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A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY FRANK H. SHAW.

Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First at the Pole," etc. (Copyright in U. S. America. All Rights Reserved.)

"Three years and more, and still no solution," went on Marion, her eyes never leaving his face. "Oh, I pray to God that some day the truth may be known. Ehenzer, there are moments when the cloud about that night presses so heavily that I can hardly bear it. Poor papa! To think that he came to his end so terribly, so swiftly, not knowing who his assailant was, perhaps, Ehenzer, I'm tired and heart-sick tonight. I don't know why, but I feel as if something terrible were dogging our every footstep—so if this happiness we have built up about our lives were destined to be dashed away violently, leaving us face to face with untold pain."

"You're not well, sweetheart," he said tenderly. "Look here, let's cut this thing out completely. Let's make our apologies to the duchess and get back home. It isn't midnight yet, and we could have an hour before our own fire still."

She tried to smile away her own restlessness. "No," she said, "I am silly tonight, but that's no reason why I should give way to it. Besides, I've got to think of you. Do you think I'm not proud of my husband, seeing how he's conquered all opposition? Ehenzer, there isn't a man in the house to-night fit to blacken your shoes." She knew there was one fit to blacken his character, and thinking of that man she determined that she would show to all the world how much she trusted the man whose name she bore.

"Let us go," she said presently.

"I want you, dear."

Marvelling at her inconsistency, and yet overjoyed at her change of front, he took her back to the crowded room. He did not notice that as they passed Fortescue and Plecton Marion's head went up ever so slightly into the air; did not know that her lips curled into a somewhat triumphant smile; did not know that she had cast down an invisible gauntlet before his unsuspecting traducers. But Marion was saying hotly to herself: "I'll show you that I trust him, whatever their own evil hearts may say." And for the rest of the evening she clung to him almost noticeably; so that the eyes of the old duchess grew very soft and tender as she watched them there.

"Upon my soul, I think I'm feeling young again to see them," she said to the duke. "Those two are more ridiculously in love than ever they were, and it makes ordinary lovers seem absolutely callous." "Let us go," she said presently. "I want you, dear."

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than most here tonight. I think it must be something inside that makes him—different."

"You're getting beastly abstract, my dear," said the duke, genially. "Scroggs is a good fellow, rides straight, doesn't cripple his birds, gives freely to deserving objects, won't have anything to do with underserving. I know. He's! And so far as I'm concerned, that's enough for me."

"But there's one man in this room who hates him worse than poison," said the duchess. "Unless I'm a fool, and I don't think I'm that yet."

"No one who knows you as I do would venture to think that for a moment," said her spouse. "Who's the silly ass who hates Scroggs?"

"Harold Fortescue, unless I'm not the physiognomist I pretend to be. He looked after Scroggs and Marion just now as if he'd like nothing better than to cut his throat."

"Don't like Fortescue—never did—like him less now than ever," said the duke jerkily. "Going to Canada hasn't done him any good. He used to be passable before, now he's unbearable. Didn't Scroggs do him a good turn once? Ah! that accounts for it. And wasn't there some sort of a boy and girl affair between him and Marion?"

Yes, that accounts for still more. Expect he's had time to think about what he's missed. Hello, Partridge, you seeking Scroggs? He's vanished!" The prime minister turned away, plainly disappointed, and the duke chuckled. "Didn't want to interfere between husband and wife, my dear," he said.

That night Marion tossed restlessly on her bed, at the resolution she had arrived at, to allow no single whisper of that hideous suspicion to enter her thoughts. Try as she would she could not set the demon of suspicion at bay—it took her unawares. At moments when she felt herself overwhelmed by a wave of tumultuous love for the man in the same room, that insidious worm of doubt would grow remorselessly into her brain. "Didn't want to interfere between husband and wife, my dear," he said.

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ing. Marion, leaning on his strength, drew a deep sigh of relief. "No, he couldn't have done that awful thing," she assured herself. Scroggs left the house after breakfast, reluctantly, perhaps, but he had made up his mind to a certain thing, and as was his wont he commenced to carry it out forthwith. His car leaped along the high road until it came to the town when Mr. Munster had his being. A quaint old house, fronting on the road, half office, half dwelling, that was Munster's abode. A youthful clerk, big of forehead and alert of manner, jumped from his stool. (To be continued.)

MAD DOG SCARE NEAR WOODSTOCK

Braemar People Stirred Up—Supposed Rabid Beast Bit Dogs and Pigs.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Woodstock, April 25.—Braemar, a small village a few miles from here, had a mad dog scare on Sunday. A dog appeared in the village showing symptoms of madness about 11 o'clock, and ran into the premises of Mr. Sutherland and bit three dogs and two pigs in the village. Mr. Miller chased the dog to J. Gorman's, where he shot it.

On examination the dog was found to have on two collars, one inscribed "Mac, 36 King Street East, Toronto." Attached to the collars were four tags, two bearing dates 1909 and 1910, and another bearing 10 years back. It is supposed the dog came by road from Toronto. The head has been sent for examination.

The board of license commissioners on Saturday reduced the number of licenses here by two. The decision was made known this morning that the G. T. and International Hotels will not be granted licenses this year, and are allowed one month to sell their stock.

The other three will be granted if certain conditions are agreed to by the proprietors.

