# ALL FOR GOLD.

(Continued.)

Mildmay's business took him to another part of the premises, but later on, having occasion to return, he again glanced from the window and his attention was at once arrested. He could just see something above the top edge of the crates flash backwards and forwards at regular intervals. Occasionally it would stop and disappear for a few minutes and then would recommence its regular movements. He listened intently but no sound reached him. The distance and the fact that there were two closed windows between would account for that. Gerald was particularly busy that afternoon, and therefore could not afford to waste the time he had on the former occasion. He was obliged to leave the mystery unsolved.

On his return to the office he found a letter from the firm of City agents informing him that they had heard from their client that the premises were no longer in the market as he had already let them without their knowledge and offering apologies for the trouble he had been put to.

"Well, that's done with!" said Mildmay to himself, crumpling up the letter and tossing it into the waste-paper basket, "and perhaps it's as well. I might only have burnt my fingers over it. After all, building is not my business, and a man had always better stick to what he knows something about. But I should like to know what that Guelford was doing in Saffron Hill."

* * * *

In a street in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court Road, one of those melancholy-looking, smoke-begrinned thoroughfares where the houses appear to be the abiding-places of ghosts rather than living human beings, and the shops only seem to do a phantom business, was a house the lower windows of which were filled with ground glass and the front door never opened. During the day it gave every indication of being empty and deserted, and it was only when night had fallen that it gave signs of being a shelter for human beings.

Then figures might occasionally be observed passing down the area steps and disappearing within the battered green doorway, situated beneath the front steps.

The police knew it as a club-house, but a quiet one. It had never given them trouble. There was no gambling, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, taking place there. It had never given occasion for a raid.

That questionable characters congregated there they would not have denied, but they were better there than about the streets, and if wanted it was known where they could be found. So the squalid club was allowed to exist, winked at but observed.

In a corner of one of the ground-floor rooms, behind a small, marble-topped table smoking and drinking lager beer, were two men, Reichardt and a friend. They were conversing in low tones so that the three or four other members on the opposite side of the room, engaged over a game of dominoes, could not hear them.

"Well, will you take it on?" asked Reichardt in his broken English. "I tell you there's money in it."

"So there ought to be; it's worth it. Are you sure he'll pay up?"

"Look here, Raynor, don't we both belong to the circle?"

"Of course we do."

"Ain't we pledged to each other?"

"Oh, yes, I know all that; you need not yarn it out. If he stumps up you'll go swags, I know; I don't doubt you. But if he didn't then we should have worked for nothing, and considering that it may mean—" And Raynor drew a grimace. "I don't quite see where the laugh comes in."

"He'll stump up. I'll have so much down before I take it on and the rest when we've finished. I'll do it all on my own, but I'm afraid some of them about there know me now and that might prove awkward. He's a man of his word, and what he says he'll give he'll give, but devil a penny more will you get out of him. I'll see him again and fix matters fair and square, and then if everything is right you can take it over."

"But you say you've worked most of the tricks already?"

"Yes, I have. I've skinned the wall till it's almost as thin as a sheet of paper. I've made a small hole just behind where her bed stands, and all you'll have to do is to fix the pipe and turn the cock of the cylinder, set the clock-work going in the top room and the one on the ground floor, then slip over the backyard wall into the alley, and leave matters to take care of themselves."

"And if it doesn't catch on the whole plant would show up as clear as mud."

"My boy, there's no fear of that. The place will be a little hell in three minutes. There won't be so much as a bone left in half an hour."

"Ah, if I were only sure of that."

"I tell you it will be so. I'm not going to lead a pall wrong. However, there it is; take it or leave it. I know others who would be only too glad of the chance I've given you."

Raynor still hesitated. "How do you know the next house is going to catch?" he asked.

Reichardt leaned towards his companion and whispered something in his ear.

The expression of Raynor's face changed and he exclaimed, "Do you mean that? By Jove! what a dodge. And it would leave no tell-tale traces. I think I'll go in for it."

"That's right; you won't repent it. And after its come off, you will be able to live well for a long time."

"But tell me, how shall I know when to turn the cyclinder on?"

"Why, you fool, haven't I said there is a hole through which you can hear everything? You'll wait till she has fallen asleep and then set things going."

"Very well. You don't want me to see the boss, I suppose?"

