

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

door together, at midnight; and she had said she was a most unhappy woman.

The tone of her voice as she said that, had haunted me for months after; and it seemed to me as though I were hearing to it over again in listening to those rich, full tones of Lady Gramont.

Of course I told myself it was a mad, wild fancy; of course I said it was utterly impossible that this beautiful and highly connected Lady Gramont, who had the entree of the best circles in England, and who adorned them all, could have anything in common with that guilty woman who had fled down the pass last Christmas Eve with murder on her soul.

But try as I might I could not shake off my suspicions.

They clung to me, and haunted me, and made me, I must confess, most thoroughly uncomfortable.

While I was still standing in the corridor outside the library, Vera came running down from one of the upstairs rooms, dressed for walking out.

'Where are you going, Vera?' I asked.

'Only for a walk in the grounds. Will you come too, Sir Douglas?'

She had fallen into a pretty, playful way of calling me Sir Douglas.

It had begun in a jest; but I liked it and encouraged her to continue it.

I fear I had been looking somewhat grave and gloomy; but I cleared my brow at sight of her and returned her smile.

The child looked so pretty in her dark blue serge frock, short enough to display her graceful ankles, and her smart little sealskin coat and cap.

The moodiest old bachelor that ever lived might well have cleared his brow at sight of her.

'Of course I'll come,' I answered; and getting my hat as I passed through the hall, we were soon out in the clear bright sunshine.

It was a glorious day. The ground was snow-covered, a decided frostiness was in the air, and yet all was bright and sunny.

I should have enjoyed the walk immensely but for those uncomfortable suspicions which would cling to my mind.

Presently I resolved to question Vera a little.

'You have never spent a Christmas in England before, have you, Vera?'

'Not since I was quite a little girl. I don't remember it at all.'

'And your mother? I think it is a long time since she spent a Christmas in England isn't it?'

'Oh, yes. Mamma hasn't been to England for years. We are both of us looking forward to Christmas so much. I am to dine with you on Christmas Day you know.'

'Your mamma has spent a good deal of her life in India, hasn't she, Vera?'

'Yes, with papa. I lived there too, till I had fever, and seemed not likely to get strong again. Then they sent me back to Europe—to France. I was at school there and it was very lonely. I did so long to see mamma; but she couldn't leave papa you know.'

'And when your father died, she came to you? How long ago is that Vera?'

'It is two years. We have lived in Switzerland since then. I left school and had a governess instead.'

'And how did you spend last Christmas?' I asked; and so terribly anxious was I, that my voice sounded not quite natural as I put the question.

'Last Christmas! Oh it was very wretched! Mamma had to go away on business and I was quite alone.'

'Where did she go, Vera?'

'To Germany. There was some tiresome matter that had to be attended to all in a hurry. She was away more than a fortnight. Oh! how glad I was to see her back again!'

'You are very fond of your mother, Vera?'

She turned her eyes on me with a look of surprise, almost of reproach, in their soft hazel depths.

'Why, Sir Douglas, of course I am. Aren't all girls fond of their mothers? And no girl has quite so dear and sweet a one as mine!'

'And not many mothers have so sweet a daughter as you, eh, Vera?' I answered, lightly, though, in truth, my thoughts were heavy and dark enough.

That absence of Lady Gramont's from her daughter last Christmas—did it not seem to confirm my suspicions?

Heavens! if it should be true!

If Vera's mother—if Gwynne's promised wife—should be a murderer!

Suddenly there flashed across my mind a recollection of the wound I had cauterized.

The woman must needs bear the scar of that to her dying day.

Here, then, was proof, and of the simplest kind.

All I had to do was, to discover whether Lady Gramont had any such scar upon her arm.

But how to discover this?

I remembered, with a deepening of my suspicions, that, although Lady Gramont had beautiful arms, the sleeves of her evening dresses always came to well below her elbows.

Assuredly, if she had such a scar, she would be careful not to show it—especially before me.

I might have questioned Vera on this point; but, somehow, I shrank from it unaccountably.

