

# A Millionaire; or Countess Westerleigh

CHAPTER XLIII.  
The feeble ending, the pathos of unmistakable madness, were more terrible to Vane than the commencement of the delicious speech. He drew back shuddering.

"Sen," he managed to say at last, "you—you are ill. For God's sake, come away from that—that picture! Sit down. Listen to me."

What could he say or do? Was the poor wretch alone in his madness alone and unprotected, uncared for? Something swept against his legs, and he shuddered again. It was Tiger, the cat, almost as wasted as its master. It looked up at Vane and mewled piteously.

"Vane, I have genius," Senley Tyers went on, still standing and gazing in a kind of rapture at the smudged canvas. "I am from the gutter—you licked me out of it; do you remember? But the world shall acknowledge my genius. It will when it sees that picture. It is a glorification of Woman, and she whose face shines like an angel's from the canvas is to be my wife. For I've won her. Vane, won her from you. I have held her in my arms, my lips have kissed those divine ones. She is mine—mine—mine!"

His voice grew weaker and weaker at each repetition of the word, and he staggered slightly. Vane approached to support him, but he waved him off.

"All right; I—I have been working too long, I think. But it is not work thrown away. Look at it. Does she not breathe—move? My goddess, my love, my proud Florence!"

As he spoke he drew a vial from his waistcoat pocket and swallowed some of its contents. A moment or two afterward a look of intelligence came into his sunken eyes. They wandered around the apartment, then fell on Vane. He started back and clutched the curtains, supporting himself by them. Then he drew himself up, and with his eyes fixed on Vane's horrified ones, said in a low distinct voice:

"Have you come to kill me?" Vane went to him, took him by the arm, and forced him into a chair.

"No," he said. "Sit still. Drink that wine." He poured out a glass. "Man, you are ill, very ill. Do you know how bad you are?"



Beautiful Virol Children.

194, MANOR PLACE, S.E. GENTLEMEN.  
It is with heartfelt gratitude that I write to express my thanks for the great benefits my children have derived from your wonderful preparation.  
One of the twins when born was very weak and had no vitality at all, and when 3 weeks old she laid in her mother's arms as a dead child, and she was so thin we could hardly bear to look at her; she then weighed under 3 lbs. A friend advised us to try "Virol," and I immediately did, and from that time she has got on famously; she is now 9 months old and weighs 19 lbs. After I saw such good results from the use of "Virol" I gave it to all the other children, who were anemic, and they are all fine and healthy now.  
Again assuring you of my heartfelt thanks, and that I shall always speak of "Virol" in the highest terms.  
P. F. PASLEY.

Notice the Virol Smile!

## VIROL

A WONDERFUL FOOD.  
Used in more than 1,000 Hospitals and Sanatoria.  
VIROL, Ltd.,  
152-166, Old St., E.C.

**GILLETT'S LYE**  
FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, CLEANING AND DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, AND FOR MANY OTHER PURPOSES.  
THE STANDARD ARTICLE SOLD EVERYWHERE. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Senley Tyers smiled up at him—an awful smile.

"Better than you do, Vane," he said, with perfect calmness.

Vane stood, shocked, speechless, as a man must do under such circumstances.

"I am dying. But that's not all. I am dying by inches—and brain first, I suppose, by the look on your face, you have come upon me in one of my fits. Cover up that canvas, will you?" Vane obeyed. "I have been at work on it—at work!"—he laughed—"for four days. I always begin it at the commencement of one of my fits. Can you do anything for me? Yes, kill me! Oh, Vane, Vane!"—he stretched out his wasted hands—"if one spark of the old friendship lingers in your breast, if I have not slain it outright and forever, have mercy on me and kill me! To die by the inch—and mad! I—I to die mad—I who was so proud of this brain of mine, the cunning of these hands—

who played with all of you like so many puppets, mad!"

He put his hand to his waistcoat and drew out the vial again, but Vane stopped him.

"What is that?" he demanded sternly as he could. "You shall not take it! You must see a doctor, you must—"

"Must what?" came the despairing response, as he flung the vial in the fire-place. "It is empty. I must get some more."

He hid his face in his hands for a moment, then looked up again.

"You have brought her back?" he asked in a low voice.

Vane nodded.

"You are happy? But there is no need to ask. Yes; it is all right; you have your deserts. She is good Vane—good as gold! I would ask you to ask her to forgive me, but it isn't necessary. She has forgiven me long ago. Some women are born with an angel's heart in their bosom and some—with no heart at all. She—Vane knew he meant Florence—she is married. But I can't talk of her, though I think of her all day and night. That's because I'm mad, you see. No sane man is as constant as I am. What are you waiting for?"

Vane stood by him for a moment or two. If the truth must be told, there were tears in Vane's eyes. You see he remembered only Senley Tyers the friend, not the traitor and Judas.

"Get to bed, Sen," he said. "I'll bring a doctor—a nurse."

Senley Tyers shook his head.

