

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARGHOMT
Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czar," etc., etc.
Copyrighted, 1908.

CHAPTER XV.

A Startling Discovery.

Selma Hammond stood holding the door of her room, and staring in blank amazement at Olive, until her weak eyes dropped and signaled alarm. Then she turned and threw open the door.

"Sakes alive, what has aaked you? Course you can go if you have a mind."

But when the way was thus made free for her, Olive began to be ashamed of her sudden panic. The desire to learn what connection there could be between this girl and the Merriwells took the place of fear, and she hesitated.

"Those photographs! What are they to you?" she asked eagerly.

"Say! You don't mean you know either of them?" cried Selma, in unmistakably genuine astonishment and curiosity.

On the instant Olive decided that she was sincere. "Who are they?"

"Why, they just raised me, sure. I call her auntie; but I don't know whether she is that or not. The man's her son, Gilbert, when he isn't Gideon Mawford. About as big a tough as ever skipped from the police of Chicago. I'll tell you, if you like; but don't you stay if you'd rather hop."

"Tell me. I helped you today. Tell me," said Olive, excitedly.

The woman of the house brought in the tea then, and the interval gave Olive time to recover self-possession.

"I don't know who my father was, and never knew my mother either," said Selma, as she poured out a cup of tea and handed it to Olive. "All I know is that auntie raised me, and raised me real hard, too. She was on the stage; and a beauty at that. I can tell you. But say, who are you, anyway? I didn't catch your name at the police station."

"My name is Olive Parmenter; and those two have done me a grievous wrong. Don't tell me anything if you'd rather not."

It was the other's turn to be excited. Uttering her favorite exclamation, she

nearly let her cup fall in astonishment.

"Sakes alive! You don't say! Why, you're the missus I came over to meet. If he knew we'd met, he wouldn't say a thing! My!" she cried. "Shouldn't I tell you! And after what you did for me today, too."

After some moments, out came her story. She had been brought up by Mrs. Merriwell as a drudge; put to do all the household work, with kicks, blows, and abuse as her only payment, thrust into a thousand temptations, and at last, when the rest were forced to leave the States, put into prison on a false charge of theft.

Olive's blood boiled as she listened to the recital.

"But I'm getting some of my own back," continued Selma. "I told you I was getting wise to their plans; and I'll tell you. He was the head of a bunch of crooks—thieves, you know—both swells and had to skip. But when he came over to the whole and marry you, I don't know the whole of that game; but it was crooked, you bet. When I came out of prison, I heard he had come over to this side, and one of the gang they had bested put up enough money for me to follow him. I rounded them up all right, all right; and then bluffed them into taking care of me."

"Do you really mean that Gilbert Merriwell is a thief?" cried Olive.

"You ask any police captain in Chicago. About as warm stuff as any crook. Why, the gang is operating here in London! There's a Madame Boncourt at the head with him. She's a swell head, sure. Does the society play somewhere in London; spreads herself with a big splash; but a crook the rest, sure. There's a big scheme on foot about some papers, in which someone in your foreign bureau, or whatever it is called, is involved."

"The foreign office, do you mean?" cried Olive, eagerly. She was now intensely excited. "Do you know the name? Was it Fowlsick?"

"I don't know; but I can find it all out. I should like to do it for you, because I'd like to see you again," she said very simply. "Guess you're about the only soul in this big city of yours I care to either."

For a moment Olive hesitated whether to tell the whole story of the Merriwells' treatment of her to this strange girl; but decided to wait for a while; at all events, until a future meeting. "When can I see you again?" she asked.

"You will do me a service if you shall remember all my life if you can get me the information about all this."

"Sure I will. Either meet me anywhere you like, or come here, say in two days' time, I'll have it all right, all right."

"Thank heaven we have met!" cried Olive earnestly. "But you'll not say a word about me?"

"That's a cinch, sure," was the reply, with a smile. "If they got wise to it, guess they'd be mad and just want to see the seas between us."

