

The Woman in the Alcove

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filligree Ball," "The Leavenworth Case," Etc., Etc.

(Copyright, 1906, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"A stranger," that young man put in volubly, "looking for James Wellgood. I thought, perhaps, you could tell me where to find him. I see that his letters pass through this office."

"You're taking up another man's time," complained the postmaster. He probably alluded to the man whose elbow Sweetwater felt boring into his back. "Ask Dick over there; he knows him."

The detective was glad enough to escape and ask Dick. But he was better pleased yet when Dick—a fellow with a squint whose hand was always in the sugar—told him that Mr. Wellgood would probably be in for his mail in a few moments. "That is, his buggy standing before the drug store on the opposite side of the way."

So! he had netted Jones' quondam waiter at the first cast! "Lucky!" was what he said to himself, "still lucky!"

Bantering to the door, he watched for the owner of the buggy. He had learned, as such fellows do, that there was a secret hue and cry after this very man by the New York police; that he was supposed by some to be Sears himself. In this way he would soon be looking upon the very man whose steps he had followed through the Fairbairn house a few nights before. He had through whose resolute action he had very nearly run the risk of a lingering death from starvation.

"A dangerous customer," thought he. "I wonder if my instinct will go so far as to make me recognize his presence. I shouldn't wonder. It has served me almost as well as that many times before."

It appeared to serve him now, for when the man finally showed himself on the cross-walk separating the two buildings he experienced a sudden decision not unlike that of dread, and there being nothing in the man's appearance to warrant apprehension, he took it for the instinctive recognition it undoubtedly was.

He therefore watched him narrowly and succeeded in getting one glance from his eye. It was enough. The man was commonplace—commonplace in feature, dress and manner, but his eye gave him away. There was nothing

commonplace in that. It was an eye to beware of.

He had taken in Sweetwater as he passed, but Sweetwater was of a commonplace type, too, and one not responding dread in the other's mind; for he went whistling into the store, from which he presently reissued with a bundle of mail in his hand. The detective's first instinct was to take him into custody as a suspect much wanted by the New York police; but reason assured him that he not only had no warrant for this, but that he would better serve the ends of justice by following out his present task of bringing this man and the Englishman together and watching the result. But how, with the conditions laid on him by Mr. Grey, was this to be done? He knew nothing of the man's circumstances or of his position in the town. How, then, go to work to secure his co-operation in a scheme possibly as mysterious to him as it was to himself? He could follow him in mid-street, with some plausible excuse, but it did not follow that he would succeed in luring him to the hotel where Mr. Grey could see him. Wellgood, or, as he believed, Sears, knew too much of life to be beguiled by any open clap-net, and Sweetwater was obliged to see him drive off without having made the least advance in the purpose engrossing him.

But that was nothing. He had all the evening before him, and re-entering the store, he took up his stand near the sugar barrel. He had perceived that in the pauses of weighing and tacking, Dick talked; if he were guided with suitable discretion, why should he not talk of Wellgood?

He was guided, and he did talk and to some effect. That is, he gave information of the man who, in New York, he had been known as a waiter, or should I say steward, he was known here as a manufacturer of patent medicine designed to rejuvenate the human race. He had not been long in town and was somewhat of a stranger yet, but he wouldn't be so long. He was going to make things hum, he was money for this, money for that, a horse where another man would walk, and multi-well, that alone would make this postoffice worth while. Then the drugs over there were his ready to be carted out to his manufactory. Count them someone, and think of the bottles and bottles of stuff they stand for. If it sells as he says it will—then he'll soon be rich; and so on, till Sweetwater brought the glibulous Dick to a standstill by asking whether Wellgood had been away for any purpose since he first came to town. He received the reply that he had just come home from New York, where he had been for some articles needed in his manufactory. Sweetwater felt all his convictions confirmed, and ended the colloquy with the final question:

"And where is his manufactory? Might be worth visiting, perhaps."

The other made a gesture, said something about northwest and rushed to help a customer. Sweetwater took the opportunity to slide away. More explicit directions could easily be got elsewhere, and he felt anxious to return to Mr. Grey and discover, if possible, whether it would prove as much a matter of surprise to him as to Sweetwater himself that the man who answered to the name of Wellgood was the owner of a manufactory and a barrel or two of drugs, out of which he proposed to make a compound that would rob the doctors of their business and make himself and this little village rich.

