

THE GUARD OF SECRET

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It was an act of heroic daring that appealed to all, even to hearts less brave. A cry rose up from the shore, a shout of admiration for the hero's bravery, a cheer to give him courage in his daring deed.

Someone drew little Max away from his perilous position, and carried him screaming to the shore, where Mrs. Rodney had fallen down fainting with the shock of Aline's fall. Some went to the shore, knowing instinctively that it would be needed if Aline Rodney and the adventurous hero were to be rescued from the river.

When they had found one, fortunately near at hand, they returned, and went over the ice cautiously, by lying down flat upon it and creeping slowly along. Then they peered over the icy edge of the opening into the dark, swirling river.

Joy! Joy! The icy current had not swept the hero away. He was there, with his head above the waves, and supporting on his arm the drenched form of a girl whose dark head drooped heavily, and whose chill, white face and closed eyelids showed that death or deadly unconsciousness had stolen upon her.

He looked up and saw them peering down at him, and shouted hoarsely: "A rope, quick, with a slip knot! I cannot sustain her much longer! I am freezing to death!"

They knotted the rope hurriedly, and threw it down. In a moment he threw the rope over the girl's limp body, tightened it, and they drew her up safely. In the same manner they rescued him, and again the loud shouts of joy rose from the shore.

They carried the girl's limp, wet body to the shore, and her preserver followed after. It was the tall man Max had seen behind the tree—it was Oran Delaney!

People looked at him in wonder. It

was so seldom that he appeared in public that it always caused surprise to see him. His sudden appearance in this romantic role was a nine days' wonder.

But he did not stay to hear their wondering congratulations. Mrs. Rodney had recovered from her faint, and he hurriedly placed her with the frightened Max and the still unconscious girl in a passing conveyance, then wrapped himself in his furred overcoat and hastened home.

Mrs. Griffin was astonished and frightened when her master walked in so wet and cold. She exclaimed loudly upon his plight.

"It is nothing. I have only had a fall into the river," he replied, carelessly.

"But I thought that the river was all frozen over!" she said, perplexed.

"Yes, but I broke through the ice," said Mr. Delaney.

"Oh, dear, dear, then you have got your death of cold!" cried Mrs. Griffin in alarm.

"Pray do not make me out a girl or a baby," he said, impatiently. "When I get some warm, dry clothes, I shall do as well as you."

She bustled herself in laying them out for him, and when she had done this she made some warm drinks for him.

"To drive the cold out of your system," he said, feebly, but kindly.

He drank something just to please her, and then he hurried away from her, disregarding her pathetic entreaty that he would go to bed and wrap up warmly in blankets, that his wetting might not do him any harm.

"As if there were any danger, when my heart and brain are on fire," he said to himself.

He went up to a quiet little chamber in the tower, and peered, with burning eyes, down at a little white-curtained window of his neighbor's house. He could dimly see figures moving about the little room as if they were busy over something.

"Has she revived?" he asked himself anxiously. "Poor child! She went under the black water twice before I reached her. It was only the strength of my despair that enabled me to bring her up to the surface again. Oh, how fearful it was—the cold, black water, the jagged ice, the terrible danger! And yet I would risk life and limb again a hundred times to save her life!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Ah, dearie me, but it's a lonesome life, after all," sighed Mrs. Griffin. The good soul was sitting by the comfortable stove in the commodious kitchen of Delaney House, intent upon the concoction of some savory broth that was shimmering on the stove. It was on the evening of the day that Mr. Delaney had saved Aline Rodney from drowning.

The bright, sunny morning had ended in a dreary, overcast evening, with hints of snow in the air. The warm, spacious kitchen was very comfortable, but it was intensely quiet and still, even to dreariness. The audible ticking of the clock, and the soft purr of the little gray kitten, at Mrs. Griffin's feet, seemed to make the stillness and quiet even more marked and oppressive to her peculiar mood.

