IN THE TOILS;

But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO STRANGERS.

"Her ladyship has made this an exception," said Mr. Derrick, in a quiet, incisive voice; adding, in answer to the station master's look of doubt, "Oh, I can see over a five-foot wall; and unless her ladyship's carriages and horses are invisible, there are none waiting outside. Now, please, which is my best way?"

"The best way, sir," said the station master, making haste to answer the singularly penetrating gentleman—who might perhaps, for all he knew, be a great state personage, he looked so grave—explained that the best road was the straightest—through the churchyard, down the High Street, and up the Court Avenue.

Mr. Hastley Derrick lit a cigar—keeping his eyes fixed on the station master during the whole operation—and then with a nod proceeded on his road. It was a very beautiful road, but after that one comprehensive glance, Hastley Derrick did not take much notice of it. He had seen it once, and would never forget it as long as he lived, because he never forgot anything; but there interest ended. Human beings were his study; the proper study for mankind is man, was Hastley Derrick's conviction, and no man studied his species more closely and perseveringly, or made greater use of his acquired knowledge. Every man has in his heart one dominant desire: some of us love wealth, some beauty, some nature, some one—or, alas! many women; but Hastley Derrick loved one thing, lived for one thing—power; and his definition of power was the mastery—the possession which belongs to the master over the slave—of the men and women with whom he came in contact.

He lived but for this; to see a man or a woman for the first time was to him like opening a new book, and no student or bookworm scanned a volume more eagerly. Every man and woman has a weakness; Hastley Derrick was a man to find out that weakness in five minutes, an hour, a week after his first acquaintance. Nothing escaped him; the dark, penetrating eyes took in every detail; a gesture, a movement of head or hand revealed the secret, and discovered where the weak spot lay hidden, as the possessor fondly hoped, from all mankind; but Hastley Derrick knew it, and this vast knowledge of human nature gained him popularity. He knew the weakness of the men and women about him, and used it—molded it to his purpose. With the cold, ruminating smile, he could set a man at his ease until he had prevailed upon him, so to speak, to remove his mask, and then with a word he stung him, and watched the victim as he winced. This was when he meant to punish, or to intimidate; at other times he would humor the weakness he had detected until the subject he was operating upon was charmed out of his seven wits. A wonderful man—living to himself and yet in the lives of all about him.

To-night he was on his way—just as another would go to the theater—to see the play of two struggling with indifference, to see the fair flower, my Lady Florence, set her net for my Lord Heatherdene. It was a little comedy in which Mr. Hastley Derrick fancied that he should like to take a part, and he had come down to see what part would suit him. He knew Charlie Heatherdene's weak point, his excessive good-nature and love of ease; he knew my Lady Florence's excessive love of Charlie Heatherdene and the Livermore title and estates.

"If she knew the right way to go to work, she could make him marry her in a month; shall I show her the way? Hem!"

Hastley Derrick felt undecided, and, as he had come to the churchyard gate while putting this mental question, he paused and leaned on the top rail over which, only a quarter of an hour before, Lord Charles had vaulted, and looked about him.

Presently his ears—Hastley Derrick's ears were as quick as his eyes caught the sound of a footstep on the path, and with the curiosity characteristic of him, he stepped back from the gate into the shadow of one of the elms. The moon was obscured for the time, and he could only see that the person who came up the path was a young man. He, like the unsuspected watcher, paused at the gate and there stood, within reach of the other man, biting his nails, and looking up and down, and about him.

"Young, impatient, irritable, and excited," mused the skilled critic of humanity. "What is he waiting for—a sweetheart? or is he waiting for a comrade to plunder the church, or plan a little highway robbery? I'd incline to the sweetheart theory, if he didn't look all round him so suspiciously; sweethearts generally know which way to look. Some village swain waiting for his village belle; hasn't rustic cut about him, either, rather a London—ah!"

The half-muttered speculation was cut short by a very simple incident. The moon came out suddenly from behind a cloud, and threw a full beam upon the young man's face, and a deeper interest into Mr. Hastley Derrick's speculations.

"Is it? Yes—I never forget a face! It is Stephen Rawdon, the artist. Where did I see him last? at Blanchard's in the billiard room, in a towering passion with the marker. Am I mistaken? No, I could swear to him. Now, what is he doing here?"

