

# THE BETRAYAL

BY E. PHILLIPS  
OPPENHEIM

In next Saturday's Advertiser will appear the first installment of "The Doubloons," a thrilling story of mystery, love and tragedy, by Eden Phillips and Arnold Bennett. It will be published in the Saturday Advertiser only. Readers of "The Betrayal" will find the "Doubloons" an equally fascinating story, with as ingenious a plot.

I was only just in time. Through the raised sash there came a hand holding a packet of some sort, and out of the darkness came another hand eagerly stretched out to receive it. I brushed it ruthlessly aside, tore the packet from the fingers which suddenly strove to retain it, and with my other hand I caught the arm a little about the wrist. I heard the flying footsteps of my fellow-watcher, but I did not even turn round. A fierce joy was in my heart. Now I was to know. The veil of mystery which had hung over the doings at Braster was to be swept aside. I stooped down till my face was within a few inches of the hand. I passed my fingers over it. I felt the ring.

Then I remember only that mad heading flight back across the park, where the very air seemed full of sobbing, mocking voices, and the ground beneath my feet averted, and I heard the motor go tearing down the road past me, and come to a standstill at the turn. Still I had no thought of any danger. It never occurred to me to leave the footpath and make my way back to the "Brand," as I might well have done by a more circuitous route. I kept on the footpath, and just as I reached the little iron gate which led into the spinney, I felt a man's arm suddenly flung around my neck, and with a jerk I was thrown almost off my feet.

"He is here, madame," I heard a low voice say. "Take the papers from him. I will handle him." I thought that my desperate humors lent me more than my usual strength. With a fierce effort I wrenched myself free. Almost immediately I heard the click of a revolver.

"If you move," a low voice said, "I fire."

"What do you want?" I asked.

"The papers."

I laughed bitterly.

"Are they worth my life?" I asked.

"The life of a dozen such as you," the man answered. "Quick! Hand them over."

Then I heard a little cry from the woman who had been standing a few feet off. In the struggle I had lost my cap, and a faint watery moon, half hidden by a ragged bank of black clouds, was shining weakly down upon me.

"Guy," she cried, and her voice was

shaking as though with terror. "Guy, is that you?"

I lost my self-control. I forgot her sex. I forgot everything except that she was responsible for this unspeakable corruption. I said terrible things to her. And she listened, white-calm as a specter. When I had finished she signed to the man to leave us. He hesitated, but with a more peremptory gesture she dismissed him.

"Guy," she said, "you have not spared me. Perhaps I do not deserve it. Now listen. The whole thing is all an end. Those few papers are all we want. Your father is already in France. I am leaving at once. Give me those papers and you will be rid of me. If you do not I must stay on until I have received copies of a portion of them, at any rate. You know very well now that I can do this. Give me those that you have. It will be safer in every way."

"Give them to you?" I answered.

"Very serious, Guy. Do you not see that the sooner it is all over—the better—the safer—up there?"

She pointed towards the house. I could have struck the white fingers with their loathsome meaning.

"I shall take that packet to Lord Chelsford," I said. "I am down here as a spy—a spy upon spies. He is up at the house now, and tomorrow this packet will be in his hands. I shall tell him how I secured it. I think that after that you will not have many opportunities for playing your cursed trade."

"You know the consequences?"

"They are not my concern," I answered coldly.

She looked over her shoulder.

"If I," she said, "were as unwavering in my duty as you I should call Jean back."

"I do not value my life enough to shrink from fighting for it."

She turned away.

"You are very young, Guy," she said, "and you talk like a very young man. You must go your own way. Send for Lord Chelsford, if you will. But remember all that it will mean. Can't you see that such stern morality as yours is the most exquisite form of selfishness? Good-bye, Guy."

She glided away. I reached the "Brand" undisturbed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Traitor.

