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Telegram Ads Pay

Things Are Not Always What They Seem.

A DECEPTION.
(Concluded).

"They'll not be 'af a jiffy, ma'am," he announced, as he tried to control himself and keep back his tears. But he failed entirely, and he wept in sympathy for the heart-broken widow.

Shortly a closing door brought him to.

"They're here, ma'ma. They're come!" he said evidently, by the nature of his expression, glad to receive further company.

A sharp, brief knock preceded the entrance of the help, in the person of a detective. The policeman went over to him; but Mrs. Norley never even looked up at the newcomer.

"Nothing's been touched," the policeman said, as the detective gazed minutely around, and now and again made notes in a book he extracted from an inner pocket.

The bodies first went through his floor,—then the safe, then the articles about, and the revolver—nothing escaped his eye. And all the while Mrs. Norley wept, never speaking a word.

Then for a second time the officers approached the body of Mr. Norley, and stood over it. Mrs. Norley looked up.

"Oh, don't take my Wilfred, my poor Wilfred!" she cried, between her sobs.

The policeman whispered to the detective, "She's mad with grief"; but the words passed unheeded.

Then the detective spoke to Mrs. Norley.

"We'll be gentle, madam. But we must examine."

The examination, however, revealed nothing further, and detective and policemen both moved towards the table.

Taking up a piece of notepaper, the detective read its contents. Then, moving to the policeman, he whispered:

"Arrest her at once!"

The constable looked surprised, and babbled:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Arrest her! And be careful!" the detective whispered, clearly.

Still surprised, but in obedience, the policeman went over to Mrs. Norley, and laid his hand on her shoulder, and spoke.

"I arrest—"

He got no further. Mrs. Norley quite took him by surprise, and with one powerful blow, well directed, sent him unconscious to the floor.

Immediately, like a tiger, the detective sprang at her. They closed and struggled for some time—hours it seemed, but really only minutes—until at length the handcuffs were secure on Mrs. Norley's wrists.

At once she saw the uselessness of further struggles, and grinning fiercely, seated herself on a chair.

The detective allowed her this liberty, and though out of breath, he immediately rendered first-aid to the unconscious policeman.

And his efforts were rewarded. The policeman opened his eyes a little.

Then the detectiive went over to Mrs. Norley.

"Mrs. Norley," he began, "I arrest you, in the name of the King, on a charge of assaulting the police, and furthermore, on suspicion of double murder. And I warn you, whatever you say will be used in evidence against —"

He broke off abruptly. Something in her face seemed familiar. And now, as he looked at her again, he was sure that he had seen that face before. He was certain. But where. Where?

Then it came to him. He remembered.

"By—by Heaven!" he ejaculated, "as sure as I live, Nora Brunhildt! Nora Brunhildt, head of the most desperate gang of Continental thieves, and wanted for no less than sixteen dastardly crimes! Nora Brunhildt!"

He could scarcely believe it. Nora Brunhildt! Fancy him catching her. What an honor! He would surely get promotion.

Going over to the 'phone, he rang up.

"Hello!—You there?—3333 Royal please — 3333 Royal! — police, at once!"

He turned towards his captive.

"Aha, Nora Brunhildt," he remarked, with a smile, "you made a great mistake in leaving such a tell-tale letter lying about—a mistake that will cost you your precious life! We Englishmen aren't so sleepy after all, eh? No, not so—"

The 'phone rang, and the detective answered it at once.

"Hello!—Are you there? Have got Nora Brunhildt—Nora Brunhildt!—certain! Send conveyance—also help, and doctor! I'm Crake at Norley's, Hanran-row."

And he replaced the receiver, and took a seat.

Then, with a smile of satisfaction the body of Mr. Norley rose, and spoke,

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Perfect."

He looked about him.

"Ho, wake up, Buttons!—Constable Smart!—Now, Sexton Crake let's have a smile! And, Nora Brunhildt, we set you free!" he added taking off the handcuffs from her wrists.

"Well, I must compliment you one and all!" he told them. "Miss Lovejoy, you're juest perfect!—and so is everyone!—perfect! Simply perfect! I feel sure we'll create quite a sensation with our latest production—not to mention anything of a nice fat purse! At any rate, let us now away to celebrate the success of the last rehearsal!"

And the music-hall sketch company went from the scene of their labours, everyone beaming with joyful satisfaction.

Psoriasis All Over Body

Doctors Said Incurable, But Now There Is No Sign of Disease, Thanks to Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mde. N. Massey.

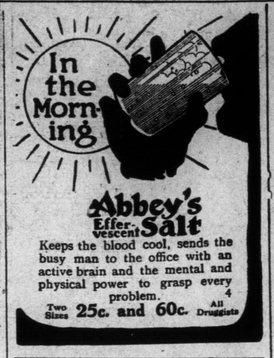
Psoriasis is one of the most dreaded of itching skin diseases. It is a sort of chronic eczema. The itching it causes is almost beyond human endurance, and doctors are accustomed to give it up as incurable.

But here is a case that was given up and pronounced incurable. The result proves that Dr. Chase's Ointment almost works miracles in curing the worst form of itching skin disease imaginable.