"Then you had better know how to write to me in case of need," said Olive shrewdly; and she wrote down Mr. Casement's address and gave it to Selma.

The girl took the paper, read it over two or three times, and then lit a match and burned it very deliberately. "Reckon it's safer," she said, innocently.

With a smile at her caution, Olive rose to go. She was anxious to get away to think over all she had learned. Selma held her hand and looked wistfully into her eyes. "Guess you're about the only girl I ever thought I'd care to kiss," she said, nervously, and almost sadly. "But maybe you do not cotton to such tricks. Don't, if you don't mean it. I know you are white as I sized you up."

"But I do," declared Olive, and kissed her.

Selma sighed. "I hope we shall meet again; but it would just be my luck not to."

Impulsively, Olive kissed her again. She was deeply touched by the weakness of her manner. "We shall be friends, Selma; you'll see," she said.

"I just love to hear you say that; but I—!" and she finished with a doleful shake of the head and another deep sigh, as the tears well up in her eyes. "Your going just makes me feel awful lonesome again; you bet. Don't forget me."

When Olive left the house, she hurried off at a quick pace, and calling

Nerves Wrong, Everything Wrong

Sleeplessness.
Headaches.
Nervous indigestion.
Neuralgia and sciatic pains.
Weakness of bodily organs.
Nervousness and irritability.
Tendency to worry and anxiety.
Sensitiveness to light and sound.
Discouragement, despondency and dread of the future.

These tell of exhausted nerves and point to the approach of prostration, paralysis or locomotor ataxia. It is so easy to neglect diseases of the nerves, but they never right themselves. The system must be strengthened, built up and revitalized by such treatment as Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, the greatest of nerve restoratives, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Ask your druggist for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. G. W. Powers, 505 Terrace Hill, Brantford, Ont., states—

"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was suffering almost constantly from nervous headache and could hardly get a night's rest. I frequently felt tired and languid and my nerves were very unsteady. By the time that I had used three boxes of this medicine the headaches were entirely gone, I could sleep without any difficulty, my nervous system was strengthened and I felt one hundred per cent better."

Address—PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

the first hansom she met, drove to her house, and on the drive her thoughts were busy with all the strange news she had learned from Selma Hammond. And the girl was to the full as strange as the story she had told. Olive was, however, convinced of her sincerity.

"It is like a special intervention of Providence," she said to herself. Just when she had been on the verge of despair, this wonderful confirmation of her belief in Gilbert Merriwell's rascality had come to urge her forward with redoubled energy.

Gideon Mawford! A Chicago crook; and a leader of crooks. She knew the meaning of the term well enough, and in a moment it was plain how he and his mother had been able to concoct their plans against her at Sheffield so rapidly. They had been able to use some of the "bunch," as Selma had termed them.

It was indeed a momentous discovery; and Olive was busied to tell Jack all the great news. She debated with herself whether she should not tell Inspector Robson when they were discussing that evening the incident in which he had rendered her such timely help in the afternoon. But she decided to tell Jack first; and afterwards, if necessary, to run down and discuss it with Mr. Casement.

She put one question to the inspector. Turning the conversation upon Chicago and the police methods there with criminals, she said: "I heard the other day of a regular gang of thieves there with a Madame Boncourt at the head. Did you ever hear of them, Mr. Robson?"

"I mustn't tell office secrets, Miss Parmenter, but we have their records at Yard. Pinkerton's sent it to us," and he went on to describe the official system of detective work. Pinkerton's, favored in the United States, it was a sufficient confirmation of the truth of Selma's statement, and when Jack came on the following day Olive told him all that had occurred.

But he was so busy with the case of the stolen goods, that he could not find time to talk to her. He said, however, that there were such gangs, Olive, but the system is so much better than that of the States, that they don't do much here. That girl must have been a bit hysterical about her narrow escape; and as for what she hints about the Foreign Office, he shook his head with a confident smile. "Let 'em try."

"But the rest of the news, Pack?" "Do you believe it?"

