The Crimson Blind

By FRED. M. WHITE

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

"Yes," Henson said, shortly, "I do, and they hate me, but that does not prevent my being interested in the coming of Dr. Bell. And nobody hopes more sincerely than myself that he will succeed in clearly vindicating his character."

Littimer smiled sarcastically as he trifled with his claret glass. In his cynical way he was looking forward to the interview with a certain sense of amusement. And there was a time when he had enjoyed Bell's society immensely.

"Well, you will not have long to wait now," he said. "It is long past ten, and Bell is due at any moment after eleven. Coffee in the balcony, please."

It was a gloriously warm night, with just a faint suspicion of a breeze on the air. Down below the sea beat with a gentle sway against the cliffs; on the grassy slopes a belated lamb was bleating for its dam. Chris strolled quietly down the garden with her mind at peace for a time. She had almost forgotten her mission for the moment. A figure slipped gently past her on the grass, but she utterly failed to notice it.

"An exceedingly nice girl, that," Littimer was saying, "and distinctly amusing. Excuse me if I leave you here—a tendency to ague and English night air don't blend together."

CHAPTER XXX.

Gone.

It was the very moment that Henson had been waiting for. All his listlessness had vanished. He sprang to his feet and made his way hurriedly across the lawn. Dark as it was, he slipped along with the ease of one who is familiar with every inch of the ground. A man half his weight and half his age could have been no more active.

He advanced to what seemed to be the very edge of the cliff and disappeared. There were rocks and grassy knolls which served as landmarks to him. A slip of the foot might have resulted in a serious accident. Above the gloom a head appeared.

"That you, Merritt?" Henson asked, hoarsely.

"Oh, it's me right enough," came the muttered reply. "Good job as I'm used to a seafaring life, or I should never have got up those cliffs. Where's the girl?"

"Oh, the girl's right enough. She's standing exactly where she can hear the cry of the suffering in distress. You can leave that part of the drama to me. She's a smart girl with plenty of pluck, but all the same I am going to make use of her. Have you got the things?"

"Got everything, pardner. Got a proper wipe over the skull, too."

"How on earth did you manage to do that?"

"Meddling with Bell, of course. Why didn't you let him come and produce his picture in peace? We should have been all ready to flabbergaster him when he did come."

"My good Merritt, I have not the slightest doubt about it. My plans are too carefully laid for them to go astray. But, at the same time, I firmly believe in having more than one plan of attack and more than two ways of escape. If we could have despoiled Bell of his picture it would have been utterly useless for him to have come here. He would have gone back preferring to accept defeat to arriving with a cock-and-bull story to the effect that he had been robbed of his treasure on the way. And so he got the best of you, eh?"

"Rather! I fancied that I was pretty strong, but—well, it doesn't matter. Here I am with the tools, and I ain't going to fail this time. Before Bell comes the little trap will be ready and you will be able to prove an alibi."

Henson chuckled hoarsely. He loved dramatic effect, and here was one to hand. He almost fancied that he could see the white outline of Chris' figure from where he stood.

"Get along," he said. "There is no time to lose."

Merritt nodded and began to make his way upward. Some way above him Chris was looking down. Her quick ear had detected some suspicious sound. She watched eagerly. Just below her the big electric light on the castle tower cast a band of flame athwart the cliff. Chris looked down steadily at this. Presently she saw a hand uplifted into the belt of flame, a hand grasping for a hedge of rock, and a quickly stifled cry rose to her lips. The thumb on the hand was smashed flat, there was a tiny pink nail in the centre.

Chris' heart gave one quick leap, then her senses came back to her. She needed nobody to tell her that the owner of the hand was James Merritt. Nor did she require any fine discrimination to perceive that he was up to no good. That it had something to do with the plot against Bell she felt certain. But the man was coming now, he could only reach the top of the cliffs just under the wall where she was standing. Chris peered eagerly down into the path of light until the intruder looked up. Then she ducked back, forgetting that she was in the darkness and absolutely invisible. The action was disastrous, however, for it shook Chris' diamond star from her head, and it fell gently almost at the feet of the climber. An instant later and his eyes had fallen upon it.

"What bloomin' luck," he said, hoarsely. "I suppose that girl yonder must have dropped it over. Well, it is as good as a couple of hundred pounds to me, anyway. Little missie, you'd better take a tearful farewell of your lumps of sugar, as you'll never see them again."

