

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czar," etc., etc.
Copyrighted, 1908.

She had no heart left for that at present. She was beaten and baffled; utterly miserable and forlorn; and perfectly conscious that in her present feeble condition she would have no chance of getting away.

The trouble with the car was not a serious one, and Merriwell had soon repaired the mischief. Before they started he came up to her side.

"Will you give me your word not to attempt any of this sort of foolishness again?" he asked.

She would not answer. He repeated the question, adding: "It is perfectly useless to think of it." She still kept silent; and then he found a cord and fastened her wrist to his own. In this fashion they continued their journey.

He drove very fast; very recklessly. Indeed, he had there chanced to be any other vehicle on the road it seemed to him that there must have been a terrible accident. She almost wished it, in fact. But his luck stood him in stead; and hour after hour they rushed on, not meeting anyone, nor seeing anyone, nor so far as she could tell, being seen by anyone.

The coolness of the air revived her, and as her senses regained their normal strength, she began to yield to the fascination of the wild rush through the night.

At first she could make out nothing for the blinding glare of the brilliant head lights, which threw forward their beams like the giant feelers of some mammoth rushing beast seeking its prey to dash upon and destroy it.

Then, shielding her eyes from the glare, Olive began to make out differences in the blackness of the shadows as they fled past. First, the long line of the hedgerows; then trees, and a lonely cottage standing back; and in this way her eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dark, and she could distinguish various objects.

And all the time Merriwell kept his gaze fixed rigidly on the road ahead; watching for every sign of a vehicle, driving with a skill that to Olive appeared almost uncanny and devilish.

Past fields and farms and woods they sped, always at the same rate of speed; dashing occasionally through a village or small town; always as it seemed to her, in danger, and always just escaping it; until at length the darkness began to lift; the glare

of the head lamps grew less dazzling; and a faint, rosy tint showed on the skyline behind them.

They were running up a long hill, so steep that the car, powerful as it was, could only take it at a comparatively slow speed, when Olive found she could see the road for some little distance ahead.

"Are you asleep?" asked Merriwell, able for the first time to relax the strain of his attention to the machine. And he turned to look at her.

"No, I have not slept. Where are you taking me?"

"I can't tell you that; but we shall not be long now. Another two hours, perhaps. You had better try to sleep." "I prefer to see where I am going," she answered.

"Are you very cold?" was the next question, in a not unkindly tone; and he bent across and pulled up her rug. "I am very sorry for all this," he added.

"If that were true you would end it, Mr. Merriwell."

"No. That is out of the question," he said, sharply.

"Why? I will do anything you ask—except one thing."

"There is only one thing now for you to do, if I am to save your life. It is the most reckless thing I have ever done. I will freely make over everything to you—everything; but give me back my good name and my liberty."

"If it were possible I would do it. But it is not. In the first place, you would not be safe from the men you tricked so recklessly; and in the second, your friends would interfere to prevent any such arrangement as you suggest."

Olive made no reply; and when they were close to the top of the hill he continued: "You don't believe that I am sorry I cannot do what you wish?"

"You have made it very difficult for me to believe anything you say."

"Yet it is true. I will do this, Merriwell, and then make certain arrangements about this money, and I will swear never to see you again. He paused as if expecting a reply; and when she did not speak he added: "Think it over. It is the best way out of this. Then he gave himself up again to the work of driving, and they rode on at an even greater speed than before.

Olive tried to impress on her memory the nature of the country through which they passed; but it all appeared to be the same. An endless chain of green and plowed fields, coppices, cottages, with here and there a hamlet or insignificant townlet to break, or rather to vary the chain.

After a long time she observed that the country grew wilder; they climbed hills, crossed rivers, and ran over long stretches of moorland. Here and there some disused workings, and deserted shafts showed with a few untenanted cottages straggled round. A wild, desolate district, with rough roads over which the car traveled at a slow rate, and even then with many jolts and shakings.

The eerie solitude and deserted aspect of everything oppressed her; and when at length Merriwell turned the car into a side road toward a lonely house standing near to one of the deserted shafts, she shuddered.

"Why do you come this way?" she asked, with a shiver of foreboding.

