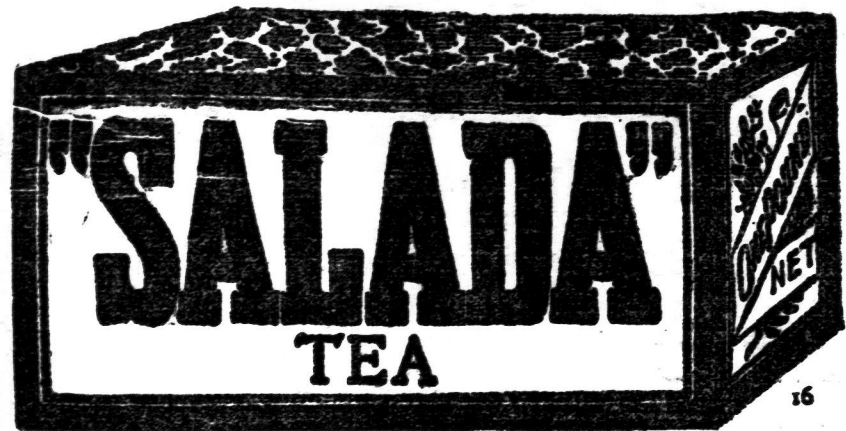


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A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY FRANK H. SHAW.

Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First at the Pole," etc. (Copyright, 1908, by S. K. America. All Rights Reserved.)

"No, to both questions, Marion. He did not drive on. Really, he behaved in a most seemly manner. He stopped his car at once, sufficiently ahead of me to cause no further disturbance, and came back to assist me with the horse. And, indeed, he has a way with him—Marmaduke that amazed me. He soothed him with a single touch; assured me that he was deeply sorry at my mishap, and offered to leave his car motionless until I had got completely out of harm's way. I was not hurt—but I was upset. I don't know what the world is coming to. It's this dashed Liberal Government!"

"But who was the motorist?" asked Mrs. Dysart, with a sudden glance towards Marion. "Don't tell me he was—he was the parvenu, Lord Greatheart. I mean the man and his man at the hall."

"I don't know who he was. A stranger probably. His car was numbered LC42; I observed it carefully in case of feeling inclined to prosecute. A Londoner, I should fancy. No, he wasn't the parvenu; he was something approaching a gentleman in his manners."

"Why not describe him?" asked Lady Forbes, who was just disengaging Mr. Scroggs, and we're madly interested in anything that might possibly bear on him."

Lord Greatheart frothed soda into a tumbler of whiskey and drank deeply. He wiped his iron-gray moustache and gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm not sure but that he behaved better than I did," he conceded, as the spirit melted him. "In fact, thinking the matter over, I remember I swore at him; swore hard, and I shouldn't be surprised if I wasn't on the wrong side of the road. And he

gave me fair warning. Um—yes, yes, he behaved in a very seemly manner. "But all the same, you haven't described him," cried Mrs. Dysart. "Oh, don't trouble, though. Ask Marion to tell you what he's like, and then you'll know."

"Why, Marion?" Lord Greatheart glared somewhat fiercely at the last speaker. "Why Marion, eh?"

"Oh, she knows him," was the careless response. "She isn't in accord with our feelings; she wants to establish a new social order where talent and brains prevail—yes, and money."

"I have seen Mr. Scroggs," papa said Marion. "In fact, I called on his mother. And I found them extremely nice people."

"You—?" called on these persons?"

Lord Greatheart seemed to struggle with imprecations that would insist on being heard. "Marion; I—I—what do you mean?"

"Simply what I say, papa. It was involuntary at first, but it occurred to me that as they had treated me extremely well, I could not do less than consider it a formal call, and said as much."

She went on for the second time to detail her adventure of the past. Lord Greatheart's face expressed many emotions in the recital. Injured pride, chagrin, mortification, and downright anger chased one another across his features; twice he raised his hand to his collar as if it were pressing too tightly on his throat.

"You rude girl!" he ejaculated at last. "How dare you? And I expressly said there was to be no communication between this house and the hall. In spite of my distinct disapproval of these people, I call them. I do not remember their names; but—"

Mrs. Scroggs and Mr. Ebenezer Scroggs, said the voice of a footman emotionlessly, and the man stood back to allow the entry of two people whose arrival at the door had passed unnoticed in the general excitement.

CHAPTER III.

A Cold Reception.

It may be said here and now that it was from his desire to force himself where he was not wanted, that Ebenezer Scroggs returned Marion's call thus speedily. He was a man who had usually obtained what he desired, and was accustomed to spare no effort in the attainment of his objects. And he wanted Marion Seymour—as a wife. For some thirty-five years he had devoted himself first to school and then to business; allowing himself but scant opportunities of relaxation; and never indulging his softer emotions. He had had women thriven at his head deliriously; he had passed them by unheeded. Somewhere, he had always felt, was one woman to whose wealth of charm he must undeniably succumb; and until he met the one dream woman he would not condescend to trifling with others who did not come up to the accepted standard. And now, visit of Marion's to Merrythought Hall had shown to Scroggs a vision of a new heaven and a new earth. In one swift glance from the clear gray eyes that Marion had commanded upon him, he had realized that here before him was the one woman who could give him happiness; on whom he could lavish the entire repressed wealth of his love.

