

foot upon it and extinguished the vile-smelling embers. Then he stood with his hands in his pockets and looked down at the pockets and looked down at the sleeping man. What an irony of fate IT ENDS MISERY OF COLDS' Telegram QUICKLY.

that he, Talbot Denby, the next Earl Don't wait till night. of Lynborough, should be in the

Get after your cold now,-this very ands of this wretch, this ruffianly ninute, before it grows dangerous sot; that a word from those brutal you should apply old-time "Nerviips should be sufficient to ruin a life

of usefulness and honour! For that Rub your chest and throat, rub them was the way Mr. Talbot Denby put thoroughly with Nerviline. Relief will it to himself.

Nerviline will save you from lying The man was in so deep, so drunkawake to-night, coughing, choking and en a sleep that Talbot was almost suffering from congestion in the empted to stir him with his foot, as chest and acute pain in the throat. Nerviline will break up that dull ne is tempted to stir a sleeping repneuralgic headache-will kill the cold tile, and, indeed, he did draw nearer and chill at its very beginning- will and raise his foot. Then suddenly an save you from perhaps a serious illidea flashed across his mind. The

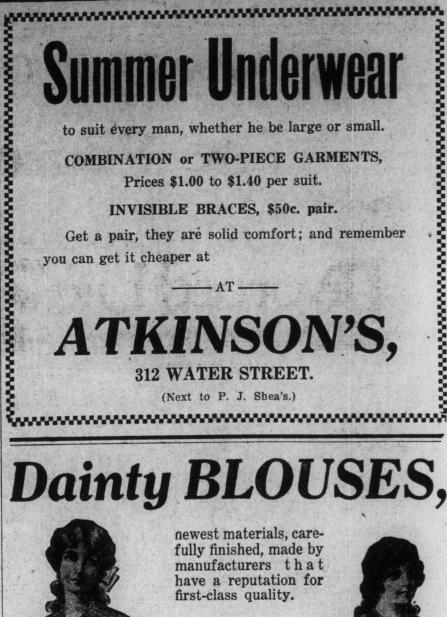
man was sleeping so heavily-might To take away hoarseness, to break it not be possible to take the papers up a grippy cold, to cure a sore throat er bad cold in the chest you can use from him without disturbing him? nothing so speedy and effective as But the thought of touching the Nerviline. For forty years it has been man with his hand was so repugnant the most largely used family remedy to Talbot that he put the idea from in the Dominion. Time has proved lis merit, so can you by keeping handy him: but it came back to him after a on the shelf the large 50c. family size Without the papers the felbottle; small trial size 25c., sold by low would be, if not harmless, any dealer anywhere. disadvantage in making terms, No

doubt he would attach the usual unlosing his balance, fell on top of him due importance to them. It looked so Gibbon seated himself at the foot of easy to abstract them that the tempthe tree and, peering round, watched tation grew, as Talbot looked down at waited for the denouement with him, and became irresistible. Noisesatisfaction no longer alloyed. lessly he moved slowly, inch by inch Talbot, half stunned by the fall and nearer, and kneeling down, stretched he weight of his assailant's body, lay out his hand towards the rough fusmite still for a time, and Oatway tian pocket: but as he touched it Oatpresumably with the idea of making way snored and moved his head. Talhis victory doubly sure, struck the bot's hand flew back, but he held it prostrate man a cruel blow on the ready, and, as the man did not awake, icad. The blow seemed to have an he approached the coat again and effect contrary to that which Oatway gently drew it back, discovering the had intended, for it roused Talbot's pocket.

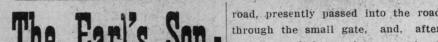
blood. He wriggled one side of him He could see the edge of the pocket ways self free, his hand slid in a stealthy book, and the sight of it increased his self free, his hand slid in a stealthy fashion to his pocket and fumbled materials, such as cotton voile, crepe, eagerness. With strained nerves and there, and a moment afterwards Oattrembling fingers he delicately openway sprang upwards with a sharp, checked gingham was used, with trimed the mouth of the pocket, took hold of the edge of the book and was draw- guttural cry, clapped one hand to his ing it out slowly and cautiously when side and, beating the air with the ing. The four piece skirt has a lap tuck at the back and closes at the side after other, fell forward on his face as if he Oatway opened his blood-shot eves.