The Israelities of old were forbidden to seethe the kid in its mother's milk, and it seemed to me it would have been equally unnatural to attempt to fix the guilt of murder on the mother by mean of her child.

We returned to the house as the luncheon bell was ringing.

At a turn in the path we were joined by Gwynne and Lady Gramont.

She was looking even more than usually beautiful in her walking out costume.

It was a rich dark violet, and the costly furs which trimmed it, enhanced the lustre of her eyes, and the clearness of her skin.

COVERED WITH SORES.

B.B.B. cured little Harvey Deline nine years ago and he has never had a spot on him since.

It is practically impossible to heal up sores or ulcers, especially the old chronic kind, with ordinary remedies. No matter how large or of how long standing they may be, however, they heal up readily and stay healed permanently when Burdock Blood Bitters is used.



HARVEY DELINE.

Mrs. E. Deline, Arden, Ont., proves this in the following account she gave of her little boy's case: "When my little son Harvey was one year old he broke out in sores all over his body. They would heal up for a time, then break out again about twice a year, till he was past four; then he seemed to get worse and was completely prostrated. When doctors failed to cure him I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, and besides bathed the sores with it. "It is nine years ago since this happened and I must say that in all this time he has never had a spot on his body or any sign of the old trouble returning."

I felt horribly guilty as I remembered I had dared to suspect this beautiful, high-bred woman of being a murderer.

The idea seemed so very monstrous, now I was in her presence, that I could feel myself flushing all over my face.

My embarrassment was increased by the cordiality with which she greeted me; indeed, I am bound to confess that her manners, full of a sweet, winning grace towards everyone, were ever most sweet and gracious when addressed to me.

I had noticed this and had attributed it to a natural and laudable wish to please one whom her betrothed husband held in such high esteem; but now there came into my mind the sinister thought that she might be animated by a very different motive.

If she were, in truth, that masked woman—thus ran my reflections—she would, of course, recognize me, although I could not recognize her; and it would clearly be to her interest to secure me as her friend.

Again I flushed hot and red. I felt as though such thoughts constituted unexampled baseness and treachery towards Gwynne.

I am sure I would gladly have given ten thousand pounds at that moment to have my suspicions disproved; but, without disproof, I could not banish them.

They had taken too firm a hold upon my mind.

CHAPTER VI.

POOR NERO!

The very next morning, I got a letter from my uncle—the chief item of news in which was, that poor old Nero was decidedly 'off his feed,' and appeared to be taking my absence sadly to heart.

For three years he had not been parted from me for a single day.

I mentioned this to my host, Sir Thomas Mallory, and he immediately said—

'Send for the poor brute, Douglas. Dixon can take charge of him, and he'll not be the least in the way.'

'Thanks!' I said, 'I will,' and in less than half-an-hour I had sent off a wire instructing my uncle's groom to despatch Nero to Deepdene by the next train.

He arrived that same night.

I met him at the station, and took him down to Dixon, Sir Thomas's head groom.

I had taken care not to mention before the ladies that the dog was coming; for I had a fancy to try an experiment with him.

It had occurred to me it was just possible that Nero, with his wonderful instinct, might know Lady Gramont again; that is, supposing she were the woman he had so furiously attacked.

If he did recognize her, he would certainly show some sign of displeasure; and, also, I thought she would not be able to conceal her discomfiture at sight of him, if he were introduced to her notice suddenly.

Accordingly, I kept my own counsel; and, the next afternoon, at the hour when I knew Lady Mallory would be giving her guests tea in the hall, I took Nero with me there.

Vera caught sight of him first and sprang up to caress him.

'Oh, what a splendid dog! Is it yours, Sir Douglas?' she cried, stroking his great head, while he wagged his tail, much gratified.

I looked round the hall and saw, near the brightly burning fire, a vacant chair.

Lady Gramont had not yet come downstairs.

In breathless suspense I awaited her appearance. Would Nero know her? and, if he knew her, would he testify that he remembered last Christmas Eve?