"No, much better not. I'll let him think there's only me in it. He'll feel safer, and we shall have two strings to our bow without his knowing it. And then, if he were to try to play any hanky-panky with us, you can step in and take up the whip. But there'll be nothing of that kind. In his way he's all right, but about as bad a villain as they make them."

"Very well, then. I'm with you if you can square matters all serene. You and I'll work together, but you'll have to put me up to the ropes a good deal more before it comes off."

"Of course, I'll meet you there. Better not be seen together outside. Be here next Tuesday."

"Right, and now I'm off. Adieu!"

And in this way preparations were made as they often are made, in the heart of our great City, for the carrying-out of one of the most cold-blooded, cruel, diabolical plots that the imagination of selfish man ever invented.

(To be continued.)

## HALF-SICK PEOPLE.

The world is full of them. Just sick enough to be lazy and listless; to sleep poorly. Quite often you're half sick yourself. Chances are the trouble is in the stomach and bowels. Best prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they tone up the entire system, strengthen the stomach, elevate your spirits, and make you well in one night. Dr. Hamilton's Pills work wonders with people in your condition. Mild in action, effective and easy to take. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today, 25c. per box at all dealers in medicine.

## SIXTY WEEKS FOR $1.75.

The new subscriber to The Youth's Companion for 1906 who at once sends the subscription price, $1.75, will receive free all the remaining issues of the paper for 1905. These issues will contain nearly 50 complete stories, besides the opening chapters of Grace S. Richmond's serial, "The Churchills' Latch-String," a sequel to her story of "The Second Violin," which appeared in the early weeks of this year. Madame Sembrich will contribute an article on "Sovereigns I Have Sung To", and there will be three stories of May Roberts Clark under the title, "Tales of a Pawnee Hero."

These will give a foretaste of the good things in store for 1906, full illustrated Announcement of which will be sent to any address free with sample copies of the paper.

New subscribers will also receive a gift of The Companion's "Minutemen" Calendar for 1906, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

## ATE BISCUITS AND DIED.

Arsenic Was Used Instead of Baking Powder.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Oct. 14.—John Holliday and his wife are dead, and their grandson, Harry Holiday, is expected to die before morning from arsenic to die before morning from arsenic poisoning. Mrs. Holiday used arsenic in biscuits, mistaking it for baking powder. The grandson had used the arsenic to kill cats, and had told his grandmother to be careful of the can, which was on a shelf in pantry. In the dark this morning she mistook it for the baking powder can. She used enough of the stuff in the biscuits to kill 200 people.

During the meal she noticed a peculiar taste in the biscuits, and went to look at the can in the pantry, but it seems to be the baking powder can, and she suspected nothing until she was taken violently ill shortly after the meal. She died about noon, and her husband died a few minutes later.

There is no hope for the grandson. Other members of the family, who were late in arising, escaped the poisoned biscuits.

The caller was angry and even belligerent. "I want an explanation and an apology, sir," he said. "In your paper this morning you had an account of the wedding at the Smithbys last night, and you spoke of the 'jay that attended the happy pair as they went to the altar.' Now sir, I'm the——"

"Gracious heaven," gasped the editor, "I wrote it 'joy' "

In order to remove the cake from the pan smoothly, place the pan for a few minutes on a cloth wet in hot water.

SHORT FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MAID.

For a dressy or a party frock this design has much ta commend it for small daughters of half a dozen summers or thereabouts. Some of the most effective features in adult fashions are reproduced in miniature for the little maid. There is a round yoke and a deep mitaine cuff of embroidered linen, the English eyelet fashion being followed. The blouse part is shirred to this in long-waisted effect; and the very full skirts are applied to this without a belt or sash intervening. A very pretty effect is produced in the use of an empiecement, this following the shape of the yoke all round, and with three straps back and front running down to the waistline, straps and yoke border being cut in one without piecing. The sleeve is a very full puff to the elbow, where it is met by the close mitaine undersleeve of embroidery.