AIRSHIP WRECKED

Berlin, April 25.—The big airship Zeppelin II, while at anchor on the return voyage from Hamburg to Cologne, yesterday, was partly wrecked at Wülzburg. The only occupant of the airship was terribly injured.

The Zeppelin II, was lying at anchor at Wülzburg, while on the way back to Cologne from the review by the Kaiser at Hamburg, when it broke loose during a heavy gale. The wind tore it from the moorings and it was blown into the arms of the river, where it struck a sandbank and was wrecked.

There was only one occupant of the big dirigible when it soared aloft, and he was terribly injured when the airship fell, striking with great violence, and completely wrecking the after-part of the craft. It was not about fifteen minutes from the time the airship broke free to the time it struck in Wülzburg.

The Zeppelin II is a sister ship to the dirigible destroyed by lightning at Friedrichshagen, August, 1908.

It was mistakenly reported that the three dirigible balloons, Zeppelin II, Gross I, and Parseval II, which sailed in company from Cologne to Hamburg, had started on their return voyage on Friday night.

It was decided, in consequence of a storm, to spend the night at Hamburg.

BANKER HAY DEAD.

Ottawa, April 25.—George Hay, former president of the Bank of Ottawa, died early this morning in his 83rd year. He was one of the founders of the bank and retired from the presidency two years ago. The late Mr. Hay was a native of Scotland, but came to Canada in early life, and was successful in his commercial enterprises. He was actively identified with religious and charitable work, and one of the moving spirits in the Bible Society. Some years ago he came to Ottawa as an equal rights candidate for the Commons, but was unsuccessful.

Sore Throat Catarrh

With the many remedies you have tried you surely know that no liquid medicine can cure your throat or nose. Even a gargle only bathes the entrance of the throat—it can't really get inside, nor can it reach the inflamed bronchial tubes.

With Catarrhazone, it's so different from medicine-taking—you simply breathe its healing vapor, inhale its balsamic fumes, which carry cure and relief to the minutest air cells in the lungs, nose, throat and bronchial tubes.

In this scientific way the soreness and inflammation is rapidly allayed, relaxed cords are toned up, the entire mucous membrane invigorated. Every trace of Catarrhazone disappears, the disagreeable dropping of mucus in the throat, hawking, spitting and stopped-up nostrils—all these sure signs of Catarrh and bronchitis are permanently cured by Catarrhazone.

Catarrhazone

Is Guaranteed to Cure

Recommended by the medical profession for croup, bronchitis, sore or relaxed throat, laryngitis, croup, whooping cough, chest inflammation, loss of voice, that tickling cough, old age cough, asthma, chest pains and chest tightness, croup, whooping cough and children's throat and chest weaknesses, and all adult throat and lung ailments.

Beware of the unscrupulous dealer who offers you some cheap substitute, months' treatment, \$1; smaller, 50 cents; all reliable dealers, or by mail from the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Ont.

WILLIAMS PIANO CO.'S REMOVAL SALE

Will Be a Hummer, and Every Piano in the Store Will Be Sacrificed

Yesterday we told you about our new store, our removal sale, and what we intended to do, today the people responded, and some of the finest instruments were disposed of.

Prices tell the tale, and when the people of London realize what great values we are offering it does not take them long to make up their minds what to do.

Every salesman in our employ has orders to sell the stock, so there will be not a single instrument to move, and you can rest assured they will obey orders.

New Scale Williams Pianos and Player-Pianos, Ennis & Co. Pianos, Krydner Pianos Are All Included in This Great Sale and Every One Is Marked in Plain Figures---

\$100 to \$150

is the amount saved on every Piano in the store, this will pay for music lessons nearly 3 years at 75c a lesson

DON'T DELAY---COME AND SEE AND BE CONVINCED

IN ORDER TO ACCOMMODATE THOSE WHO ARE UNABLE TO CALL DURING THE DAY, WE HAVE

ARRANGED TO KEEP THE STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING. RAILWAY

FARES REFUNDED TO OUT-OF-TOWN PURCHASERS

Williams Piano Co., Ltd.

Easy Payments.

261 Dundas St., London, Ont.

THE NEW GRADUATES OF VICTORIA COLLEGE

Results of the Theological Examinations and the Prize Winner

Toronto, April 26.—The following is the list of graduates in theology at Victoria College, and the prize lists which were announced today:

Rev. William Henry Hincks, LL.B., Toronto; Rev. John Smith Simon, Didsbury College, Manchester, England.

Waldridge prize, (Honoris Causa), Rev. George S. Buckingham, B.A., Maxwell; Charles Wesley Coulter, B.A., Oil Springs; Francis W. Hardy, B.A., New Westminster; E. C. Williams, Roy Osborne, E. A. Guilds.

Certificates—Course for graduates in arts—Arthur E. Doan, B. A., Waterford; J. Laferrière, Guilm, B. A., Walkerton; Gordon E. Jones, B. A., Sc., Brantford; J. Edgar Todd, B. A., Walkerton.

Ordinary Conference—Course—John W. Jones, B. A., Walkerton; Wm. E. Wilson, of Brantford.

Sanford gold medal, general pronouncement in whole B. D. course—G. S. Buckingham, B. A.

Ryerson prize, New Testament history—A. E. Johns, M. A.

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