

Safe Lock Shingle.

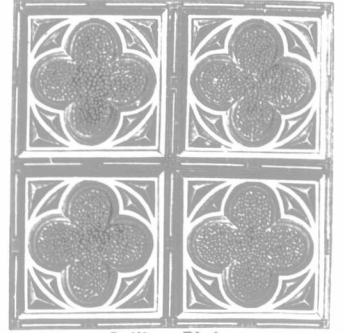
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Ceiling Plate.

the figure of the frail old lady, looking down on the white face of the fugitive below.

"Ah, my lord, and in the old right merry days I knew your mother! Out into the storm, forsooth! Not while I have a roof to my head! Jermyn shall light you to the best chamber, and Deborah shall kindle a fire of logs, and then, my lord, I shall beg the honor of your company in my withdrawing-room, where we may plan your concealment."

Jermyn groaned aloud and Deborah's teeth chattered. She received a sharp reproof from her mistress, and tried to murmur an excuse about keenness of the wind.

From the head of the staircase, Lady Dacre returned Lord Ferguson's bow, and then swept back to the fire; the servants would obey carefully.

A fire in the best chamber! What rashness, what grievous folly! The storm without might be terrible, but, alack! worse, far worse, would be the trouble awaiting the mistress of Dacre House!

It was not very long before, in dry garments, Lord Ferguson sat facing Lady Dacre in her room, telling her in a few rapid words of the warning he had received and the difficulties and dangers through which he had passed.

Her keen eyes rested on his face. She sat, leaning forward, and not one word or gesture escaped her. He was so young, this fugitive, little more than a boy, and engaged in the dangerous pursuit of carrying signed letters from King James, as they called him, to his royal servants, when the warning reached him. He must fly, and follow the daring plan that others had found success-

ful—make his way to London, and, through the help of someone like Lady Dacre, get on board a ship and sail to safety. He had heard no whisper of the disaster of the secret-room, though he had been careful to hide every trace of surprise at the order of the preparation of the best chamber. Notwithstanding the fury of the storm, he might have been seen, followed.

Lady Dacre's heart went out to the boy; she could not stifle all misgivings, but surely some way of escape might be planned. She sat long after she had sent the weary fugitive to bed, turning over plans in her clever brain, while Jermyn and Deborah sighed and shook their heads. It seemed to their anxious hearts as if they saw the walls of a gloomy prison closing round their dauntless mistress. One order, and one only, she gave that night. Not a word was

to be breathed to any of the other servants as to the arrival of Lord Ferguson, and the door of the chamber in which she hoped he would sleep long and securely must be barred and not open to anyone but Jermyn.

When the early sunshine, bright and clear after the violent storm, stole through the heavy curtains in Lady Dacre's room, it disclosed a red-eyed Deborah with the early morning chocolate, a woeful waiting-woman, who received brisk commands with astonishment.

"Deborah, open speedily the doors of the great cupboard yonder; spread my gowns so that I may see them well, and if by chance you have stored away silk or cloth of the same kind as any one of them, fetch it hither."

Deborah would have liked to question had she dared, but swiftly enough she produced a heavy, blue brocade skirt, and a length of the same material folded carefully away with lavender-scented sheets.

"Make as modish a gown, a skirt only of a length to suit my Lord Ferguson, a high mob cap, with some fine lace set here and there, and fetch hither also the shawl of Chinese silk that lies on the shelf yonder. Right steadily must your fingers keep to the task, Deborah, for my Lord must lie in the chamber yonder until all be ready. Now, woman, no sighs! Wouldst let a handsome lad go to the prison or the block for want of a little courage? Those clever fingers of thine will make nought of the task. Let us pray a good God that the Bow Street runners may have no hint of his coming hither, for the bolt in the best chamber door would not keep them out. Sit with the work in the window of the corridor that overlooks the road without; your eyes are younger than Jermyn's, and there are no others I may trust."

Lord Ferguson rested contentedly enough, with only Jermyn to keep him company, in the great four-post bed of the best chamber. As night drew on, a fire of logs—for the spring evenings were chilly—cast flickering shadows on the walls; these were hidden from prying eyes without by great shutters.

The night was not an easy time to the man on whose head a price was set. He had sacrificed so much for what he believed to be his duty, and his heart ached regretfully for the home he had been forced to leave. There were tears very near in his eyes as he wondered if he would ever again feel the heather beneath his feet. Would he ever look out again over the grand mountains of home? He would be fortunate to escape with his life. He lay listening to the sounds in the great house, and wishing he could remember more clearly the many stories he had heard of the brave Lady Dacre. How good she had been to him, and how terrible the thought that his coming in his dire distress might bring trouble upon so brave a woman! He longed then and there to bid Jermyn fetch his garments, and let him creep out and take his chance of safety.