"No occasion," he said; "I shall not be ill—worse than I am, for some days now. I know how long the fits last. Not all the doctors or nurses in the world can do anything for me. Only that devil—he pointed to the chattered vial—"can give me relief, and it is he who has helped to steal my brain and kill me. Go now. It was good of you to come. Wait!" A gleam of the old penetrating intellect shone into his eyes. "You came to exact a promise of my silence. I give it to you. Good-night. No, don't shake hands. It is too much to ask. I know; and you are no hypocrite. Vane—no Judas, like me!"

Vane took his hand and wrung it, then laid a card on the table.

"Send to me at any time and I will come," he said. "I will come tomorrow without your sending. Good-night, Sen."

His eyes blinded with tears, he got to the door and departed.

Later that night, when he was sitting alone with Nora, telling her as much as he dared of the awful scene, a servant discreetly knocked and entered with the card of a famous doctor of the locality. Vane went out to him.

"I have just left Mr. Senley Tyers,

the artist, Lord Westleigh," he said, gravely. "He asked me, as a last favor, to bring his card to you. He is dead."

Vane started. "So soon!"

He took the card. It was his own. On the back of it was written the line from Hamlet:

"The rest is silence!"

"There was a message also," said the doctor, "a strange message. Tell Lord Westleigh," he said, "and they were the last words of the poor fellow spoke, 'that I was sane when I died, and remembered his forgiveness!'"

THE END.

## Love a Conqueror

—OR—

### WEDDED AT LAST!

CHAPTER II.

Slowly the white lips were lifted, and the pale lips parted, as if about to speak.

"Do you want anything, dear?" Shirley asked tenderly.

"Only to tell you, Shirley," Mrs. Ross said faintly.

"To tell me what, mother?" the girl asked, lifting the weary head upon her breast. "Is it anything I ought to know?"

"Yes," came the hurried whisper. "It might save you. Oh, if I could only get strength!"

The feeble voice died away, the eyes closed; again the exhaustion or faintness seemed to overcome her.

Slowly the breath came from the white lips, but there was not much suffering now on the sufferer's face; and Shirley thought that she slept.

Twice her lips parted; but only disjointed words fell from them. Shirley heard something about "cruel" and "Scotland" and "poor Shirley"; but that was all, and presently even these ceased, and the pale face grew peaceful for a few minutes.

Then, when she railed again, the same eager expression came into her eyes, the same anxiety to tell her daughter something which it was desirable that she should know, but her strength was not equal to her will, and she was obliged to lie back on the pillows, with a murmured "Presently; I will tell her presently," which showed Shirley how great her weakness had become; and the girl grew faint with terror at the thought that she might not live to complete her journey.

Suddenly and sharply the motion of the vessel ceased, and Shirley guessed that they had reached their destination. The stewardess rose from her couch and tried to recollect her scattered senses and to offer Shirley some assistance.

"We have arrived, dear," Shirley said, bending over her mother; and the dark eyes opened with sudden eagerness.

"Yes, that is well," she said. "I am glad. I am glad it is over."

She half raised herself from her pillows; but, when she tried to stand, she sank back wearily, looking pitifully at Shirley.

"I cannot," she said faintly; and the stewardess hurried forward.

"I think the lady is very ill, miss," she whispered. "Shall I see if there is a doctor on board?"

## Headaches and Heart Trouble

Nervous Prostration of Three Years Standing Cured a Year Ago by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Anyone who knows the discouragement and despair which accompanies the helplessness of nervous prostration will appreciate the gratitude felt by the writer of this letter.

Mrs. L. C. Jones, Scotch Lake, C. B., writes: "I suffered from nervous prostration for nearly three years. I had frequent headaches, had no appetite and was troubled with my heart. After consulting two doctors, without obtaining satisfactory results, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and was completely cured by this treatment. It is nearly a year since I was cured, and I want others to know of this splendid medicine. I now attend to my housework with pleasure and comfort, and am glad to have the opportunity of recommending Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

At least some benefit is bound to be derived from each dose of this great food cure, as day by day it forms new blood, and builds up the system. 50 cents a box, 5 for \$2.50, all druggists, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

**DRY SACK Sherry**  
The choicest product of the famous Sherry district—Spain.  
Welcome you to our guest with a biscuit and a glass of Dry Sack Sherry—It's a graceful old-time custom, now coming into vogue again.  
In bottles only—of all good dealers—D. O. ROBLIN, Toronto, Canadian Agent. JOHN JACOBUS, Resident Agent.

"No, no; he would not let me go on," Mrs. Ross said, eagerly; and then she uttered a little cry of joy, as the gentleman who had carried her on board appeared in the doorway.

"We shall be able to go on shore in a few minutes," he said gently. "Can I do anything for you?" he added hastily, seeing Mrs. Ross's condition. "There is a doctor on board. I will fetch him."

He hurried away, returning almost immediately with a grave-looking middle-aged man, whose face grew very pitiful when he saw the white face lying on Shirley's shoulder; and, holding Mrs. Ross's wrist between his fingers, he asked a few questions, which Shirley answered.

"My mother is most anxious to get to London to-night," Shirley added, interpreting the eager entreaty in the dark eyes which the white lips could not frame. "My brother is to meet us there."

