



IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER V. THE LOVER AND THE SPY.

"Will you take my arm, and—come a little this way?" he said. "People may come by the gate—"

"Then they moved off, and Mr. Hastley Derrick could hear no more. He waited till they had passed quite out of hearing, then stole out from behind his ambush; the scar so fully developed that he looked Mephistopheles in human form again.

Before he could do anything more than smile, there came the thud, thud of a man's footsteps on the grass, and the next instant Lord Charles' cheery voice rang out:

"Hello, there! Is that you, Derrick? Yes! by Jove! Why, man, where on earth have you been sauntering? My dear fellow, you don't mean to say you have lost your way?"

"My dear fellow" came into the moonlight to meet his friend with a smile behind his hand, but a curse on his lips as he muttered:

"Noisy idiot; lost me the plot of the piece and spoiled the whole drama!" And with a quick glance behind him, he saw two shadows disappear in the distance.

"How do you do, my dear Derrick! and who have you got with you? Why, where on earth have they gone—I heard voices."

Hastley Derrick hesitated a moment—oh, that hesitation!—if he had but told the truth, how much misery would have been spared Elsie Estcourt and my Lord Heatherdene!—and Hed.

"Voices! the owls, then, my dear fellow! I have been lounging here for the last ten minutes, smoking a cigar and enjoying the night, and I've heard no voices, nor seen a soul."

"Then I must have been dreaming! But come along, I'm delighted to see you—give me your arm. The ladies will be delighted to see you and welcome your first visit to the Court. Pretty country, isn't it? What are you looking for?"

"Nothing. Isn't that an owl there?" was the instant reply, and with a quick movement, he swung Lord Charles round to the right, and at that moment the two figures of Olive Estcourt and Stephen Rawdon passed through a patch of moonlight on the left, where Lord Charles must have seen them if he had not been swung round to see imaginary owls.

CHAPTER VI. SIX MONTHS LATER.

IT was near Christmas, just six months since the little village of Hawthorne had been stirred into unwonted excitement by the flight of Olive Estcourt—that quiet girl of Mrs. Dennett's. London is at its best and worst. Best for its richness, when the clubs are comfortable with their great fires and warm, cozy rooms, the shops and theatres in full swing, and the game of life generally spinning round merrily; at its worst for the poor, with trade bad, the weather hard, and food and fuel dear.

It was the middle of that second

half season, when fashion, tired of playing at rusticity, comes back to bask in the fog and murk of its May-fair when the best—that is, the least crowded—balls and concerts are given, and there is some chance of driving in the mail or riding in the row without being run over or ridden down. There were, in fact, a great many people in town, the clubs were full, the leader of the season had given a brilliant ball, and all but hunting men were up and about the shady side of Pall Mall.

On the steps of one of the best clubs on this evening (in December stood Lord Charles Heatherdene and Hastley Derrick; the first as cheery and handsome as ever, the latter equally unaltered; dark, slim, and inscrutable. Charlie Heatherdene came through the swinging doors, laughing banteringly, and turned on the steps to look at his companion with lazy curiosity.

"What!" he said. "You won't come? What am I to tell Lady Florence? She'll never forgive you for going away without saying 'good-by,' Derrick."

"Yes, I think she would," said Hastley Derrick, taking out a cigar. "Don't lay too many sins to my charge, Heatherdene. I called on their ladyships this morning and left a card with the corner turned down."

"Just as if you were going out of town, instead of to India for three years! and to-morrow, too! By Jove, I can scarcely realize it! Don't go, my dear fellow."

"Lead us not into temptation," replied Hastley Derrick. "No; I must go, Heatherdene. My uncle having left me an estate, it is only decent that I should go and look after it. It is hard lines, but—well, there are make-weights."

"Yes, you'll be able to study some new characters," laughed Charlie; "you must be tired of all ours. By the time you get back, we will have some new folks for you to analyze—ah, I know your weakness, my dear fellow!"

Pains Over Left Kidney.

Warned This Captain That the Kidneys Were Responsible for His Pains and Aches—Freed of Pain and Suffering by a Well-Known Medicine.

