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(continued from last week)
"Her Grace is coming," he said. "She seems to share the Duke's dislike of me, and she is too great a lady to conceal her feelings. Just one word before I go. The Duke's departure arrives this afternoon."

Dominey frowned, then, warned by the speaker's abrupt, turned around and killed a hare.
"My friend," he said, with a certain note of challenge in his tone, "I am not certain that you have told me all that you know concerning the Princess's visit."

Seamus was thoughtful for a brief space of time.
"You are right," he admitted, "I have not. It is a fault which I will repair presently."
He strode away to the next stand, where Mr. Mangan was displaying an altogether different standard of proficiency. The Duchess came up to Dominey a few minutes later.

"I told Henry I shouldn't stop with him another moment," she declared. "He has fired off about forty cartridges and wounded one hare."
"Henry is not keen," Dominey remarked, "although I think you are a little hard on him, are you not? I saw him bring down a nice cock just now. So far as regards the birds, it really does not matter. They are all going home."

"She is coming down for a few days," he asserted, "I am afraid that she will be bored to death."
"Where did you become so friendly with her?" his cousin asked curiously.
"The first time we ever met," Dominey replied, "was in the Carlton grill room, a few days after I landed in England. She mistook me for some one else, and we parted with the usual apologies. I met her the same night at Carlton House Terrace—she is related to the Turllofs—and we came across one another pretty often after that, during the short time I was in town."

"Yes," the Duchess murmured meditatively. "That is another of those little surprises you seem to have all ready dished up for us. How on earth did you become so friendly with the German Ambassador?"
Dominey smiled tolerantly.
"Really," he replied, "there is not anything so very extraordinary about it, is there? Mr. Seamus, my partner in one or two mining enterprises, took me to call upon him. He is very interested in East Africa, politically, as a sportsman. Our conversations seemed to interest him and led to a certain intimacy—of which I am proud. I have the greatest respect and liking for the Prince."

"So have I," Caroline agreed. "I think he's charming. Henry declares that he must be either a fool or a knave."
"Henry is blinded by prejudice," Dominey declared a little impatiently. "He cannot imagine a German who feasts with any one else but the devil."
"Don't get annoyed, dear," she begged, resting her fingers for a moment upon his coat sleeve. "I admire the Prince immensely. He is absolutely the only German I ever met whom I felt instinctively to be a gentleman. Now what are you smiling at?"
Dominey turned a perfectly serious face towards her. "Not guilty," he pleaded.
"I saw you smile." "It was just a faint thought. You are rather sweeping, are you not, Caroline?"
"I'm generally right," she declared. "To return to the subject of Stephanie."
"Well?"
"Do you know whom she mistook you for in the Carlton grill room?"
"Tell me!" he answered evasively.
"She mistook you for a Baron Leopold von Ragsstein," Caroline continued dryly. "Von Ragsstein was her lover in Hungary. He fought a duel with her husband and killed him. The Kaiser was furious and banished him to East Africa."

Dominey picked up his shooting stick and handed his gun to Middleton. The beaters were through the wood.
"Yes, I remember now," he said.
"We call that the Black Wood," Dominey said calmly, "and I am rather afraid that the pheasants who find their way there claim sanctuary. What do you think Middleton?"
The old man turned his head slowly and looked at his master. Somehow or other, every scrap of colour seemed to have faded out of his bronzed face. His eyes were filled with that vague horror of the supernatural common amongst the peasant folk of various localities. His voice shook.
"You wouldn't put the beaters in there, Squire?" he faltered; "not that there's one of them would go."
"Have we stumbled up against a local superstition?" the Duke enquired.

King Cole Tea

It's the flavor.

Grace, Middleton replied, "as the Squire himself will tell you I doubt whether there's a better in all North would go through the Black Wood if you paid him red gold for it—Here you ladies."

He turned to the beaters, who were standing waiting for instructions a few yards away. There were a dozen of them, stalwart men for the most part, clad in rough smocks and breeches and carrying thick sticks. "There's one of the gentlemen here," Middleton announced addressing them "who wants to know if you'd go through the Black Wood of Dominey for a sovereign apiece, eh?—Watch their faces, your Grace. Now then ladies."

There was no possibility of any mistake. The very suggestion seemed to have taken the heaviest sunburn from their cheeks. They fumbled with their sticks uneasily. One of them touched his hat and spoke to Dominey.
"I'm one as 'as seen it sir, as well as heard," he said. "I'd sooner give up my farm than go night the place."