"We are at the end of our journey," he said, and nodded toward the house. She gazed at it, chilled and cold with dismay and horror. "Why have you brought me to this fearful place?"

"There are no young men here to worry you from opposite windows. You will stay here until you consent. You can judge of your chance of getting away."

From above, a strip of carpet on the floor, and a small looking-glass hanging on the wall completed the furniture. A glance at the window showed her that it had been partly bricked up and a set of bars built in recently.

It was a prison, nothing else, and no pains had been taken to hide the fact. Its only good point was that it was all scrupulously clean.

When Olive had been alone some minutes, Mrs. Tisley entered with a basin of warm milk and some bread. She sat it down on the table and left the room again without speaking a word.

Olive was furnished with hunger and ate what was given her with eagerness. Then she lay down on the bed. She was utterly wretched and despairing, but her body craved rest, and she was fast asleep.

The mid-day sun was pouring through her barred window when she awoke, to find Mrs. Tisley standing by her side calling to her.

"Mr. Merriwell wants to speak to you," she said, "get up."

Olive rose and washed her face and hands, while the woman waited. "I am ready," she said then.

"Come, then," and she was taken downstairs to a room where Merriwell was sitting and smoking as he waited for her.

He rose as she entered, and waved the woman back out of the room as he placed a chair for Olive. She saw that it was a rush chair, and everything had been hurriedly purchased especially in view of her arrival.

"Have you thought of what I proposed on the way here?" he asked.

"No, I have been asleep."

"Well, think now."

"Tell me again, I have been too dazed by all this to remember clearly."

"I said that if you would consent to go through the form of a ceremony of marriage with me, I would agree to leave you at once and never see you again. It is the best way out of your trouble."

"Why do you wish to marry me?"

He waved his hand impatiently. "It is useless to discuss that. You must marry me. Surely you can see that I am resolved on that."

"How would the marriage take place, and where?"

"I shall arrange all that. You may be sure I shall see that it is legally done. Have no fears on that score."

His lip curled slightly, as he said this. "Should I be allowed to see my friends—I mean, at the ceremony?"

"Until you are my wife, that is, of course, impossible."

"And after that?"

"Yes—after the necessary delay. No more. Immediately. He made the correction hastily, as if the first reply had been a slip.

NOT MORE, BUT BETTER BABIES

That's the Crying Need of Every Modern Nation, Says John Burns.

London, March 28.—John Burns, labor leader and president of the local government board in the cabinet, took issue with President Roosevelt in a great speech this week, on the baby question. "I do not plead for a desolate land of babies," he said. "I attach more importance to quality than to quantity in this matter. Let us first look properly after those we have before starting agitation to produce a great number. Let us mitigate the slaughter of innocents under a year above that age, before shooting to the nation to give us a higher birth rate."

Mr. Burns was speaking in his capacity as president of the delegates to the national conference on infant mortality. His audience consisted of distinguished persons who crowded Caxton Hall, all deeply concerned in the child life of Great Britain. Preceding, the orator inveighed against the bottle-feeding of babies, so prevalent in this country.

"Don't submit your maternity," he said. "Absolutely the best food for infants is the food that nature provides. If this must be denied, then cows' milk promises the least danger and the largest benefit. Following the milk come various modifications of cows' milk as the next best substitute for natural food. This brings us face to face with the necessity of driving the adulterator of cows' milk into the sea."

The milk supply of this country must be pure, he thundered, and the big audience rose to its feet and stood for a full minute waving hats and handkerchiefs and cheering. Mr. Burns went on to declare that with all its faults Great Britain led the world in infant mortality.

"Infant mortality is something appalling in all modern nations," he exclaimed. "When one examines the figures that constitute such an indictment against a condition of civilization, it permits such a slaughter of the innocents—a wholly needless slaughter obeyed. It is the most vital question today, if we but realized it—the raising of children who shall be strong mentally and physically to take our places in the next generation and perform efficiently their parts in the struggle of national life in its ever increasing complexity and keenness of competition."