Hereford, Que., February 12th.—Captain Peabody is well known all through this section, and his cure by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has aroused great interest in this great medicine.

The Captain had been suffering for long time, and could never get any treatment to afford lasting relief until he began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Captain A. Peabody, Hereford, Que., writes:—"For years I suffered from indigestion, rheumatism and neuralgia. Lightning-like pains would shoot all through my body, and I also had severe pains over my left kidney and through the hips. I doctored for years and tried all kinds of remedies, but the only result was money spent without relief. At last I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of his Kidney-Liver Pills and decided to try them. One box made such a change that I sent for five more. Before I had finished them the pains in my kidneys and hips had disappeared, and I was clear of those sharp, shooting pains through the body. I still take these Pills occasionally to keep my bowels regular, and would not be without them, as I have them to thank for my cure."

"I can also speak highly of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Powder and Linseed or Turpentine. The former cured me of catarrh in the head, which caused frequent headaches. I am completely cured of this now, and breathe freely as when a boy. The Linseed and Turpentine proved of great benefit for a bad cough which bothered me continually for three winters. Last winter I took one bottle of the Linseed and Turpentine, and have not been bothered with a cough since."

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a hansom. While he was doing so, a man who had been loitering in the shadow, came into the light, thinking himself unnoticed, but Hastley Derrick's ever-searching eye caught the movement sideways, and he turned in time to see the lotter's face.

Not only to see, but to recognize. Instantly his arm, which had been raised to hire the cab, dropped to his side, and he turned and followed the man.

Two or three strides and he was alongside of him; then, in the most natural manner of pleasant surprise, he laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and said:

"Ah, Rawdon, how do you do?" The man turned with an unmistakable start, and held out his hand. "Mr. Derrick!" he said, with a slight flush on his dark face, "how do you do?"

"Capital, thanks! and yourself?" said Derrick. "Why, I haven't seen you for a twelve month!" he added, completely ignoring the moonlight night in Hawthorne churchyard. "Where have you been hiding—Rome—Naples—which is it you gentlemen of the brush delight to honor now?"

He put the question carelessly enough, and no one would have guessed how anxiously he longed for the answer.

Stephen Rawdon hesitated a moment, then he answered glibly enough:

"No, I have not been out of England. I live in London."

"Ah!" said Hastley Derrick, walking on by his side, "settled down, I suppose?"

"Yes," heheated the other, "yes; I am married."

"Lucky dog!" exclaimed Derrick. "You must give me the honor of an introduction to Mrs. Rawdon."

"I shall be most happy," said Stephen Rawdon. There was a moment's pause, while the dark eyes, looking downward, seemed speculating or calculating—then they looked up with a strange light in them. "When will you come?"

Hastley Derrick laughed, with his hand up to his mouth.

"Now or never!" as the man says in the play. "I start to-morrow for India for three years."

Stephen Rawdon raised his dark eyebrows with well-feigned surprise.

"I am sorry for that," he said. "I was going to ask you to come and see us to-night—just a little surprise and a glass of wine; but I am afraid you will have too many engagements."

Hastley Derrick thought a moment. There passed swiftly through his mind that scene he had witnessed in the country churchyard; the sudden disappearance of the pale-faced, beautiful girl, and the utter failure of the search for her. He alone during the excitement could have given a clue. He had attempted, on his own account, to follow up that clue, but had failed with the rest, and here, just when he could not follow it, it had turned up again, strong and palpable. For months he had been looking for this man, and had failed to find him.

and here he was, arm in arm with him.

It was a strong temptation, and Hastley Derrick could not resist. A moment's rapid reflection, and he answered:

"As it happens," he said, with a smile, "I have got the evening on my hands. I have said my adieu and made all my preparations. Do you know, I will accept your invitation; that is, if you can give me an hour's grace?"

Stephen Rawdon looked at him with a curious smile that was not altogether pleasant.

"You want to go home first?" he said.

"Well, yes," replied Hastley Derrick; "the fact is, I have a great deal of money about me—preparation for the voyage, you know, and—"

Stephen Rawdon threw back his head and laughed—almost strangely. "My dear fellow, I shall not rob you. St. John's Wood is a forest only in name, and there is no handiit! I'll see you safe in a cab when you leave us."