To Chris' quivering indignation he pocketed the star into his breast pocket. Just for the moment the girl was on the point of crying out. She was glad she had refrained a second after, for a brilliant thought occurred to her. She had never evolved anything more clever in her life, but she did not quite realize that as yet.

Nearer and nearer the man with the maimed thumb came. Chris stepped back into the shadow. She waited till the intruder had slipped past her in the direction of the castle, and prepared to follow at a discreet distance. Whatever he was after, she felt sure he was being ordered and abetted by Reginald Henson. Two minutes, five minutes, elapsed before she moved.

What was that? Surely a voice somewhere near her moaning for help. Chris stood perfectly still, listening for the next cry. Her sense of humanity had been touched, she had forgotten Merritt entirely. Again the stifled cry for help came.

"Who are you?" Chris shouted. "And where are you?"

"Henson," came the totally unexpected reply. "I'm down below on a ledge of rock. No, I'm not particularly badly hurt, but I dare not move."

Chris paused for a moment, utterly bewildered. Henson must have been on the look-out for his accomplice, she thought, and had missed his footing and fallen. Pity he had not fallen a little farther, she murmured bitterly, and broken his neck. But this was only for a moment, and her sense of justice and humanity speedily returned.

"I cannot see anything of you," she said.

"All the same, I can see your outline," Henson said, dismally. "I don't feel quite so frightened now. I can hang on a bit longer, especially now I know assistance is at hand. At first I began to be afraid that I was a prisoner for the night. No; don't go. If I had a rope I should have the proper confidence to swarm up again. And there is a coil of rope in the arbor close by you. Hang it straight down over the middle boulder and fasten your end round one of those iron pilasters."

The rope was there as Henson stated, indeed, he had placed it there himself. With the utmost coolness and courage Chris did as she was desired. But it took some little time to coax the rope to go over in the proper direction. There was a little mutter of triumph from below, and presently Henson, with every appearance of utter exhaustion, climbed over the ledge to the terrace. At the same moment an owl hooted twice from the long belt of trees at the bottom of the garden.

"I hope you are none the worse for your adventure?" Chris asked, politely.

Henson said sententiously that he fancied not. His familiarity with the cliffs had led him too far. If he had not fallen on a ledge of rock goodness only knows what might have happened. Would Chris be so good as to lend him the benefit of her arm back to the castle? Chris was graciously willing, but she was full of curiosity at the same time. Had Henson really been in danger, or was the whole thing some part of an elaborate and cunning plot? Henson knew perfectly well that she had taken a great fancy to the upper terrace, and he might——

Really it was difficult to know what to think. They passed slowly along till the lights here and there from the castle shone on their faces. At the same time a carriage had driven up to the hall door and a visitor was getting out. With a strange sense of eagerness and pleasure Chris recognized the handsome features and misshapen shape of Hatherly Bell.

"The expected guest has arrived," Henson said.

There was such a queer mixture of snarling anger and exulting triumph in his voice that Chris looked up. Just for an instant Henson had dropped the mask. A ray of light from the open door streamed fully across his face. The malignant pleasure of it startled Chris. Like a flash she began to see how she had been used by those miscreants.

"He is very handsome," she contrived to say, steadily.

"Handsome is that handsome does," Henson quoted. "Let us hope that Dr. Bell will succeed in his mission. He has my best wishes."

Chris turned away and walked slowly as possible up the stairs. Another minute with that slimy hypocrite and she felt she must betray herself. Once out of sight she flew along the corridor and snapped up the electric light. She fell back with a stifled cry of dismay, but she was more sorrowful than surprised.

"I expected it," she said. "I knew that this was the thing they were after."

The precious copy of Rembrandt was no longer there!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Bell Arrives.

There were more sides to the mystery than David Steel imagined. It had seemed to him that he had pretty well all the threads in his hands, but he would have been astonished to know how much more Hatherly Bell and Enid Henson could have told him.

But it seemed to Bell that there was one very important thing to be done before he proceeded any farther. He was interested in the mystery as he was interested in anything where crime and cunning played a part. But he was still more intent upon clearing his good name; besides, this would give him a wider field of action.

In the light of recent discoveries it had become imperative that he should once more be on good terms with Lord Littimer. Once this was accomplished, Bell saw his way to the clearing up of the whole complication. It was a great advantage to know who his enemy was; it was a still greater advantage to discover the hero of the cigar case and the victim of the outrage in Steel's conservatory was the graceless scamp Van Sneck, the picture dealer, who had originally sold "The Crimson Blind" to Lord Littimer.