The marvel is that society has not sooner taken strong and adequate measures for its preservation and preservation in this respect, the indifference has so long held sway, that unfit children have been brought into the world without let or hindrance on the part of the state, and that countless millions of other children, who might have grown up fit for the fight under other conditions, have been permitted to die, or have had their health or mentality weakened through the ignorance of parents and the indifference of society."

"The parent of a child compelled to go through life with a mental or physical handicap that might have been avoided by intelligent care, owes a greater debt of shame and blame to any human being, not to mention his culpability to the state. In the great struggle of the survival of the fittest it is hard enough for the perfectly fit to hold their own. It is a crime to put an unfit child into the arena, doomed to a life-long fight against odds. The most depraved sport would not think of putting a stick dog into the ring to fight a healthy beast. Yet all around us in this age of enlightenment and Christianity parents are doing that very thing with helpless little ones who had no choice about coming into the world. It is high time for society to wake up to these things, and I believe it is waking up."

A GOOD WORD FOR HOME FOR INCURABLES

What a Committee of the County Council Had to Say.

The following report of a committee of the county council is a most satisfactory testimonial to the judicious and careful management of the Home for Incapacitated.

To the Warden and Members of the Council of the County of Middlesex.

Your committee appointed at the December sessions of this council, to make permanent arrangements for the care of Pericles Hinton, an indigent invalid, beg leave to report that we visited the Home for Incapacitated where the patient was being cared for.

We found him suffering from an incurable malady, and his condition to be absolutely helpless. Aside from his case from which he suffers renders him powerless to assist himself; he is in a pitiable condition, but we are pleased to report that in this home he is kindly and carefully looked after.

Considering the fact that he is almost constantly in need of the services of a nurse, and attendant, and requires more or less medical assistance from time to time, we are unable to suggest any other arrangement for his maintenance that would so fully and economically meet the requirements of his peculiar case as the continuance of the arrangements at the Home for Incapacitated in the city of London.

Your committee would like to place on record their appreciation of the cleanliness and comforts that surround this home. We found everything immaculately clean, the room bright and cheery, the home comfortably furnished and the patients happy and contented, and we can heartily commend this institution to the support of the public. The arrangement made for the care of our patient Hinton is that the county pays \$4 50 per week for his board and care, and we recommend that this be



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS.
TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA.



continued. All of which is respectfully submitted.
S. FRANK GLASS,
Chairman.
Report adopted by county council, Jan. 20, 1908.

CLUNG TO RUNAWAY

Policeman Stopped Frenzied Horse in Time to Save Children.

New York, March 30.—At the risk of his life, Bicycle Policeman Cone, of the Fifth avenue station, Brooklyn, stopped a runaway horse which was galloping down upon a crowd of children playing in front of a public school at Fourth avenue and Fourteenth street. Cone was dragged nearly two blocks by the animal, but escaped with a few bruises.

The horse was owned by Carl Olsen, and was standing in front of its owner's home, 221 Sixteenth street, when it took fright at something and bolted. Dragging a buggy, the runaway turned into Fourth avenue, pursued by Cone on his wheel.

The policeman caught up with the horse at Fifteenth street, and, leaping from his bicycle, caught the animal around the neck. The speed of the runaway was checked and the children playing in the avenue had time to get out of harm's way. Cone clung to the horse until Thirteenth street was reached when he brought it to a standstill.

DISHPAN BURGLAR ALARM

Ingenuious Mr. Stirratt Catches Man at the Gas Meter.

New York, March 30.—Howard Hopper, 29, and prominently connected, a bookkeeper employed in the Passaic, N. J., office of the public works corporation, was caught in the act of robbing a gas slot meter in Nutley, N. J., early in the morning, and was held to appear before the grand jury.

Joseph Stirratt, of Chestnut street, Nutley, whose meter was robbed several weeks ago, believing the thief would come back, fastened a rope on the cellar outside door and ran it by the second floor. At the upper end of the rope he fastened a wagon nut and arranged it so that when the cellar door was opened the nut would fall upon a dishpan.

When the home-made burglar alarm went off Stirratt went to the cellar, revolver in hand, and captured Hopper. He admitted the former theft, and the police expect to connect him with a dozen similar robberies.

