

A Millionaire; or, Countess Westerleigh

CHAPTER XXIX.

"There is no other conclusion I can arrive at," he said. "It is the conclusion which all the men we have employed in the search invariably draw. I know the kind of fate you picture for her."

Vane shuddered and set his lips tightly.

"You have a vision of her tramping about London in a half-starving condition—"

"Or lying murdered in some vile den," but in Vane, hoarsely.

"And your vision is altogether an absurd one—the nightmare of your disappointment and suspense," said Senley Tyers. "My dear Vane—my poor old man—haven't I pointed out to you that if the girl had fallen on hard times—if she had become the poverty-stricken, helpless tramp you picture her—we should have found her, we must have found her long since?"

"You think so?" asked Vane, doubtfully, as he had asked a hundred times.

"I am certain of it. We know she came up by the night mail from

Lulb—the one we just lost. The station-master described her to me exactly."

He spoke the lie with fluent suavity, and Vane nodded.

"She came to London. Where else should she go? We searched every town, every village at which the train stopped. If she had got out at any of the stations, we must have found her. She came to London, and was swallowed up in the crowd at the terminus. Now you, of course jump to the conclusion that she was either waylaid by some designing villain, or then and there commenced to wander about in a helpless condition. Forgive me, but you must see that your theory is absurd, and that mine is the only tenable one. See here. Here, drink this wine, or will you have some brandy?"

"Brandy."

He got it, and Vane drank off a wine-glassful, which seemed to have no effect whatever on his chilled frame.

"My theory is this: She had money in her pocket. She went to a hotel or to some apartments. Perhaps she knew of some Cornish



DRY SACK Sherry

The choicest product of the famous Sherry district—Spain.

Welcome your guest with a biscuit and a glass of DRY SACK Sherry—it's a graceful, old-time custom now coming into favour again.

In bottles only—of all good dealers.

D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto,
Canadian Agent,
JOHN JACKSON, Resident Agent.

friend in London. You shake your head, but you can't tell. Remember how strong-willed, how self-reliant she was."

Vane's head sunk lower. He could see the beautiful face with its lovely eyes, its straight brows, in the glowing embers, and the mental vision made his heart ache with infinite longing, infinite despair.

"She was not an ordinary girl, mind you. Firm, resolute, unbending. The will that made her fly from you because she did not love you well enough to marry you would easily uphold her and protect her. She went to a hotel or found a

friend—some Cornish girl in a shop here in London, or in service, perhaps—and was at once able to hide herself from us, which, mark you, she would not have been able to do if she had become penniless and friendless. You must admit the strength of my theory. Haven't we visited every slum? Haven't we searched every hospital, every refuge, and in vain?"

Vane held his face in his hands as the smooth voice recalled to him the hideous sights he had seen during the six weeks' search.

"Depend upon it that at this very moment Nora Trevanion is safe and sound, and—forgive me if I say—happy. Yes, Vane, if ever a man tortured himself to no purpose, you have done it, and I am sorry to see you are still doing so. I have heard, and read, and seen something of this madness which, out of politeness, we call 'love'; but I have never heard, seen, nor read of such an utterly idiotic case as yours. You loved her; you wanted to marry her—"

Vane rose and buttoned his coat as if he could not endure any more.

"You mean well, Sen," he said—"you mean well, and you're right enough, I dare say; but—he paused, and his eyes grew vacant—"but I can not forget her, as you want me to do. I can not forget the night she clung to me—"

"Carried away for the moment by the torrent of your passion," put in the smooth voice. "I grant you all that; but no sooner did she get out of your arms and into her own room than she saw her mistake, and nobly—Lord, how I honor her for it—nobly resolved to put herself out of your reach. Sit down, old man. Come and dine somewhere with me. I want cheering up to-night."

Vane raised his head.

"You? What is the matter?" he said.