"I do not understand you, Ducaïne," Lord Chelsford said slowly. "You have been a faithful and valuable servant to your country, and you know very well that your services are not likely to be forgotten. I want you only to be consistent. I must know from whom you received this packet."

"I cannot tell you, sir," I answered.

"It was a terribly dark night, and it is not easy to identify a hand. Besides, it was snatched away almost at once."

"In your own mind, Ducaïne," Chelsford said, "have you hazarded a guess as to who that unseen person might be?"

"It is too serious a matter to hazard guesses about, sir," I answered.

"Nevertheless," Lord Chelsford continued, eyeing me closely, "in your own mind you know very well who that person was. You are a bad liar, Ducaïne. There was something about the hand which told you the truth—a ring, perhaps. At any rate, something."

"I had no time to feel for such things, sir," I answered.

"Ducaïne," Lord Chelsford said, "I am forced to connect your refusal to hazard even a surmise as to the identity of that hand with your sudden desire to break off all connection with this matter. I am forced to come to a conclusion, Ducaïne. You have discovered the truth. You know the traitor!"

"On the contrary, Lord Chelsford," I answered, "I know nothing."

"Later in the day he came to me again," I could see that he had made no fresh discovery.

"Ducaïne," he said, "what time did you say that you left here last night?"

"At midnight, sir."

"And you were back?"

"Before one."

"That corresponds exactly with Grooten's statement," Lord Chelsford said. "And yet I have certain information that from a few minutes before 11 till 2 o'clock not one member of the military board quitted the library."

I bowed.

"That is conclusive," I remarked.

"It is remarkably inconclusive to me," Lord Chelsford remarked grimly. "Whom else saw you at the time, Guy, who are all upon the board could you possibly wish to shield?"

"That I even wish to do so," I answered, "is purely an assumption."

"You are fencing with me, young man," Lord Chelsford said grimly, "and it is not worth while. Hush!"

There was a rap at the door downstairs. We heard the duke's measured tones.

"I understood that Lord Chelsford was here," he said.

"Lord Chelsford has left, your grace," Grooten answered.

"And Mr. Hill?"

"He has been at the house all day, your grace."

The duke appeared to hesitate for a moment.

"Grooten," he said, "I rely upon you to see that Lord Chelsford has the note walk, and shall probably return this way. I wish you to understand that this note is for Lord Chelsford's own

hand."

"Certainly, your grace."

"Not only that, Grooten, but the fact that I called here and left a communication for Lord Chelsford is also to be forgotten."

"I quite understand, your grace," Grooten assured him.

The duke struck a match, and a moment or two later we saw him strolling along the cliff side, smoking a cigarette, his hands behind him, prim, carefully dressed, walking with the measured ease of a man seeking an appetite for his dinner. He was scarcely out of sight, and Lord Chelsford was on the point of descending for his note, when my heart gave a great leap. Lady Angela emerged from the plantation and crossed the open space in front of the cottage with swift footsteps. Her hair was streaming in the breeze and she came straight into my arms.

Her hair, tear-stained little face buried itself upon my shoulder.

"I am so thankful, so thankful that you are here," she murmured.

And all the while, with the face of a man forced into the presence of tragedy, Lord Chelsford was reading the letter which had snatched his hands were shaking and his face was gray. He moved over to the fireplace, and without a moment's hesitation, he thrust the letter into the flames. Not content with that, he stood over it, poker in hand, and beat the ashes in to powder. Then he turned to the door.

"Take care of Angela, Ducaïne," he exclaimed, and hurried out.

But Lady Angela had taken alarm. She hastened after him, dragging me with her. Lord Chelsford was past middle life, but he was running along the cliff path like a boy. We followed Lady Angela, and she was taking a leisurely promenade. He was coming up the side of the highest cliff in the neighborhood, and once we saw him turn seaward and take off his hat as though enjoying the breeze. Just as he neared the summit he looked round. Lord Chelsford waved his hand and shouted.