Almost as if in answer to the unspoken question, footsteps were again heard on the path, this time the lighter steps of a woman, and then came out from among the shadows, a young girl, looking, so graceful and lithe was the figure, and so beautiful the pale face with its dark, mourning, questioning eyes, like some apparition of Diana floating from among the trees.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOVER AND THE SPY.

STEPHEN RAWDON turned, and with an exclamation of delight and relief almost sprang forward, and so delighted with his denouement was the unseen watcher, that he leaned against the tree, as he would have leaned back in his stall at the exciting part of an opera, and smiled: a thing which Mr. Hastley Derrick very seldom did; for be it known that his face looked at least handsome when he smiled, by reason, perhaps, of a slight scar which showed at no other time, but shone out then like a white streak on his right cheek. It was only a slight scar, but it altered the character of his face, and made it look sinister and cunning. Hastley Derrick might possibly have been aware of this, for he rarely smiled unless it was behind his handkerchief or his hand, when the scar was hidden. There was no one to see him now, and so he could smile to his heart's content, without a screen.

With a quick, yet firm step, the girl came forward and stood with her face full in the moonlight and the eyes of Hastley Derrick. Its beauty surprised, its expression puzzled him. Neither was that of a village belle, and though her face was full of the innocent loveliness of pure, unstained youth, there was a firmness, a resolution, almost a reckless despair in the expression of the tightly drawn lips and dark eyes that spoke of more than a child's soul behind them.

Stephen Rawdon was the first to speak, and his voice trembled with excitement and eagerness.

"You have come," he said, taking her hand and half fearfully. "I felt—I knew that you would come, and yet I have suffered the tortures of the condemned for the last half hour."

She sank upon the seat, and clasping her hands on her lap, looked steadily before her.

"Yes, I have come," she said.

"To tell me—what?" he asked tremulously. "You have not come to be cruel—you will not tell me to go—you will let me stay!"

She waited for a moment as if she had not heard him, then she looked up suddenly and fixed her eyes upon him.

Her upturned face, tragic in its loveliness and innocence, startled both men—the lover and the spy.

"Yesterday," she said, in a low, firm voice, that sounded unnaturally calm, "you stopped me and told me—that you loved me. Is that true?"

"True!" echoed Stephen Rawdon. "As true," passionately, "as true as that there is a moon above us."

"Why did you tell me that?" she asked calmly, intensely.

"Why?" he repeated, dazed by the suddenness, the strangeness of the question. "Because I could not help it—because I was forced to do it, or—or—die! True! Great God! no man ever loved more passionately and truly than I love you."

"You love me," she repeated, without a blush, with the same unnatural calm, "and is that all—what do you wish me to do?"

He stared at her for a moment, then he sunk on the seat beside her—not near her—and being toward her, answered hotly:

"To try and love me in return—to let me hope that you will one day do so—that you will some day let me call you my own, my very own—that you will marry me!"

She thought a moment, then still without a blush, she said:

"Do you wish me to marry you?"

He caught his breath.

"If I thought that I might hope," he began eagerly.

She breaks in, her voice sounding strangely cold against his:

"Yesterday you told me that—that I was unhappy at home; that the only person belonging to me in the world was anxious to—to sell me! Did you not?"

"Yes, yes!" he assented. "And is it not true?"

She was silent for a moment, then she looked up with the straightforward truth of a little child.

"It is true," she answered, her voice low and intense. "I did not realize it yesterday—I know it today."

"And—and," he stammered anxiously—"you will not consent?"

"No," she said, with a sudden quiver and a movement of the hand; "I cannot; I told her so to-day, and——"

She stopped, and he, listening breathlessly, wiping the perspiration from his face, pale with emotion, could not speak.

"And to-morrow—she gives me till to-morrow—I shall be alone in the world, outcast and friendless."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed; "can it be possible she will turn you out of the house alone and helpless? Ah!"—for a sudden thought, a wild hope, had evidently seized and overwhelmed him—"and so—and so—you came to me?"

She inclined her head.

"Yes," she said, with terrible calm.

"You—you will marry me?" he breathed, his lips trembling, his hand clutching the back of the rough seat.

She looked up straight before her for a moment, then, with a pale face, set and fixed as if carved in stone, she said to him:

"If that is what you wish, when you tell me that you love me, I will marry you."

He seized her hand, speechless, and pressed it to his lips; then—by the sudden light, the sudden gleam of terror, or some similar emotion—saw his mistake, and let it fall gently.