Sweetwater made only one stop on his way to Mr. Grey's hotel rooms, and that was at the stables. Here he learned whatever else there was to know, and, armed with definite information, he appeared before Mr. Grey, who, to his astonishment, was dining in his own room.

He had dismissed the waiter and was rather brooding than eating. He looked up eagerly, however, when Sweetwater entered, and asked what news.

The detective, with some semblance of manner, answered that he had seen Wellgood, but that he had been unable to detain him or bring him within his employer's observation.

"He is a patent-medicine man," he then explained, "and manufactures his own concoctions in a house he has rented here on a lonely road some half-mile out of town."

"Wellgood does?" the man named Wellgood? Mr. Grey exclaimed with all the astonishment the other secretly expected.

"Yes; Wellgood—James Wellgood. There is no other in town."

"How long has this man been here?" the statesman inquired, after a moment of apparently great discomfiture.

"Just 24 hours, this time. He was here once before, when he rented the house had made all his plans."

"Ah!"

Mr. Grey rose precipitately. His manner changed.

"I must see him. What you tell me makes it all the more necessary for me to see him. How can you bring it about?"

"Without his seeing you?" Sweetwater asked.

"Yes, yes; certainly without his seeing me. Couldn't you rap him up at his own door, and hold him in talk a minute, while I looked on from the carriage or whatever vehicle we can get to carry us there? The least glimpse of his face would satisfy me. That is, tonight."

"I'll try," said Sweetwater, not very sanguine as to the probable result of this effort.

Returning to the stables, he ordered the team. With the last ray of the sun they set out, the reins in Sweetwater's hands.

They headed for the coast-road.

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Closed Door.

The road was once the highway, but the tide having played so many tricks with its numberless bridges a new one had been built farther up the cliff, carrying with it the life and business of the small town. Many old landmarks still remained—shops, warehouses and even a few scattered dwellings. But most of these were deserted, and those that were still in use showed such neglect that it was very evident the whole region would soon be given up to the encroaching sea and such interests as are inseparable from it.

The hour was that mysterious one of late twilight, when outlines lose their distinctness and sea and shore melt into one mass of uniform gray. There was no wind and the waves came in with a soft splash, but so near to the level of the road that it was evident, even to these strangers, that the tide was at its height and would presently begin to ebb.

Soon they passed the last forsaken dwelling, and the town proper lay behind them. Sand and a few rocks were all that lay between them now and the open stretch of the ocean, which, at this point, approached the land in a small bay, well-guarded on either side by embracing rocks. This was what made the harbor at C—.

It was very still. They passed one team and only one. Sweetwater looked very sharply at this team and at its driver, but saw nothing to arouse suspicion. They were now a half-mile from C—, and, seemingly, in a perfectly desolate region.

"A manufactory here!" exclaimed Mr. Grey. It was the first word he had uttered since starting.

"Not far from here," was Sweetwater's equally laconic reply, as the road taking a turn almost at the moment of his speaking, he leaned forward and pointed out a building standing on the right-hand side of the road, with its feet in the water. "That's enough for me to know what I see. It looks like a robber's hole at this time of night," he laughed; "but what can you expect from a manufactory of patent medicine?"

Mr. Grey was silent. He was looking very earnestly at the building.

"It is larger than I expected," he remarked at last.

Sweetwater himself was surprised, but as they advanced and their point of view changed they found it to be really an insignificant structure, and Mr. Wellgood's portion of it more insignificant still.

In reality it was a collection of three stores under one roof; two of them were shut up and evidently unoccupied, the third showed a lighted window. This was the manufactory. It occupied the lower part of the building, and, besides the lighted lamp I have mentioned, such signs of life as a few packing-boxes tumbled out on the small platform in front, and a whinnying horse attached to an empty buggy, tied to a post on the opposite side of the road.

"I'm glad to see the lamp," muttered Sweetwater. "Now, what shall we do? Is it light enough for you to see his face, if I can manage to bring him to the door?"

Mr. Grey seemed startled.

"It's darker than I thought," said he. "But call the man and if I can't see him plainly, I'll shout to the horse to stand, which you will take as a signal to bring this Wellgood nearer. But do not be surprised if I ride off before he reaches the buggy. I'll come back again and take you up farther down the road."