## THE AVERAGE MAN.

Genius is a phenomenon; the average man is a law. He has seen Shakespeares and Geothes and Napoleons and Wagners rise and fall, but he goes on calmly, knowing that it is he, and not they, wha are the race. Despise him, kick him as you will, the last word is with him. He is Nature's favorite; like a true mother, she loves her dull boy best. A Shakespeare was too much for her, but she saw to it that his faculty perished with him. He died, a wonder among men; and his family reverted to the average. Lest the abhorred thing should reappear in the course of generations, the family presently died out. The case was typical. It is almost a commonplace of the science of heredity that the appearance of extraordinary talent in any branch of a family means the extinction of the branch. How many of the greatest names of literature or art have descendants living today? Or, in the alternative, how many instances do you recall of poet fathers having poet sons—of sainted fathers having sainted sons? It is a discouraging thought for the superior person, that nature holds him in so little esteem that she would rather do without him than not. Perhaps it is by way of compensation that he is frequently endowed with a more than average sense of his own importance to nature. The average man is, as a rule, quite unconscious of his great destiny. It has probably never occurred to him—things seldom do occurr to the average man—that he is the type, the race, the force which makes the world go round, but he does the pushing. In fact, he alone exists in sufficient quantities to accomplish that portentous feat. The superior people do wonders in their way, but they have no staying power. Their vitality exhausts itself in a generation or two. So with the inferior people, who it is a common mistake to confuse with the average man—as if average were anything but a safe via media. Nature walks in the middle of the road; and only she knows what perils beset the ditches on either side.—London Standard.

"I been thinkin' 'bout gittin' married," said a member of his flock to Brother Williams. "You reckon I could git a marriage license fer a dozen watermelons?"

"I reckon you could," replied Brother Williams. "But my wholesome advice ter you is ter eat de watermelons!"

"Do you think that there is anything in palmistry?"

"I don't know," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Charles told a friend that every time he looked at his hand last night he knew he was going to lose money."

Judge—You are charged with profanity.

Prisoner—I am not.

Judge—You are, sir. What do you mean?

Prisoner—I was, but I got rid of it.

## NOT A DRUG STORE.

"I would like to get copies of your daily for a week back," remarked the clerical looking stranger as he approached the editorial desk.

"Try a porous plaster," suggested the editor.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

SPECIAL.

For this week only, we will install an Electric Bell System in your residence or store for $3.25, regular price $4.50 to $5.00

Above includes 2½ iron box bell, push button, wire and web battery. All to be set in place in good working order. All work guaranteed.

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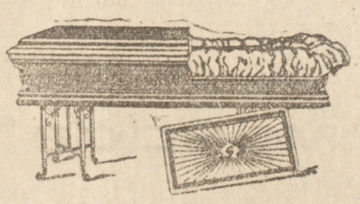
It is the General Opinion



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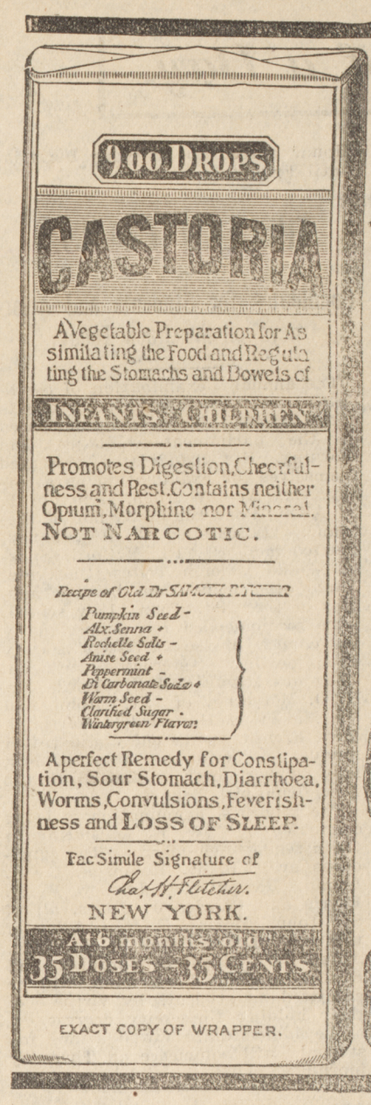


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Tel. 125

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 15th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

| | |
|---|---|
| No 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville, | 5.45 |
| No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville | 16.10 |
| No. 317 Suburban for Marysville | 6.15 |
| " 321 Suburban for Marysville | 11.15 |
| " 327 Suburban for Marysville | 18.25 |
| " 329 Suburban for Marysville | 21.00 |

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville | 13.05 |
| No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville | 18.35 |
| No. 318 Suburban from Marysville | 8.15 |
| " 326 Suburban from Marysville | 18.20 |
| " 328 Suburban from Marysville | 19.15 |

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12th, 1905

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