He had not seen her face any more than I; but I had faith in his instincts.

He would not have to rely on features for his recognition.

In a minute or two she came.

Harold got up to lead her to her seat; and I, noticing the look of deep, adoring love on his face, felt a passionate hope

that Nero would show no signs of recognition.

I realized then, all it would mean to my friend.

Lady Gramont wore a tea-gown of pale primrose-coloured silk, and she walked with that stately grace of step which I have never seen quite equaled by any other woman.

Her beautiful, lustrous eyes held the sweetest look as she returned Sir Harold's smile.

I glanced at her, and said to myself, with indignant scorn—

'That woman a murderer! John Douglas, you must be mad to have harbored such a thought for one single moment in your brain!'

But even while I said this, Nero sprang from Vera's caressing hand, and, with a low but furious growl, leaped upon Lady Gramont.

The attack was so sudden so unexpected that everybody started up in alarm.

Sir Harold seized the dog by the collar, and hurled him back, or I verily believe his fierce teeth would have met upon my lady's soft, white hand.

Even as it was, it needed all the authority I could throw into my voice to restrain him.

He would fain have flung himself upon her, and pinned her to the ground.

I needed no further proofs.

I was certain then, that Beatrice Gramont was the woman whose arm Nero had bitten last Christmas Eve.

'Good Heavens, Douglas! Why do you keep such a brute as this?' cried Gwynne. And, for the first time in his life, there was anger in his voice as he addressed me. 'He isn't safe. Upon my word, I really think you ought to have him shot!'

TO BE CONTINUED.

The German's Retort.

When the city councils of Pittsburgh paid their annual visits to the municipal poor farm, there was included in the party a German and an Irishman who are great friends, but between whom a sharp line is drawn in the matter of nationality. Going through the home department, the German, with just a suspicion of race prejudice, remarked:—

'I notice that these people are nearly all Irish.'

'So they are,' the Irishman said, 'but wait till we get over the crazy house: that's where they keep the Dutch.'

They entered the insane department just as an inmate who imagines he is a great orator was making a speech in German.

'What did I tell you?' asked the Irishman.

'Oh, well,' replied the German, 'you can not go crazy if you have not got brains.'

IMPORTANT.

That People Should Know Just What

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Can do For Them in Spring Time.

It Begins Its Good Work At The Root of Trouble and Disease.

It Feeds and Braces the Nerves and Drives Impurities From the Blood.

With the ushering in of a new season, it is important that people should know just what Paine's Celery Compound can do for tired, half-sick, nervous, sleepless, irritable and despondent people of all ages.

Spring is the time when thousands have the "blues" and go about in misery and wretchedness.

The nerves of such victims require nourishing and their blood must be purified. As soon as this all-important work is begun by nature's blood purifier and system builder, Paine's Celery Compound, the seeds of lurking disease are expelled from the body, and health and true vitality are manifested in the face and in every movement of the limbs.

To win back refreshing sleep, good appetite, natural digestion and continued good health, the best remedy in the world is not too much for any one to insist on getting. If you have the slightest doubt about the power and efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound, have at least as much faith as some of your neighbors who have tried a bottle and are now praising its virtues and life-giving powers. Paine's Celery Compound cures when all other medicines fail.

Sounds Heard in a Balloon.

Mr. J. M. Bacon, the Englishman, who with his daughter made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor shower last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears. At the height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' feet on a hard road could be heard. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by

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is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS.

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ducks in a pond was audible. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud which hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the balloon they were startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. Investigation showed that this sound was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.

A Bad Case of Asthma.

Mrs. Samuel Ferndel, of Clementsport, N. S., writes: "It is with great pleasure that I write you to tell of the good I have derived from the use of Catarrh-zone. I am in my eightieth year now and from youth up I have been troubled with Asthma, and not until I used Catarrh-zone did I get relief. It has cured my Asthma in an incredibly short time, and I heartily recommend it to all." Catarrh-zone is sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

How Ted Lent a Hand.