"It is hard even for me, and I do not see how Mr. Delaney bears it all, used as he has been to society and amusement. Sometimes I fairly long for the sight of a friendly face, and the sound of a kind voice beside my masters'. I never felt the dreariness of my life as much as I have done since Miss Rodney came and went away. Spoiled child as she was, she brought a bit of life into the house."

She sighed, and mechanically lifted the lid of the stewpan and stirred the savory broth with a long-handled spoon.

"Tap! Tap! Tap!"

That ghostly sound broke so suddenly upon the silence of the room that Mrs. Griffin gave a violent start and dropped her long spoon upon the floor with a hideous clatter, disconcerting the kitten's peaceful slumbers by a thump upon her little pink nose, accompanied by a few drops of hot broth that sent her pattering into the corner with a spiteful meow. The good woman, who had been mechanically reaching for the door, looked toward the door.

"Tap! Tap! Tap!" came the low knocking again, with as ghostly a sound as ever Poe's fabled raven produced.

"Open the door, my good woman, and see!"

"Who ever can it be?" she asked aloud, and a squeaky, peculiar voice from outside answered immediately. "Open the door, my good woman, and see!"

"What impudence! There, then, I won't do it!" replied Mrs. Griffin, who, although dying of curiosity to see her visitor, knew better than to admit anyone within the walls of Delaney House.

"You're the first woman, then, that I ever knew to turn a poor peddler from the door, and it'll be to you sorrow as you did so," replied a bantering voice outside. "I have a basketful of notions, and I'm just from New York with the biggest bargains of the season. Come, don't be churlish, mistress. Open the door and let me come in and warm my frozen fingers, even if you won't buy any of my nice lace collars."

Mrs. Griffin's eyes had brightened at the mention of the peddler.

The majority of women have an unexplainable propensity for buying from peddlers, and Mrs. Griffin was no exception to the rule. Besides, she was dying of loneliness and ennui. She intensely desired to speak to someone, and to have better companionship, if only for an hour, than the purring gray kitten.

She hesitated. And we have always heard—have we not, reader?—that the woman who hesitates is lost. She remembered that her stock of pins and needles and tapes and buttons needed replenishing. Why not embrace this excellent opportunity for the purpose? She might easily do so, and Mr. Delaney be none the wiser, and no harm done. She would take care that the harmless peddler did not penetrate beyond the kitchen.

The cheery, seductive voice of the person outside sounded pleasantly in her hearing. She felt that she would be all the better for a little human

contact with that world from which she was so closely secluded.

She softly turned the key and opened the door, meaning to have some little colloquy with the peddler before she admitted her. But that worthy, frustrated her intention by immediately stepping across the threshold, with the proverbial impudence of her class.

"So you thought better of your first intentions, did you she said, genially, to the astounded mistress of the kitchen. "Second thoughts are best, aren't they? Well, you were wise to let me in. I shall sell you the biggest bargain of the season."

And then she laughed, and set her basket down upon the floor, and warmed her brown fingers by the stove.

Mrs. Griffin was dumbfounded by the ease, not to say impudence, of the female peddler, who had already taken a seat and was gazing about the large apartment with careless curiosity.

"You must please not laugh so loud," she said. "If my master hears you he will come down and turn you out. I should not have let you in, anyhow, only that I needed some things in your line. Strangers are not allowed in here. You shouldn't have entered the grounds."

"I did not know there were any orders against it. You see, I'm a stranger about here, and seeing such a fine, large house, I naturally thought to myself, 'Here's the place to sell my nice goods to the ladies.' But if there's any offense, ma'am, I'll humbly take my leave," said this artful old woman, beginning to replace the tempting things she had drawn from her heavy basket.

"Well, well, let me have my buttons and things first," said Mrs. Griffin, who had not expected to be so soon taken at her word. "You may show me your things, about as you like. I shouldn't care to have my master disturbed."

"And your mistress, hey? Wouldn't she like to buy some of my pretty laces?"

"There isn't any mistress. There's only my master and me. I'm cook and housekeeper both," Mrs. Griffin replied, as she poised a black lace cap on her fingers and mentally wondered if it wouldn't be becoming to her.