WEDDING IN LAMBETH

Nuptials of Miss Ethel May Nichols and Mr. Floyd Kelly.

"Fairview," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Nichols, Lambeth, was the scene of one of the prettiest wedding feasts of the season on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 22, when their youngest daughter, Ethel May, became the bride of Nelson Floyd Kelly, son of Mr. John Kelly, of the Gore of Westminster.

Promptly at the appointed time, the bride approached the drawing-room, leaning on her father's arm, to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, beautifully rendered by Miss Mae Pullen, of Strathroy, cousin of the bride.

The ceremony was performed under a prettily draped arch, by Rev. J. S. Fisher, of Lambeth, an old friend of the groom, assisted by Rev. A. G. Harris, pastor of the Lambeth Methodist Church.

The bride was handsomely gowned in white Japanese habutai silk, with embroidered chiffon trimmings, and was attended by her niece, Miss Maude Kelly, Lambeth, who wore pearl gray silk with chiffon trimmings.

After the ceremony and hearty congratulations, the guests, to the number of 50, proceeded to the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with white chrysanthemums and pink ribbons, and partook of a dainty repast. The assistants were Miss Della Graham, Toronto; Miss Beatrice Kelly, of Talbotville; and Mr. W. S. Nichols, and Mr. E. Kelly, and the bride's brothers of the bride and groom. The reception was graced and honored by the presence of the groom's four grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kelly, of South London, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sifton, of Calumet, Ont.

The bride and groom were the recipients of a choice collection of presents, among them being a substantial check and an electric seal coat from the bride's parents, and a gold watch each from the bride's sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will reside in their new home on the Gore, where their many friends hope they will enjoy a long and happy life.

QUERIES ANSWERED

SARNIA.—In selling a house can the seller keep screen and storm doors if nothing is mentioned in the writings about them? **ANS.**—No. The doors are appurtenances to the house as between vendor and purchaser.

SAILOR "SCOTTY" DEAD.

WALKERVILLE, Ont., Nov. 27.—James Little, a sailor, about 50 years of age, known around Walkerville as "Scotty," was found dead in the basement of the Crown Inn last night. He was preparing to go to Marine City, Mich., where he had secured work for the winter. Heart disease was the cause of death. It is not known that Little had any relatives. If none appear, his body will be taken in charge by the Seamen's Union, of which he was a member in good standing.

ASKS IN VAIN TO BE SENT TO CELL.

Equal Suffragist Is Unable to Languish in Jail for the Cause.

London, Nov. 27.—Mrs. Charlotte Despard, an elderly woman, who is a sister of Gen. Sir John French, and is noted for her advocacy of woman suffrage, is annoyed with the London police because they will not arrest her. Twice Mrs. Despard asked the men in blue to take her into custody, but they callously refused.

The first occasion was the recent women's demonstration in the lobby of the House of Commons, when several women were taken in charge by the police, and the second was when Mrs. Despard attempted to address a meeting outside the peers' entrance to the Houses of Parliament. This time her companion, a Miss Milne, was taken in charge, and now, having declined to pay a fine, she is suffering seven days' imprisonment for disorderly conduct and resisting the police.

Mrs. Despard declares that the reason she is not arrested is because of the social position of her relative. She was the leader of the second demonstration, and was alone responsible, but the police arrested Miss Milne, who acted under her direction. Mrs. Despard adds: "I left my friends deliberately come to work with the poorer classes many, many years ago. My people are very much annoyed indeed about it, and I do not now associate with them. Only my sister writes to me occasionally. I don't want it to be inferred that I am anxious to be arrested for anything; but when I deserve it I want to go to prison instead of a woman acting under my instructions."

"It is really too funny to bear such a charmed life, so far as police interference is concerned, and to feel that they dare not arrest one. I say it is funny, but the question is, is it fair?"

The woman suffragists have at last got the opportunity of showing their resentment against the Government for not bringing forward legislation in their favor. A vacancy has arisen in the parliamentary representation of Huddersfield, and the organizers of the movement are entering into the contest with almost feckless glee. There are three candidates nominated, respectively by the Liberals, the Unionists and the Labor parties, and each supports the extension of the franchise to women. That, however, makes no difference to the woman suffragists, who are using all their influence against the Liberal nominee because the Government "won't give us our rights." The intervention of women has invested the contest with great interest.

