand he drew out his

handkerchiet and wiped it off; then straightened his tie and coat, litted his hat, and smoothed his sleek hair.

His hardier nature was coming to the rescue.

He even smiled-or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to sav grinned-as he gave a great sigh of relief. 'That little affair is settled,' he said, balf

'You want the truth,' he said, coming sloud. 'Thank goodness for that! A nearer to her. 'Well, you shall have it. I deucedly nasty undertaking,' with an irremurdered your mother. I stabbed her pressible shudder and a quick, nervous glance behind him.

Then he drew himself up and squared path; she dared, as you have dared, to his shoulders, and commenced walking at

But on reaching the house he again His heart was still thumping heavily peering through.

against his side. His big, thick hands still shook in a noticeable way; they were scratched and

bleeding, too. little cat did claw!

With the thought that someone might | began to retrace his steps. he looking from one of the many windo as. he lighted a cigar, and strolled up and he would have seen that same figure re-

Dorrien went to him at once. Gilbert was sitting with his legs hanging over the arms of a chair.

He sprang up as the other entered. 'Jove! old feilow, I'm glad to see you!' he exclaimed. 'Beastly day, isn't it-

'For the last hour I have been walking He forced her down, down, over the the deck, or rather the lawn, and meditatirg on the ways of this wicked world,' Her fingers caught in the coarse, scanty Dorrien said, throwing kimself on to a grass, to which she held, her white face lounge. 'Had no idea you were expected, or I would have met you.'

'I biked over. Couldn't stand that Royal Heath set any longer. 1 say, why the deuce didn't you let me know when you came the other afternoon? Hadn't the ghost of an idea you were down here, or I'd have been over before this.'

tugging at his heavy moustache, 'I did not | it from him. feel quite in the mood to meet anyone, my steel, turned out about as false as they

'Heard something about it; but they're all alike. Defend me from women I say! They are all very well to have a bit of fun with; but go beyond that, and you come a cropper.'

'I say, Metherell, don't give vent to that sort of sentiments. They are all very well tor a disappointed chap like myselt; but your father said something about you getting married shortly. Who is the tair lady? He didn't seem keen to talk about | doing so,' he replied. it, so I changed the subject. Doesn't he approve ?'

Rather! I should think he did! scratch it it had not been for him. Pro- he? posed when I was drunk-fact! He argued I was bound to stick to my word. She isn't a bad little girl, awfully smartlooking, and clever isn't the word for it. like better than her, tetore I'm thirtytwo!' A.T.8

said, yawning. He was not at all interested in Metherell's love affairs. 'Well, we desire to learn? are told there is safety in numbers. But, man alive, if you don't want to marry the girl, throw her over; don't have any scruples about it. She'd do the same to you even at the eleventh hour, it a better offer came her way, you can bet your bottom dollar on that.

Metherell shock his hea!. His vanity prevented him from taking

such a view of the case. 'She is most awfully fend of me,' he said, striking match after match, in the tutile attempt to light a pipe which refused to draw; 'kiss-the-ground under-your-feet sort of thing. She isn't a bad little girl, I'm tord of her, you know-especially when I'm with her. She isn't the sort to let you feel dull. You must see her, and we'll hear your opinior.'

Where does the charmer dwell?" 'Oh-well-here, I suppose! She hash' got any home, you know. It's an awfully unny thing, but she happens to be the daughter of that Madame Rozier, who was vou know-murdered here last year.'

Dorrien sat bolt upright. 'Cora Rozier!' he cjaculated. Metherell nodded. That's her. Why do you look so as-

tonished? How do you know her name?' 'That is just what I am trying to remember.' Dorrien said, returning to his lounging attitude. 'Can't in the least recall who I heard speaking about her. Someone here, I suppose I shall be awfully pleased to make her acquaintance, and I wish you all joy, my dear fellow. Can hardly remember Madame Rozier, but she was rather a handsome woman, was she not?'

