

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czár," etc., etc.
Copyrighted, 1908.

CHAPTER IX.

In Peril of Her Life.

Bitterly Olive regretted that she had refused to allow Jack to accompany her all the way to Sheffield as she felt her assailant's hold tighten on her throat. That was her first conscious thought. Her next was the flashing instinct that her best plan was to appear to faint.

The ruffian was a fellow of great strength; and although Olive herself was a very muscular girl, it was useless to think of struggling with him. If she was to have any chance at all in a tussle, it could only be later on, when perhaps she might be able to take him by surprise.

She was intensely alarmed; for she recognized that she was in real peril even of losing her life. But she retained her presence of mind and ability to think clearly. If the man's object were no more than robbery she would offer no resistance. He might take everything she possessed without any trouble.

She relaxed all her muscles, therefore, let her head fall forward on her wrist, and lolled to one side as if in a dead faint.

He let her fall and relaxed his grip on her throat; but stood close beside her until the train emerged from the tunnel; using the time to search her pockets, and take away every penny of her money, and everything of value, tossing it all on the seat behind him.

When the daylight came again, he bent over her to assure himself that she was not shamming. And the ordeal was a hard one. Not content with merely staring into her eyes and lifting her head and arms in turn, he pushed up her eyelids, watching them jealously as Olive let them fall again over the eyeballs. Then he pinched her arms between his strong finger and thumb, and at last drew out his pocket-knife, and holding up one of her lids, made as if to jab it into the eye.

The manner in which she stood this terrible test, appeared at first to satisfy him; but after a moment's

thought he thrust the blade into the soft flesh of her upper arm.

Olive bore even this without flinching, and the fellow was convinced at last. With a grunt of satisfaction, he sat down on the seat opposite her, and counted up the money he had taken and examined the few valuables. The only thing of any real worth was the engagement ring which Jack had given her, and he gave another grunt as he put it in his pocket.

Olive had fallen in a position from which she was able to watch his movements through her nearly-closed lids, and she saw that he had put the revolver down in the seat next to him.

He sat down for some minutes thinking intently, and watching his victim as closely as a cat watches a mouse.

Once he could but manage to get the revolver she would soon turn the tables, was Olive's thought. She knew how to use it perfectly. More than once in the old days out in the Argentine she had accompanied her father into some rough places, and she had been carefully taught how to shoot straight and quickly.

But he sat right opposite to her, and the least movement on her part would bring him again upon her in a struggle in which she would not stand the slightest chance. It was like the punishment of Tantalus to see there, within reach, the means of safety, and yet be unable to use it.

Presently, however, the man turned his head and looked out of the window as the train flashed past a station, and a grin spread slowly over his hard, brutal face as he looked again at her and nodded.

"If you only keep like that, my lady, it'll be easy enough," he muttered to himself, in a tone just loud enough to reach Olive's sharp ears.

She turned chill at the thought engendered by the words. He did meditate some further step. That was now clear; and she was racking her thoughts to guess it when he spoke again to himself.

He swore softly, and added: "I nearly forgot."

With that he began to fumble in his pockets, and at length took out a folded paper, which he opened, read, and then threw under the seat of the carriage.

A moment afterwards he let down the window, rose, and looked out.

The next instant Olive had sprung from her seat, and seized the revolver. She covered him with it and slipped back to the other side of the carriage, as he drew in his head and faced her.

"I can use this. Move another step and I shall fire," she cried, in a voice ringing with determination.

But the man only laughed. "Fire away, my dear. There's nothing in it."

Not believing him, she pulled the trigger, as he advanced toward her. The hammer clicked.

"Try another barrel," he said, pausing a second as he laughed, mockingly.

Instead of that, Olive turned and seized the communication cord and pulled it vigorously.

Enraged at this, he tore her away, and threw her down on the train, putting forth all her strength in the struggle, in the belief that help would now soon come.

It was a hopeless attempt, of course. He soon got her down, and held her while they waited to see the result of her summons.

"If they come, I'll swing for you," he said, furiously.

But nothing resulted. The train did not lessen speed, and as soon as it was evident that it would not pull up, he chuckled and released his hold.

"You won't fool me a second time, my beauty," he growled. "You had me right enough; but I'm alive to you now."

