

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czar," etc., etc.
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"No," she cried instantly. "No one knows the old house as I do, and no one would have a thousandth part of the incentive to find out things that I should have."

"Then have someone else there as well."

"No again to that. I should be in constant dread of discovery, and should have a double load of responsibility. I must be alone."

"He had to yield to her. And now, what are we to tell Mr. Fenwick? You can imagine what his anxiety has been."

"Poor Jack. I can, indeed. But he must bear it a little longer. He will easily identify the woman, Anna Hartmann, and will have hope that the mystery is to be cleared up. But he must not even know that I am alive. He is the dearest fellow in the world; but he is no actor, and he could no more hide his delight than fly. He is probably in daily communication with Mrs. Taunton; and she would get the secret out of him in five minutes."

"He is much more troubled about you than about his own affairs."

"And therefore the more certain to be unable to keep the secret. He must not even be warned that Mrs. Taunton is what she is."

"And as Olive wished, so all was settled. But on one point Mr. Case must be firm. Olive must take means to keep him informed every day that all was well with her at Silverbeech."

"It may be impossible without raising all manner of suspicions," she objected. "A single envelope with your address on it, if seen, would start a thousand suspicions."

"Then address them to Bridget O'Brien at this house. I am quite determined. No letters from Mollie, no character for Mollie. I am resolved not to lose touch with that young lady again. And if there comes a day without a letter, I shall go at once to the Manor and refuse to leave without seeing her. I'll find a reason. She shall come into a fortune if necessary."

Three days later, Mollie O'Brien

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



NO. 695-A BECOMING BLOUSE.

The smart model here pictured is admirable for wear with the separate skirt or in a costume. The fronts lap slightly in double-breasted style, and the open neck discloses a dainty chemise of embroidery. The sleeves are in three-quarter length, and the novel arrangement of the tucks in the lower part add to the attractiveness of the model. All the season's waistings are adaptable such as challis, cashmere, silk and linen. Each 36-inch bust measure 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.

Ladies' Shirts, No. 695. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

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Street Address

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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 sent measure you need only mark 22, 24 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 is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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drove up the avenue at Silverbeech to enter on her new situation as between-maid in the household; and she had not been a couple of hours in the servants' hall before she had them all laughing at her quaint speeches and droll Irish yarns, and had established herself as a favorite.

She was as ready-handed, too, as she was nimble-witted. No matter what was to be done that day, Mollie was ready to do it; and to do it well and quickly.

The next morning Mrs. Cooper, the housekeeper, began to instruct her in her duties. "You know, of course, what a between-maid has to do, Mollie?"

"Savin' your swate presence, that's just what I don't. I've always been a full maid before, when I wasn't an empty wan, that is; and that was in dear old Killarney. But sure, I can learn it all, can't I?"

"Well, you are to help upstairs in the morning, and in the kitchen afterwards."

"So long as I'm not to be in both places at once it'll be all right, ma'am."

"But you must understand. I've told Mrs. Merridew that you are a thoroughly competent girl; and I am going to take you to see her now; and you must say you are."

Olive winked and nodded. "I'll walk round her. It's meself hasn't kissed the blarney stone for nothin'!"

"Come, then. She's a very dignified lady, mind, and very short in the temper. So be careful."

"Sure, my mouth shall be as tender as But Malone's when he put the cracked egg in his mouth as hein' the softest place about him."

And with this mask of a jest and a merry laugh, Olive followed the housekeeper for her first interview with the enemy who had ruined her and whose schemes she had now risked so much to discover.

CHAPTER XLII.
The Stolen Paper.

Olive entered the room for the interview with Mrs. Merridew with her eyes downcast and her hands crossed, and dropped a little curtsey, as if appropriately awed and humble in the presence of so great a lady.

"This is the new maid, madam," Olive curtseyed again, shot a swift glance at "the mistress" and let her eyes fall again instantly. Mrs. Merridew was looking at her very keenly; and Olive judged that the scrutiny was inspired less by a desire to judge her fitness for a servant's place than by her uneasy distrust of any stranger coming into the house.

Olive had been quite confident that she would not be recognized. If Mr. Case, who knew her so well, had been misled by the disguise, Mrs. Merridew, who had seen so little of her, was not likely to pierce it. Her confidence was justified.

"What is your name?" Mrs. Merridew asked her, sharply.

"Sure, it's Molly O'Brien, ma'am."

"This is her right brogue. I did not like Irish girls," said Mrs. Merridew to the housekeeper. "They are always chattering so. I hope you don't chatter, girl."

"I hope I know my place better than that, ma'am. Father O'Clafferty could tell your honor that."

"Never mind that," was the impatient interruption. "What is her work, Mrs. Cooper?"

"She's between-maid, madam," replied the housekeeper.

"Do you know your work thoroughly?"

"Sure, Mrs. Cooper can tell you that same, ma'am," replied Olive, glancing at the latter.

"Why the girl's deformed. What's the matter with her shoulder?"

"They told me I'd grown faster on this side nor the other, ma'am," and Olive put her hand on the little hump she had fashioned, and moved the arm to prove that she could use it freely.

"She's a very strong girl, madam," declared Mrs. Cooper. "She has proved that already. And we are very short-handed just now."

"Sure, I'm not short-handed," protested Olive, as she misunderstood this to apply to herself. "See, now," and she stretched out her two hands. Even Mrs. Merridew's hard face relaxed slightly at this. "You have her character, of course, Mrs. Cooper."

"From her last mistress personally. I saw her myself, and said how particular you were, madam," answered the housekeeper, telling the lie with the utmost coolness. "She was three years in her last place."

"Very well. Now, mind, girl, do your work well, and you'll have a comfortable place. That will do."

was allowed to go to bed proportionately early.

It was then that her real task began in earnest. She had brought with her a long, black cloak, with a hood so fastened that she could at need entirely conceal even her face, and hidden in this she could move freely about the house when she was supposed to be in bed.

She had another advantage. Her position as between-maid enabled her, even in the daytime, to be in any part of the house without rousing suspicion. She used this freedom to make herself thoroughly familiar with every change that had been made in the arrangement of the furniture; and for the first night or two, her roamings were more to get accustomed to the work of spying, and to enable herself to move about silently and secretly, and without knocking against chairs and tables and any other furniture.

While about her work in the daytime, moreover, she contrived to arrange many little hiding-places; little refuges to which she could fly at need; or where she could conceal herself in order to overhear conversations, between mother and son, when the latter arrived.

In all this her knowledge of the secret passages of the house was of the greatest advantage. And as she found means and opportunity to render them all easy of access in case of emergency.

Three days after arrival she had a great stroke of luck. In Mrs. Merridew's bedroom, she picked up a bunch of keys. As there would prove of the utmost advantage in the secret searches she intended to make, she had no hesitation in keeping them; and placed them afterwards in secure hiding.

A considerable stir followed the loss. But as Mrs. Merridew had been out walking that day, she could not be positive that she had dropped them indoors. The house was ransacked from roof to garret; and no one was more zealous in the search than Olive herself. Even the servants' boxes were ordered to be searched; with the result that two of them refused and left on the spot. Mrs. Merridew immediately read the refusal as proof of guilt; and thus suspicion never left Olive.

As the keys were not found, the locksmith had to be sent for to fit new ones; and Olive took advantage of this to observe exactly which locks she could now open.

Soon her opportunity came. A telegram arrived from Merridew that was coming down to the Manor; and Olive was immediately set to get his room ready. Mrs. Merridew occupied the rooms which had been Olive's, and the son those which her father had always used. Between the two suites was an ante room, in which was one of the old secret panels with a recess behind it. This might have been specially constructed for Olive's purpose; as it was possible for anyone concealed within it to overhear all that passed in Mrs. Merridew's sitting-room.

Merridew arrived after the time when Olive was believed to have gone to bed, and he went straight to his mother's room. Olive was watching for him, and as he passed the spot where she was concealed she caught a glimpse of his face, and observed that he was greatly agitated.

The moment he had gone into the room, she slipped into the recess to listen.

Then she learnt that the arrests had taken place in London; that the utmost consternation had been caused and that Merridew had come down to Silverbeech lest his identity as Maxwell should be discovered.

What was of still greater importance, he had brought the stolen papers with him; and he now urged his mother to hide them in some place of secrecy and security. Baron Fell, to whom they were to have been delivered, had left England for a time and until his return they could not be handed over to anyone.

The interview between the two was very heated. Mrs. Merridew, it came out, had insisted upon her son giving up all connection with his old associates. "We have all this, Gilbert," she declared, angrily. "Now, then, get into such a mess as this other thing threatens to be."

"I've told you before that they can't be shaken off in such a way, mother. You know what they are. They'd tear us both to pieces if they were. I've told you before that they can't be shaken off in such a way, mother. You know what they are. They'd tear us both to pieces if they were. I've told you before that they can't be shaken off in such a way, mother. You know what they are. They'd tear us both to pieces if they were."

"I will have them to do with it," Gilbert said, firmly.

"And I won't have anything hidden here. Understand that."

"Well, you must; and that's the long and short of it," he retorted, doggedly; and a long and angry quarrel followed, in which each gained his way in the end. And as soon as that was settled, he flung out of the room in a rage.

Where would she put them? Olive strained her mind to the effort to follow her movements about the room. She heard the rattle of keys; the unlocking of drawers; and the rustle of Mrs. Merridew's silk dress, as she moved from place to place as if in indecision.

Presently the door was opened. Olive slipped from her hiding-place and saw Mrs. Merridew go slowly down the broad staircase. She paused for a moment by the library; and at that moment Olive saw that she held a small packet in her hand. She did not enter the library, however, but crossed the hall and unlocked a heavy door into the corridor which led to a disused wing of the house.

Trusting to the concealment of her cloak and the noiseless tread of her feet shoes, Olive stole after her. It was the first real test of her ability as a spy; and the importance of ascertaining the hiding-place of the papers was so critical that she could not hesitate. She was striving now for Jack as well as for herself. His safety as much as her own depended upon her skill and nerve.

Without a thought that eager eyes were watching her every movement, Mrs. Merridew went right along the corridor, and entered the room at the end. She stood a few seconds at the threshold, holding the lamp she was carrying high above her head. She was looking for a hiding-place for the papers.

(To Be Continued.)

BOVRIL

Nothing contains so much concentrated nourishment as Bovril. Take some daily. It will build up your health and materially increase your strength.

JURY SCORED FOR ACQUITTAL

"A Premium On Murder," Says Judge in Bowin Case.

DECLARES PRISONER GUILTY
Conclusion of Canadian Boy's Trial at Detroit a Tremendous Sensation.

Detroit, Mich., April 9.—Percy Bowin, of Woodville, Ont., was acquitted at noon today on the charge of murdering aged Mrs. Catherine Welch.

Judge, prosecutor, court officials, and everybody within hearing were astounded when shortly after 12 o'clock the jury in the Bowin case came into court with a verdict of acquittal.

"Is this verdict unanimous, gentlemen?" inquired the Judge.

"Premium on Murder."

The jury was polled by the clerk of the court, and each member separately declared that the verdict was unanimous.

The judge was plainly indignant and before ordering the release of the prisoner he bitterly scored the jury for its action.

"This is the grossest miscarriage of justice that has stained the records of this court for many years," he declared. "You men have deliberately set free a bad criminal, set him free after he had been fairly proven guilty of this heinous crime. You are putting a premium upon murder, for you are publishing to the world that in Detroit a moral degenerate may, with impunity, take human life."

"Every member of this jury ought to be ashamed of himself. You should be ashamed to meet your fellow-man upon the streets, not only today or tomorrow, but as long as you walk the streets of this city and state."

Nearly As Bad As Prisoner.

"In my opinion you are pretty nearly as bad as he is for such an acquittal. I only regret that I am unable under the law to punish you men as you deserve. As it is, you may go for I would not knowingly permit another one of you to serve on a jury in this court or any kind of a case whatever."

A Relieved Mother.

Mrs. Bowin sat in her usual position at the back of her son's chair. When the jury came in with its verdict she raised her face out of her hands and spoke, and she dared not hope for the best and feared to hear the result of the jury's deliberations. When the result was announced she sank back into her seat with a slight gasp and then burst into tears of relief. She made no motion toward her son, apparently too much overcome to move.

The prisoner, on the contrary, almost seemed to expect a conviction. At the last he heard the verdict of not guilty and he laughed cheerfully as though he had not been standing in the shadow of the penitentiary. Then he turned and shook hands with his lawyer and with the nearest reporters. At the last he turned to his mother for an instant only. A few minutes later he was taken out of the courtroom through the crowd that thronged the streets and sidewalk and back to jail to get his property.

"I don't know just what I shall do," he said.

Murdered or Nothing.

Judge Phelan's charge was a source of surprise to both sides of the case in at least one respect. He instructed the twelve men that they must either find guilty of murder in first degree or acquit. He did not allow them to prosecute attorney or else they must acquit him. They were to find guilty of murder in first degree or acquit him. They were to find guilty of murder in first degree or acquit him.

Of the first degree of murder, Bowin would have been sent to the penitentiary for life. Such a charge from a judge is a most unusual thing in a criminal trial, the general belief being that a judge has no authority to specify the degree of guilt of a prisoner.

Criticized Judge.

The local attorneys, after the jury had retired, declared that the judge's charge was an error, and formed a sufficient basis for a reversal of the verdict by the supreme court in case of a conviction. With this in view the prosecuting attorney seemed to fully agree, although he declined to discuss the matter.

Other court officials declared the judge must leave the degree of guilt to the jury, but that if the verdict at the last is not in keeping with the testimony presented, the judge may set the verdict aside and order a re-trial.

Forest will hold a celebration on May 24, with all sorts of athletic sports.

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We have the inclination, and the resources, and the will.

If you like Hats of ideal quality and exquisite fashionings and finishing, see our present displays.

Prices much less than you think.

Skirts With all the Swing and Dash of the Spring Styles, \$5 to \$15

The New 1908 Skirts are here; all the swing, dash and style of the new spring skirts is embodied in their fashioning. Approved skirt fabrics of worthy, definable qualities of silk and wool are used in their making.

The showing will interest you. You will like the skirts—like their dashing style—like the price. You will find what you want at what you want to pay.

The few items and descriptions will be interesting reading for skirt buyers:

Ladies' Skirts in Panama and Venetian cloths; colors, black, navy and brown, pleated styles, with fold on bottom. Selling price \$5.00

Skirt of all-wool Bengaline, made with double box-pleat, back and front, with four bands of silk around bottom; colors, brown and black. At \$8.00

Skirts in all-wool taffeta cloth, pleated all round with a fold on bottom; black, brown, green and navy. Selling price \$6.50

Black Voile Skirt, new gored flare style, trimmed with silk folds, draped effect. Selling at \$13.50

Skirts in self-colored fancy stripes, pleated, flare style, a big special, selling Saturday at \$7.50

Handsome Black Voile Skirt, with silk strappings on each seam, and three graduated folds on bottom, selling at \$15.00

hearing of the case before another jury.

"If the jury convicts Bowin we will take an appeal to the supreme court at once," declared Attorney Kennedy.

Crowds Awaited Result.

Hundreds of men and women surrounded the jail today and stood in a close mass on the narrow street which separates the jail from the court building.

The crowd waited patiently to see the prisoner taken across to the courtroom shackled to a police officer, and then they waited by the hour to see him led back to his cell after the jury should agree upon a verdict. That the verdict could be anything except "guilty" was a possibility that did not occur to the general public.

Bowin himself seemed to realize for the first time today the seriousness of the situation, and his jokes and quips were conspicuous by their absence.

THAMESFORD TOPICS

Much Sickness Is Prevailing in the Village—Stork at the Manor.

Thamesford, April 8.—A great deal of sickness prevails in this village and vicinity at present. Mrs. J. A. Matheson has been seriously ill, but hopes are entertained for her recovery, although her condition is still very critical. Mrs. Robert Day is also very ill. A consultation of the doctors was held and an operation was found necessary. The accident to the Helios occurred on Saturday last. There was great apprehension that the oil would reach the fires and a disastrous explosion would result. One hundred and fifty tons of oil were pumped from the bunkers, but the task of removing the remainder of the oil was beyond the efforts of the crew. The Helios, with the accompanying heavy seas, rendered it impossible to remove the hatches to allow the fumes to escape. Before leaving the vessel the searchlights and hatches were opened to facilitate her sinking, as she was in the direct track of liners.

Oil Invaded Stokehead and Ship Had To Be Abandoned.

Plymouth, April 8.—The Norwegian tank steamer Helios, the crew of which were rescued in mid-Atlantic by the steamer Majestic, as reported yesterday, was abandoned in north latitude 49°, west longitude 38°. She had encountered a terrible storm that lasted three days. Her bunkers were broken and the vessel listed badly. Her cargo of oil invaded the stokehead, and its overpowering fumes compelled the crew to abandon the vessel. The accident to the Helios occurred on Saturday last. There was great apprehension that the oil would reach the fires and a disastrous explosion would result. One hundred and fifty tons of oil were pumped from the bunkers, but the task of removing the remainder of the oil was beyond the efforts of the crew. The Helios, with the accompanying heavy seas, rendered it impossible to remove the hatches to allow the fumes to escape. Before leaving the vessel the searchlights and hatches were opened to facilitate her sinking, as she was in the direct track of liners.

TANK STEAMER LOST

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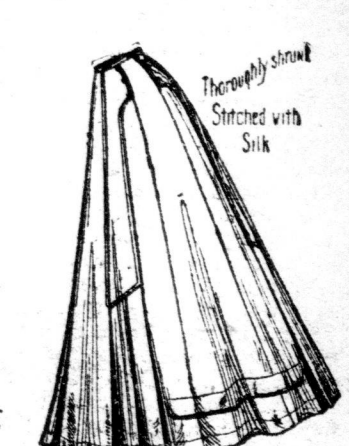
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Can't Extradite Roy

But He Can Be Prosecuted in France For Alleged Murder.

Paris, April 9.—The Ministry of Justice, to which the foreign office turned over the request of the United States for the extradition of Paul E. Roy, a Frenchman, who married an American woman known as Glacia Calla, and who has been accused of killing her brother at Newington, N. H., has decided that no law exists in that country under which Roy can be given over to the American authorities. The Ministry of Justice declares that it would be a violation of France's principle, which is not to deliver a citizen charged with a crime in a foreign country, but it rules that Roy can be prosecuted in France.

George Vance, of St. Catharines, was acquitted of murder yesterday. Sev-



eral witnesses described the row between Vance and Patterson, and saw no stones thrown. Expert medical testimony contradicted the evidence of the crown, and declared Patterson's death might have been due to many causes. The jury were out a short time only.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, FOR COLIC, SOOTHES THE GUMS, CURES 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."

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WIFE BEATEN TO DEATH

Montreal Woman Died of Injuries Received at Hands of Husband.

Montreal, April 8.—An inquest is to be held tomorrow in regard to the death of Mrs. R. Cahill, of Point St. Charles. She was beaten by her husband, and died from the effects of the injuries received.

Her husband was in court yesterday, charged with drunkenness, but was remanded to await the result of the woman's injuries. It is likely that he will now be tried for murder or manslaughter.

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(To Be Continued.)

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