"Do not fear me," he pleaded—"do not fear me for a moment; you have no cause to fear, I swear! Yes, I understand you—I understand it all, and I will save you. Let me think a moment—let me think."

He got up, and, with his hand pressed against his brow, walked two or three paces to and fro; then he came back, suddenly and eagerly.

"I have found a plan," he said. "You must—you must gain two more days. Say what you will, promise what you like. No, no," he put in quickly, as she raised her eyes with a steady look—"no, you shall promise them nothing, but at least you must gain two days."

"Yes; I do not think she will turn me from the house, but the threat is the same, and I could not stay—I could not stay."

"You shall not! you shall not!" he declared. "Give me time to make arrangements——"

He stopped suddenly. From his eagerness to catch every word, Mr. Hastley Derrick had leaned forward too heavily, and his elbow had slipped on the rough bark with a grating noise.

"What's that?" demanded Stephen Rawdon, starting like a criminal.

Olive looked up, calm, fearless, and indifferent.

(To be Continued.)

COUGHS WASTE ENERGY

Careful physicians always point out that every cough wears human strength and tears down the body's resistive powers. The reason

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is always best for coughs is that it peculiarly soothes the tender membranes while its rich, creamy food rebuilds the tissues to avert bronchitis and lung trouble.

Scott's is medicinal-food.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-36

And the Worst is Yet to Come—

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration — Lost Twenty Pounds — Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

St. Catherine's, Ont., February 11th.—Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Ellise, 46 Davidson street, St. Catherines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for $2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Preparation of Cod and Other Salt Fish for Market.

Extracts from a Bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON REDDENING.

The reddening of Codfish is an old difficulty in the industry, but formerly was not of the commercial importance that it is at the present time. The business was limited to the cooler months of the year and such spoilage as did occur in Summer was discarded as a necessary loss.

The fish were cured harder, and there was less attention paid to the niceties of the product. The development of the skinned and boned fish in strips, middles, cakes and tablets has made the product more attractive to the general consumer than the hard-dried fish and has created a demand for the product throughout the year. The increase in the labor of preparation, in packing, shipping, etc., has added to the initial value of the product while at the same time it has become somewhat more perishable. The losses which occur are therefore, more keenly felt and that which was thought once to be a necessity is now considered preventable and a subject for investigation.

The trouble is not of a local character but occurs wherever fish are cured, along the New England coast, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, on the Pacific coast, and in Europe. The character of the spoilage in those places is the same, the only difference being the amount.

The source of infection causing the red discoloration of dry salt fish has not been fully determined. The organisms probably have a normal habitat in the salt water and the lowlands along the coast and, being saprophytic, they will grow upon the salt fish when brought into contact with them. This seems to be borne out by the fact that the organisms can grow freely upon fish or wood that is salty to any degree and even upon the surface of salt crystals. Salt acts as a preservative by preventing the growth of most organisms which would cause spoilage in foods, but it has no such effect in this case.

Farlow states that the organism, "Clathrocystis," which caused the reddening was present in the bogs, marshes and the lowlands in the vicinity of Gloucester, and that the growth was so abundant that it gave a reddish or purplish tinge in the fall of the year to the vegetation or material infested. He found the organism in the Salt used, especially the Cadiz Salt. Edington also found a chromogenic organism in the Salt, to which he ascribes the reddening in the cases which he investigated. In Norway, red bacteria appear in Summer in such masses that the borders of the sea are sometimes colored an intense red.

The discoloration was observed and an organism obtained capable of producing the reddening when grown artificially, and also when inoculated on the Cod. The specimens were taken from the following places which had reddened—the woodwork in the Salt house, damp places in the butt sheds, the butts in which fish had been pickled, in the cracks and on the undersides of planks on the fish docks, the kench racks, and various parts of the woodwork of the storage rooms. The organism is abundant and infests everything with which the fish come in contact. In the Salt house the woodwork may show an abundant growth for a distance of 2 feet or more above the floor. Planks taken from the floors of the docks will have their undersides as red as if they had been painted. A Dock Contractor on being questioned said that no such condition of the timber existed on docks were salt and fish were not handled. The kench racks and butts were so coated that there seemed to be an appreciable thickness to the covering. The same was true of the wood in corners and inaccessible places in the storeroom. The reddish discoloration was observed in the marsh, but later it was established that the organism causing it was not the same as that found upon the fish. The latter was obtained from the water in different parts of the harbor.