"What is it you want?" asked Olive. "I'll do anything you wish."

"I'll see to that for myself," said the brute, with another chuckle. "And for your feeling me in that way, I'll tell you what's coming to you," he added, with a deep, guttural oath in French.

He sat down again opposite her, and watched her in silence for a few seconds. "To think you should have done it that easy way. But you won't do it again, don't you think it? You want to know what's coming, do you? Well, there's going to be an accident. We're running into another tunnel directly; a longer one this time, and—wait a minute," he

Read This!

IT CONTAINS A MESSAGE.

This is a nerve-racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain.

If nerves are in order, a man is strong, eats and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves mean worry, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength, inability to do good work or to do it long.

Most men are careless of their health, trust to luck and that kind of thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite.

Ferrozone quickly brightens up the mind. It creates an appetite and improves digestion. Ferrozone makes blood, quiets the nerves, makes muscle like steel and induces refreshing sleep.

Ferrozone is a body builder, thousands have proved it. If you are sick or only out of sorts, use Ferrozone and enjoy the splendid reward it affords.

Permanent in its results, the greatest health-giver in the world is perfectly harmless, all can use it, even children. Get Ferrozone today, 50c per box, at all dealers.

broke off. "I can see what I want to do without any light. There are such things as shadows, you know."

With a laugh and an oath, he rose and pulled the cover over the lamp. The light was already dim enough; Olive had observed this in the former tunnel; but the thick cover would make the carriage quite dark.

When he had arranged the cover to his satisfaction, he sat down again and grinned. "And the accident is that you are going to tumble out—in other words, I'm going to throw you out. I'm in a bit of trouble, and I'm not going to leave you to tell tales. See?"

"I will give you my word of honor that I will not breathe a word of this to anyone."

"You shut up. I've had enough of your goosing me to last me my life. You've got about three minutes before you start, so make the most of 'em. I should have done it without telling you, so as it would have come suddenly, if you hadn't tried to jump me with your fainting dodge. But you won't do it again, I promise you."

Olive ventured to say another attempt to pacify the man. "I swear to you that if you will give up this attempt, I will not only not tell anyone a word of what has happened, but I'll pay you well."

"Shut up," he growled the brute; "or I'll take the risk of making sure you're done for first, and then chuck you out afterwards. You don't jump me twice."

She abandoned the attempt then, and set herself as resolutely as she could to face the death that seemed inevitable.

Twice again he leaned his head out of the window, as if to see exactly where they were; but now he did not rise from his seat, and kept an eye closely on Olive.

Once he glanced down under the seat where he had thrown the paper, as if to make sure it was there; and this gave Olive an idea.

A plan, almost a forlorn hope, took shape in her thoughts; and she sat thinking it over and over, in sheer desperation. There was just the faintest chance that it might succeed, and the thought nerved and gave her courage.

She was watching his every movement, and when at length the train whistled on approaching the tunnel, she saw him make a moment, glance across the carriage, and rise as if to go to that side.

But he paused, and looked out of the window close to Olive.

She looked out and saw that the train was running on the middle line of rails, and that there was another set of rails for the ordinary traffic.

As the train dashed into the tunnel, he unfastened the door and thrust it open.

As it swung open, Olive recoiled involuntarily, and the man moved back a step as if to catch her the more easily for the foul purpose he had named.

It was dark as pitch now; and the darkness helped her plan. She knew just where he was, and rushed, and for some minutes she thrust him violently away, and suddenly up, uttered a piercing scream, and made as if to throw herself out of the carriage.

But instead of that, she turned in the doorway and crept under the seat, gathering in her dress with the utmost care, so that not a vestige of it should be seen. Then she lay as still as death.

The man swore horribly, and first felt all along the seats to make sure she had gone, and next he went out of the carriage, to see that she had not crawled along the footboard.

Suddenly the engine whistled shrilly and began to slow down.

With a fresh set of oaths the man closed the door and looked out of the window to ascertain the cause of the stoppage. The train was now near to the end of the tunnel, and traveling at a slow rate of speed; but another whistle sounded, and the train commenced to quicken.