And it was only because he wished to see the girl again that he had insisted on his mother returning Marion's haphazard call. Mrs. Scroggs had pleaded for leniency and delay; but her son had insisted, and because he was a man who recognized no obstacles in the pursuit of his ambitions, he prevailed over the old lady's weak remonstrances.

"I shall feel comfortable, Ebenezer," she said pitifully. "I'm not fit to associate with them. They'll expect me to curtsy and then they'll show me to the servants' hall and let me take tea with the butler!"

"Mother, you've got your notions from cheap novels. They won't do anything of the sort. You'll find them extremely simple people, unostentatious and desirous of putting you at your ease. Of course, we're not going in a bombastic fashion. We're not claiming to be as good as they are; because, look at it whichever way you will, we're not. But I want you to call at Greatheart Priory, and I intend to go with you. I have a reason."

It was not that Scroggs desired in any way to seek social advancement by intruding on the Greatheart menage; and he had never even thought that marriage with Lady Marion Seymour might advance him in the social scale. He had fallen head over ears in love with the girl at first sight, which, after all, is the real love; and to his simple, direct nature it was necessary that he should at the first opportunity proclaim his passion and ask for her hand in marriage.

And so Mrs. Scroggs' pleas for time had been overruled, as Scroggs had overruled other antagonisms; and now the newly-domiciled pair were making

their first bow in Smoothshire society.

Lord Greatheart muttered something incoherent into his moustache; General Devereux ostentatiously picked up something that was not there from the carpet. There was a moment's frozen stillness; in the great hall, with its fine old armor throwing back the glow of the log fire in a hundred twinkling facets, with its beautiful furniture and its gathering of men and women, Scroggs' figure looked startlingly out of place.

But when Lady Forbes allowed her eyes to rest on her visitor she was compelled to admit to herself that there was no ostentatious display of arrogant wealth. Mrs. Scroggs was simply dressed; she had visited a good costumier, and had placed herself unreservedly in his hands. Those who looked saw a slender little woman, her face quivering with nervousness, a neat little bonnet almost hiding hair of the silkiest texture and silvery; fear and mingled pride shinning from her blue eyes; and a general attitude of wishing herself far enough away.

It was Marion Seymour who broke the appalled silence that had fallen on the hall. She rose to her feet and swept gloriously towards the little old lady's side with extended hand and a bright smile illuminating her face. Careless of Mrs. Dysart's shrugs, careless of her father's astonished face, her warm young heart had gone out in instant sympathy towards the startled visitor; her one idea was to smooth over what must at its best prove an awkward moment.

(To be continued.)

WM. HENRY COMMITTED FOR TRIAL AT ASSIZES

Preliminary Hearing in Assault Case Took Place Yesterday.

William Henry, of London Township, appeared before Squires Chittick and Hodgins yesterday afternoon on the charge of criminally assaulting Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Adelaide street north, on Saturday evening, March 12. He was committed for trial and will appear at the coming session of the assizes. This is the only criminal case so far entered for hearing at that court.

Mrs. Taylor, a lady of 74 years, the plaintiff, was the first witness called, and told of the occurrences of the night in question.

"About 11 o'clock a knock had come at the door, and when I went there, a man standing there," she said. "He said his name was Henry. I asked him what Henry, he said, 'Bill Henry.' I asked him if he were Bob Henry's son, and he said 'Yes.' I opened the door and he walked right in. When I looked at him I recognized his features."

"That's the fellow who was at my home that night," she said, singling out the accused as he sat in the court room.

The Cross-Examination.
In cross-examining the witness Mr. E. T. Essery, who is acting for the accused, tried to shake the woman's testimony.

"If I hadn't told you who he was, you wouldn't have known him," he asked.

"Oh, yes, I would," replied the witness. "I knew his features."

She stated that she was ten years out with the struggle to call anyone that night, but in the morning she had gone to Thomas Clinton's, a couple of blocks away, and asked him to send for the police.

Mr. Clinton was the next witness. He told of the plaintiff coming to his house about 8:30 a.m. Her face was badly scratched. She had said to him, "Go and get Nickle and Rider. I had the trouble with me last night."

He immediately telephoned High Constable Hughes, who was at his home when he returned.

Committed for Trial.
Mrs. Clinton, the wife of the former witness, called the stand. She had seen the plaintiff and her face was badly scratched. She had not heard anything personally as to the occurrences of the night, but when the witness told her the facts, she told the same story that she had just told in the box.