The finding of the organisms on the Salt in the hold of a Salt steamer and on the Salt in the storehouse is evidence that it must have been effected where it was produced. The Salt used is solar seas salt, the salt beds are all on low ground, and marshes are near by, making it easily possible for infection to occur during its preparation.

If the infection were wholly a local trouble, then fish caught, cured, and dried during cold weather should show very little reddening, for the snow and ice prevent outside infection and the low temperature arrests growth within the butt sheds and storerooms. The fact that Winter cured fish spoil when exposed to a warm temperature shows that some other source of infection must be acting continuously. If the infection were due wholly to the Salt, then the use of mined salt or sterile salt would suffice to prevent spoilage. Experiments made by using the refined salts show some improvement over the use of the solar salt. The fish packers on the Pacific coast have much less trouble than those upon the east coast, and ascribe the improvement to the use of a higher grade of Salt. In the English provinces some mined Salt is used, but spoilage occurs, whether in less degree than when solar salt is used could not be learned. The infection takes place during the preparation of the fish, for the spoilage is the same no matter in what form or where the fish may be shipped. It cannot, therefore, come from external infection of the finished product.

With local conditions such that the infecting organisms abound naturally, they may be carried into the boats, the butt sheds, the flake yard, the storerooms and preparation rooms, by the wind, on the boots, clothing, or hands of sailors and factory employees, and by the use of water in making pickle and cleansing the buildings.

Cod and Haddock redden easily, the the cusk not very readily, and the hake is the most resistant. Just what causes this difference in susceptibility, is not known. The cod and cusk are the fish richest in gelatin and glue; the former reddens easily, while the latter possesses considerable resistance. The haddock and hake are poor in gelatin and glue, yet the former is the most sensitive of all, and the latter the most resistant. The division, therefore, cannot be made upon the basis of gelatin content.

The acid reactions of the cured meats of these fish were compared, and while there was some difference, the hake being more strongly acid than the cod, the difference was but slightly more than that between different lots of the same kind of fish, and was too small to account for the resistance. Halibut, mackeral and some other Salt fish may also redden if exposed above brine for too long a time, though fish like the mackeral, which are rich in fat, tend to "rust" instead of reddening.

Reddening is essentialy a surface infection. It does not appear below the surface except as it follows fissures in the muscles, cuts, or breaks where the air has free access. On the whole fish, the favorite point of attack is near the backbone, and this is due to the greater thickness of the flesh, which insures more moisture at all times. It is oftenest found upon the outside of the cakes or tablets, but the mold is prevalent upon the inside of the cake.

Cold checks the growth of the organisms causing the reddening, and in addition it also has the effect of bleaching the color which may be present. In some of the experimental lots, fish had become quite red in the fall appeared white in the Spring after having been exposed to the low temperature of the winter. A short exposure to heat was sufficient to establish new growth and to restore the color.

The coloration of the cod varies in appearance, sometimes being of a pale pink color; at other times a bright red. The pink is caused by the germs being in a thin layer on very moist fish, the more intense color appears when the fish is drier and the germs form thicker spots or a series of colonies. The germs have a moister and more oily appearance in the latter stage. Both conditions may appear on the same fish. The redness occurs on any part of the fish, the skin as well as flesh though it is not so readily seen or developed on the skin.

The infection so far as known, occurs on the salted fish only, but this may be due to the slowness of development and the fact that the fresh fish are not kept sufficiently long for the color to appear; it may be present in the incipient stage, since the germs were found in the water which is used to wash the fresh fish.

DISCUSSION OF BACTERIOLOGICAL RESULTS.

The further the bacteriological work on the cause of reddening of salt fish is carried the stronger the evidence becomes that it is due to factory infection, to the use of contaminated water, and to the methods of handling. The outside influences, particularly the germs found in the lowlands and in the vicinity of the factory, have probably been greatly overestimated. The amount of infection due to the use of solar salt has not been definitely determined, as in the experiments intended for that purpose the amount due to Factory infection was not wholly eliminated. What at the beginning appeared to be primarily a problem of how to avoid spoilage of an infected product by preventing the growth of the organisms present now appears to consist rather in the much difficulty of preventing infection.

(To be continued.)

T. J. EDENS.

Prince Albert Tobacco, in Tins.

24 gross just in.