They had the usual haggling, the old woman good-humoredly putting down her goods to Mrs. Griffin's own prices, remarking as each new purchase was laid on the pile, at the housekeeper's elbow: "I told you I would sell you the biggest bargain of the season. They don't call me Cheap Jane for nothing."

"That's your name? How funny!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"That's what they call me," said the female peddler. "Mrs. Broadcloth is my real name, though."

Mrs. Griffin had to laugh again. She thought that the name of Broadcloth was even more amusing than that of Cheap Jane. There was a dry humor about the peddler that she rather enjoyed after her forced seclusion from companionship with her kind.

"Perhaps you'd like a cup of hot tea before you start out again," Mrs. Broadcloth said, with reckless hospitality.

"Thank you kindly," was the reply, and the old woman drew out a short black pipe from some recess under her coarse cloak. "While you draw the tea, I suppose you will let me smoke my pipe for your friend," she said.

"Certainly," assented Mrs. Griffin, and then her heart suddenly misgave her.

It occurred to her that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, she was making almost too lavish a show of hospitality.

"Only suppose that Mr. Delaney should happen in! It isn't likely that he will, but then I've heard say that the most unlikely things are always happening," she thought apprehensively, to herself. "I will step into his room and see if he wants anything," was her next thought, with a view to forestalling his possible intrusion on the prohibited ground.

Fortune favored her artful design. At that moment a bell rang from the upper room that Mr. Delaney occupied as a bedchamber.

To Be Continued.

A FORLORN BRIDE

Husband Went Off to Look for Work and Cannot Be Located.

Hamilton, Dec. 3.—Mrs. John Organ, a bride of but a few months, is mourning the loss of her husband. Three weeks ago Organ packed up and went away to look for work, and since then his wife has not heard from him. She refuses to believe that he has deserted her, but of the identity of the play, and has employed a private detective to trace him. Organ is but 23 years of age, while his bride is only 20. They were married last June and have a young son. Organ's married life has been most happy. It is said, however, that Organ did not get along well with his parents, and that that may account for his going away.

MANY DOCTOR FAILED

DR. HAMILTON AGAIN FIGURES IN A CASE THAT PUZZLED OTHER PHYSICIANS.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 8.—When the statement of Mrs. Stanley of 148 Argyle street, was first given it caused no small comment and again established that as a physician who understands his profession none excel Dr. Hamilton.

"For years," says Mrs. Stanley, "I have suffered greatly from a peculiar dragging weakness that resulted from pleurisy and asthma. Doctors prescribed but failed to advise anything of real benefit. A friend urged me to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut and I bought five boxes. They gave me renewed strength and energy. I could eat, my stomach, enriched my blood, and supplied just what my system needed. No medicine could have benefited more than Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I believe every woman would be helped enormously by using these pills regularly. They did me more lasting good than all the prescriptions I took in five years."

No man or woman in poor health ever used Dr. Hamilton's Pills without benefit: the depressed, ailing and weak they uplift and strengthen as a trial always proves.

BAR CIGARETTES

WOMEN DEMAND

Ask Government To Prohibit the Sale and Manufacture in Canada.

Ottawa, Dec. 3.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. P. W. Scott and Hon. George P. Graham received a large delegation of ladies in the railway committee room of the House of Commons today, who asked for the prohibition of sale and manufacture of cigarettes. The delegation was introduced by Mr. Kennedy M. P., New Westminster. The first speaker was Mrs. Walters, Dominion superintendent of narcotics, who pointed out that parliament had already passed a resolution in favor of this by a vote of 103 to 48, but the influence of the tobacco trust was afterwards heard in the press. Mrs. McKee, president of the W. C. T. U., followed, stating that if it was not possible to legislate for the whole Dominion, then the whole Dominion should give power to the provinces to do so. Mrs. Bigelow was heard for Alberta and Saskatchewan, as she saw the latest stars that have arisen in our Dominion constellation. Mrs. Cole appeared for Quebec, which, she said, was the fairest and most beautiful of all the provinces.

Mrs. Kennedy was heard on behalf of British Columbia, and Mrs. Stephens spoke on behalf of the Maritime Provinces. All joined in praying for the cigarette being banished from the land.