It was all falling out beautifully. Not only had Van Sneck turned up in the nick of time, but he was not in a position to do any further mischief. It suited Bell exactly that Van Sneck should be hors de combat for the moment.

The first thing to be done was to see Lord Littimer without delay. Bell had no idea of humbly soliciting an interview. He proceeded to a telegraph office the first thing the following morning and wired Littimer to the effect that he must seem him on important business. He had an hour or two at his disposal, so he took a cab as far as Downend terrace. He found Steel slug-hunting in the conservatory, the atmosphere of which was blue with cigarette smoke.

"So you are not working this morning?" he asked.

"How the dickens can I work?" David exclaimed, irritably. "Not that I haven't been trying. I might just as well take a long holiday till this mystery is cleared up for all the good I am. What is the next move?"

"My next move is to go to Littimer and convince him that he has done me a great wrong. I am bound to have Littimer's ear once more."

"You are going to show him the spare Rembrandt, eh?"

"That's it. I flatter myself I shall astonish him. I've sent a telegram to say I'm coming to-day, after which I shall proceed to storm the citadel. I feel all the safer because nobody knows I have the engraving."

"My dear chap, somebody knows you have the picture."

"Impossible!" Bell exclaimed. "Only yourself and Enid Henson can possibly be aware that——"

"All the same, I am speaking the truth," David said. "Last night when you went into the hospital you gave me the print to take care of. At the same time I noticed a rough-looking man presumedly asleep on the seat in the road facing the hospital. Afterwards when I looked round he had disappeared. At the time I thought nothing of it. When I came in here I placed the precious roll of paper on my writing table under the window yonder. The window is a small one, as you can see, and was opened about a foot at the top. I sat here with the light down and the room faintly illuminated by the light in the conservatory. After a little time I saw a hand and arm groping for something on the table, and I'm quite sure the hand and arm were groping for your Rembrandt. The fellow muttered something that I failed to understand, and I made a grab for him and got him. Then the other hand made a dash for my head with an ugly piece of gas piping, and I had to let go."

"And you saw no more of the fellow?"

"No; I didn't expect to. I couldn't see his face, but there was one peculiarity he had that I might tell you for your future guidance. He had a thumb smashed as flat as the head of a snake, with one tiny pink nail in the middle of it. So, if you meet a man like that on your journey to-day, look to yourself. On the whole, you see that our enemies are a little more awake than you give them credit for."

Bell nodded thoughtfully. The information was of the greatest possible value to him. It told him quite plainly that Reginald Henson knew exactly what had happened. Under ordinary circumstances by this time Henson would be on his way to Littimer Castle, there to checkmate the man he had so deeply injured. But fortunately Henson was laid by the heels, or so Bell imagined.

"I am really obliged to you," Bell said. "Your information is likely to be of the greatest possible service to me. I'm sorry you can't work."

"Don't worry about me," David said, grimly. "I'm gaing a vast quantity of experience that will be of the greatest value to me later on. Besides, I can go and compare notes with Miss Ruth Gates whilst you are away. She is soothing.

'So I should imagine," Bell said, drily. "No, I must be off. I'll let you know what happens at Littimer Castle. Good luck to you here."

And Bell bustled off. He was pleased to find a recent telegram of acceptance from Littimer awaiting him, and before 5 o'clock he was in the train for London. It was only after he left London that he began to crawl along. Thanks to slow local lines and a badly fitting cross service it was nearly 11 o'clock before he reached Moreton station. It did not matter much, because Littimer had said that a carriage should meet him.

However, there was no conveyance of any kind outside the station. One sleepy porter had already departed, and the other one, who took Bell's ticket, and was obviously waiting to lock up, deposed that a carriage from the castle had come to the station, but that some clerical gentleman had come along and countermanded it. Whereupon the dog cart had departed.

"Very strange," Bell muttered. "What sort of a parson was it?"

"I only just saw his face," the porter yawned. "Dresed in black, with a white tie and a straw hat. Walked in a slouching kind of way with his hands down; new curate from St. Albans, perhaps. Looked like a chap as could take care of himself in a row."

"Thanks," Bell said, curtly. "I'll manage the walk; it's only two miles. Good night."