He is such a little boy this Ted, and his legs are so short and his chubby fists are so very wee that you might think he would have to wait quite a long time before he could lend a hand that would be of any use; but he does not think so.

There was a fine shower the other night and in the morning what should Ted see, right in front of his home, on prim, precise Cottage Street, but a mud-puddle; yes a dirty, delightful mud-puddle! How he hurried through his breakfast so as not to lose a minute!

He had a baker's dozen of beautiful mud pies on the curb, and was admiring them for a moment while he rested, when bump! a big bundle came down upon those lovely pies, flattening them dreadfully.

He jumped up, frowning, but when he saw the tired, sad face of the poor old washerwoman, Mrs. Connolly, the frown smoothed itself into a dimple smile; and he picked up that bundle, which had dropped off the tired arms which held several others, and carried it 'way to the avenue, which was as far as mamma let her little man explore the city, on account of the electric cars. There he touched his hat and bowed, just as he had seen big brother Don do on the way to church when he met any of the college girls.

And Mrs. Connolly stood and smiled after him as he ran back to rebuild his pies. Such a happy little face! The solemn, slow-pacing professor whom he met brightened up and stepped off briskly and began to whistle—actually whistle! Think of it! So you see Teddy lent, not only a hand, but two feet and a happy face even if he was such a little boy.

A Country of Colonels.

When the defence of Bulawayo was in the hands of the various corps organized by the inhabitants, that region could boast of more colonels than North and South combined could show after the Civil War. A young subaltern of General Carrington's staff who arrived there before the rest of the command was taken in hand by a 'colonel' and introduced to the Bulawayo Club. On leaving his host the youngster said: 'Well, good night, colonel,' and saluted. Simultaneously twenty three men who were lounging about the veranda and stoop solemnly touched their hats and said 'Good night!'

Telegraph-Poles.

To creatures incapable of understanding their use the first telegraph poles were naturally misleading. A London paper is authority for the statement that when these useful articles were introduced into Norway they had a disquieting effect on the bears.

The bears heard the moaning of the wind in the wires, and proceeded to put two and two together. Such a buzzing as this had been heard before. It was associated in the minds of the bears with a sweet morsel. The poles must be gigantic hives so the bears set work to root the poles out of the ground.

The woodpeckers also listened to the

humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles. Therefore they also went to work to find the treasure, boring holes to extract the insects.

In time birds and animals became wiser and the telegraph pole or wires is used by more than one bird as a safe place for its nest. There is a small bird in Natal which used to build its cradled shaped nest in the branches of trees, but as soon as the telegraph wires were set up it changed the location of its housekeeping and built on the wires, so that snakes could not molest its treasures.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening on the side farthest from the overhanging branch.

There Are

Many things known as good for a cough, yet the special virtues of all are combined in Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, not narcotic, soothing, healing. 25c. all druggists.

Lord Herschel's Stories.

Sir Algernon West in his 'Recollections' gives some good stories related by Lord Herschel. He told how in sentencing a forger of banknotes to death a certain judge had said: 'I can hold out no hope to you of mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain that mercy which a due regard to the credit of our currency forbids you to hope for here.'

He also told of an American who had bought some red flannel shirts which were warranted neither to lose their color nor shrink in the wash. After a fortnight he went to the shop where he had purchased them and was asked by the shopman whether the shirts had lost color or shrunk. 'All I can say,' he replied, 'is that when I came down with one of them on to breakfast my wife said to me, "What have you got my pink coral necklace round your throat for?"'

A Double Courtesy.

Stout old gentleman in street car to slim young man next to him: 'I say, young man, if you had good manners you would get up and give this lady a seat.'

'If you got up yourself, sir, said the slim young man, 'you could give her two seats.'

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Couldn't.

Grandmother: "Boys! boys! I would not slide down those banisters. I wouldn't boys!"

Little Charlie (just before he reaches the floor with a bump): "You couldn't, granny, you couldn't!"