Rev. Mr. Horsey, president of the Montreal association, and Rev. Mr. Richardson indorsed all that had been said.

Mrs. Gordon Wright, president of the Dominion W. C. T. U., said that any age limit law was abusive. No one should use cigarettes. The boys of the government of today were responsible for the nation builders of tomorrow.

Mrs. Keane, of the Associated Charities of Ottawa, touched upon the evil of the cigarette habit.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said personally he was not in favor of the use of tobacco of any kind, and if he had his own way he would go further. He said Mr. Scott, who was beside him, neither used tobacco or liquor.

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ESCAPES FROM ASYLUM

Sane Man Incarcerated Among Lunatics for Eight Years.

London, Dec. 3.—After being shut up in Bridgend asylum for eight years, a man named David Ross escaped, and his case was brought before the Asylums Board of Guardians as the result of a letter from the Local Government Board, to whom Ross had written asking for redress for being apprehended and detained for three days in Merthyr workhouse.

He was therefore taken to the workhouse for three days' detention under the lunacy acts, but as the doctor was unable to certify him as insane he was liberated, and then wrote to the local government board.

In his letter Ross states that he worked hard at the asylum for his liberty for six years eleven months, but failed after sending out 320 or 330 letters, costing £1 1s.

When the letter was read at the guardians' meeting Mr. T. T. Jenkins remarked that unless the man had escaped he might have been in the asylum still; and Mr. W. Harris suggested that the asylum had better be thrown open to ascertain how many sane people were there.

Mr. Augustus Davies held that there were several men working in the Aberdare Valley who had escaped from asylums, and were perfectly sane.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

A Multitude of Dainty and Appropriate Gifts to Be Found In This Popular Store

And today we will just mention a few of them, but trust that you will accept our cordial invitation to step inside the door and tarry awhile. We believe in the course of your visit the Christmas gift puzzle will become several stages nearer solution. The earlier you come the wider the choice.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

A big lot to sell at 25c each. Scarcely two alike. Prettily embroidered, with both hem-stitched and embroidered edges. Done up singly or in pairs in a pretty gift box. Per handkerchief25c

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, in a wide variety of handsome embroidered designs. Priced all the way from . . .40c to \$1.00

Bewitching Lace and Embroidered Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, at the reasonable price of, each50c

All the above Handkerchiefs placed in appropriate gift boxes without extra charge.

Fancy Neckwear

A whole lot of new creations in Fancy Collars just received. They're going to sell like "wildfire," because they are the most charming neckwear novelties we've unboxed in many a long day. Better come now while assortment is unbroken. In gift boxes, at each50c to \$2.25

Ladies' Belts

Surprise your lady friend with a gift chosen from our superb collection of Dresden Silk Belts. Never were more elegant Belts shown at the price; that we are sure of. See the newest pleated Belts, with fancy braid, beads and buckles for decorative features. And the Rainbow Belts! Have a look at them. They are the latest novelties. Prices are, each \$1.25 and \$1.50

Plain Black Leather Belts, with gilt buckles, the only touch of color. Very neat and stylish. Each75c

