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CHAPTER XXXI.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL

DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free.



continue to suffer rather than to submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure women.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every word, for she has had a full and complete knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female life, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Belle, Ernestine, and Montreuil, of 114 Adelaide St., Quebec, Que.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered for eight months with what the doctors called prolapsus, which caused great suffering. I tried all kinds of medical and surgical spells. I kept growing weaker and weaker. I tried several medicines which they claimed would cure my trouble, but they did not. I then bought a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and this helped me so rapidly that I could hardly believe my good fortune. I would not have been able to walk without crutches. I started me on the road to health, and my bottles cured me. I am now grateful for my splendid, robust health, and shall never again be troubled with this ailment. I am in glowing terms to all my friends and acquaintances, for it is deserving of all the praise I can give it."

For further particulars, establish the fact that this medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

"It did not."

"Can you tell me to what it related?"

You must pardon the apparent intrusiveness of the question, Miss Hattison, but I spoke in imperative terms."

"He spoke in an entirely private matter," the girl replied, raising her eyes frankly to Mr. Derrington's. "It concerned ourselves alone."

Some of those present exchanged a confused glance. Lord Eldsdale moved forward hurriedly to Barbara's side; but she turned to him at once, and with a faint sweet smile made a little gesture entreating silence, and slipped her hand into his.

"That is all," said alone questioned Mr. Derrington, in some embarrassment. "You must forgive me if I cannot be satisfied with that answer, Miss Hattison. I understand, from evidence by some of the members of the household, that you were constantly in the society of Mr. Bryant, and that on one occasion you were in the grounds with him alone."

"That is so," said Barbara, a faint gleam of apprehension stealing for a moment into her eyes.

"That is true," said another, who with him alone. "Is that true?"

"It is quite true."

"That on the very evening before his death he was alone with you for a considerable time in the gallery called 'my lady's corridor.' Is that also correct?"

"Quite correct," Barbara answered faintly, the terror which had been slowly creeping over her increasing.

"Then are we to conclude that you were in possession of a secret of some importance?"

"No," Barbara answered, mastering her emotion only by a strong effort of self-control, "we were not on intimate terms, Mr. Derrington; but an unlikely chance had put Mr. Walter Bryant and me in possession of a secret of mine, and on more than one occasion he threatened me with its exposure."

It was a strange, sudden, daring admission, and the girl's lips were colorless as she uttered the words. All eyes in the room were fixed upon her at that supreme moment, some in curiosity, some in surprise, a few in compassion; but she only saw Lord Eldsdale's face bending over her as he said something in a low tone — something which she felt to be secret — and a faint sorrowful smile as her eyes looked upward into his.

"He threatened you?" questioned Mr. Derrington; while Antony Bryant rose suddenly to his feet with an angry frown, as if brought there by the sudden knowledge of his dead brother's unmanliness.

"Yes," Barbara answered calmly.

"Then you did not wish the secret to be known?" said Mr. Derrington.

"Yes, I was very secret," the girl replied, with another faint smile.

"Which would have harmed you if it had been made public?"

"Yes," Barbara answered; then suddenly the significance which her hearers would have been so ready to perceive struck her; she began to tremble exceedingly, and she sunk back in her chair, staring helplessly at the corner of her grave disturbed face, and her breath coming in quick, hurried gasps.

In intense alarm Lord Eldsdale bent over her, while Mrs. Fairfax drew nearer, but almost immediately the girl rallied and sat erect again.

"Thank you," those near her heard her say in a low, but steady tone, "I can not fault — I need nothing."

"May I trespass upon your attention for a moment, sir?" Lord Eldsdale said suddenly, addressing the corner with his usual urbane courtesy. "The secret which my lady has secreted, as she alludes quite a family matter, of no interest to anyone but ourselves. My daughter feared that, if it were made public, it would cause me much annoyance, therefore she tried to induce Mr. Derrington to keep silent. Lord Cheveley will, I dare say, certify to the truth of my assertion."

"There is no need, my lord," Mr. Derrington answered courteously, "I will willingly accept your explanation; still, it is necessary for me sufficiently recovered to answer them, for there are a few other questions I must trouble her with."

There was a moment's silence, then Barbara said, in a low tone, but quite readily:

"I am at your service, Mr. Derrington."

He looked across at her with quick keen eyes; some subtle change had come over her face, which, slight as it was, struck him; she was afraid, he thought, of the questions he was about to ask.