Bell's face was grim and set as he stepped out into the road. He knew fairly well what this meant. It was pretty evident that his arch-enemy knew his movements perfectly well, and that a vigorous attempt was being made to prevent him reaching the castle. He called back to the porter.

'How long since the carriage went?" he asked.

A voice from the darkness said "Ten minutes," and Bell trudged on with the knowledge that one of his enemies at least was close at hand. That Reginald Henson was at the castle he had not the remotest idea. Nor did he fear personal violence. Despite his figure, he was a man of enormous strength and courage. But he had not long to wait.

Somebody was coming down the lonely road towards him, somebody in clerical attire. The stranger stopped and politely, if a little huskily, inquired if he was on the right way to Moreton. Bell responded as politely that he was, and asked to know the time. Not that he cared anything about the time; what he really wanted was to see the stranger's hand. The little ruse was successful. In the dim light Bell could see a flattened, hideous thumb with the pink parody of a nail upon it.

"Thanks, very much," he said, crisply. "Keep straight on."

He half turned as the stranger swung round. The latter darted at Bell, but he came too late. Bell's fist shot out and caught him fairly on the forehead. Then the stick in Bell's left hand came down with crushing force on the prostrate man's skull. So utterly dazed and surprised was he that he lay on the ground for a moment, panting heavily.

"You murderous ruffian," Bell gasped. "You escaped convict in an honest man's clothes. Get up! So your are the fellow——"

He paused suddenly, undesirous of letting the rascal see that he knew too much. The other man rolled over suddenly like a cat and made a dash for a gap in the hedge. He was gone like a flash. Pursuit would be useless, for pace was not Bell's strong point. And he was not fearful of being attacked again.

"Henson seems to be pretty well served," he muttered, grimly.

Meanwhile, the man with the thumb was flying over the fields in the direction of Littimer. He made his way across country to the cliffs with the assured air of one who knows every inch of the ground. He had failed in the first part of his instructions, and there was no time to be lost if he was to carry out the second part successfully.

He struck the cliffs at length a mile or so away, and proceeded to scramble along them till he lay hidden just under the terraces at Littimer Castle. He knew that he was in time for this part of the programme, despite the fact that his head ached considerably from the force and vigor of Bell's assault. He lay there, panting and breathing heavily, waiting for the signal to come.

Meanwhile, Bell was jogging along placidly and with no fear in his heart at all. He did not need anybody to tell him what was the object of his late antagonist's attack. He knew perfectly well that if the ruffian had got the better of him he would never have seen the Rembrandt again. Henson's hounds were on the track; but it would go hard if they pulled the quarry down just as the sanctuary was in sighty. Presently Bell could see the lights of the castle.

By the lodge gates stood a dog cart; in the flare of the lamps Bell recognized the features of the driver, a very old servant of Littimer's. Bell took in the situation at a glance.

"Is this the way you come for me, Lund?" he asked.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Lund replied. "But a clergyman near the station said you had gone another way, so I turned back. And when I got here I couldn't make top nor tail of the story. Blest if I wasn't a bit nervous that it might have been some plant to rob you. And I was going to drive slowly along to the station again when you turned up."

"Oh, there's nothing wrong," said Bell, cheerfully. 'And I don't look as if I'd come to any harm. Anybody staying at the castle, Lund?"

"Only Mr. Reginald Henson, sir," Lund said, disparagingly.

Bell started, but his emotion was lost in the darkness. It came as a great surprise to him to find that the enemy was actually in the field. And how apprehensive of danger he must be to come so far with his health in so shattered a condition. Bell smiled to himself as he pictured Henson's face on seeing him once more under that roof.

"How long has Mr. Henson been here?" he asked.

"Only came yesterday, sir. Shall I drive you up to the house? And if you wouldn't mind saying nothing to his lordship about my mistake, sir——"

"Make your mind easy on that score," Bell said, drily. "His lordship shall know nothing whatever about it. On the whole, I had better drive up to the house. How familiar it all looks, to be sure."

A minute later and Bell stood within the walls of the castle.

(To be Continued.)

VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY.

Detective Declares Young American Was Murdered in Brussels.

New York, Feb. 21.—That Alfred M. Bard, nephew of former Senator Bard, of California, met his death in Europe by foul play was the statement made by Detective Sergeant John J. Fogarty, who returned to New York to-day from Brussels, Belgium. Fogarty went to Europe six weeks ago to look for the young man, who had been missing for nearly two months. He brought back part of Bard's effects.