Deuced fine woman! Hulloa, there goes the gong!'
That evening Sir Martin left the two

The damp air lay clammy and cold upon | younger men sitting over their wine at the dinner table.

They were both in high spirits, talking and laughing loudly. Dorrien had a fund of amusing stories,

and knew how to tell them. But Sic Martin was not in the mood to

The calm glory of the summer evening attracted him more, and, rising from the table, he stood for a moment or so by the open window, admiring the sunset.

The mist had entirely disappeared, stant to regain his breath; then, fancying | myriads of little insects danced in the evening shine, a thrush was singing in a tree close by, and now and again a drowsy bee would go droning by on its homeward way.

> laughter, jarred on Sir Martin's nerves. He stepped through the window, and, with a cigarette between his lips, and his hands clasped behind him, went walking slowly, simost unconsciously, bending his steps in the direction of the avenue, waere | son ?'

sunlight and shadow danced together. Rosier grew the west, the distant hills took a more purple hue, the shadows lengthened and darkened, and a little breeze, springing up, stirred the big green leaves of the chestnuts beneath which Sir

Martin was w lking. He had a most reached the entrancegetes, with the dragons grinning from either pillar.

As he lifted his eyes from the ground, on which for the last ten minutes they had been fixed, they rested on a slim, dark figure standing outside the iron rails, and

But, as he glanced at her, she moved hastily from his sight.

People often stopped to look through the gates, either from curiosity or admiration, Gad, he said, looking at them, how the and Sir Martin never gave the solitary figure a second thought, as turning, he | could not reason it away."

Could be but have had eyes behind him, turn to its place of observation, and stand | teatures before him. Half an-hour later he went whistling into | there with two hands pressed tightly to her heart, till, with a sudden impulsive movement, she opened the smaller gate, hesiever! To-night your friends will miss you been asking for you, sir,' the butler in- tated for an instant, as if undecided wheth--to-morrow, perhap, your body will be formed him. 'He is now in the smoke er to advance or retire, took a few steps gone; but it was Lilian West, and, with a forward and stopped again. And then Sir Martin, pausing in his | name

walk, looked round and saw her. He waited for her, but she did not move. A long black vail concealed her tace.

He went a little near to her. 'You wish to see someone at the house?

'I-I would speak to you,' the woman answered, in a faint, faltering tone. 'You | the past years, his sin-all. ere. I believe, Sir Martin Metherell?'

'Yes,' he said, with a slight bow, 'and love, his wife. at your service.' He wondered vaguely who this woman

Her voice and bearing were those of a gentiewoman.

Then he noticed that she wore the garb of a hospital nurse, and that one small white hand, guiltless of rings, was holding hatred.' 'That afternoon,' Dorrien explained, the gauz veil across her tace, as if to hide

'I thought I was not mistaken,' she said, dear chap. The girl I believed as true as tremulously. 'If you will spare me a few moments I shall be grateful. Her breath seemed to tail her, for her

voice died away to a whisper. He waited, in courteous attention, for her to proceed.

When at length she did so, her utterance was quite steady and clear. 'Sir Martin, I beg of you to answer me honestly-to tell me, in fact, all you know

terested.' ·If it lies in my power, I teel justified in

concerning a-a person in whom I am in-

'Last year.' she began, 'there was living in Coddington, a young artist, known as Vivian West. You saw a great deal of Why, I should never have come up to the him—he visits you frequently now—who is

To the anxious listener it appeared an eternity before the baronet spoke.

'You have asked me a question I cannot looking, and clever isn't the word for it. answer.' he said, slowly. 'I know little of She's as sharp as a needle. But, hang it, him. Perhaps it would be more truthful I'm only just twenty-two, and I've no to say I know nothing of him, since I know doubt I shall meet a dezen women I shall nothing but what others know. He is an orphan, and an artist of exceptional talent. Wo!'A.T.8 I regret I can give you no further informa-Rather more than one a year,' Dorrien tion; but since, I take it, he is a friend of yours, cannot you gather from him all you

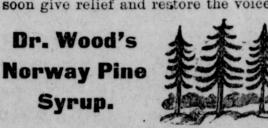
> She shook her bead. 'That which I would know, he is ignorant of. Have you no knowledge whatever of who his parents were?'