Tearing the cover from the lamp, he gave a last look round the compartment, opened the door on the further side, stepped down on to the footboard, paused there a moment to close the door after him, and then dropped onto the rails just before the train ran into the tunnel.

With a feeling of intense thankfulness, Olive scrambled out from under the seat, and fell back on the cushions, almost fainting from the strain of the terrible experience.

She had been very near to death, she knew; and for some minutes she could do nothing but seek to still her beating heart and recover her dazed wits.

Now that the danger was over, and her life safe, her nerves threatened to fail her altogether. She seemed to see the man's coarse face staring into hers; to feel the touch of his vile menacing grip; and to hear the brutal words in which he had threatened her with that cruel death.

She could scarcely persuade herself that she was really safe, and rushed to the window of the door by which he had made his escape, to assure herself that he was not still waiting to return and renew his desperate efforts.

Then she looked all round the carriage, and even under the seats in an almost hysterical desire to be sure he was not lurking there. And in doing that she made a discovery.

The paper which he had thrown under the seat was lying in a corner, and she took it out and unfolded it.

At the first glance she started so violently that the paper almost fluttered out of her grasp.

To her utter amazement the writing closely resembled her own; and the signature was hers: "Olive Parmenter."

The blood rushed to her heart as she saw this, and when she read what was written, she uttered a cry of the deepest bewilderment. A great light broke in upon her as to the full sinister meaning of this attempt upon her life.

(To be Continued.)

CATHOLICS WARNED.

Hamilton, March 2.—In the Easter letter of Bishop Dowling, which was read in the Roman Catholic churches yesterday, was a warning to the faithful against secret societies, and requested Catholics who belong to the Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias and other well-known secret societies to withdraw from the same.

All love isn't blind; some of it is only near-sighted.

CANADIAN

Brantford's tax rate is to be 22 mills.

Five Italians were deported to the States from Winnipeg.

J. E. Widdifield is the new postmaster of Newmarket.

James Hamilton, of Watford, was found dead in his stable.

A. D. Huff has been appointed division freight agent at Crosby.

London in February had 86 deaths, 84 births, and 20 marriages.

James White, a contractor of Ottawa, died on Saturday, aged 60.

James Palmer, a farmer, aged 60, of Oak Lake, near Belleville, is dead.

Paquet, the Conservative member for Lislet, has broken with his party.

Mrs. W. J. Higgins, an aged widow, of Clinton, was found dead in her house.

Capt. David Hunter, of Port Dalhousie, light keeper for 28 years, is dead.

Fire did \$300 damage to woodwork in St. Thomas' Church, Hamilton, on Sunday.

John Dunn, for many years manager of the Halifax Chronicle, is dead, aged 75.

J. B. Tudhope, M.P.P., has been re-nominated by the Liberals of East Simcoe.

A great extension of the Government telephone line in Manitoba is predicted.

A baby three weeks old was found drowned in a vestibule of St. George's Church, Grafton.

Seven hundred and fifty emigrants at Halifax will be rushed through to British Columbia.

Fred Mutch, a confectionery dealer, of Hamilton, is accused of selling children candy on Sunday.

The band of the Ninety-First Highlanders, Hamilton, have been engaged to make a transcontinental tour this summer.

The congregation of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, celebrated their 75th anniversary yesterday.

"Countess Zola," a palmist, who drifted into Brantford from Hamilton, suddenly left town when summoned to the police court.

Several students of the Agricultural College at Winnipeg have been expelled for forcibly cutting the mouse-tails off a fellow-student.

E. A. James, formerly general manager of the N. C. R., is being backed by Winnipeg telegraphers for a seat on the railway commission.

Chinese merchants at Vancouver have forwarded claims against the British Government totaling \$159,000 for damages in the riots of last September.

A special meeting of St. Catharines' council will have to be called to ask for a lighting contract, as the Falls Power Company, who were given the franchise have signed no agreement.

Connor and Ruddy, Toronto, have undertaken to paint skirts on the figure of a high kicking young lady on a sign advertising the Star Theater of Toronto, which has been shocking the farmers of Flamboro.

The good die young—especially good resolutions.

A Use For Everything

Nothing Yet Ever Created Without a Purpose.