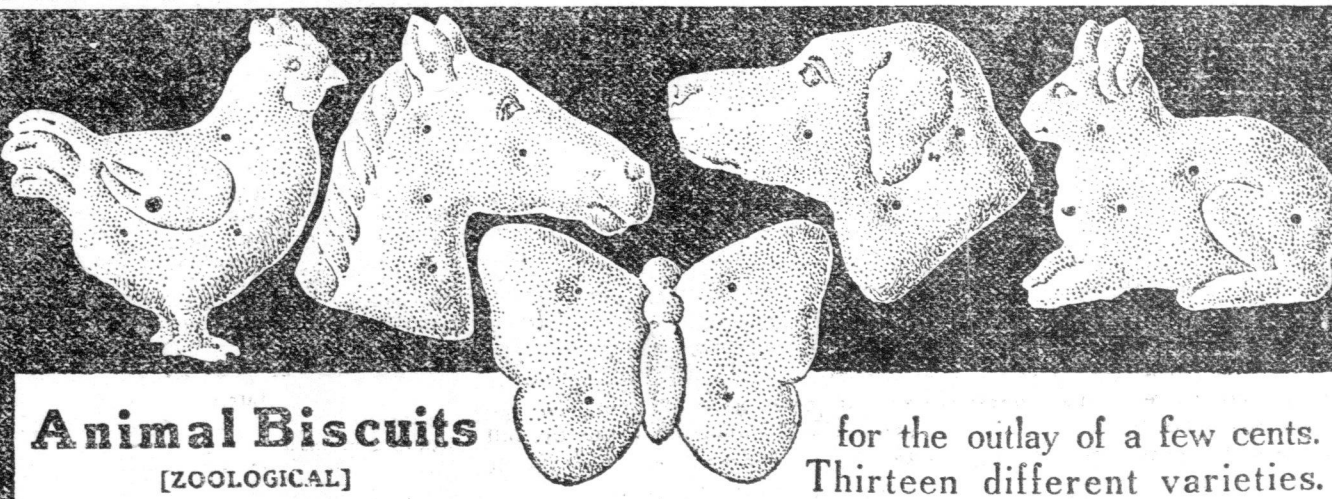
Handkerchief Bags

We doubt if we will be able to supply the demand for these. Sell on sight. They are about the daintiest receptacles for handkerchiefs that one could wish for. They are made of ribbons, with the Dresden designs figuring most prominently. Each75c

GIVE HIM AN UMBRELLA!

And let it be a handsome, genteel Umbrella, like these we are showing. Neat, natural wood handles, with rich, gold-plated trimmings. Each in a special box. . \$3.00 and \$4.00

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling



Animal Biscuits

[ZOOLOGICAL]

The "little tots" will amuse themselves by the hour with a few handfuls of Perrin's Animal Biscuits. A regular zoo—and a natural history education—

for the outlay of a few cents. Thirteen different varieties. About 155 biscuits to the pound. Order from your grocer to-day. **Perrin's Biscuits** "Just a little better than the rest."

PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND UNIFORMITY

CARLING'S

ALE, PORTER AND LAGER

Said a housewife of fair Napanee: "The 'help' problem can't bother me; I'll tell you the way To make servant girls stay, Can you suggest a line to complete this LIMERICK? IF YOU CAN, and wish to win a cash prize, buy any current copy of The Mail and Empire \$150 Cash in Prizes For the Thirty-five Best Lines The writer of the cleverest line gets \$30 in cash; 2nd, \$20; 3rd and 4th \$10, and so on down to \$2. Everybody may try who complies with conditions, you don't have to be a subscriber. For full particulars see current issues, Daily or Weekly Mail and Empire. N.E.—This competition closes December 9th.

Catarrh

Invites Consumption

It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health. It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, and affects the voice. Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Radically and permanently cures. Sold by druggists everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar.

GILLET'S

ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR.

Nearly all goods in this line at the present time are adulterated and in fact unfit to use. GILLET'S is used by the best bakers and caterers everywhere. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. GILLET'S costs no more than the inferior adulterated goods. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A PRACTICAL HOUSEWORK SET. (6002).

For the woman who likes to engage in housework tasks a set of protectors for the gown and hair is one of the necessities of existence. The set shown in the accompanying illustration is most practical, and convenient, consisting of apron, sleeves and dusting cap. The apron is one of the comfortable class of such garments, affording absolute freedom of movement, while the sleeves are completely enveloping these parts of the gown most liable to soilure. The detached sleeves are easily slipped on or off, and are effective protectors of the sleeves of the gown worn beneath. They might also be used for office sleeves, the need of which every business-woman has learned by experience. The cap is of novel shaping, and is as becoming as it is convenient. There are many materials suitable for making these accessories, gingham, percale, and madras being the most generally used. For the medium size 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material will be needed.

6002—Sizes, small, medium and large.

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CAUTION: Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, please enclose a recent photograph of whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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