Mrs. Nettie Massey, Consecon, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered with what three doctors called psoriasis. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone offered to guarantee a cure for $50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise this ointment enough."

The soothing, healing influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment is truly wonderful. Eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, ringworm and scores of such torturing ailments are relieved at once and as certainly cured if the Ointment is used persistently. Mothers find Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable in preventing and curing the skin troubles of babies, such as chafing, irritations of the skin and baby eczema.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



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Keeps the blood cool, sends the busy man to the office with an active brain and the mental and physical power to grasp every problem. 4

Two Sizes 25c. and 60c. All Druggists

Yellows and greens are preferred colors in evening fabrics. Yellow is used with almost any other color desired. Paul Poiret, the French couturier, is especially strong on greens.

A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER I.

"Lil—you want to marry Lil?" she had said; "but—but Lil is too young to marry! She is only a child!"

But Lilian had soon convinced Beth that this was a mistake, and the marriage had been arranged as quickly as possible. And so to-night Beth's tender duty of love, that duty that was so dear to her, was all but finished. Lil's many trunks were packed, the pretty wedding gown was all in readiness; Elizabeth herself had stitched a pair of quaint old diamond buckles onto the small, white shoes, and the wedding veil—the same that had been thrown over the graceful head of Lil's mother, and carried the scent of old rose leaves in its folds—was waiting with the gown.

There were only a few hours more and then Lil would be gone from Heathcote.

Gone! How hard the word sounded, how it echoed in Beth's ears. She trembled as she looked into the future.

She arose suddenly and moved aimlessly about, and then some one came through one of the windows of the drawing room and called her loudly by name. As she did not answer, the woman who called her left the window and moved rather cautiously out onto the lawn.

"Beth!" she said. "Beth, where are you?"

Elizabeth was trembling. Her eyes were shut, yet the tears stole from under the lids; her teeth were pressed together, her breath came in a sobbing way, and then—the passion was conquered; she was herself again, only that she felt very tired.

She advanced to meet her cousin.

"Here," she said, "I am here. Am I wanted, Ellen?"

"Not for the moment, strange to say," said Ellah Griffin; "But I thought I would bring you the news. A telegram has just come from Ottershaw. Deeply regrets, unavoidably prevented, cannot possibly be at the wedding. So like Mark! No, said Mrs. Griffin, as she slipped her arm through Elizabeth's, "don't go in for the moment. Take me down to the orchard."

"The grass is sure to be very wet down in the orchard," Elizabeth said; "there is such a heavy dew to night."

"If I am to die of an overdose of dew," said Mrs. Griffin, "then let me die."

They passed from the lawn and the flowers, and Mrs. Griffin pretended to desire a quantity of knowledge about the garden produce. Her admiration for Elizabeth's practical and successful management of her own property was, however, not all pretended.

"You have done wonders at Heathcote, Beth," she said, after a while. "Dear me, how well I remember the day your father decided to settle here and farm his own land. I told him he was a fool, but he only laughed at me. He was the most enchanting provoking, disappointing man that ever lived!"

"Dear dad," Elizabeth said, softly "Ellen, he has seemed so near to me all to-day."

As their two figures were lost in the mist of the twilight, Lil, who had been standing at the window watching them in a manner that seemed strangely nervous, looked back over her shoulder.

"Beth and Ellen Griffin have gone for a walk. I am going to overtake them," she said. "No, no, Henry, you are to stay and talk to Aunt Willy. I can take care of myself, I assure you."

She had waved her hand and had slipped through the window as she spoke, and her lover looked after her with his soul in his eyes. He watched her white-robed figure flutter like a butterfly out of sight, and then turned back to obey her, and to listen to Aunt Willy's querulous remembrance of his dear one's childhood. But Lilian did not hasten to join her sister; she hurried across the lawn, it is true, but, once well out of range of the house, she seemed to pause, as if nervous of surveillance, and, glancing to right and left, she stole under the shadows of the trees toward the farm.

(To be continued.)

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.
This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, as it were, of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are much the same; the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is *increased vitality*—vigour—
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I enclose one dollar and ask you to send to her address in Kent, England as many as you can for the money, and have asked my sister to try GIN PILLS and distribute them".
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On Second Thought.

BY JAY E. HOUSE.

It is Eph Wiley's notion that breakfast's poor reputation is due to the fact that it often consists of mackeral.

Tank Beverly's notion of nothing to be presented with is "the freedom of the city."

The disadvantage of having money is that every man you meet wants a piece of it.

At some period of her life every girl looks forward to the time when she will return to her home town at the head of her own theatrical company.

Recurring to the old fashioned man, what became of the one who was solicitous lest the birds carry away the hair that had been shingled from his head, thus causing him to suffer from headache?

It is useless for you to hold out any longer. Jim Corbett finally has admitted that Jack Johnson whipped Jim Jeffries.

Nearly every Protestant worries a little for fear the Catholics will not be saved.

No matter how little a man leaves when he dies, it is more than he will need when he has gone.

A barber's idea of a cheap skate is a man who doesn't maintain an individual shaving mug.

The average woman uses language in her everyday conversation that would shock her if she heard it on the stage.

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