'None. Why come to me for such information? How can I know more of him than he knows of himselt?"

Could Only Whisper.

Often Colds settle on the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, and make the voice hoarse and husky, and an effort to speak, distressing. It may be reduced to a whisper or lost entirely for a while. In cases of this kind nothing will so

soon give relief and restore the voice as Dr. Wood's



This is what Thos. J. Smith, Caledonia, Ont., writes:—"A year ago I had a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs and throat. I got so bad I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several Cough medicines but got very little relief until I used two and one-half bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me." Price 25c. This is what Thos. J. Smith, Caledonia, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure constipation without any griping, weakening or sickening. Price 25c., all druggists.

'The name. Does it bring nothing to

your memory ?" 'Nothing,' he dec'ared, with emphasis. Why you should have thought I could help you in this matter, I cannot conceive. I am sorry to find I can be of so little use to

you.' He moved towards the gates as he spoke,

as it to end the interview. 'The name,' she said again. 'It must surely remind you of one you knew long, long ago. Your past is no secret to me. I-I was a triend of the girl you so cruelly tetrayed, You cannot have entirely for-

gotten-Lilian West ? ' He was in the act of stretching out his band to open the gate; but, at the sound Dorrien's thick voice, and Gilbert's shrill of that name, it tell to his side, as it power-

> 'Lilian West !' he repeated, hoarsely. What of her? And who are you?'

> 'I knew her. Sir Martin, for pi y's sake, tell me the truth. Is this Vivian West her 'If you knew the person you speak of,

> you would know that both she and her child died many years ago.' The fingers holding the veil trembled, then drew it aside, revealing the sad, sweet

> face of Nurse Patience. 'Would to God,' she said-and her voice vibrated with suppressed emotion- 'she had died, and so ended her unhappy life. But fate decreed otherwise, and the has been forced to live on and on through the dreary clouded years, striving to wait patiently for the end and the peace that is

so long coming. 'I never thought to see you again-I never wished to see you again-until quite lately, when there came upon me a great longing to visit this place, to see you in your home, with your-wife-prosperous and happy. It was a strange wish. Yet I

Sir Martin had stood like one turned to stone, his face an ashen pallor, his incredulous gaze fixed on the delicate

There were silver threads in the sunny brown hair, there were lines of sorrow and care shout the sensitive lips, and the roundness and glow of youth and health had great tearing, tearless sob, he uttered her

He had thought her dead-this woman he had wronged so vilely, yet who, never-

theless, was the one love of his life. And now, in the fading summer light, she had come back to him. For one brief, mad moment he forgot

the gult that yawned between them, forgot He was a young man again, and she his

He stretched out his arms to gather her to him, and then the delusion vanished.

'Forgive me!' he cried, brokenly. 'I know I have no right to touch you-no right to breathe the same air as you. You can but look upon me with loathing and cortempt-too base a thing to merit your

'I did not come to talk of these things.' she said, gently. 'The past is unalterable-it is better not to speak of it. You have already heard what has brought me here this evening. Nothing but a very strong motive could have induced me to make myself known to you; but I thought that, perhaps, that which you would not tell to a stranger, you might to me. You must be aware of how my child was taken from me-the one thing left me to lovemy one comtort; afterwards, when I found life unbearable without him, and begged to have him again, I was told that he had

'I never thought of doubting the truth of that statement; but the shock was too much for me, coming as it did when I was in such deep trouble. For a time I seemed to lose my senses. I was ill. Some kind charitable people took care of me, and nu sed me back to life. It was when I was growing stronger, that I read in an old paper, the account of my supposed death I telt it was a mercitul mistake. I wanted all who had known me to think I was dead. It was better so. I saw no wrong in what I did. I wanted only to hide myself and my shame.

