

Allan Charlton's Secret

CHAPTER I.

I had been for ten years in the family of Martin Carew, Esq., of Croome Hall, as governess to his only child and heiress, Blanche. He was supposed to be a very wealthy man and he held a very high position in the county. The Carews of Croome were an old family, whose home had been at the Hall as far back as the records of the house extended. They had never lived in London or abroad—their interests had ever been centred in Croome. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the neighborhood when it was announced that Martin Carew was about to leave the Hall, and that it was to be let to strangers. People could neither believe nor understand the news. The Squire gave many reasons for the step he was about to take, the chief of which was that he was not in a good state of health himself, and intended to travel for a year or two. "But why let the Hall?" demanded his friends. Surely an efficient person could have been found to have resided there, might even have been closed; but to let it, to profane the home of his race—the aristocrats of Croome could not understand it. It was strange.

Servants were to be sent away; the fine stud of horses, the pride of the county, sold. What had come to the Squire? I knew, and I alone; for not even to his darling Blanche did Mr. Carew reveal the cause of his strange conduct. I had lived in his house for ten years, and he looked upon me as a friend. When I went to take charge of and educate his motherless child, she was only eight—a sweet little girl, well-schooled by her father, and loved by all who knew her. I tried to take not only the part of a governess, but I gave her the love and solicitude of a mother. Therefore Martin Carew looked upon me as a friend; and in the hour of his distress, when pride had him he said, "All the world besides, he came and told his sorrow to me."

It was such an old story, and yet to him so terribly new and strange. He was a rich man, but he had been tempted to add to his riches; a craving for money had come upon him; he wanted to make his hundreds into thousands, and his thousands into hundreds of thousands. He had speculated deeply, and had invested a large amount in what appeared fabulous to me in mining shares. The usual consequence ensued: ruin in his case coming more rapidly than in some others. Two enormous dividends were paid; the last of which concern was wrecked, and the unfortunate shareholders were liable for a sum I tremble to think of. No doubt many another home was broken up, and many other lives were wrecked in the tempest that shattered the wealth and position of Martin Carew. He had paid his liabilities honorably, but he was ruined. He had been obliged to mortgage his estate so heavily that he could no longer afford to live upon it; the stately old Hall must be let, and its ruin would go towards paying the interest of the money he had borrowed. He had had a very small income to live upon, and that did not come from the Croome estate; it had been left to him for his life only by his godmother, and at his death it reverted to her family, so that his prospects were not cheering. He told me, with many sighs, that he should be obliged to part with me; and when, touched by the thoughts of Blanche's sorrow, I offered to stay; content to share adversity with those who had been generous friends with me, he told me his means were so limited that he could not afford to offer me a home. There was nothing for it but to say goodbye to Croome Hall, and look out again for new friends and a new sphere.

Mr. Carew kept his secret well. People wondered at him. They called him strange and eccentric, miserly and avaricious, but no one suspected he was a ruined man. He had arranged all his plans. He went to France with Blanche, and they remained there two or three weeks; then he returned to his new abode, Weir Cottage, near Richmond, a small town built among the hills of Derbyshire. Of all his numerous retinue of servants, he only kept one, the woman who had been Blanche's nurse, and who steadfastly refused to leave her. "She was to be housekeeper, housemaid, and everything else at the Cottage," said Mr. Carew. While Martin Carew's friends thought he was upon the continent, he was living with his daughter, on a hundred per annum, in their quiet and beautiful home among the hills. It was a great change. Some men would have raved wildly at their own folly and imprudence; others would have set to work with fevered energy, striving to redeem a lost fortune; but the master of Croome did neither of these things—he gave himself up to a quiet, hopeless despair, that aged him as no years could have done, that silvered his hair and dimmed his eyes, bent his once erect and noble figure, and shadowed his life so darkly that all light seemed to have left it. Had he but murmured or grumbled, or reproached himself or his fortune, it would have been better than this dead, hopeless silence in which he buried himself. He sat for hours without speaking or moving, never taking the least interest in anything said or done. When Blanche attempted to draw him from his thoughts, or win his attention, he would look at her and say, "Never mind I'll never mind anything; I have lost Croome."

"I have lost Croome," was the burden of his thoughts day and night; no other idea ever came to his mind. The old Hall, where his family had lived for generations, the grand old wood with its stately trees and the deer he had been so proud of—the plate, the pictures, the furniture, that had belonged to the Carews—were all lost, and through his folly, through his fault. Why had he not been contented with the fortune he had? Why seek to double it? He was still nominally the master of Croome; the rent of the estate paid the interest of the borrowed money; but whenever the mortgage money was called in, Croome must be sold to pay it, and then the Carews of Croome would exist no longer.