"Was the interview in 'my lady's corridor,' the last you had with Mr. Bryant?"

"It was," she answered, without a second's hesitation.

"And you saw him again, of course?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him during the play and after it."

"Did you see him after he had changed his clothes?"

"No."

"Did you leave the ballroom?"

"Yes."

"You danced, I believe, with Lord Keith, and then left the ballroom?"

"Yes, I felt faint, and we — ah, how my lips quivered over that 'we' — went into the oak hall for fresher air."

"Lord Keith left you there?"

"Yes," she said with quivering lips — the mention of Everard Keith's name and touch had been to the quick.

"Did you not remain there?"

"No, I went to my rooms, and rearranged the dress I had been wearing, and came down again."

"What made you change your dress?"

"The gown I was wearing was not a very good one, I thought I should prefer to wear one."

"How long altogether were you absent from the ball-room?"

"I — I do not know."

"Lord Keith is not present, I be-

the coroner said, glancing round the room. "But I have his deposition here. He says half an hour. Was it longer?"

"I do not know."

"You changed your dress without assistance?"

"Yes. My maid was not in the room and I did not wait to summon her."

"Half an hour is not a long space of time in which to arrange an elaborate toilet?"

"I generally require more than double that period," said Barbara, with a little assumption of her old haughty, negligent manner, which seemed almost pitiful to James Francis, as he watched her keenly.

"Then it is almost an impossibility that you should have been in the grounds before going up to change your dress?" said the coroner, with a brief expression of relief on his face.

"But notwithstanding its absurdity, I must put the question to you, Miss Hatton. Were you in the grounds on the night of the—of Mr. Bryant's death?"

"I was glanced over at him with a wild, hunted look in her eyes—a look which haunted his next words sound like an apology.

"I must ask you," he said gently, his own face pale as he looked at her.

"You are sure?"

There was a sudden stillness in the room, a stillness as of death. When Mr. Derrington broke it, he appeared to speak with an effort.

"Did you go to meet the deceased?"

"I did not."

A sigh of relief broke from the spectators, an expression of surprise appeared on many faces.

"Did you hear anything while you were in the grounds?"

"Nothing."

"No voices, no report?"

"Nothing," she replied, shuddering, as she remembered the awful stillness.

"You are sure?"

"I am certain."

"How long were you in the grounds, Miss Hatton?"

"A few minutes, I think."

"And that you were in the neighborhood of that terrible body was found we have most positive proof. Did you see anyone there?"

"The girl's dazed eyes were turned from his face for a moment, then they moved away and rested on the corner's anxious countenance.

"Must I answer?" she asked.

"If you please," he replied, a trifle huskily.

"I have no one," she said, after an almost imperceptible pause.

"No one?"

"No one."

Her voice was growing weaker; her strength so sorely tried, was failing.

"I am not hesitating to find it difficult to keep her attention fixed on the examination; her power of thought was deserting her; only one thing seemed to be clear to her—she must answer what it was she had gone to answer, and rest on that. The coroner looked at her with deep compassion.

"Miss Hatton," he said, "it will be wisest to conceal nothing from us. The fact is, that this evening has betrayed that you were in the grounds—the edges of the skirts are stained with moisture, a bit of the lace trimming was found on a branch in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where the body was found. The coroner saw which you had worn also bears stain as if it had been pressed against the damp ground. The presumption is that you knelt upon it."

"I am perfectly frank with you, for your own sake, and to tell you who the person was whom you met in the shrubbery yesterday."

To Be Continued.

WINNIEP TO THE BAY

Coroner Talk About That Proposed New Railway Route.

Winnipeg, May 2.—Premier Roblin and his colleagues are giving much consideration to the Hudson's Bay railway question and a further declaration may be expected from the Government in the course of a few days.

This information comes from a friend of the administration. The local house may be dissolved about the time of the announcement, the Government playing the Hudson's Bay Railroad as its trump card.

The surprise card which Mr. Roblin has as up his sleeve is said to be the proposed route of the line to the bay. The present projected route is from a point a few miles from the westerly border of the province and runs north.

This would not give to Manitoba a single mile of additional railway, as the Dauphin road would serve as a branch of the line. The politicians fighting out that would be a much longer card to have the line run from the bay almost due north from Winnipeg.

In line with this view the Government is considering the advisability of a branch line between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba. The route would probably be east of Lake Martin, crossing the Dauphin river, which empties into Lake Winnipeg, at Sturgeon Bay, and continuing north, crosses the Saskatchewan at Assiniboia and Raglan.