A series of sharp meteorological changes has once again exemplified the vagaries of the British climate. Following upon a mixture of snow, frost, rain, gales and fog, the country is experiencing a heat wave, which, allowing for the difference in the time of year, is quite as pronounced as that which marked the close of August and the beginning of September.

London at breakfast time on Thursday was several degrees warmer than the Riviera. The metropo's has escaped the usual drizzle which chiefly confines to the north and the midlands, but has participated in the frost.

King Edward always personally selects the design for the royal Christmas card, and he has chosen this year a subject illustrating in a charming manner the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It depicts a ballroom scene, where the British officers are leading through the mazes of an English dance, graceful beauties of Japan. Each card is exquisitely hand painted, and the Oriental gowns of the women give a touch of brilliant color which blends harmoniously with the British uniforms. A simple device, the artist has selected the only language. Each card is signed by the King.

The first woman pastor ever to take charge of a church in Connecticut, has just arrived in South Manchester in the person of Mrs. Nellie Reid, a young widow, who has been selected as the pastor of the John Wesley Pentecostal Church in that place. The new minister left the Roman faith, in which she was brought up, when seventeen years of age, preferring at the time the reformed work of the Methodist Church. Her mother was a prominent Catholic of Westfield, Mass., while her father was a Protestant. Mrs. Reid's early experiences in the pulpit began when she was eighteen years of age. When a man's love he is either so happy or so miserable that he doesn't seem to care what happens.

PALE FACED GIRLS

Thousands Using Successful Cure For Paleness and Anaemia.

The pallid girl always lacks appetite. What little she eats is badly digested. At night she is restless, she dozes, but doesn't sleep soundly. Vital force must be increased, new blood must be supplied and a general rebuilding take place before she will feel like she ought.

Dr. Hamilton had invaluable experience in these cases and found nothing so promptly uplifting as the young women as his vegetable pills of mandrake and butternut.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills begin by cleansing the system and purifying the blood; they also improve digestion and render food ready for absorption. Additional nourishment is quickly supplied and the result is fast strengthened and invigorated.

Full of spirit, ruddy and strong is the girl that assists her system by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

The following recent letter from Miss Etta McEwen, of Haliburton, speaks for itself:

"In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills I find my system is wonderfully built up. It is certainly the most effective remedy I ever used. I have now a good appetite, sleep more soundly and awake in the morning feeling quite refreshed. I formerly felt tired and depressed. I looked as if a severe illness was hanging over my head."

"Nothing could give quicker results than Dr. Hamilton's Pills and I strongly advise every young woman to use them."

All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1.25 by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., and Kingston, Ont.

Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money.

Crowd-Bringing Price on Cashmerette Hosiery Thursday, 19c a Pair

This price ought to cause something akin to a sensation—such liberality in value-giving is very rarely met with, you know. Surely every woman who reads this ad. will be numbered among the early morning crowd which will be found here Thursday morning.

25 dozen of these Cashmerette Hose will be placed on sale tomorrow morning sharp at nine o'clock. Very high-grade of hose for the price we've ticketed on them. They are called "Perfection"—and they are beautiful, soft, comfortable hose for winter wear. Fleece-lined for extra warmth. Extra spliced heels and toes. Sizes 8½ to 10.

Remember the day—Thursday, and the time—9 o'clock. If you can't possibly get here in person, telephone and your order will be filled. We'll just quote the astonishing price once more so that it will be firmly fixed in your mind. Per pair..... **19c**

An Extraordinary Ribbon Inducement For Thursday

Don't on any account miss this extraordinary ribbon inducement—that's the best advice we can give you. It's one of the rarest ribbon chances that ever came your way—the bargain prizes should be snatched up immediately.

There are ever so many kinds of ribbons in this collection, which we have bunched into one lot for Thursday's selling.

Plain Ribbons in pale blue, navy, light and dark gray, light and dark brown, red, pink, purple, fawn, terra cotta, cerise. Widths, 3 to 6 inches.

Fancy Ribbons in blue, purple, gray, light and dark brown, red, pink. Also some pretty plaid ribbons in the lot.

Values up to 35c yard. All at one price Thursday, 9 a. m., per yard, **15c** just.