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, compared with your trouble, it doesn't amount to much; but it's big enough for me, confound it! I was right when I gave you a hint the other day about that beastly Bendoza Mine."

"Bendoza Mine?" said Vane, with cold indifference. "What about it? I don't remember your saying anything about it lately."

"My dear fellow, you must have been wool-gathering, and paid no attention," said Senley Tyers in a tone of alarm. "The other night, you remember—when was it? I told you the thing looked ugly, and that you ought to sell out. You have, haven't you?"

Vane shook his head.

"No."

Senley Tyers sprung from his chair with admirably simulated dismay and horror.

"Good heavens! My dear fellow, the cursed thing has gone to smash. I've lost every penny, and you—"

Vane nodded with the same listless indifference.

"I suppose so," he said, absently. "I don't remember your saying anything about selling out—oh, I don't say you didn't. Of course, you did. It doesn't matter."

"Not matter?"

Vane put on his hat and laughed a laugh that ought to have filled the hearer with remorse.

"Nothing matters now," he said. "If you were to tell me that the world was coming to smash to-night I shouldn't care. Yes, I should," he added to himself, as he went with slow, dragging step to the door; "for I should meet her in some other world to-morrow, and know then whether she ever loved me."

He turned at the door and looked back, with the absent, vacant expression in his eyes.

"I am going on the tramp again this evening. Good night."

CHAPTER XXX.

That night when Vane sallied forth to search the slums of London once more, as he had searched Trelore and Scotland—and where not else?—Nora was seated in the big, cozy drawing-room of the Lesters' home in Elm Square.

A huge fire was burning in the old-fashioned fire-place, a big, shaded lamp stood on the table, the fragrant aroma of the after-dinner coffee floated through the room. The whole apartment was eloquent of comfort, and Nora, as she sat on a low chair beside Milly's couch, holding the girl's small hand in hers, glanced around her now and again, as if to assure herself that she was not the victim of an unsubstantial dream.

Long before they had reached Elm Square from Scotland she had learned to return the love which the crippled girl had so impetuously offered her. Milly Lester's heart was of pure gold, and if Nora had been a long-lost sister, miraculously returned to her, she could not have lavished her love and tenderness more freely upon the homeless, helpless girl.

She asked no questions, nor did Mr. Lester, and though Nora often longed to confide in them and tell them her strange history, she did not dare to do so. How long would Mr. Lester have allowed Milly's hand to rest in hers if she should know the story of "Ernest Mortimer" was the question that always rose in her mind whenever she felt tempted to tell them all. Milly's love had become too precious for her to run any risk of losing it.

This evening, as on many others, the two girls sat talking together while Mr. Lester stayed behind in the living-room to drink his couple of glasses of port, a legal allowance which he never fell short of or exceeded.

Milly sat back on the couch and Nora sat beside her, and as they talked Milly would now and again put her arm round Nora's neck or smooth the still short curls of black hair.

"You never told me why you cut off your hair, dear," she said. "Was it because of a fever?"

Nora shook her head and a faint color came into her face, which had grown less pale and thin day by day, and was now, though sometimes sad, no longer worn and anxious.

"No, Milly," she replied; and something in the tone warned Milly that she was nearing the forbidden ground of her friend's history.

"Never mind," she said, quickly, and making a caress of the touch of her hand; "it will soon be long again."

Had Itching Piles For 27 Years

Often Laid Up for Days at a Time—A Wonderful Tribute to Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Few people were ever more enthusiastic in praising Dr. Chase's Ointment than the writer of this letter. When you read the description of his case you will not wonder why. Mr. John Johnson, Coleman, Alta., writes: "Three years ago I was cured of blind, itching piles of 27 years' standing by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used to think that death would be the only relief I would ever get from the terrible misery of piles. Often I was laid up for three days at a time, and at other times worked when I should have been in bed." "Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth sixty dollars a box instead of sixty cents. I am a different man since using it. I am farming all the time, and never miss a day. Words fail to express my gratitude for the cure this ointment made for me. I cannot tell half as much about it as it deserves. Anyone doubting this can write direct to me." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

I can see it growing day by day—and what beautiful hair it is!"