I was at the Cottage to meet them when the father and daughter returned from France. Unknown to them, I had sent away many little treasures from Croome—the Squire's favorite easy chair, Blanche's work-table, a few pictures, gems of art, one or two statues, a large chest full of books and some plate—so that when Martin Carew entered the little home that in future was to be his, it looked bright and cheerful; pictures, books, and flowers made any place bright. The little parlor at the Cottage was a pleasant room; any one entering it could tell that the few ornaments it contained were of great value, and had formed part of another and more costly abode.

I remained one week with my old friends. Blanche bore their reverse of fortune better than I had dared to hope. It was a too perceptible change from that grand old Hall, with its noble suites of rooms, its magnificent furniture of the little six-roomed cottage, with one servant. Blanche must have felt the loss of her maid, her little phaeton and ponies, her thoroughbred, and all the countless luxuries she had enjoyed, but she never said so; no word of complaint ever crossed her lips. She was as gay and happy at Weir cottage as she had been at Croome Hall. Her days were spent in reading and singing to her father, in drawing and painting, of which she was very fond; she wasted no time in useless regret for her lost fortune.

I did not wonder at that, for I knew the secret of Blanche's happiness. I knew why her face wore sweet smiles, and her beautiful eyes shone full of gladness. She told me her secret while I was at the Cottage; she had not told me before. It was something about a bright-haired young soldier who had gone with his regiment over the sea; he loved her, and she had promised to be his wife. Captain Hugh Mostyn, nephew of Lord Ranleigh, and one of the handsomest and bravest, and noblest young officers in the British army, loved Blanche Carew. He met her while he was visiting some friends in the neighborhood of Croome, and had fallen in love with her at first sight. She was only eighteen then, and when Captain Hugh applied to her father, Mr. Carew only laughed, and positively refused to think seriously of the proposition at all. He called the gallant captain a boy, and said Blanche was a child; he treated the whole matter as a jest. The captain's pride took fire; he was poor, and Blanche a wealthy heiress. He took leave coldly enough, of Squire Carew, but on his way to the park gates he met Blanche; at once he forgot all his pride and anger, thinking only of the beautiful girl he loved so dearly. He did not leave her until she had promised to become his wife, saying that he should return in three years to claim her. "Your father will not laugh at me then, and call me a boy," he added, "for I shall have made a man's name and fame for myself. I shall work as hard as man ever worked before, Blanche, and my reward will be in mine when you come back to claim her; she would marry him. She said that her father would be sure to give his consent, for hitherto he had never refused her anything. Mr. Carew knew that Blanche received letters from Hugh Mostyn, and that she wrote to him. He had seen the little lock of Blanche's hair by night and day, where-in the handsome eager face of the young soldier was faithfully portrayed; he had seen the lock of bright hair—Blanche showed him both—but he only laughed, and said they were a couple of children playing at love, and nothing more. But I saw there was no play in that; that, for death, for wear or for those two loved each other. During the time of his sorrow and ruin the Squire forgot all about the captain; he never even named him, and Blanche said nothing of him either. She buried her love in the depths of her heart, and kept it there, as the treasure that made the joy and brightness of her life.

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DELICIOUS—PURE—HEALTHFUL—REFRESHING. AT ALL GROCERS. BALL PLAYER

Saves Drowning Girl by a Desperate Dive. Pretty Daughter of Wealthy Delhi Man Rescued.

Delhi, Oct. 18.—William Buck, aged 19, the heavy-hitting left fielder of the champion Delhi baseball team, has relinquished his baseball glory by saving a young lady from drowning. Young Buck rescued from the waters of the Rhone River on Sunday Miss Letta Dalton, the pretty talented daughter of Dent Dalton, one of the wealthiest men of Southern Ontario. Buck has been presented by Dalton with the finest gold watch that money can buy, inscribed with the record of the deed of valor, and an effort will be made to secure the life-saving medal of the Humane Society.