Caroline suddenly passed her arm through Dominey's. There was a note of distress in her tone.
"Henry, you're an idiot!" she exclaimed. "It was my fault, Everard. I'm so sorry. Just for one moment I had forgotten I ought to have stopped Henry at once. The poor man has no memory."
Dominey's arm responded for a moment to the pressure of her fingers. Then he turned to the beaters.
"Well, no one is going to ask you to go to the Black Wood," he promised. "Get round to the back of Hunt's stables, and bring them into the roots and then over into the park. We will line the park fence. How is that, Middleton, eh?"

The keeper touched his hat and stepped briskly off. "I'll just have a walk with them myself, sir," he said. "Them birds do break at Fuller's corner. I'll see if I can flank them. You'll know where to put the guns, Squire."
Dominey nodded. One and all the beaters were walking with most unaccustomed speed towards their destination. Their backs were towards the Black Wood. Turlloff came up to his host.
"Have I, by chance, been terribly tactless?" he asked.
Dominey shook his head.
"You asked a perfectly natural question, Prince," he replied. "There is no reason why you should not know the truth. Near that wood occurred that tragedy which drove me from England for so many years."

"I am deeply grieved," the Prince began.
"It is false sentiment to avoid allusions to it," Dominey interrupted. "I was attacked there one night by a man who had some cause for offence against me. We fought, and I reached home in a somewhat alarming state. My condition terrified my wife and she has been an invalid ever since. But here is the point which has given birth to all these superstitions, and which made me for many years a suspected person. The man with whom I fought has never been seen since."
Turlloff was at once too fascinated by the story and puzzled by his host's manner of telling it to maintain his apologetic attitude.
"Never seen since!" he repeated.
"My own memory as to the end of our fight is uncertain," Dominey continued. "My impression is that I left my assailant unconscious upon the ground."
"Then it is his ghost, I imagine, who haunts the Black Wood," Dominey shook his head as one who would get rid of an unwholesome thought.
"The wood itself, Prince," he explained, as they walked along, "is a noisome place. There are quagmires even in the middle of it, where a man may sink in and never heard of again. Every sort of vermin abounds there, every unclean insect and bird are to be found in the thickets. I suppose he

INDUSTRY FOLLOWS HYDRO, BANKER SAYS

W. D. Ross, Director of Bank of Nova Scotia, Passes Through

Industry follows where hydro power is developed, was the statement made this morning by Mr. W. D. Ross, a director of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who successfully negotiated the merger of the Metropolitan Bank of which he was then General Manager, with the Bank of Nova Scotia in 1914. Mr. Ross was on his way from Toronto to attend the funeral of the late Hon. R. W. MacGregor, of New Glasgow.

This has been the experience of the people of Ontario with regard to the hydro power and the same thing should be true of the Maritime provinces, the point of view which Mr. Ross understands as he himself has from Little Bras d'Or, Cape Breton.

The development of the Petitediac would prove a boon to every section of the Maritimes and that at Grand Falls would mean the same thing but on a smaller scale. He said that the future of these provinces lay in the export trade as he could see no way in which they could compete with Ontario on account of the freight rates—rates which always remain relatively high even if special concessions were given.

As far as business conditions are concerned in the Upper Provinces, Mr. Ross said that they appeared to be slightly on the up-grade. It was difficult to judge, of course, in Toronto, owing to the unprecedented influx of people who were there to attend the Canadian National Exhibition.

Mr. Harry Sutherland, also of Toronto, accompanied Mr. Ross.

WHOOPING COUGH

Whooping cough has been called one of the "scandals of medicine." For there seemed to be no cure for it. The only thing to do with whooping cough was to let it run weeks and sometimes months. Finally it was found out usually just before the patient wore out. Now the inhalation of a certain kind of gas properly diluted and administered has been found to be an almost certain cure. That is another achievement of science. It is practically a direct outgrowth of the war. It was not until wartime "it" gasses and their possibilities came in for the wide study that the common good of the fight against the foe of man goes on. And it is a victorious fight. The right name for whooping cough is pertussis.

CARPENTER QUITS

Former French Champion Will Retire After Bout With Gen. Tunney.

Paris, Sept. 15.—Georges Carpentier, former European heavyweight champion, is to retire after his fight with Gene Tunney.

Paris, Sept. 15.—Georges Carpentier, former European heavyweight champion, is to retire after his fight with Gene Tunney. "That fight will be the last George will enter. Winner or loser he will withdraw from the ring," his manager, Desamps told L'Auto, the sporting newspaper.



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Nothing but Zam-Buk could have done it," says Mrs. A. Berryman, 190, John Street, North, Hamilton. "The flesh was terribly bruised, blackened and inflamed, and I fainted away with pain. When it was quite impossible for me to move about, my husband's mother got me to try Zam-Buk. It was surprising! Within TWO DAYS all swelling and discoloration had disappeared and pain was banished. In FOUR DAYS, through this timely use of Zam-Buk, I could get about as usual; the injured foot was thoroughly healed."

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