"Rowchester," he cried. "Hi! Wait for me."

The duke waved his hand as though in salute, and turned apparently with the object of coming to meet us. But at that moment, without any apparent cause, he lurched over towards the cliff side, and we saw him fall. Lady Angela's cry of frenzied horror was the most awful thing I had ever heard. Lord Chelsford took her into his arms. "Climb down, Ducaïne," he gasped. "I'm done!"

I found the duke on the shingles, at different degrees of compactness, and the load of 40 pounds per square foot was easily exceeded with the crowds but sparsely crowded together. With ten men grouped within the pen, a load of 48 pounds per square foot was recorded. With 20 men the load was \$3.7 per square foot, with 25 it was 15.2 pounds. It was found possible to squeeze 40 men into the confined area of 36 square feet, and an average weight of 178.4 pounds per square foot was recorded. This result is additionally remarkable from the fact that, though tightly packed within the pen, the 40 men experienced no serious signs of discomfort, and could move their limbs with a little difficulty. In a heavy crowd the wedging is far more accentuated; since, so tightly packed is the mass that the moving of the hand or arm is impracticable, or, at any rate, a dangerous possibility.

NEW PORTRAIT OF TURNER.

A hitherto unknown portrait of Turner, the great artist, has been unearthed under somewhat romantic conditions. Some ten years ago Mr. W. Kilsby, a well known collector, was passing through Seven Dials, when his attention was attracted by a dirty, unframed canvas outside a dealer's shop. The picture quickly changed hands for a very small sum.

Recently Mr. Kilsby had the portrait cleaned. This resulted in the name of "Turner" being found in the left hand bottom corner, together with two other signatures, which are almost illegible. There were indications that the work must have been the product of two or more artists, from the dissimilarity of the handling of parts of the face and drapery. The oldest reliner at the National Gallery, who knew Turner very well, declared that it was a most excellent likeness of the great landscape painter, and Mr. Bassett, who was on terms of friendship with Turner, expressed a similar opinion. After that Mr. Kilsby, Mr. Frith said the photograph was undoubtedly a likeness of Turner, whom he knew well.

Mr. Kilsby took the picture to Mr. Frith, who at once pronounced it an admirable representation of his old friend. The discovery of the painting, which measures 25 by 30 inches, is important, inasmuch as there are only three authenticated portraits of Turner, and one of these is little more than a caricature perpetrated by a fellow Academician on "vanishing day" unknown to the original. The canvas discovered by Mr. Kilsby shows Turner what at the height of his fame.—London Daily News.

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curiously unmanged. He had the appearance of a man who had found death restful.

CHAPTER XL.

The Theories of a Novelist.

The novelist smiled. He had been button-holed by a very great man, which pleased him. He raised his voice a little. There were others standing around. He forgot the greatest of the great man.

"In common with many other people, my dear marquis," he said, "you labor under a great mistake. Human character is governed by as exact laws as the physical world. Give me a man's characteristics, and I will undertake to tell you exactly how he will act under any given circumstances. It is a question of mathematics. We all carry with us, inherited or acquired, a certain amount of resistance to evil influence, certain predilections towards good and vice versa, according as we are decent fellows or blackguards. Some natures are more complex than others, of course—that only means that the weighing up of the good and evil in them is a more difficult matter. There are experts who can tell you the weight of a haystack by looking at it, and there are others who are able at Christmas time to indulge in an unquenchable thirst by accurately computing the weight, down to ounces, of the pig or turkey raffled for their favorite public house. So the trained student of his fellows can also diagnose his subjects and anticipate their actions."

The marquis smiled.

"You analytical novelists would destroy for us the whole romance of life," he declared. "I will not listen to you any longer. I fear ignorance less than disillusion!"

He passed on, and the little group at once dispersed. The novelist was left alone. He went off in a huff. Lord Chelsford plucked me by the arm.

"Let us sit down, Ducaïne," he said. "What rubbish these men of letters talk."