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stopping to light a cigar, sauntered along it, as if he were taking an after dinner stroll.

tree to tree, followed; his light-gray

eyes blinking like a ferret's, his lips

hanging loosely like a blood-hound's.

CHAPTER XX.

Talbot stealthily approached the

direction of the rank, smouldering

tobacco, but in a roundabout way.

that he described something like

the undergrowth.

semicircle, keeping well behind the

trees and slipping cautiously through

As he did so, his foot struck

against some object which gave out

a metallic sound, and, thinking he had

NP

CHAPTER XIX.

RUBBE

The liquer set his blood movingvaluted the fence and entered the he had felt cold ever since he had heard Oatway's story-and he Gibbon, stealthily slipping from

with a flushed face and a kind of fever in his veins. He felt a desire to meet the man again at once to gran. ple with him set his keen wits against the fellow's dull ones Why had he

made the appointment for to-morrow instead of to-night? Why had he left the ruffian time to babble in his drink? Would it not be possible to see him to-night?

He went upstairs to his room after a while, his mind still full of his desire to end his suspense, to meet Oatway and come to terms with him at once. Gibbon was in the adjoining room and heard his master pacing up

and down; then suddenly the sound

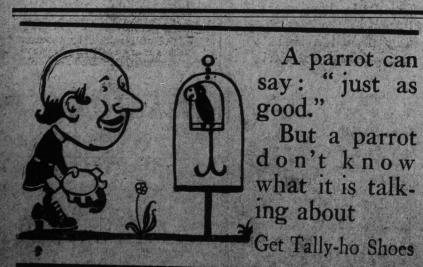
dropped his match-box, he stooped of the restless footsteps ceased, and

and felt amongst the bracken. To his Gibbon, peeping through the key-hole, surprise his hand came in contact saw Talbot put on an overcoat, turn with a knife. He picked it up and felt up the collar, and, with a cap drawn well over his face, go to the door and it over. It was open and the blade was sharp and pointed at the end. He look out

It was a time when all the servants had read of a bowie-knife, and it ocwere usually in their own part of the curred to him that this was one. He huge house, and Talbot seeing the closed the blade slowly and noiselessway clear went down quietly and let ly and slipped the knife into the outhimself out by the door of the back er pocket of his dress-overcoat, then hall he crept on. Presently a rift in the

Gibbon waited a few minutes, then, clouds revealed the figure of the man slipping downstairs, caught up his Oatway.

own coat and hat, and, like his mas- He had slipped from the felled tree ter, turning up the collar and draw- and was lying with his head and arm ing down the cap, followed stealthily, on the trunk. He was in a heavy and Talbot went through the shrubbery, drunken sleep, and was breathing nausing a moment or two to listen, stertorously; close beside him lay the Gibbon pausing also; then, skirting pipe with the tobacco that had fallen the lawn, walked quickly along the from it still smouldering in the fence that divided the park from the bracken. Instinctively Taibot set his



For a moment he did In his amazement it this sudden

see the figure kneeling in front the performance which he him, but the light happened to b The night had grown rather cloudy so hugely, Gibbon better and Oatway saw who and the moon was obscured at times step forward: then he aw the white hand at his nocket Suddealy Gibbon caught the smell o knowing instinctively what ank tobacco coming from the wood at full length, lay quite still, his hea sprang to his feet with an oath on the left. His master had evidently raised just sufficiently above the threw himself upon Talbot. also noticed it, for he stopped, and pracken to permit him to see the co having had time to rise went down with a cautious glance round him he lusion of the drama "You thief!" cried Oatway, hoarse

As Oatway fell Talbot got to his ly, with a torrent of oaths. "You'd feet and stood staggering, the knifesteal the papers, would you? You'd ed now-still grasped in his hand. creep on a man when he's a-takin' For a while he stood panting heavily, his rest, his honest sleep, and his eyes fixed straight before him, as I'll teach you!"