In consideration of the evidence, Squire Chittick decided that the only course was to commit the accused for trial. He will therefore appear at the assizes, which open on Tuesday, the 29th inst.

C. P. R. DENIES IT

Not a Rival of Grand Trunk for New York Business.

Montreal, Que., March 22. — G. M. Bosworth, fourth vice-president of the C. P. R. has issued a denial of the allegation that the proposed extension of the G. T. R. to Providence was a phase of the battle between the C. P. R. and G. T. R. for New York business.

Mr. Bosworth stated: "The C. P. R. devotes its energies and its money to building up Canadian traffic and Canadian seaports. It is not in any way concerned with the desire of the G. T. R. to establish an independent line into Providence, nor with the efforts of that company, as stated in the newspapers to establish a line of ocean-going steamers from that port. We consider that a steamship company which has the advantages of Montreal and Quebec should not ignore the Canadian ports during the winter, although the voyage accounts in the winter season show debit balances against the steamers more often than is agreeable."

WEST INDIAN ISLET HAS DISAPPEARED

Kingston, Jamaica, March 22. — A schooner, which has arrived here from Cayman, reports that the biggest islet of the group, known as Morantcay, situated about 30 miles east of Jamaica, has sunk under the sea to a depth of four fathoms.

The Cay was inhabited by booby egg gatherers, who made their homes there, but they were away at the time of the subsidence.

It is believed that the sinking of the islet was due to an earthquake, although no shock has been felt here recently.

ROOSEVELT'S PLANS.
Rome, March 22. — The Gioenale D'Italia says that besides the audiences which Col. Roosevelt will have with King Victor Emmanuel and the Pope, the family of the former president of the United States will also be received by Queen Elena. From Rome the Roosevelt party will go to Port Maurizio, where they will spend a few days at Miss Carew's villa.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS MOBBED AND BEATEN

Anti-American Sentiment Breaks Out Afresh at Colombia Capital.

[Associated Press.]
Bogota, Colombia, March 22. — The anti-American sentiment continues to find expression in rioting. Yesterday, two English girls who were mistaken for Americans were mobbed and beaten. Subsequently President Ramon Gonzales-Valencia made an official call upon United States Minister Northcott.

Former Governor Uribe's house was again stoned by the rioters. An official decree has been issued placing a transport tax of 8 per cent on all American flour, leaving the coast towns for the interior. Joaquin Samper, minister of finance, objected to this move by the Government, and following the issuance of the decree, resigned.

GIRL'S STRANGE STORY

Says Man Gave Her Poison Capsules To Feed to Her Sister.

Massillon, O., March 22.—Catherine Manz, the 16-year-old girl, who spent last night in a prison cell, under a charge of murder, today faces another long cross-examination as to the death of her sister Elizabeth, to whom she says she gave a mysterious tablet Friday night before the older sister fell dying to the floor. In her confessed first story to the chief of police and the coroner the child prisoner declared that she had purchased a dram of strychnine for a man, who later presented her with two capsules to give her sister. She has firmly declined to tell who this man is, and the police are inclined to believe that he is but a figment of her imagination.

It is known, moreover, that she had close acquaintances among young men of the town, and that her love of clothes and her extravagance led her into many escapades. Her male friends will be called upon to tell what they know of her, and of her relations with her sister.

COBALT ORE CASES

Juries at Toronto Out in Two Cases of Alleged Illegal Possession.

[G. N. W. Dispatch.]

Toronto, March 22.—Juries are now out on two more cases of the alleged illegal possession of Cobalt ore. The first case called this morning was that of James Connolly, a miner. The evidence was the same as that offered yesterday, and simply recorded the arrest, the finding of ore on the man, and the alleged payment of money for other ore by the Wilkinson Company. Mr. T. C. Robinson, K. C., for the defence, endeavored to show the men

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\$5.00, \$7.00, \$10.00**Ladies' Net Waists \$3.50**

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Ladies' White Lawn Waists \$1.25

Fine Lawn Waists, with front of heavy embroidery set with insertion, finished with yoke and collar of lace insertion, new long sleeves trimmed with fine tucks and lace..... \$1.25

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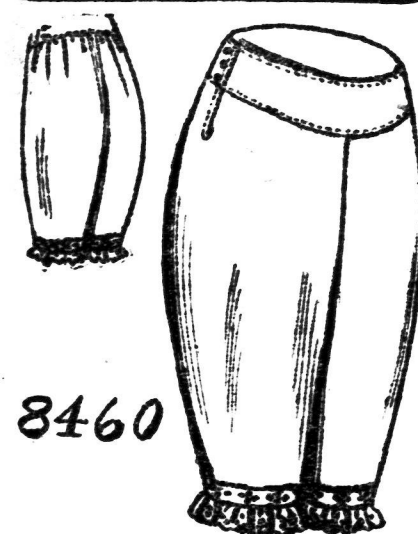
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