Young Bard went to Brussels in August last year to study the violin. He intended to return to New York on a steamer leaving Antwerp on October 20th last. His uncle, Senator Bard, was at the pier to meet him when the ship arrived, but he did not appear among the passengers.

The detective said to-day that young Bard had made all arrangements to leave the Belgian City in October, according to his original plans. He withdrew $1,000 which he had on deposit in a bank there, but at the last moment decided to postpone his departure for one week because of an acquaintance he had made with a young French girl in Brussels. Fogarty declined to talk further about the case, except to say that young Bard was dead, and probably murdered.

SERIOUS LOSS OF LIFE.

Many Persons Reported to Have Been Killed By Explosion at Barracks in Khartoum.

London, Feb. 20.—The News this evening publishes a dispatch from Cairo, Egypt, announcing that a great explosion has occurred at the British barracks in Khartoum.

Considerable loss of life and much damage are reported.

BODY FOUND ON RAILWAY.

Inquiry Fails to Reveal How Woman Was Killed.

Ossining, N. Y., Feb. 21.—A woman's body, with the head severed from the trunk, was found beside the New York Central Railway tracks near here today. Both suspicion and mystery attach to the case since there was no other mutilation of the body except the wound by which the neck had been severed and because after several hours' investigation the coroner failed to learn the woman's identity or how she was killed. He said she might have been run over by a train. It is reported that the woman came from New York city. She was well dressed and wore rings containing several sapphires and a pearl.

Paterson, N. J., Feb. 21.—Last night a fire in the business district did damage estimated at $100,000.

TRYING TO SOLVE POWER QUESTION

COMMITTEE HAS ALL EVIDENCE NOW IN

Argument Was Heard Respecting the West Kootenay Company's Amending Bill This Morning.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

The Private Bills committee of the legislature this morning completed the hearing of the evidence and argument for and against the proposed amendment to the West Kootenay Power Company's act by which permission is asked to supply power in Yale district.

The B. C. Electric Company's engineer, Mr. Milne, was present this morning and gave his opinion as an expert upon the question of the feasibility of the proposed arrangement which the Cascade company is willing to enter into.

Mr. Milne said that the maximum power of the Cascade Company was represented as 3,000 horse-power. There was an average of 1,680 horse-power and it was doubtful if there could be more than 1,680 permanently established.

He was asked if it was feasible to carry out the scheme of having the West Kootenay Power Company provide power over the lines of the Cascade company.

Mr. Milne said that to put in the connection by which the West Kootenay power line would be brought to the Cascade Company's power house was possible. It would cost about $15,000 or $20,000 to put the necessary transformers and switch boards to supply the 1,320 horse-power to bring the average of the Cascade company from 1,680 horse-power up to 5,000 horse-power. The remainder of the power supplied by the West Kootenay Company might be transmitted over its own line. He thought that the West Kootenay Power Company, in order to make it a business proposition, would require that a minimum amount of power should be paid for by the Cascade company, whether used or not.

Estimating the cost of generating 7,000 horse-power by the West Kootenay Company, together with the cost of maintenance and depreciation in value and allowing for five per cent on the investment, the Cascade company would have to take at least 1,400 horse-power at $33.

This included the transformers for stepping down from 60,000 horse-power to 20,000 horse-power at the Cascade Company's works.

The estimate of this was based on $50 a horse-power, developed, which was the figures given by the West Kootenay Power Company.

Mr. Milne said that he had never heard of such a proposition being carried out.

In reply to R. L. Drury, he said that from a business point of view it was a good one for the Cascade company, as it increased the value of the plant. It was not a good business proposition from the standpoint of the West Kootenay Company.

If the West Kootenay company got a fair rate for the power supplied to the Cascade company the former should not care what was done with it. If the companies were to enter into competition it would be bad policy for the West Kootenay company to supply any power to the Cascade company. With the capacity which the West Kootenay company had as compared with the Cascade company the former could put the latter out of business.

Superintendent Anderson, of the Cascade company, was called as a witness. He testified that after eight years' experience the works could have supplied 3,000 horse-power except at the one time referred to, in January and February, 1905. This was due to the natural flow of the water without dams.

In reply to D. M. Eberts, witness said that he thought it would be a paying investment to put in a steam plant at a cost of $50 a horse-power. This would not be required to be called into use for years at a time.