Blue Blanketcloth—just a small quantity—per yard..... **\$1.00**

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

Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Co., Limited

(Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000)

OFFER 300,000 SHARES At Par Value of \$1.00 Each

The best chance in Canada—and no better in the world—for aggressive investors who want sure and large profits for their investments.

Amalgamated Properties Immensely Rich in Ore

The Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Co., Limited, which owns 60 acres in Coleman Township and 40 acres in Lorraine Township—all well developed properties—has purchased 400,000 shares of the Capital Stock (500,000 shares) of the

Beaver Silver Mining Co., Limited

Title Clear	Beaver Property	Value
But pending amalgamation, and to comply with all legal requirements, the Erie Company has effected a	Such well-known properties do not need any elaborate description. They include 20 acres in Coleman Township, adjoining the Temiskaming, and in the group of the Jacobs, Lawson, Foster, and other large shipping mines.	Mr. Neil R. McDonald, mining engineer, for many years of the Heinze group of mines, Helena, Montana, says in an official report of an inspection of the mine: "After 20 years of continuous mining in all its stages, in most of the Western States and territories, the Republic of Mexico, the Province of British Columbia, and the Yukon Territory, I can cheerfully recommend the property as one of the best investments in Coleman Township."
Formal Lease of the Beaver Company's properties, thus giving to the Erie Company a full, active, controlling interest.		

Operations and Equipment

A complete modern equipment is being installed immediately to begin active mining operations. Upon the Erie property a shaft has been sunk 50 feet, and over 6,000 feet of trenching has been done, and seven well defined veins have been opened. One vein extends over 1,000 feet, and carries good value in silver. No. 1 shaft on the Beaver property is now down 30 feet. No. 2 shaft is down 18 feet and the ore taken out has been bagged and is awaiting shipment.

STOCK FOR SALE

Applications for three hundred thousand shares of The Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Company's stock at par (\$1.00) will be received up to

Twelve o'Clock on Wednesday, December 5th

and the lists will be absolutely closed at that time.

All applications must be accompanied by postoffice or express order, or marked check in full, payable to J. H. JEWELL & CO., and mailed or delivered to the

Trusts and Guarantee Co., 14 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.
Transfer Agents of the Company.

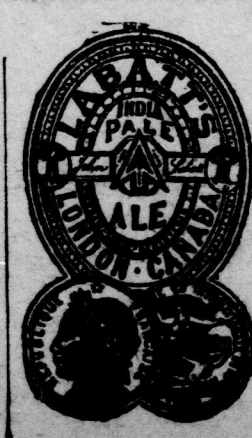
The right is reserved to reject any applications for shares, or to advance the price of the stock without notice.

In case allotments are not made in full, amounts over-subscribed and paid for will be promptly returned.

THE BEST CHANCE IN CANADA FOR LARGE PROFITS
The Erie Cobalt Silver Mining Company, Limited.

In Italy each regiment has its own pictorial postcards, on which are the devices of the regiment, the list of battles in which it has taken part or one of the heroic episodes in which it has figured. These are sold at moderate prices to officers and soldiers, and their use in correspondence serves to spread the prestige of the regiment.

NIP DISEASE IN THE BUD.—It is difficult to eradicate a disease after it has become seated, therefore it is wise to take any ailment in its initial stages and by such remedies as are sufficient stop it in its course. Cold is the commonest complaint of man, and when neglected leads to serious results. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will cure the severest cold or most violent cough.



ASK FOR
Labatt's
(LONDON)
INDIA PALE ALE
The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.
10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



A LITTLE PRINCESS APRON—4068.
In this age of the world and fashions the term "aprons" does not always mean dark gingham and corresponding unattractiveness, but more often a fetching little garment of protection, which also answers all the purposes of becomingness and adornment. Such is the apron shown. The princess panel in front, which also forms the yoke in back, gives a very quaint effect, and one much liked by particular mothers. The back of the apron is full, and held in place by the small which ends at the side seams. Small sleeves are given, and are far from detracting from the prettiness of the apron, but they need not be used unless desired. Bands of insert may finish the seams, as shown. For the medium size, 3½ yards of 36-inch material are needed. Sizes, 2 to 10 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust.....Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark, 22, 24, or 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 three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.