Nora smothered a sigh. Some one else also had called it beautiful, and regretted its shortness.

"It is not nearly so beautiful as your own, which is like floss silk," she said.

Milly laughed.

"You have picked that up from papa; he is always talking about my floss silk. Do you really think it pretty? But there—you are sure to say yes. Everyone thinks it his or her duty to say nice things to me, whether they mean them or not."

"I mean all I say," said Nora, in her quiet but downright fashion.

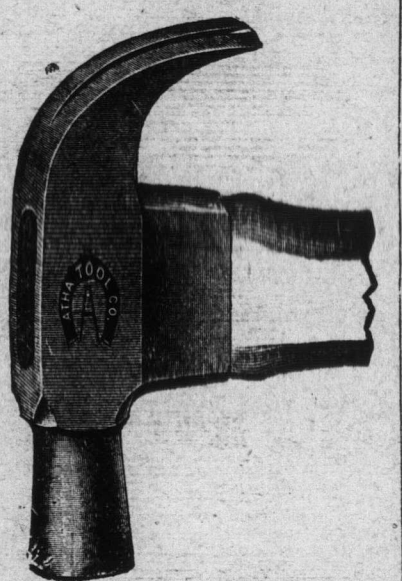
"I know you do, dear, and that's why I love you," responded Milly, her large eyes resting tenderly upon Nora's face. "Papa says that you are the most truthful person he ever met, and you know he never makes a mistake."

Nora sighed.

"Mr. Lester has been very kind—too kind to me," she said.

Milly laughed the suggestion to scorn.

(To be Continued.)



We have in stock a large stock of

- Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
 - Window Glass, Putty, Nails,
 - Felt, Locks, Hinges,
 - Fox and other Traps,
 - Carpenters' Tools, Axes,
 - Powder, Shot, Caps,
- all of which we are selling at the very lowest prices.

Martin Hardware Co.

EUROPEAN AGENCY

Wholesale buying agencies undertaken for all British and Continental goods, including Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS,
(Established 1814)
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.
Cable Address: "Annuaire, London."



RELIEF AT HAND

for the watch that you value so highly. You'll make no mistake in bringing it here, as our skill in

Watch Repairing

has been gained by years of experience. A good watch can easily be injured by slipshod work for "low prices." But we do perfect work for an honest price, and return every watch in as good condition as expert repairing can put it. Watch results.

D. A. McRAE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.

An Intelligent Person may earn \$100 monthly corresponding for particulars. Press Syndicate 4712, Lockport, N.Y. 4cc16.57

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

A Table of Varieties.

Every Article Displayed

A GENUINE BARGAIN

Picked from our Entire Stock,

At **20** cents each.

THE CHANCE OF TO-DAY.

A. & S. RODGER.

EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN Men's Winter Overcoats.

With Winter approaching and chilly fall nights already here, the business man, and indeed every man, needs a good overcoat; something really smart, serviceable, and last but not least, reasonable.

We are now showing the finest selection of Men's Overcoats we have ever stocked. For quality, variety, cut, style and price they are unparalleled and are well worth inspection by the man who needs something really new and exclusive in Overcoats.

These Overcoats are splendidly made and finished, in heavy English and Scotch Tweeds, etc., all new styles, and effects, stripes, mixtures and plain colors, with wide bolted seams, strap cuffs, belted across back, etc.

From \$10.00 to \$25.00.

U.S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.

WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR

UNDERWEAR

Why not change to a Suit of

STANFIELD'S

UNSHRINKABLE GARMENTS

We carry in stock all sizes for Men and Boys.

PRICES FOR MEN.