The next morning Lady Dacre's plans were perfected.

CHAPTER II.

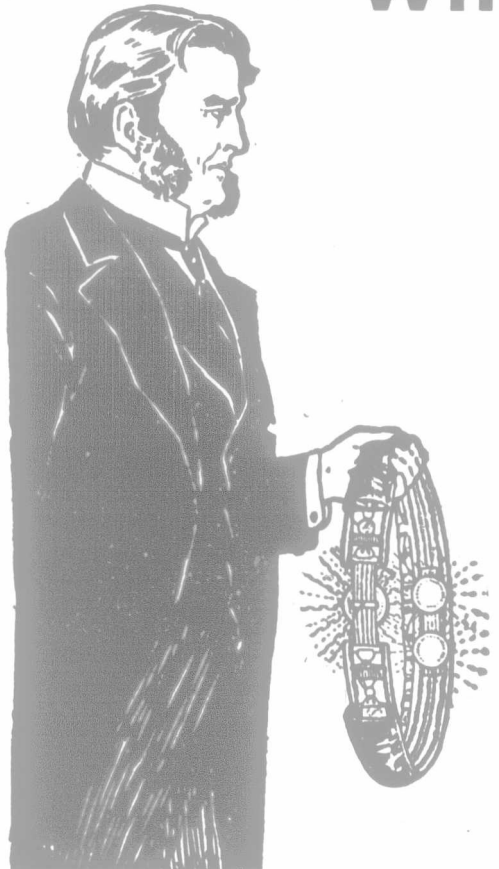
"My Lady Cowper," said Jermyn, "dines with her ladyship to-day."

"My Lady Cowper?" exclaimed one of the serving-men, who found Jermyn a hard taskmaster. "I saw no coach."

"I attended her ladyship myself," answered the stern old man in his loftiest tone, "at a time when you were gossiping in the kitchen yonder, instead of doing your duty in the hall."

Andrew blushed scarlet. It was true, he had deserted his post, and, alack, Jermyn knew it! Well, next

A WORD TO THE SICK Who are Tired of Drugs



Free use of my Electrical Invention until you are cured. Not one penny in advance or on deposit. Gives a current instantly felt, or I forfeit \$5,000.

I think I know and appreciate the value of drugs as thoroughly as any living doctor. They fill a great need, and the world could probably not do without them, but during my forty years' practice I have heard the stories of tens of thousands of people who have used drugs, until many of them were absolute wrecks from the terrible habits contracted, so I also know their danger. What is to be done for these unfortunates? Surely it cannot be that they are stranded on this earth without help in some direction! If this were so, it would indeed be a cold world. But I dispute any such state of affairs. I believe there is a remedy for every ailment, and the sufferer who finds it finds health. Might not the remedy in your case be ELECTRICITY? We know now to be a certainty that electricity is the mainspring of every living thing—it is life itself upon this earth. Can anything more natural be offered as a health and strength giver? And I ask you, have you tried it? If you have not, there is a bright star leading you to a happy future. If health is what you want, let me make you a proposition. I do not recommend my Electric Invention in fevers, pneumonia and the like, but if you suffer from any of the troubles mentioned below, get my famous Dr. Sanden Electric Herculex (latest patent March 7, 1905) upon

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

and, if you are well satisfied at the end of that time, pay me for it—in many cases only \$5.00. If not satisfied with the results, return it to me, at no cost to you whatever. If you prefer to buy outright for cash, I give a

liberal discount, I have not been curing people for forty years without knowing what I can do, so I run no risk whatever in giving it on trial to responsible persons.

I especially solicit a call or letter from sufferers from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles, Ataxia, Exhaustion from mental or physical excesses, nervousness, atrophy, varicocele and general ill-health. You wear the appliance comfortably during sleep, and it fills you with a soothing, strengthening current, showing a decided benefit from the first night's use, and then a steady building up until well. You may be skeptical about electricity, but if you neglect the opportunity I offer you for a trial of it, you are most likely throwing health and happiness away.

As the originator of the electric Body-Battery system of treatment, my success is the envy of many, and my appliances are of course, imitated (what good thing is not?), but my great knowledge to advise and direct my patients is mine alone, and cannot be imitated. I give it freely with my invention to my patients. My Herculex is guaranteed to give a good current for at least a year.

Call or send for my Electric Herculex to-day, or if you want to look into the matter further, I have two of the best little books ever written on electricity and its medical uses I would like to send you. Sent free, sealed, upon request.

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