By the adoption of this route there would be a considerable saving in distance and the Hudson's Bay line proper would run almost directly north and south across the entire province, crossing the boundaries between Winnipeg and the territory. It would also be a direct outlet for products from the American side and, the report goes, might be joined to the J. J. Hill system.

It is not yet settled whether the Government will back Mackenzie & Mann, as has been the past policy, or support government ownership and operation in its true sense.

Private promoters are said to be inducing every influence to induce the Government to pledge its credit under a guarantee of public ownership, but several of their following in the House have told the Government that \$20,000,000 is about enough backing for Mackenzie & Mann.

For swinging a monkey round his head by its tail George Brown, a showman, was sentenced to 28 days' imprisonment in Liverpool.

**Viscera of Henry Allen of Lang-
downe Forwarded to Toronto
for Analysis.**

Brookville, May 3.—The little village of Lansdowne, a few stations west of Brookville, on the Grand Trunk Railway, is in a ferment of excitement over what appears on the surface as a murder sensation. There has been a current rumor for some time that the late Henry Allen, a comparatively young farmer, residing about a quarter of a mile from Lansdowne, who died about five months ago, came to his death by foul play, and on Sunday it reached a climax when the information was lodged before H. C. Mulvaugh, J.P., to that effect. The county crown attorney was at once notified, and the coroner, Dr. J. M. Shaw, acting under instructions, had the body exhumed and placed in the hands of a chemist for an analytical examination. The information sworn to against Mrs. Allen, wife of the deceased, was that the complainant had just cause and reason to suspect that within the period of about a week before the information was given by poison unlawfully administered to his wife. Information was also sworn to against one Wm. O'Connor, implicating him in a similar manner. Constable Plunkett, of Rockport, arrested the accused and brought them to Lansdowne. Later on, Mrs. Allen was taken into custody, and these being no lock-up in the village, both prisoners were kept at the Stewart House under the eye of the constables. Coroner Shaw then took the preliminary steps in the matter, held a preliminary inquiry, and a jury, which was informed of the action of the crown in having the body exhumed. They instructed Dr. Shaw to proceed to Toronto with the body, and have an analysis of its contents made by the provincial chemist, and an adjournment was made to await the result, no evidence being taken. In the event of any suspicion of poisoning the prisoners will be brought before the coroner's inquest at that time. The late Henry Allen was a hard-working farmer, who came to Leeds County from the old country about 15 years ago. He was employed on the farm of David Copeland, and there met his wife, Margaret, an orphan girl from Scotland, who had been adopted by the Copeland family. After their marriage, some eight years since, the couple rented the Copeland farm and worked it up to the time of Allen's death. He had no children. O'Connor, who was deceased, an Escott Township farmer, is an unmarried man of about 32 years of age. For two years previous and up to the time of Allen's death he was employed on the farm, and his alleged relations with the deceased were thought to account for his arrest charged with complicity.

Both prisoners take their arrest coolly. Tonight Crown Attorney Brown had nothing further in the case. The deceased was a man of a lingering illness for a year or more previous to his death, and his case was said to be an ailment of the stomach.

Discovers Victim Was a Mason and Refuses Cash.

New York, May 3. — "Are you a Mason?"

This query, uttered with all the glad surprise of a child who has found a lost treasure, rang out in the bedroom of an imposing three-story brown-stone house, No. 1151 West Bainbridge street, Brooklyn, occupied by George D. Gale, his wife and two children. The hour was 5 a.m.

A few moments before the questioner, a handsome, well-knit burglar of the first class, had slipped into the house at the rear and had there pleasantly had attracted the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Gale toward himself with the conventional tools of his trade — a dark lantern and a revolver.

Mr. Gale, his wife, and the gentlemanly intruder, conducted in well-modulated tones, relative to the transfer of certain properties belonging to the men, had preceded the thrilling moment at which conversation ceased. Mr. Gale had just begged to be allowed to keep a ring he was wearing, because it bore a Masonic design and had greater sentimental than intrinsic value.

"Let me keep it, won't you?" he begged. "It is a Masonic ring. It can be of no good."

Find a child with dimples and chubby arms and legs and you find a healthy child. Find one with drawn face and poor, thin body and you see one that needs Scott's Emulsion. Your doctor will no doubt tell you the child is fat-starved—its food is not nourishing it.