if he were still only half conscious He dealt Talbot two or three heavy of what had occurred; then his eyes blows and attempted to hold fell to the motionless figure at his down with his knee. The blows madfeet, his white face went livid, and dened Talbot, and, swearing almost his mouth worked convulsively. He as vilely as the man, he wriggled looked from the knife to the still rom under the knee and managed to form with its hands clutching the to his feet. For a second or se bracken, its hideous face, all drawn two men stood glaring at each and distorted, faintly showing, and other; then Oatway went for Talbot back again to the knife. He could again. But Talbot was prepared for

scarcely realize it. Had he really the attack. stabbed the wretch? He had felt for. He had never distinguished himself the knife, opened it, dealt the blow very greatly at the 'varsity sports. mechanically. He must have hurt the but there are some things which one man, perhaps seriously. A nuisance!

learns at public schools and colleges There would be a-a fuss now! The which lie dormant, so to speak, until brute deserved it, of course; but the they are called for. One may forget consequences! He must get him up, one's Latin and Greek, but the boxbring him to, help him home. ing and wrestling remain. Talbot He went to Oatway and stirred him

struck out with his left and caught with his foot. his opponent on the jaw, and Oatway "Get up!" he said, hoarsely. "Don't staggered and seemed about to go e there-shamming. Get up! You. down; but the trunk of a tree saved prought it on yourself-you struck him, and, pulling himself together, he

ne, you fool!" made for Talbot with the rush of a The man did not move, and Talbot, bull. Talbot's arm shot out again with a mixture of irritation and disbut Oatway dodged the blow and gust, bent down and turned him over. throwing his arms round Talbot, tried n doing so he saw a deep, wet stain to bring him to the ground; but Tal on the side of the figure. He shrank bot had got his feet well apart and back and glanced at his hands-they was able not only to hold his ground were wet-red. He bent lower, lookbut to get a good grip.

ed hard at the face-how white it They swayed this way and that was, how still and-and calm !- then firmly locked, their faces so close thrust his hand inside the waistcoat. that Talbot, with a sickening sense of (To be Continued.) oathing, could feel on his cheek the

SORE

BLISTERS

L give YOU case

FEET

nan's horrible breath, see his bloodshot eyes glaring into his own. It was a terrible struggle, one that looked as if it were for life or death; and Gibbon, from his place behind a tree, watched it with a sinister enjoyment. He expected every moment o see his master go under: but strangely enough, Talbot seemed able to hold his own; and Gibbon's enjoyment was beginning to be marred disappointment, when Oatway man aged to thrust his leg between Tal-

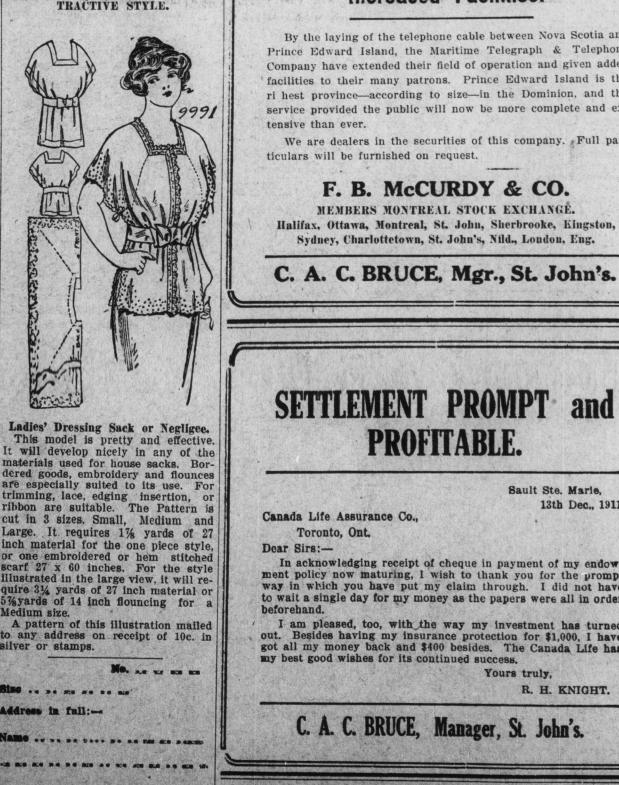
bot's, and Gibbon drew a long breath les and retail orders to T. McMURs Talbot went down and Oatway, DO & CO., St. John's, Nfid.

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