I glanced towards the ballroom, but my companion shook his head.

"Angela is dancing with the Portuguese ambassador," he said, "and he will never give up his ten minutes afterwards. You must pay the penalty of having married the most beautiful woman in London, Guy, and sit out with the old fogies. What rubbish that fellow did talk!"

"You are thinking—" I murmured.

"Of the duke! Yes! There was a man who to all appearance was a typical English gentleman, proud, sensitive of his honor in every action which came before the world a right-dealing and a right-doing man. To do what seemed right to him from one point of view he stripped himself of lands and fortune, and when that was not enough he stooped to unutterable base-

ness. He was willing to betray his personal honor."

"In justice to him," I said, "one must remember that he never for a moment believed in the possibility of a French invasion."

Lord Chelsford shook his head.

"It is too nice a point," he declared. "We may not reckon it in his favor. I wonder how our friends on the other side felt when they knew that they had paid fifty thousand pounds for false information? We ought to make you a peer, Ducaïne. The Troglodyte money would stand it."

"For heaven's sake, don't!" I cried. "What have I done that you should want to banish me into the pastures?"

"You talk too much," my companion murmured. "In the Lords it wouldn't matter, but in the Commons you are a nuisance. I suppose you want to be taken into the cabinet."

"Quite true!" I admitted. "You want young men there, and I am ready any time."

"A man with a wife like yours," Lord Chelsford remarked, thoughtfully, "is bound to go anywhere he wants. Then he sits down and takes all the credit to himself."

Angela passed on the arm of the ambassador. She waved her hand gaily to us, but her companion drew her firmly away. We both looked after her admiringly.

"Guy," Lord Chelsford said, "we have both of us done some good work in our time, but never anything better than the way we managed to hoodwink everybody—even herself, about her father. Amongst the middle classes he remains a canonized saint, the man who pauperized himself for their sakes. Ray was too full of Blenavon's little aberrations to suspect anyone else, and our friends from across the water who might—I mean the woman—have been inclined for a little blackmail, were obliging enough to make a final disappearance in the unlucky Henrietta. The woman was saved, though, by-the-bye."

"The woman is still alive," I told him. "But I will answer for her silence. I allow her a small pension—all she would accept. She is living in the south of France somewhere."

"And Blenavon," Lord Chelsford said, with a smile, "has married an American girl who has made a different man of him. What character those women have! She hasn't a penny, they tell me, until her father dies, and they work on their ranch from sunrise. She will be an ornament to our aristocracy when they do come back."

"They are coming next spring," I remarked. "If they can do it out of the profits of the ranch—not unless Blenavon has carried out his father's wishes to the letter, and cut off the entail of everything that was necessary."

"What a silly case that novelist was!" Lord Chelsford declared vigorously.

THE END.

## LIFE OF CHILE'S VOLUNTEER FIREMEN

GREAT CEREMONY IS OBSERVED  
AT THE REGULAR PRACTICES.

I arrived in Los Andes on a Sunday afternoon and surprised the citizens' fire brigade at its weekly practice. There has not been a fire in the town for eight years, nor in all that time had there been a Sunday without the weekly practice. This is because the brigade is amateur and fights fire for fun.

The practice is the event of the week and is always brought off in front of the postoffice at the corner of the central plaza, writes a Valparaiso correspondent of the Los Angeles Times. Great ceremony is observed. The city band always plays for an hour to gather the people, after which the fire bell is rung and the department comes charging down from headquarters, precedes the plaza at a gallop, and brings up in front of the postoffice. There they go through some pyramid work with ladders, some pitching and tossing with blankets, to end up with their grand finale, the nozzle drill.

For this latter event, the specially appointed fire brigade bugler is detached from the band and brought out into a prominent position in the middle of the street. The brigade is then drawn up in a solid square in front of the bugler and as he plays various calls it goes through fancy movements with its pikes, axes and saws. As the water is rushing through the nozzles all the time, they form the principal feature of the performance and give the drill its name.