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It was then that the man behind the gun and the lantern asked: "Are you a Mason?" "I am," replied Mr. Gale, blinking through his dazzling light, adding with as much confidence as his real position in the lodge would permit: "Are you a Mason?" "I am," replied the burglar. "What!" exclaimed Mrs. Gale, her astonishment overcoming her terror. "The unconscionable brutality of Mrs. Gale's direct question discomfited the intruder. Every action betrayed him as a beaten man. The superb confidence in his own powers exhibited when he first entered the room was gone. He hung his head. His lips trembled. His words, when they came, were broken and uttered hesitatingly. "Yes—Madam. It is—true. I am a Mason and a—"

"Come!" Mr. money is in my coat pocket there. Take it and get out," interrupted Mr. Gale.

"No," replied the stranger, shaking his head. "You may keep the ring and the money, too. I want nothing from you. But will you give me your word as a Master Mason that either you nor your wife will get up until I have been gone from the house for ten minutes?"

"The pledge was made, and with a flourish, "I beg your pardon for all the trouble I have caused you," the unbidden guest was gone.

"In telling the story yesterday, Mrs. Gale insisted her burglar was a "per-gentleman."

The "gentleman" evidently thought that the good resolution, On his way out took silver and trivies to value of \$150, and exchanged hat coat with Mr. Gale.

most determined sort of a burglar. I told him I was a Mason. I am never, loathe to believe he is a member of my lodge. He certainly made a wonderful change of front when he saw the ring and his questions and replies were properly made, according to lodge rules."

Will Seek to Learn Whether Graham Land Is Only an Island.

New York, May 3. Three, if not four, expeditions are expected to be in the Antarctic area again within the next eighteen months. The six expeditions, from Capt. Gerlache, of Belgium, to Dr. Charcot, of France, that spent the past few years in the far south, have returned to their native lands and penetrated far inside of one long stretch of coast, but failed to ascertain whether these lands are all bound together, forming a continent.

Capt. Scott made his way up the gentler slope for 400 miles into the interior of Victoria Land, but was not able after all to show whether he had marched into a continental mass or only a large island. Every expedition that follows in this field hopes to shed light on the question of the southern continent.

The problem is to be attacked on the American side of the Antarctic by Lieut. Michael Birnie, of the Discovery, who is expected to go to Graham Land, about 600 miles south of South America. Explorers have been up and down the east and west shores of Graham Land, but what they have found is that it is about 450 miles long and from 50 to 100 miles wide. It is said to trend toward the south; they do not know yet whether it is a large island or a promontory.

If, as some of the students of the subject are inclined to conjecture, the extent of land in the southern pole is about 3,500,000 square miles, these lands are about as large as the United States, including Alaska. Human curiosity will never be satisfied till the land has been mapped and added down on the maps, and all geographers know that for the next twenty years this field will be the scene of the largest exploratory activity.

It is strange that the mysterious continent which long has been the subject of the most intense interest in the discovery of America was marked on the maps as Terra Australis, should be the

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last and greatest problem of geography to be solved in the twentieth century. The statement has been published several times recently that no investigations are now being made in the Antarctic. This is slightly inaccurate. The Argentine Government has just established a meteorological and magnetic station at Wandel Island, far south on the coast of Graham Land. The Antarctic regions are at present not entirely deserted by explorers.

Queries Answered.

AILSA CRAIG—Can a man, who has a gravel pit in his bush on his farm, prevent the pathmaster or other township officer or servant from drawing gravel from his pit if they are undermining sheds, houses, etc., so, as to make it unsafe for those trees.

Answer.—The township have power to pass a by-law to take the gravel, and the compensation to the owner for the gravel or damage to be fixed by arbitration by three men chosen by the township and the owner. The

jury to or loss of trees is a material part of the compensation to be considered in fixing the compensation. There is no bylaw, the township would be liable for the damage as trespassers.



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Queries Answered.

ALISA CRAIG—Can a man, who has a gravel pit in his bush on his farm, prevent the pathmaster or other township officer or servant from drawing gravel from his pit if they are undermining shade trees, and if so, can he get paid for those trees.

Answer—The township have power to pass a bylaw to take the gravel, and the compensation to the owner of the trees. In the case of a fixed arbitration it is not agreed upon by the township and the owner. The

township rolls instead of in sections as heretofore. Galvanized wires at the intersections, fed automatically from reels, are welded by means of small transformers.

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