Sunday was an ideal day for boating, and Miss Dalton, accompanied by Miss Julia Wilson and her small brother, Arthur Wilson, was enjoying the water near Quance Mills. When their boat reached a point in the shadow of a perpendicular bank near the Buck home, the boat overturned, and the three young people were left struggling in the deep, ice-cold water. Arthur Wilson, a brave little fellow accustomed to swimming, after a desperate effort, managed to tow his sister to safety, for which act he deserves great praise. The little fellow was so exhausted from his great effort that he was unable to go to the assistance of Miss Dalton, but he called loudly for help. The cry was heard by Will Buck in his home near the top of the river bank. From the top of the sheer precipice he took in the situation at a glance. "Here goes, but I don't know whether I'll come back!" he called out to his father and he dived. A white hand appeared for a moment above the dark water, and then disappeared. Young Buck swam for the spot, and managed with great effort to seize an apparently insubmersible form as it sank. Another moment and it would have been too late.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAIN OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blood, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

SHOT HIMSELF. German Baron, Deprived of Title, Attempts Suicide at Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 18.—Rolf Thomas, Baron von Hodenberg, a young German, who was for eight months employed as secretary in the office of the German Consulate at Winnipeg, is in the public hospital at Edmonton in a precarious condition, as the result of a bullet wound in the temple, self-inflicted Wednesday evening. Baron von Hodenberg, while in Winnipeg, went under the name of Rolf Thomas. He is about 25 years of age, and was an officer in the German army previous to his coming here, three years ago. He came from Calgary to Winnipeg in January, 1907, and was employed in the Consulate until July, 1907. He was employed at the latter place as collector for the Massey-Harris Company, and it is stated there by friends of his that he received a message from Germany on Tuesday telling him that he had been stripped of his title, and that his lands had been confiscated. This is believed to have made him fall in a state of despair.

KING'S CROWN. Into Melting Pot, Dire Threat Made by Keir Hardie.

London, Oct. 18.—If the King remains in ignorance of the attitude of the Socialists toward him it will not be for lack of plain speaking by their leaders among "his Majesty's faithful Commons." After the outbreak of Albert Grayson, M. P., of the Colne Valley Division of Yorkshire, at the Ferrer meeting in Trafalgar Square yesterday, James Keir Hardie, another Socialist M. P., said in a speech at Sunderland to-night that he hoped it was untrue that the King was interfering in the budget dispute. He added: "So long as the King stays outside of party politics he does no harm and can be tolerated, but the moment he begins to interfere in politics it is not only the peers' coronets that will go into the melting pot. The crown will go along with them."

ETRUSCAN SECRET SOLVED. Italian Chemist Makes Pottery Identical With Ancient Relics.

Rome, Oct. 18.—Vincenzo Fioroni, a chemist, of Corneto Tarquinia, has discovered the process used in the manufacture of ancient Etruscan vases after extensive researches. He found the old clay pits used by the Etruscan potters, and made a mixture of clay rubble, securing the color and lightness of the old ware. Then experiments were made in baking. A composition of black-vanish pigments were used for painting and was entirely successful. Experts consider his ware identical apart from its age, with the original specimens in the museum at Corneto Tarquinia.

Mr. Styles—What are you crying about, dear? Mrs. Styles—I'm crying because I didn't spend that \$20 you gave me this morning. Mr. Styles—Well, you shouldn't cry about that. You're better off not to have spent it. Mrs. Styles—No, I'm not, either. I lost it—Yonkers Statesman.

Fire in Asylum at London. London, Ont., Oct. 18.—Over 600 patients were marched out to safety in less than three minutes when fire was discovered in the main building of the London Asylum for Insane this afternoon. The damage was less than \$50.

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Reg. 75c Venetian Suitings for 50c. 500 yards of lovely Pure Wool Venetian Suiting on sale, in perfect shades of wistaria, ashes of roses, elephant, Burgundy, navy, brown, myrtle and black. Comes in a nice weight and has a lovely pearl finish; giving Wednesday, per yard.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Watch this page to-morrow night it will convey to you news of one of the most important clearing sales ever attempted in Hamilton—our Hurry-Out Sale. This half yearly sale event is always looked forward to as the shopping event of the season. Sale starts Thursday morning sharp at 8.30, ending Saturday, Oct. 30th. Watch for our big announcement to-morrow night. (Wanted—50 salesladies for our Hurry-Out Sale.)

75c Quality Black Messaline Silk 45c. Buy a length of this lovely Black Silk to-morrow—about 450 yards only at above sale price. French black Messaline, all pure silk, with a beautiful finish, worth regularly 75c, sale price 45c.

"House Beautiful" Department. Specials in Lace Curtains. Handsome, up-to-date designs in strong, double thread weaves, neat and artistic, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 yards long; in white, cream, ecru. A fine collection to choose from. Reg. \$1.35 pair, Wednesday 97c pair. Reg. \$2.25 pair, Wednesday 97c pair. Reg. \$3.00 pair, Wednesday \$1.85 pair. Reg. \$4.00 pair, Wednesday \$2.50 pair.