'All that time I believed my boy deadall these years I have thought of him lying in his li tle, unknown grave; but now, since I have met this Vivian West-oh, Martin Metherell, be merciful to me, and tell me the truth! My own heart tells me he is my son. He is-is he not?'

The passionately imploring voice ceased, the upraised face was painful in its intensity of expression.

Metherell loved this woman; but he also loved his son. She could never be anything to him; but

The younger man looked up to him, respected him, loved him. It was the one thing which made the bar-

onet's life bearable-his one solace-his one He knew that, when Vivian West learnt the secret of his birth, he would lose this; hatred and contempt would be given him in

He felt that this would be worse than any leath-any trial he had gone through. And against these feelings was a great compassion for Lilian West, a vast pity and

biting remorse for the life Le had so heartlessly wrecked. 'Speak !' she urged. 'Do not keep me in this awful suspense.'

He passed his band across his eyes; but, when he removed it, he still avoided looking at her.

·What makes you think it possible he can by your son ?' 'I called my boy Vivian West, because it is my own name, and the only one I had to give him. He has no knowledge of who his parents are; and-and in his face I trace something of what I was long ago.

'You have spoken to him of this? 'To no one, but you. Sometimes I have felt certain that what my heart tells me is true: at others, I tear it may only be some cruel irony of Fate-a strange coincidence.'

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'It is so.' Sir Martin said. 'A strange coincidence. He-is-not your son.' She put her fingers to her throat, as if it

pained her. 'You would not deceive me again?' she cried, with a piteous catch in her breath. 'You swear this is true ?'

'I swear it,' he said. 'I have been fooling myself,' she said, in a whisper, 'cherishing a talse tope, seeing the sun behind the clouds when it is not there. How dark it is-Jark 'dark and

no light anywhere.' Like a shadow she flitted from him. He heard the gate fall too behind her.

She had gone. He tried to utter her name; but his rigid lips refused to move.

The light had faded from the west, a vapory grey was stealing over the sky, and the breez seeming to gather strength tossed the green leaves overhead, and went

whispering and sighing on its way. His hour for atonement had come, and he had let it pass from him.

To be Continued.

Is the Giver of Health and New Life

to the Sick and Diseased.

Spring, with its bright sunshine, lengthening days, warm rains, and its promises of a new life in nature, is fast approaching and will be hailed with true delight by the old and young who are enjoying full health

and bodily activity. To thousands the coming spring means a fuller cup of agony and suffering; it is a time when the dark grave claims many

When men and women are burdened with death-dealing sicknesses, such as kidney disease, liver complaint, blood troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the terrible after effects of grippe, spring has no charm for them. They have allowed themselves to sink into a condition of misery and helplessness during the winter that must terminate life unless the true health and life giver, Paine's Celery Compound.

be made use of without delay. The nervous system. weak and unstrung must be fortified; the blood, sluggish impure and watery, must be made clean and tast flowing, and every organ of digestion must be toned up to a true health pitch.

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The thousands of thankful letters received from Canada's best people are the best and strongest proofs that Paine's Celery Compound cures. When your life is in danger do not be misled by common between him and Vivian West was a strong advertised medicines, as many of them are dangerous | and unsale. Ask for the kind that has cured your friends and your neighbors-the kind that "makes people well."

Revival of an Old-Fashioned Sport. Falconry, once the fashionable sport of the aristocracy in England, is again becoming popular, and the demand for the birds necessary for this sport is greater just now than it has been during the last two centuries. In the old days gentlemen frequently gave £1 000 for a pair of hawks. and although such prices are hardly likely to be repeated, the birds are steadily rising in the market. The principal field of supply is North Brabant, and in one week last mor th no tewer than twenty four peregrines were captured there by means of decoy

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