E. V. Bodwell suggested to the committee that the bill introduced should not pass without protection being afforded the Cascade company. The West Kootenay company, he held, could not go into Yale district without legislation. The interests of the Boundary had testified that they did not care where the power came from as long as they got it. The Cascade company had no objection to the West Kootenay company coming in, but they should not be allowed in with a free hand and destroy the investment of the Cascade company. His clients suggested that the Cascade company should be allowed the market up to its capacity. The West Kootenay company had not offered any suggestion for reciprocal arrangement.

Mr. Eberts objected to the proposition of Mr. Begg that the West Kootenay company should become undertakers to supply the power to the Cascade company. The conditions were different altogether in England. The Cascade company could not supply more than 1,680 horse-power, which was the amount developed in January and February, 1905.

The acts under which the companies were incorporated do not give exclusive rights of territory to any companies. In 1897 there was incorporated the Grand Forks Power Company, to come in and distribute power within the very area claimed by the Cascade company. Trial was allowed to invade the territory of the West Kootenay Power Company.

Mr. Bodwell proposed an amendment to the bill which really amended the Cascade company's act by giving it the right to supply 3,000 horse-power in perpetuity. The company really asked that the Cascade company's act should be amended by giving protection to the amount of 3,000 horse-power and an additional 2,000 horse-power if the company saw fit.

The West Kootenay Power Company had had no satisfaction in its attempts to try and secure the Cascade works.

The committee had to decide whether the West Kootenay company was to be allowed into that territory or not.

It was not for the committee to curtail the powers asked for in the preamble of this bill and amend another bill. That was not a usual course to follow. From a business standpoint to the country the bill was an important one.

Dr. Young, chairman of the committee, then announced that the counsel and witnesses might retire while the committee considered the question.

For Women Only

SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT HEALTH THAT CAN BE ACTED UPON WITH ENORMOUS BENEFIT.

When a woman is continually unwell there must be a cause. Doctors say it is constipation, which disorganizes every function upon which health depends.

A woman knows little about medicine. But she quickly learns that injury instead of good follows the use of ordinary pills recommended for constipation.

Most pills irritate. But Dr. Hamilton's Pills are made particularly for women and exactly suit the female organism; they act promptly, but do not cause burning pains or reaction.

Every girl and women should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills occasionally. By doing so good health is assured. Peculiar disorders are rectified, and immediate cure follows for headache, bad taste, nervousness and lassitude.

To be well and keep well take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, best medicine made for the female sex; 25c per box or five boxes for $1.00 at all dealers, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

THE CASE OF MRS. MORRIS.

Roosevelt's Secretary Replies to Her Husband who Demanded an Apology.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 21.—Dr. Minor Morris, whose wife some weeks ago was ejected from the White House, where she had gone to present alleged grievances to the president, to-day gave out for publication the correspondence which recently passed between himself and the president regarding the case. Dr. Minor Morris demanded a public apology of the president, "for this outrage on womanhood and common decency." Secretary Loeb replied to the letter stating that an investigation by the chief of police showed that the arrest was justified and that the kindest act to Mrs. Morris and her kinsfolk was to refrain from giving the case additional publicity.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Aged Farmer Burned to Death—Charge of Conspiracy Dismissed at Hamilton.

Metcalfe, Ont., Feb. 19.—The home of Michael Wallace, an aged farmer of the township of Osgoode, was destroyed by fire Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who are about 80 years of age, their daughter-in-law and three small children were in the house at the time, but al lescaped except Mr. Wallace, who, for some reason, returned to the house after the fire had started, and his body was found burned almost to a cinder about four feet from the front door of the hallway.

Charge Dismissed.

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 19.—Magistrate Griel to-day dismissed the charge brought against Mayor Biggar and members of the council of conspiracy. The city council passed a rule that tenders for clothing, etc., would only be accepted when the manufacturers agreed to place union labels upon them.

Death of Mrs. McLaren.

Toronto, Feb. 19.—The wife of Justice McLaren died this morning after a lingering illness.

Training School.

Toronto, Feb. 19.—A Methodist Deaconess' home and training school to cost $100,000 is to be erected in Metropolitan church square. It will accommodate 75 pupils and 25 Deaconesses. The Massey estate has promised $50,000 if the Deaconesses will raise the remaining $50,000.

Old Resident Dead.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 19.—The death of David Kennedy, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Toronto, occurred at his residence, Kendon Park, South Parkdale, Saturday.

Writ Issued.