Bargain Sale of Rugs. Manufacturer's Surplus Stock Bought at a Bargain. 30% to 40% Saved at These Prices. \$8 Tapestry Rugs \$5.75. 15 only Tapestry Rugs, size 3x3 yards, fine patterns, extraordinary bargains, worth \$8.00, while they last \$5.75.

\$11.50 Tapestry Rugs \$8.50. 25 only Tapestry Rugs, sizes 3x3 1/2 and 3x4, all patterns, hard wearing quality, wonderful bargain, worth \$11.50, while they last \$8.50. \$13.50 Tapestry Rugs \$9.50. 12 only Tapestry Rugs, size 3 1/2 x 4 yards, splendid patterns, hard wearing quality, a great snap, worth \$13.50, while they last \$9.50. \$13.50 All Wool Rugs \$9.75. 10 only All Wool Art Rugs, size 3x4 yards, hard wearing quality, serviceable colorings, a splendid bargain, worth \$13.50, Wednesday's price \$9.75.

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MERRY DEL VAL MAY GO. Number of Cardinals Said to Have Demanded His Resignation.

London, Oct. 18.—A despatch from Rome to The Globe says that Pape Secretary of State Merry Del Val's position, owing to his attitude regarding the execution of Ferrer, has become insecure again. He is said to have thwarted the Pope's wish to intervene in Ferrer's behalf, and a number of cardinals are said to have demanded his resignation.

STOPPED DRINKING. Cessation of Long Habit Resulted in S. Barker's Death.

Toronto, Oct. 18.—"I am going to quit drinking no matter what it costs me," said Samuel Barker, a coal driver, to Dr. A. Eddie on Saturday morning last when the medical man was treating him for an ailment, induced, it is said, by the excessive use of alcohol. Yesterday morning Barker was found lying dead in bed at his room at 62 Bathurst street, and the physician says that, in his opinion, death was due to palpitation of the heart, produced by acute nervousness arising out of the sudden cessation of a long habit.

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GEN AND WOMEN. Use Big 60 for men's hair, Big 60 for women's hair. Guaranteed not to injure the scalp. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper by express, receipt for \$1.00, and hold for 60 days. Circular sent on request.

RAILWAYS. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. Thanksgiving Day. Return Tickets at Single Fare on Sale. OCTOBER 22, 23, 24, 25th. Between all stations in Canada; also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge and Black Rock, N.Y. RETURN LIMIT OCTOBER 27TH.

SINGLE FARE FOR HUNTERS. GOD GOING DAILY UNTIL NOVEMBER 6TH TO TEMAGAMI DISTRICT, ETC. OCTOBER 21ST TO NOVEMBER 6TH TO MUSKOKA LAKES, LAKE OF BAYS, ETC. Return limit December 4th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers. Secure tickets and further information from Chas. E. Morgan, city ticket agent; W. G. Webster, depot ticket agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC. GOING AWAY THANKSGIVING? RETURN TICKETS Between all Stations at SINGLE FARE. Good going Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday. Oct. 22, 23, 24, 25. Return limit Wednesday, Oct. 27. City ticket office, King and James Sts.

STEAMSHIPS. C. P. R. STEAMERS. FROM MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL. Oct. 20. ANS QUEBEC. Lake Manitoba. Oct. 21. Nov. 3. Empress of Britain. Oct. 22. Nov. 11. Lake Champlain. Oct. 23. Nov. 19. Empress of Ireland. Nov. 5. FROM ST. JOHN. FROM LIVERPOOL. Dec. 2. Empress of Britain. Nov. 19. Dec. 11. Lake Manitoba. Nov. 24. Dec. 17. Empress of Ireland. Dec. 1. All steamers are equipped with wireless, and all conveniences for the safety and comfort of passengers. To book or for further information apply to the nearest C. P. R. agent, or to S. J. Sharr, 71 Yonge Street, Toronto.

White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships. Laurentic, triple screw, Mergantic, twin screw, largest and most modern steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders art; passenger elevator serving four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers. MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL. CANADA. Oct. 20. MEGANTIC. Nov. 12. LAURENTIC. Nov. 6. DOMINION. Nov. 20. The popular steamer "CANADA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "DOMINION" and the comfortable steamer "MONTREAL" are very attractive, at moderate rates, a third class carried on all steamers. See plans and rates at local agent's or company's office. 118 North (Jame) Street West, Montreal. 41 King Street East, Toronto.

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