BEATEN AND STABBED.

Welland, March 30.—John and Frank Drudes, Poles, and brothers, are under arrest here charged with having on Saturday night waylaid and beaten and stabbed another Pole named Drusansky. Another man was concerned in the affair but he escaped, and is believed to be now in Buffalo. Drusansky, who has a dirt wound in the face, is under a doctor's care, and if blood poisoning does not set in he will recover.

Stomach Was Partially Paralyzed

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD REBUILT THE SYSTEM AND RESTORED HEALTH.

Sufferers with nervous dyspepsia deserve sympathy. Bordered upon the verge of a nervous breakdown, with the nerves of the stomach paralyzed, so that the work of digestion is impaired, some remedial steps should be taken at once. When the stomach becomes irregular the whole system responds. The tired feeling takes possession, ambition and energy are stolen, and one finds himself robbed and in despair.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food nourishes the weakened nervous system back to health and strength by sending new vitality through the whole body.

Mr. H. J. Buteau, Berthier, Que., offers his gratitude thusly: "For over a year I suffered from nervous dyspepsia and could not get relief, though I tried many remedies. My doctor told me that my stomach was partially paralyzed.

Mr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2 50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.



Two Flours in One

Beaver Flour is the best "pastry flour," just as it is the best bread flour. Because it is a blend of the two flours that are best for bread and best for pastry.

Beaver Flour contains Manitoba wheat, which is rich in gluten, and makes bread that is both tasty and nutritious. Beaver Flour also contains Ontario wheat, which is famous for the light, delicious Cake, Pies and Pastry it makes.

Beaver Flour is always blended in just the exact proportions, so that it is always the same and always gives the same results when you use it.

Beaver Flour

Depend on Beaver Flour for all your baking.

Your Grocer has it.
Dealers—write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals.
T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.
72

Take Care of the Dollars

And the Pennies will take care of themselves.

It's all very well to save the pennies, but get into the way of saving the dollars. They count up faster. Consistent saving will place you beyond the grasp of need.
DEPOSIT YOUR SAVINGS HERE.
Interest is paid quarterly upon deposits, and Huron & Erie Debentures earn 4 per cent. per annum.
AN INDICATION OF STRENGTH.

Cash Value of Mortgages	\$10,050,973 25
To all Assets	11,103,214 92
Paid-up Capital	1,900,000 00
Reserve Fund	1,600,000 00

There is no stronger Company with which to do business in Canada. Correspondence gladly entered into.

Huron & Erie

Loan & Savings Co., London, Ont.

E D D Y'S

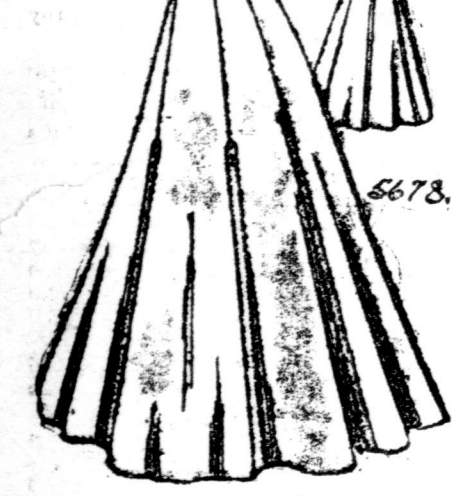
EVERYWHERE THE FAVORITE.



E D D Y'S

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A MODISH SEVEN-GORED SKIRT—5678.

For smartness and style no skirt design of the season is better adapted for a walking skirt than this seven-gored model. The shaping allows of close adjustment at the hips and from that point the folds fall in graceful rippling fullness to the foot. It is represented in broadcloth, trimmed with strapped bands of the material, ornamented with buttons. English suitings, camelhair, serge and cashmere are suitable to the development. For 24 inches waist measure, 54 yards of material, 44 inches wide, will be required.

Ladies' seven-gored ripple skirt. No. 5678.
SIZES for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

The above illustration will be mailed to you upon receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name
Street Address
Town
Province

Measurement: Bust Waist
Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be, if a skirt, give waist and length measure. When "misses' or child's" pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address—
PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.