"That reassures me," laughed Derrick, as if half ashamed of his cautiousness. "I am all anxiety to make Mrs. Rawdon's acquaintance. Perhaps I know her already, though? Let me see; when we used to meet each other, you were studying at the museum. There were one or two pretty girls at the easels then."

"I don't think you know my wife," said Stephen Rawdon, with his eyes downcast. "She comes from Scotland."

"Scotland!"

"But she is English," added the other hastily.

"Ah, when staying in Scotland, I see," said Hastley Derrick, with the most easy-going ingenueness; "and how have you been going on?"

"Oh, very well, very well, indeed," was the reply, made in that tone which belies the words, and makes them sound like, "Very bad, indeed."

Hastley Derrick glanced sideways at his companion, and noticed that, although not exactly seedy, there was that indefinite something about his appearance which indicated ill luck and the reverse of prosperity.

There had always been something about the man—a secretiveness and air of mystery—which had interested Derrick. That interest had been increased tenfold by the Hawthorne romance, and to-night it culminated. Derrick felt that, happen what might in the way of inconvenience, that though this was his last night in England for three years, he must go home with the man, and see if the girl who had so strangely fled from her home with this man, whom she did not love, was happy.

They walked on for some little time until they came to the street in which Derrick's chambers were situated.

There were letters to write, last arrangements to be made, the inevitable few matters to be cleared up, and here was he, going to St. John's Wood with a man he scarcely knew, for the mere object of seeing a girl who had interested him; not so much by her beauty, uncommon as it was, but by the strange way in which she had stepped out to meet her fate in the shape of a lover whom she had scarcely known, and for whom she professed no love.

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

A pinch of salt in the starch will keep the irons from sticking. Very small cakes should always be baked in a very quick oven.

When using left-overs pay particular attention to the flavor. Stewed tomatoes can be improved by the addition of sweet peppers. A delicious jam can be made of pineapple flavored with cinnamon.

A strong solution of washing soda will remove paint from chairs. Juice left over from any canned fruit may be used with baked apples. Lamb stew should be cooked all day to make it as tender as it should be.

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EARLY MEASURES

THE RUSSIAN PEACE. LONDON, Feb. 11. The version of the Russian announcement at Brest-Litovsk on the subject sent by the Central News correspondent at Amsterdam, represents Leon Trotsky, Bolshevik Foreign Minister, as declaring that Russia is now obliged to sign a separate peace, and that the state of war between Russia and the Central Powers would be declared terminated.

FURTHER DISCUSSION. AMSTERDAM, Feb. 11. Leon Trotsky, Bolshevik Foreign Minister, alluding to the further discussion that will arise from the Central Powers and Russia for the establishment of reciprocal diplomatic, commercial and economic relations, indicated the method of direct intercourse between the governments concerned, as well as the employment of commissions of the quadruple alliance which are already at Petrograd.

LABOR SOLID. NEW YORK, Feb. 11. The workers of Great Britain and America, through their spokesmen at a great loyalty meeting at the Century Theatre last night, pledged their united and unwavering effort to the defeat of Germany. The workers of America spoke through Secretary of Labor, W. B. Wilson, and officials of the American Federation of Labor. The workers of Great Britain spoke through Charles Duncan, M.P., head of the British Labor Mission, which arrived in this country yesterday. The meeting was pilloried by the speakers and when Hugh Frayne, representative of labor on the War Industries Board, asked that firing squads be allowed to deal with the Kaiser brand of sealer after peace he was cheered to the echo. Mr. Duncan drew great applause when he told how speeches of President Wilson had kept up the people of England in a dramatic way, referring to the pacifists, Mr. Duncan said, it will be time enough to talk about peace when those who started the war ask for peace.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11. President Wilson appearing unexpectedly before Congress again to-day replied to the recent peace speeches of Count Von Hertling, German Chancellor and Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, reminding the statesmen of the Central Powers that peace can be discussed only on the basis of permanency and essential justice, and told by warning the people of the Central Empires that the participation of the U. S. in the war was for the emancipation of humanity. The President warned the German military autocracy that there

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