Not only Los Andes, but every other city in Chile as well, including Santiago, with 300,000 people, has volunteer brigades, the members of which are among its most prominent young men.

## Think It Only Stomach Trouble

"It is only stomach trouble," many people say, when in reality the liver, bowels and kidneys are also affected.

Such symptoms as headache, coated tongue, disgust for food, vomiting, feelings of weight and soreness, dull pain near shoulders, muddled complexion, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, irritability of temper, are sure indications of biliousness or torpid liver.

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## WEIGHT OF A CROWD; CLOSE CALCULATIONS

FORTY MEN IN 36 SQUARE FEET  
OF SPACE.

Engineers in designing bridges for turnpikes and common roads act on the principle, says Engineering, that no probable contingency could crowd people to such an extent as to give a weight of more than 80 pounds per square foot of floor, and this may be safely taken as the maximum load on spans of 20 feet or more. To compensate, however, for impact, 100 pounds is often adopted as the limit for crowds. Mr. Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, wedged as closely together as possible a group of men within an area of 36 feet diameter. In this extreme case a pressure of 120 pounds per square foot was obtained.

That the latter, however, is by no means the maximum weight that can be reached is shown by the result attained by Mr. Stoney, who, according to Engineering, obtained a load of 147.4 pounds per square foot by packing 53 Irish laborers within a space.

Yet Mr. Stoney's high figure is by no means conclusive, as Mr. Lewis Johnson, professor of engineering at Harvard University, has substantially shown, as the result of prolonged and continuous experiments. The tests were carried out with men selected from among his own engineering pupils at the university, care being taken that the men selected for the experiment should be of average and normal build, and typical of those that would be found in the general crowd. The results attained were somewhat startling and proved the fallacy of the generally accepted ideas in a conclusive manner. The maximum result attained showed that by crowding 67 men, averaging 151.5 pounds each in weight, within a space of 64 square feet, a maximum result of 156.9 pounds per square foot was obtained.

When these results were published in 1904, they were the subject of considerable comment. Various engineers refuted the statement that a crowd of people could approach anywhere within the maximum obtained, the general limit ranging from 80 to 120 pounds per square foot. Prof. Spofford, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, repeated experiments in a rough manner, and obtained a maximum load of 142.5 pounds per square foot. A little later the subject was taken up by Hedd Hunscheit, of Bonn, who recorded a maximum of 144 pounds per square foot. Subsequently, Prof. Kernot, of Melbourne, conducted a series of similar investigations, and obtained a maximum stress of 143.1 pounds per square foot.

Prof. Johnson has again made tests, reviewed in Engineering, to show the load reached in buildings such as hotels, theaters, offices, churches, and similar structures. For the purpose of the tests, a wooden compartment of 6 feet, having internal dimensions of 6 by 6 feet, was constructed. This box was placed on the ground, and securely braced to the walls of the building for strengthening it against internal pressure. Various photographs were taken

Of the male bluebird Thoreau said: "He carries the sky on his back." To this John Burroughs added, "and the earth on his breast." The bird's back, wings and tail, chin and throat are a vivid blue, while his breast and flanks are a chestnut brown and his abdomen a dirty white. The female is very much dulled in coloring. Often having a red dish to the extent from the middle of the back over the shoulders. The Seminoles Indians say that the male bluebird once flew so high that his back rubbed against the sky, which imparted to him its own azure color. Returning to earth his wife so admired his new coat that she determined to have alike one for herself, and the

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William English Walling, who tempted the Democrats in 1880 to married Adel Sturtevant, the Jewish place Mr. English at the tail of their presidential ticket, and he is now writing an English of Indiana, in spending it at St. Petersburg on the heated much of the wealth that Russian revolution.

Self satisfied individuals are about as inspiring as a plate of cold fried eggs.