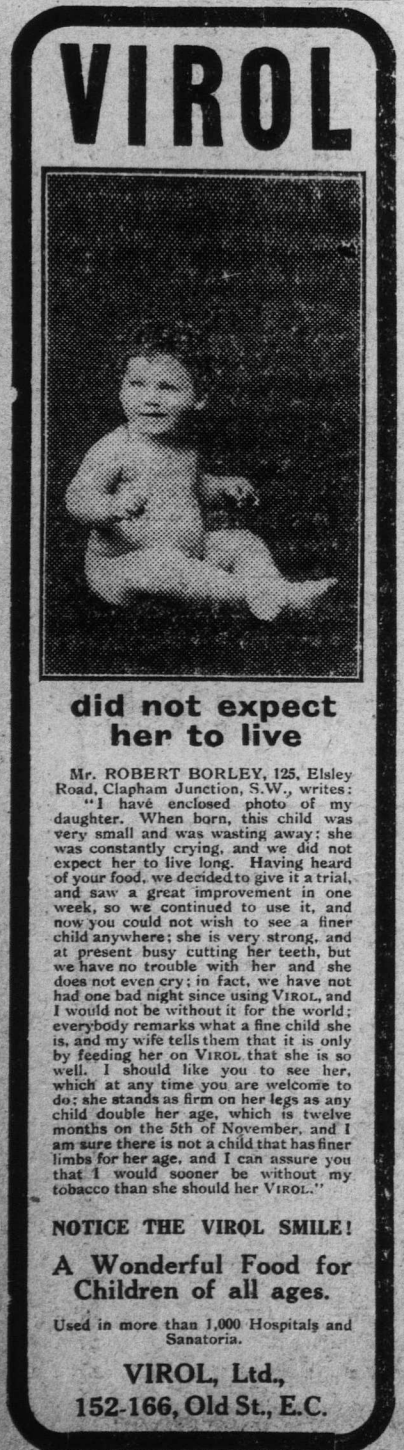
- \$1.20 a Garment
- \$1.30 a Garment
- \$1.40 a Garment
- \$1.50 a Garment
- \$1.60 a Garment
- \$1.70 a Garment
- \$2.00 a Garment

PRICES FOR BOYS.

- 80c a Garment
- 85c a Garment
- 90c a Garment
- 95c a Garment

P. F. COLLINS,

299-301 WATER STREET.



VIROL

did not expect her to live

Mr. ROBERT BORLEY, 125, Easley Road, Clapham Junction, S.W., writes: "I have enclosed photo of my daughter. When born, this child was very small and was wasting away; she was constantly crying, and we did not expect her to live long. Having heard of your food, we decided to give it a trial, and saw a great improvement in one week, so we continued to use it, and now you could not wish to see a finer child anywhere. She is very strong, and at present busy cutting her teeth, but we have no trouble with her and she does not even cry in fact, we have not had one bad night since using Virol, and I would not be without it for the world; everybody remarks what a fine child she is, and my wife tells them that it is only by feeding her on Virol, that she is so well. I should like you to see her, which at any time you are welcome to do; she stands as firm on her legs as any child double her age, which is twelve months on the 5th of November, and I am sure there is not a child that has finer limbs for her age, and I can assure you that I would sooner be without my tobacco than she should be Virol."

NOTICE THE VIROL SMILE!
A Wonderful Food for Children of all ages.
Used in more than 1,000 Hospitals and Sanatoria.

VIROL, Ltd.,
152-166, Old St., E.C.

LIP T
Largest



HEN
Sole Agent
Tea.



Proven itself
able—bar no
DUN
The Ti
FRED. V.
Stocked by

COAL

We buy nothing
standing to-day a
COAL, ex McElwain
W. H. HYN

DINNA' FO

that fire prote
your welfare s
ery year. Wh
policy with on
very low rate?

Office: Corner Duck
Prescott Street

NEW FU
Having
Fur Muffs

we can now offer som
Also special bargains
WILL