Ottawa, Feb. 19.—The writ for the election to the House of Commons for North Cape Breton and Victoria to replace D. D. McKenzie, appointed to the bench, was issued to-day. Nominations will be on March 7th and polling March 14th.

Pastoral Letter.

Montreal, Feb. 19.—Archbishop Bruchesi to-day issued an important pastoral letter placing the ban on Sunday amusement and prohibiting horse racing, baseball games and other like contests, political meetings, public excudsions, theatre presentations and concerts on the Sabbath. Dances and balls organized for charity are also forbidden as being contrary to the spirit of the church.

Ended His Life.

Richmond Hill, Ont., Feb. 19.—John McAvoy, a farm laborer employed by R. Elliott, a farmer living five miles north of Richmond Hill, hanged himself yesterday in Mr. Elliott's barn. No cause is assigned. He was 55 years old.

Committed For Trial.

Ottawa, Feb. 19.—James Kelley, of Masson, Que., is in Hull jail, committed for trial on the charge of having by his cruelty caused the death of Arnold Walsh, an emigrant boy, whom he got from the Catholic Immigration Society. It was shown in the evidence that the boy's fingers and toes were frozen off and that he was compelled to work in that condition.

MR. BLAIR'S NEW POST.

Solicitor and Consulting Attorney of C. P. R. at Ottawa.

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—Hon. A. G. Blair, former minister of railways, has been retained by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at a salary of $10,000 a year as Ottawa solicitor and consulting attorney.

NELSON'S MEMORANDUM.

Original Draft of Instructions to His Captains Has Been Found.

London, Feb. 20.—The Daily Telegraph to-day makes the interesting announcement of the discovery of the original draft in Lord Nelson's handwriting of his historic "General memorandum" to his captains at Trafalgar. The document, which was supposed to have been lost, was in the possession of a private family living near Merton Abbey, the home of Lady Hamilton.

THE NEW SENATORSHIP.

Ottawa, Feb. 20.—It is understood the senatorships in Saskatchewan and Alberta will go to Dr. Douglas, M.P., Assiniboia; A. B. MacDonald, of McLeod, and Benjamin Prince, Battleford. The fourth has not been decided.

JUDGE

Liquozone by What It Does. The First Bottle Is Free.

It is not our practice to publish testimonials on Liquozone. We prefer to buy the first bottle, and let the product itself prove its power. A simple test will do more to convince you than any argument or claims. We ask you to learn, at our expense, what this wonderful product means to you.

If you are sick, use Liquozone to get well, as millions have done. Learn what it does that other remedies have not accomplished. If you are well, use it to keep well, to ward off germ attacks and as an invigorant.

What Liquozone Is

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases, by a process requiring large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. No alcohol, no narcotics are in it. Chemists of the highest class direct the making. The result is to obtain from these harmless gases a powerful tonic-germicide.

The great value of Liquozone lies in the fact that it is deadly to germs, yet harmless to you. Germs are of vegetable origin; and this gas-made product, when absorbed by them, stops their activities. We publish an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. But to the body Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. It is helpful in the extreme.

That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poisons when taken internally. That is why medicine proves so nearly helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is a tonic.

We Paid $100,000

For the American rights to Liquozone, after hundreds of tests had been made with it. After its power had been demonstrated, again and again, if the most difficult term diseases. Then we spent, in two years, more than ten times that sum to let others test it at our expense. The result is that millions of people, scattered everywhere, have shared in the benefits of this invention.

We make the same offer to you. We ask you to prove, at our cost, how much this product means to you. Let Liquozone itself show how wrong it is to suffer from a trouble that it cures.

Germ Diseases

Most of our sickness has, in late years, been traced to germ attacks. The list of known germ diseases now numbers about one hundred.

Some germs—as in skin troubles—directly attack the tissues. Some create toxins, causing such troubles as Rheumatism, Blood poison, Kidney Disease and nerve weakness Some destroy vital organs, as in Consumption. Some—like the germs of Catarrh—create inflammation; some cause indigestion. Directly or indirectly, nearly every serious ailment is a germ result. Such diseases call for Liquozone—not drugs, which can't kill germs.

Every germ attack, no matter what its symptoms, calls for a germicide. The mildness of Liquozone makes some of its results seem almost incredible. But in that mildness lies the power that germ diseases need. And diseases which have resisted medicine for years often yield at once to it.

50c. Bottle Free

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-sized bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is .....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

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Give full address—write plainly.

W. 45