A THEORY DIFFICULT TO BE BELIEVED IN SOME INSTANCES.

Many Think Nature Might Have Been Improved Upon in Many Ways.

We all wonder why certain things were ever made, why certain animals or insects were allowed to live. And yet there is no doubt but that everything was intended for some purpose, and as civilization advances, such purposes are discovered.

Cod liver oil is something that everybody knows to have been a wise provision of Providence, to be used as a medicine in all wasting diseases.

Everywhere should have appended to this valuable remedy its horrible odor and most terrible taste is also something that many have wondered at. She gave to man the crude material, and has left it to his intelligence to overcome many of its objectionable features.

This is exactly what has happened in regard to cod liver oil. Everybody knows its value. Everybody knows how necessary it is for physicians to prescribe it in many instances.

Everybody also knows that it is one of the most disagreeable medicines to take that can be imagined; that is, in the form in which we have been accustomed to know it.

Anderson & Nelles, our well-known druggists, have associated themselves with a Boston house which is producing a preparation known as Vinol. This is not a patent medicine. Anyone may see, on the label of each bottle, or Mr. Nelles, of the above firm, will tell anyone who calls on him, exactly what Vinol contains. As he explained yesterday: "We have simply found out how to extract the active medicinal principles from the cod's liver that has made cod liver oil valuable. This we may obtain in the form of a concentrated extract, free from grease, with all its vile odor, is discarded."

"Now we take the medicine that we have obtained, or the concentrated medicinal properties of the cod's liver, and place just the right quantity of this extract with peptonate of iron and beef dissolved in a delicious wine, and there you have the whole story. Anybody can learn in a minute that Vinol is pleasing to the palate and agreeable to the weakest stomach."

Anyone who is compelled to take cod liver oil can find out in a few days how much more benefit can be derived from Vinol than could ever have been obtained from cod liver oil in its crude form."

Mr. Nelles' enthusiasm in regard to Vinol is indeed well founded. The preparation which his firm is handling will be in a short time one of the best known in the world.

HAND TERRIBLY MANGLED.

Doctor Withdrew his Remedies in favor of Zam-Buk with Marvellous Results!

Mr. Ab. Wheeler, Marine and Stationary Engineer, of 145 Front St., Belleville, Ont., says: "Two months ago, while employed in a steam laundry in this city, my left hand became caught and was accidentally drawn into a hot mangle. As soon as possible the machinery was stopped and my hand was extricated, but not before the flesh on the palm of the hand was literally cooked (in the palm and the fingers flattened out of shape). However, quite soon after the accident my hand and arm became frightfully swollen to the elbow and the hand presented a shocking sight. No one can imagine what I now suffered and endured. Not only was it hard to bend on account of the cruel pains, but it was a great shock to my nervous system. It was some time after the injury before the cooked flesh could be removed from the palm and then only a very little at a time. As soon as all this had been well removed, healing balms were applied, but as the improvement seemed so slow I obtained permission from the Doctor for Zam-Buk to be used exclusively, as several of my men friends (having previously used it for severe injuries) spoke in the highest terms of its unusual healing qualities and urged me to give it a trial. From the commencement Zam-Buk soothed and relieved the pains and drew out the soreness. I now began to enjoy a good night's rest and sleep, as up to this time I had not had much rest or sleep either day or night. In about three weeks the palm of my hand was nicely healed over thro' daily application of this wonderful remedy Zam-Buk, and all inflammation and swelling was thoroughly banished from both hand and arm. I feel so grateful for my cure, I shall do my best to make known to other sufferers the value of Zam-Buk as a healing balm."



MR. AB. WHEELER, Belleville, Ont.

ZAM-BUK'S WONDERFUL WAY!

Whoever watches the healing of a wound, chronic sore, or diseased surface of skin with Zam-Buk, is face to face with one of Nature's greatest wonders. The healing process thus set in motion is nothing but a phenomenon of regeneration—a natural process of replacing destroyed tissues by new ones. The antiseptic substances contained in Zam-Buk, first attack and kill off the microbes or germs that are the cause of the inflammation or disease, and then the healing ingredients proceed to build up new tissue to replace that which has become damaged or diseased. New cells appear like a builder extending a new row of houses; the whole of the wounded area is gradually overlapped; and soon it is difficult to tell where the injuries or sores have been, so perfect and complete is the growth of the new skin.