200 lbs. Beechnut Bacon.

20 boxes Purity Butter. 2 lb. Prints.

50 boxes PRUNES, 60/70.
50 boxes APRICOTS, Ex. Choice

200 MOIR'S CAKES.
8 cs. MOIR'S CHOCOLATES —½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. bxs.

SARDINES in Oil, ¼ tins.
SARDINES in Mustard, ¼ tins.
YELLOW CORN MEAL, 8 lb. bags.

McCORMICK'S—
English and French Dainty Biscuits.
McCORMICK'S—
Cream Sodas in Dinner Pails.

100 pairs FRESH RABBITS.
FRESH EGGS.
FINNAN HADDIES.
KIPPERED HERRING.
SELECTED SALT HERRING.

T. J. EDNES,

Duckworth Street and Military Road.

Acids in Stomach Sour the Food and Cause Indigestion

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sour, gassy, upset stomachs in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach, headache, you can surely get relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on the fifty-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin; then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why it relieves sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapepsin" is harmless, tastes like candy, though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; and what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's Diapepsin" cranks as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preparation, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia, or any stomach misery.

Get some now, this minute, and rid yourself of stomach misery and indigestion in five minutes.

To-Night's Game.

The second game in the Hockey League series will be pulled off to-night. The contesting teams are Terra Novas vs. Feildians. An exhibition of combination and good stick handling will no doubt be given, as individual play will be of no value with teams so evenly matched. The line up is as follows:

Terra Novas.		Feildians.
	Goal.	
St. John		Thomas
	Point.	
Herder		Wilson
	Cover.	
Tobin		Bennett
	Rover.	
Stick		Jerrett
	Centre.	
R. Herder		White
	Left.	
Trapnell		Irving
	Right.	
Canning		Bugden

SKATES SHARPENED at shortest notice. J. CHANNING, Shoemaker, Long's Hill.—f2,tf

Here and There.

Protect your arm by using a Vaccination Shield, only 20c. at STAFFORD'S Drug Stores.

A WORTHY OBJECT.—The annual collection in aid of the Ecclesiastical Students' Fund will be taken up in the masses in the R. C. churches next Sunday.

Just opened, a nice assortment of Pocket Knives, Scissors and Razors. BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware.—feb4,eod,tf

REACHES DESTINATION.—The schr. Rosalie Belleveau has arrived safely at her destination. A message to this effect was received by Mr. H. Murray this morning.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets.) It stops the Cough, Headache and works off the Cold. W. GROVE's signature on each box. 30c.

HIGHLANDERS' 'AT HOME.'—Quite a number of tickets have been disposed of for the Highlanders' 'At Home' which takes place in the Highlandish Hall to-night. A lively time is assured and a hearty welcome extended to all.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooker Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

ETHIE FOR WESTWARD.—The s.s. Ethie, which performed the service in the Straits of Belle Isle last summer, has been placed on the South West coast service for a few trips. She sails from the dry dock wharf on Wednesday, at 10 a.m.

FAIR

IT HAS COME TO OUR
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J. J.

Milady's Boudoir.

SOFT, WHITE HANDS.

The flawless hand is so beautifully shaped that it looks as if it were made for ornament as well as for use. The skin is white and ivory tinted, to correspond with the complexion, and should be perfectly smooth. Red hands are plebian and are considered a vulgarity defect. The palm should be soft, not fat, and the fingers not too long or to short, and delicately tapering at the tips.

The hands must be kept immaculately clean. The more they are rubbed and scrubbed with warm dussy water and a nail brush, the softer they will become. Hard water is always trying to the skin, particularly for the hands. It may be softened by the addition of a handful of bran or oatmeal. We prefer a more dainty water for use this time: Rose water and powdered borax one and a half ounces, glycerine drams, ammonia tablespoon to a basin.

Of course, you use strong soaps. But from natural vegetable hands thoroughly with honey and almond soothing cold cream of tion. An excellent be made from the ents: Oil of sweet ounce, glycerine ed mutton tallow water two drams, of twenty drops.

Heat the oil and porcelain bowl immersed filled with boiling other ingredients and also heated, until Pour one mixture stir until the cream

"Chill C

We have receive of these popular stoves in three selling at $6.50, $7

We also call atte "Humphrey" Gas ish, complete with nection. We are $5.00, and recomm Xmas Gift.

Phone 97, or call Oke Building.

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