"Will it not be better to telegraph to him to join you here?" Guy Stuart asked pityingly; while the doctor looked dubious, knowing that the exertion could make little difference to Marian Ross now.

"I must go on—I must go on! Shirley, you promised!" panted the dying woman; and the doctor said hastily—

"Of course you shall go on. I am going on myself, and will travel with you."

Shirley's hazel eyes went gratefully to his face; and then, without a word, she made arrangements for her mother's comfort, drawing her wraps carefully around her with a calmness at which Guy Stuart almost wondered, until he saw how terribly pale she was and how firmly the white lips were set.

It was the doctor who carried Mrs. Ross from the boat to the train, leaving Captain Stuart to follow with Shirley. As they stepped on to the deck together, the young officer saw that the girl reeled dizzily for a moment; but she recovered herself almost immediately, and declining his assistance by a gesture, walked up the wet wooden steps to the train.

The doctor had already placed Mrs. Ross in a carriage. She had not fainted, but was perfectly unconscious, although in a state of terrible exhaustion. Without a word—the poor girl could not trust herself to speak—Shirley held out her hand to Captain Stuart, with a glance of farewell. He took it in his for a moment with a cordial pressure; and, when he released it, he saw Shirley get into the carriage, go to her mother's side, and give her the support of her arm once more.

"Is it well for her to travel?" he whispered to the doctor, as the latter prepared to follow.

He shrugged his shoulders.

(To be Continued.)

**GROVE HILL BULLETIN THIS WEEK**  
CUT FLOWERS: Chrysanthemums (a fine assortment), Carnations, Paper White Narcissus.  
IN POTTS: Primulas, Canaries, Ferns, Palms.  
We invite inspection of our Greenhouses, in particular to see our splendid display of Chrysanthemums  
Telephone 247.  
**J. McNEIL**  
Waterford Bridge Road.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9774-9750.—A CHIC AND UNIQUE COSTUME.



Composed of Ladies' Coat, 9774, and Ladies' Skirt, 9750. Black velvet with facings of white bengaline was used for the coat, and checked cheviot in black and white for the skirt. The back of the coat shows a new style feature, while the skirt is draped in the popular "barrel" effect. The coat pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 4 yards of 27 inch material for the coat; and 4 3/8 yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, for a Medium size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

9666.—A CHARMING LITTLE frock FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

"Of course you shall go on. I am going on myself, and will travel with you."



Girls' Dress with Slashed Skirt. Dotted chaille with lace insertion is here shown. The model is also suitable for lawn, dimity, chambray, gingham, mull, batiste, crepe or voile. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No . . . . .  
Size . . . . .  
Address in full:—  
Name . . . . .

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

TO INTENDING PIANO AND ORGAN PURCHASERS.—Do not leave your selection until Xmas month. Our special orders are going forward to the factories now. See us at once and choose from catalogue. CHESLEY WOODS, Piano and Organ, 140 Water Street.—nov22,tf

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

**JUST RECEIVED,**  
Ex Bqtne. "Attila,"  
**100 Barrels**  
**Brown West India SUGAR.**  
For Sale by  
**BAINE, JOHNSTON & CO.**  
nov13.th.s.tu.tf

**NEW YEAR'S JEWELRY**  
THE PRETTY NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY  
ELRY

and we'll name so attractive a price for it that you'll instantly be convinced that your purchase is a good investment. Genuine gold and flawless jewels in up-to-date designs that are unique and beautiful. Behind every piece of our EXQUISITE JEWELRY stocks stands our well-known and reliable guarantee. On display today.

D. A. McRAE, Watchmaker & Jeweller.

**DO YOU KNOW**

That Templeton's Job Room Papers are really the advance patterns for 1914? Do you know they were bought cheap, and are being sold at a very low price? Do you know you can get Borderings to match nearly any paper at 10 cents a Roll?

Another new lot opened this week at

**ROBERT TEMPLETON'S.**

**Safety—Security.**

According to the letter of the President and General Manager of the Company, investors who purchase Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company 6 per cent. debenture stock are afforded nearly \$5 security for every \$1 of the money they invest.

This letter states that after making provision for the 5 p.c. first mortgage bonds issued there remain assets to the value of \$14,000,000, equal to nearly five times the Debenture Stock issued. These figures reduced to the understanding of investors are equal to the position mentioned in the first sentence of this advertisement.

We offer a block of this debenture stock in lots to suit investors at 98 and interest, yielding over 6 p.c. on the money invested.

**F. B. McCURDY & CO.,**  
MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE.  
**C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager, St. John's, Nfld.**

**The Surplus Earned.**

In 1912 the Canadian Life earned surplus of \$1,530,667, exceeding by over \$237,000 the earnings of 1911, and by a much larger amount the earnings of any previous year. This is of importance to policyholders, for their Dividends must come from this account.

**CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
**C. A. C. BRUCE, Manager,**  
St. John's.

range best people and Eng our the any savin Jo nov22,tf

**John TAILOR**

**CH**

**\$16**  
This is  
**A.**

**HOW E**  
Ex-train is a irritation and con as Cataract, Optic Lids, etc. may be result in blindness "eyestrain stage." eyes, no matter ho

**EYESIGHT**