Zam-Buk has more than fulfilled the expectations of its discoverer, and many medical men to-day freely extol its merits. It possesses a wide range of usefulness, being especially recommended for eczema, psoriasis, bad legs, blind and bleeding piles, running sores, ulcers, pimples, boils, rashes, raw chapped hands, scalp diseases, dandruff, barber's rash, raw chin after shaving, chilblains, sore and itching feet, cold sores, festering sores, poisoned wounds, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, stiffness, weak ankles, swollen joints, and all diseased, injured and inflamed or irritated conditions of the skin. Rubbed well in, Zam-Buk kills muscular and nerve pains. Of all druggists and stores, 50c. box or postpaid from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

FREE!

Why not start your own skin treatment now? All you have to do is post this coupon with a 2c. stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, who will promptly send you a dainty sample box.

Lon. Adv't'r \$ 3 08



MADE IN CANADA.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

SOLD and USED EVERYWHERE in the Dominion.

Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical. All Canadian Dealers Have It. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

SPARKMAN-ABRAY

A Caradoc Family Home the Scene of a Happy Event.

A very happy event took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Abray, Mount Brydges, on Wednesday, Feb. 26, when their daughter, Isobel, was united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Sanderson, to Mr. Edward Sparkman, of Caradoc. The wedding march was played by the Cortese Orchestra, of London. Miss Ethel Ellis, of London, assisted the bride, while Mr. Fred Fisher, of Christina, attended the groom.

The groom's present to the bride was a gold bracelet, to the bridesmaid a gold brooch, and to the groomsmen a pearl tie pin.

After the ceremony the guests, about 25 in number, sat down to a tasty supper, and the remainder of the evening was spent in music and games.

The presents received by the young couple were numerous and valuable, showing the esteem in which they are held. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkman left amid showers of rice and confetti, on the 10:30 o'clock train for London, Detroit and other points west. After their return they will reside in their new home in Mount Brydges.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 383 Richmond Street, Phone 997.

American blooded milk cows are being exported to Japan. The steamship Tongo recently carried a shipment of 50 mainly Jerseys, consigned to Yokohama. Owing to Asiatic competition an anti-Asiatic League has been formed in New Zealand to advocate a Chinese poll tax of \$5.00, 10 times as large as the British Columbia tax.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

Savings

Your savings are the safeguard of your future. You want to place them where there is no chance whatever of losing them. You can do this by depositing them with this Company, or by taking out a Debenture for \$100 or more, for one or more years. By law no depositor or debenture holder can lose one dollar of principal or interest while any

assets remain to cover his investment. The assets of this Company exceed \$11,000,000, so that there is no chance of loss. In fact there is no financial institution in Canada which can offer you more absolute certainty of safety.

Correspondence will be gladly entered into with those interested in banking by mail.

Huron & Erie

Loan & Savings Co., London, Ont.

GRAY'S Syrup of

Red Spruce Gum

Protects Against Pneumonia

Gray's Syrup breaks up a cold—helps to reduce the fever—and often prevents Pneumonia if taken in time. This Syrup is compounded of Spruce Gum, Blood Root and other valuable drugs—well known for their efficiency in all throat, bronchial and pulmonary troubles. Gray's Syrup has been tested for 50 years—and is the recognized cough specific throughout Canada and the U.S. It was never so popular and so widely used, as it is today. At all drug and general stores, 25c and 50c.

Relieves Colds—Hoarseness—Cold in the Head—Coughs—Bronchitis—Asthma—Pain in the Chest—Night Coughs—and permits Restful Sleep.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A PRETTY APRON—5799.

There is a certain pretty charm about a dainty white house-apron that is certainly very attractive. This one is made of white lawn and is charmingly becoming and serviceable as well. The princess front adds greatly to the dressy character of the garment, and the frills of embroidery that form the trimming give the wide shoulder effect so essential to present styles. It would also be suitable as a maid's apron. Cross-barred muslin, linen, gingham, and percale will all be suitable for reproduction. The medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' princess apron, No. 5799. Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten 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 bust 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 "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern