

THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

But he was so intent upon doing this that he overlooked one most important fact. He was carrying on his arm a light overcoat, which he used to make himself wider by holding it over his arm and putting the hand to his waist.

This action naturally made James Ince the more inquisitive, and he tried to peep through the small space left between the coat and the Frenchman's waist. In doing this, however, he suddenly became aware of a strange fact; he recognized the light overcoat as one belonging to his friend St. Quintin.

Without a moment's hesitation he whipped the coat off Monsieur Leblanc's arm, crying:

"Why, this is St. Quintin's coat!"

At the moment of doing this he was actuated merely by the wish to make his recognition of the garment an excuse for snatching it up and peering into the carriage as if in expectation of seeing his friend. But the way in which Monsieur Leblanc changed countenance and tried to get the coat back into his possession roused in the shrewd young barrister new and strange suspicions. Holding it tightly and stepping back briskly from the side of the fly, he said:

"All right, Monsieur Leblanc, I'll take care of this. I'll take it with me to Densley, and leave it at the inn for you. I suppose you are going to meet St. Quintin there?"

Monsieur Leblanc, who was pale and grim, evidently intensely annoyed at what he looked upon as impertinence, said shortly:

"You had better leave it at Miss Grey's cottage then, a little stone house standing on a bank, with a porch and a seat outside. It is on the opposite of the road to the inn, but farther away and outside the village. You can't miss it. St. Quintin was there this evening and will be returning. He asked me to take care of his coat and not to leave it about."

"Oh, all right. I'll look after it. What time will you be coming back?"

"I don't know. I'll be back when I see him. He'll be back when he sees me."

"Why have we turned back? Ought we not to push on to Densley, to see what has become of Massey?"

"Yes, presently. But first I want to see where Leblanc is going. There's something mysterious about his movements and odd about his manner. I don't like finding a check-book and I want to see whether it will be a bait sufficient to bring Leblanc back to Densley."

"The other fly has stopped before one of the houses, sir, and Monsieur Leblanc has gone into the house."

"All right. Has the second man got out?"

"No, sir."

"Then tell our driver to keep out of sight and to follow the fly when it goes on again."

The fly which contained Ince and his companion had not to wait long. In a few moments Monsieur Leblanc came out of the hotel, followed by a sleepy waiter bearing a small portmanteau, which was put into the fly. Then the vehicle started off again, with that of James Ince in pursuit.

"Miss Densley looked paler than ever, she had an instinct that all this midnight journeying was sinister and suspicious."

James Ince, however, was taciturn and would admit nothing, not even the suspicions he had formed as to the possessor of the portmanteau which Monsieur Leblanc was taking back to Densley.

Ince had another short colloquy with his own driver, as soon as he had ascertained that the other fly had taken the Densley road.

"Do you know of a short cut to Densley?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. There's one across the fields. But it's for foot passengers, not for horses."

James Ince asked for the direction, and when the fly had reached the spot he and Miss Densley and Saunders got out of the vehicle and started at a rapid pace by the short cut, in order to reach Miss Grey's cottage before Monsieur Leblanc and his unknown companion.

The fly was to come on slowly, and to wait at a point outside the village in case it should be wanted.

Ince had St. Quintin's overcoat on his arm, and led the way at a flying pace, while "Miss Densley" proved almost equally fleet of foot, and the tail of the rear not many feet away. In silence they went, just able to pick their way across a country that was fortunately very open by the light of a misty moon.

They succeeded in reaching Densley before the appearance of the fly which contained Monsieur Leblanc and his companion, and they dashed up to the cottage, where there was a light burning in the top front room.

They knocked, and James Ince, thinking that the solitary female occupant might perhaps be alarmed to see so many nocturnal visitors, directed Saunders to take up a position at the rear of the cottage, where he would be wanted later, if things turned out as expected.

Then Ince and his pretty girl companion waited for a few moments, until they heard a female voice on the other side of the front door.

"Who is it?" asked the voice querulously.

"It's I. Don't you remember Miss Densley?" said the girl.

Miss Grey drew back the bolts and let her and her companion in at once.

"Lor, Miss Densley, I've had such a day of it, with gentlemen coming and going! And I thinking you and Ma-

"As soon as I have seen my friend off. Good-bye for the present."

"Good-bye," said Ince, with a well-kept appearance of having no suspicion of anything being wrong.

And he stepped back and let the fly drive on toward Doncaster.

But as soon as Monsieur Leblanc's fly had got round the first bend in the road he made his own driver turn round and follow the Frenchman's conveyance at a safe distance.

Then he got inside and the pursuit began.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Miss Densley was leaning back in a corner of the fly, and she sat up as soon as Ince got in again.

"Who was it," she whispered. "Wasn't it Monsieur Leblanc?"

"Yes, with another man. I couldn't make out who he was, but he was too big a man to be St. Quintin. But look! Leblanc was carrying St. Quintin's coat, and here's his check-book in it and his post-book. Odd, isn't it?"

The girl began to tremble.

"Did he say where Massey was?"

"He said he had been at a cottage in Densley, a Miss Grey's."

"Yes, I know it. I've stayed there with the Leblancs a few weeks ago, when they showed me over the place."

"Leblanc says St. Quintin will be coming back there and that he'll be coming also. I wonder what he's up to."

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"Lor, Miss Densley, I've had such a day of it, with gentlemen coming and going! And I thinking you and Ma-

dame weren't come after all! Where is she now?"

"I've not come with Madame Leblanc," answered the girl, quickly, with an involuntary shudder.

"Well, come in and go upstairs. I've got your room ready."

And Miss Grey turned curiously to the gentleman by her side.

"And who is this gentleman?"

"My name is Ince. I've come to try to find a friend of mine, Mr. St. Quintin. Have you seen anything of him?"

"Mr. St. Quintin! Oh, dear, yes. He's been in and out all the afternoon. He and Monsieur Leblanc and Mr. Williams."

"Mr. Williams, eh?"

Both Ince and the girl turned curiously at the name. This was the man, then, who had been spoken of as her guardian, the man on whose opinion so much depended. They looked at each other.

"Well, I want to meet them when they come back. They told me they should come here," said Ince to Miss Grey.

She frowned and looked worried.

"Oh no, not here," she said. "They've gone away for good, as I understand. They've been about all the evening, as I say, smoking and drinking and going in and out. But they're gone now, thank goodness. I hope I'm not offending you, sir, but there was such a commotion going on, with them and Mr. St. Quintin, that I'm very glad to have the house quiet again."

"They're coming back, though," said Ince, quietly. "And now I want you to help me, if you can, by letting me know all you can about their doings this afternoon. I'm sorry to say there's a doubt about there being all that one would wish to be and that we may want very particularly to know all about them."

Miss Grey, an elderly woman of the small farmer class, looked at him steadily.

"I knew there was something wrong about them," she said sharply. "And if they come back here, I shan't let them in—begging your pardon, Miss Densley, for having to say such a thing of your own uncle."

"He's not my uncle," said the girl. "And I've just found out that his name is not Densley at all."

Again Miss Grey looked shrewd, and Ince broke in:

"When they come back, as they will, I want you to show them into a room and I want you to lock up this coat somewhere in it. They'll ask for it, and you will say Mr. Ince left it for them."

"And you're sure they'll come back?" asked Miss Grey, apprehensively.

"Quite sure. But I should think so. Now you will tell me when you last saw Mr. St. Quintin?"

"He left here at 8 o'clock for Doncaster," she said, "and the other two gentlemen began to shift a lot of their heavy luggage from here to the Red Lion, I suppose. They went the other way, toward the back of the oak."

Her hearers listened breathless.

"And presently," she went on, "Mr. St. Quintin came back from Doncaster, and asked for the gentlemen. And I told him they were out and he went the same way as they did, and I've never set eyes on him since. But I fancy they must, some of them, have been looking over the big house, Densley Place, for I saw lights in the windows, and there's no caretaker lives in the house."

James Ince uttered a low cry. "Miss Densley" looked at him with wild eyes.

Miss Grey went on:

"Monsieur Leblanc and Mr. Williams came back presently, and they brought Mr. St. Quintin's coat, and said he was gone to meet the ladies; but as Mr. Williams had to go back to London they couldn't wait to see them, but would pass them on the road, and give Mr. St. Quintin his coat."

"Let us go to the house. I know the way," said the girl, breathlessly, reading right the anxiety in her companion's eyes.

James Ince nodded.

"Yes," said he; "we'll go there together if you know the way. How shall we get in?"

"We'll manage it somehow," said the girl, who was in a fever of nameless dread. Ince turned to Miss Grey.

"Show me the sitting-room where you will bring these gentlemen," said he.

She led him into the little room where they had all sat that evening. The fire was low and the lamp turned down, but there was light enough for him to see that the little window was shuttered and barred and that there was a key in the lock of the door. He transferred it from inside to outside.

"Now," said he quickly, to Miss Grey, "show them into the room and tell them you have put the coat in the cupboard. See, I'll put it in here."

As he spoke he opened the door of the cupboard by the fireplace, placed the coat inside, turned the key in the lock and then taking the key out gave it to Miss Grey.

"They will ask for the key of the cupboard," said he, "and you will say you have it and will fetch it. And when you leave them just lock them in and go into the front garden and beckon to the man you will find there hiding behind the bushes."

Miss Grey looked alarmed, but she was no coward, and she only asked:

"And who's to pay for the damage if there's any done, for I suppose, sir, you're connected with the police?"

"I'll undertake to pay for all damage done," said Ince, not undervaluing her about the other part of her speech. "And now we must go."

(To be Continued.)

KILLED THE DOCTOR

Physician Murdered by Uncle of Girl He Was Attending.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 15.—Dr. Leo Danziger was shot and killed last night by Robert Gott, uncle of Anna Bell Strangely, 17 years old, at whose bedside the physician was giving medical attention.

Dr. Danziger had been attending Miss Strangely for several days.

The girl was the only witness to the shooting. It is said that she was in a critical condition. When Gott was placed in a cell he attempted to brain himself by beating his head against the bars. He was then removed to the city hospital, where he is guarded by policemen to prevent his committing suicide.

No specific cause for the killing of Danziger is known to the police.



MOVE ON!—MOVE ON!!

We have been doing police duty in every department. All laggards and loiterers given the "Move On! Move On!" sign.

We must be custodians of our own stocks—we must compel tag-ends, oddments and endments to "Move On" in this store—stagnation is the death of trade.

No inert, torpid, lazy stocks here. When lines become broken—when pieces dwindle to remnants—when odds and ends crop up, they are not allowed to accumulate. We get busy by doing police duty.

We go after them with the big stick, and prices are radically and effectively lowered.

What is the natural result? What happens to seasonable, desirable, fashionable goods, when they are priced far below regular? They "Move On," and they move at a pretty lively gait.

These are the facts of the story we have to tell today—but the figures are the interesting part of it. Remember, it's time for all oddments and endments to go. Spring goods are pushing them from behind. They must "Move On." Remember, all sorts of oddments and endments of staple lines have received "Move On" orders, and will leave the store in triple-quick time.

MOVEMENT BEGINS TUESDAY MORNING AT 9

MOVE ON!

\$13 Black Coats, \$6.95

All our Ladies' Black Coats, in loose and semi-fitted styles, sizes 34 to 42, worth up to \$13.00, for **\$6.95**

\$10 and \$12 Coats for \$5

Last call for these Tweed Coats, only a few left, worth \$10.00 and \$12.00, for **\$5.00**



MOVE ON!

25c Cashmere Hose, 15c

Children's Cashmere Hose, sizes 4, 4½, 5, in cream, red and black. Sold everywhere for 25c. Sale price **15c**

15c and 35c for 10c

Children's Union Vests, sizes 1 to 9, regular selling prices are 15c to 35c, for **10c**



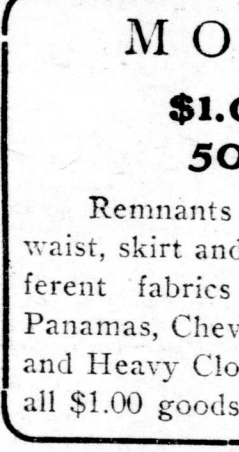
MOVE ON!

\$1.25 English Gloves 79c

Ladies' English Doeskin Gloves, in tans and gray only, all sizes. Sale price **79c**

8½c Handkerchiefs, 5c

A big lot of Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, good quality lawn, very fashionable just now. Sale price **5c**

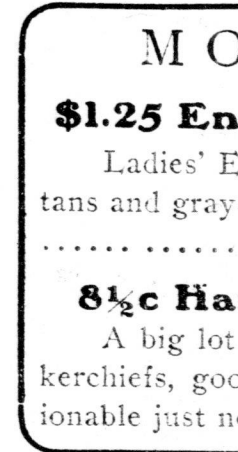


MOVE ON!

\$1.00 for 50c

50c for 25c

Remnants of Black Dress Goods, in waist, skirt and suit lengths. All the different fabrics to choose from. Voiles, Panamas, Cheviots, Venetians, Poplins, and Heavy Cloths; all 50c goods for 25c; all \$1.00 goods for **50c**



MOVE ON!

45c Black Tights, 25c

These come in size 7 only, best quality of wool. Remember, the price is only **25c**

25c Vests for 15c

Ladies' Union Vests. Some are buttoned front, others closed fronts. These are sold regularly at 25c. Sale price **15c**



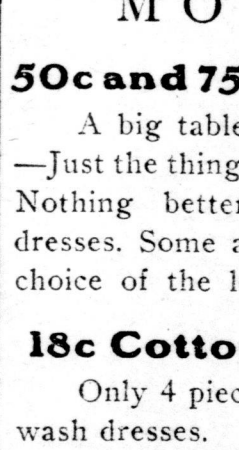
MOVE ON!

10c and 12½c Muslins, 8½c

These are bright, new goods, bought out of the regular way. These come to us at a reduced price. Floral designs and spots. Sale price **8½c**

12½c Wrapperettes, 8½c

Wrapperette, suitable for dressing jackets, wrappers, and some are good for quilt coverings, regularly sold at 12½c, for **8½c**



MOVE ON!

50c and 75c Tweeds for 39c

A big table of Tweed Dress Goods—Just the thing for that odd suit or skirt. Nothing better for children's school dresses. Some are 54 inches wide. Your choice of the lot, for, yard **39c**

18c Cotton Plaids for 10c

Only 4 pieces, suitable for children's wash dresses.



MOVE ON!

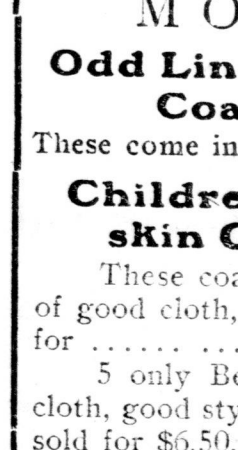
Odd Lines in Children's Coats for \$1.00

These come in tweed, sizes 3 to 12 years.

Children's \$3.00 Bearskin Coats for \$1.95

These coats come in all sizes, made of good cloth, lined all through; \$3.00 for **\$1.95**

5 only Bearskins, best quality of cloth, good style. No two alike; regularly sold for \$6.50, for **\$3.95**



GRAY & PARKER

Phone 1182. 150 Dundas St., and Carling St.

HEROIC INDIAN TO HAVE A MEDAL

For Nine Hours Chief Jacob Fought Sea in Vain Attempt To Save Family.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 15.—For an act of daring though unavailing heroism, the Royal Humane Society of London, England, has awarded its bronze medal and certificate of bravery to Jacob Chipp, chief of the Clocose Indians. He is the first Indian in the Province to be made the recipient of such an award.

The deed for which he has gained this decoration was unique in the annals of heroism and endurance. Chipp during the summer months was engaged in fishing off the mouth of the Fraser River. One day, accompanied by his daughter and little grandchild, he put out, as was his wont, from Stevenson. When about half a mile from shore, a gale captured his boat and the three were thrown into the tide.

Jacob, who was a powerful swimmer, succeeded in dragging his offspring to the upturned boat, to which all three clung for some minutes. The wind increased in fury, and drove the little craft seawards, and Chief Jacob decided to cast off and make for the shore. He strapped the mother and her babe on his back and commenced his terrible swim.

Far from human assistance, for well nigh nine hours the brave man struggled in the icy waters of the Straits of Georgia. Again and again he was beaten back by the tide. The sun sank, the twilight melted into darkness, and still the almost superhuman task continued. It was late in the evening when Jacob, then almost at his goal, lost consciousness. A few minutes later he was washed up on the beach.

Presently he regained his senses and sought the precious burden which he had striven so hard to save. The mother and her babe were lying beside him on the beach locked in the embrace of death. The funeral took place here and since that time Chief Jacob has been plunging in a paroxysm of grief. He returned to his tribe on the west coast of Vancouver Island and collected all his belongings—his household goods, his canoe, of which he had six. These he piled around a house which he had just had built at a cost of \$2,000. Then a match was applied and soon the entire mass was a blazing pile, a sacrifice at the altar of his grief. Around it walked the Clocose tribe, chanting funeral dirges. The sacrifice left Chief Jacob penniless.</