"I am sure Selma Hammond was sincere."

"Then it proves one thing. You mustn't attempt to fight such people empty-handed. And that means," he ended with a glance and a smile.

"I know what you mean, of course." "All roads lead to Rome, dearie. You had better marry me."

But she shook her head. "No, Jack. Not yet, if ever. I feel that I ought to find out everything, and when I've done it well see about that. Not before."

"What adamant!" he laughed. "I shall never cease to pester you, and you'll have to yield in the end. So you may as well do it at once. Besides, have you thought of this? Supposing all this girl told is true; supposing this Merriwell is the confounded scoundrel she describes, and supposing again that you were to be successful in bringing him to book, I say, supposing all this, and it's a pretty big supposition—how would it disprove that marriage at Sheffield?"

"Of course, I don't see that yet," agreed Olive, readily. "But it will come out of it, Jack. I am sure of that as I am that—that."

"That I love you? he put in, taking her hand.

"Yes," she nodded brightly. "As sure as I am of that."

"Then if you are so dead sure, what's the need of our waiting?"

"All roads lead to Rome, as you said, don't they? But I'm not so sure of it as to risk your future on it, my dear. Yes, I am impatient," he replied, speaking with unusual seriousness.

"And I'll tell you the reason. I can't bear the idea of your being alone here, and taking on this big, up-hill fight against these people. Your terrible experience at Sheffield has thoroughly frightened me. It shows to what fearful lengths these people are ready to go; and frankly, I am afraid, yes, horribly afraid, that they will go on scheming and plotting against you until they succeed. I can't sleep at night when the thoughts take hold of me. I wouldn't care so much if you were in some place of safety—say with Mr. Casement or Mrs. Taunton, where you could be properly protected, and would have plenty of people about you, so that these brutes couldn't get at you. But here, alone, you seem to be at their mercy. Oh, Olive, do put that pride of yours away, and let us get married."

"All roads still leading—"

"Don't joke about it, Olive. It makes me wretched, he declared, earnestly. To Be Continued.

BIG FIRE IN JAPAN.

Tokio, March 9.—A fire at Nigata, which started at 6 p.m. yesterday, was extinguished at 2 o'clock this morning. In a district comprising twenty-one of the principal streets, fifteen hundred houses were destroyed, the area being swept clean. The loss was some loss of life but the number is not known.

A WIRELESS WONDER.

Washington, March 9.—About the last place that the navy department expected to hear from the Atlantic battleship fleet for at least six months was what has happened. The navy department today received a telegraphic message from its wireless station at Pensacola, which had been in direct communication with the battleship fleet, a most remarkable performance, considering that the wireless impulses were obliged to traverse the Gulf of Mexico, part of Mexico, and again traverse several hundred miles of ocean. This particular message, in command of the second division, and was as follows: "Have you any important news from home?"

A drunken man who now attempts to use a motor car in Delaware is liable to be arrested and fined \$100, or imprisoned for thirty days, or both, under the state's new motor vehicle law.

PANAMA CANAL A HUGE BLUNDER

Former Engineer Stevens Prophecies Failure for Uncle Sam's Big Dutch.

New Haven, Conn., March 9.—John F. Stevens, a vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and a former chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has issued a statement regarding the waterway, in which he prophesies its failure. Mr. Stevens says that the canal will not help the United States in its trade with South America, as practically all of the inhabitants of the southern continent are east of the Andes.

Mr. Stevens also says that in the commercial relations of the United States with the islands of the Pacific, and the far east, the canal will be of little value. The coal and wheat centers of the United States are inland. Their products have to be started on their way by rail. When once loaded on cars it will be no cheaper to ship to the Atlantic and then ship to the east by way of the canal than it would be to ship directly to the countries on the east, and then go on board ship. Furthermore, Mr. Stevens believes that the coal supply of the United States is fast diminishing, and that China will be the coal country of the future. Siberia, he says, will be the wheat country of the future, with Indiana second. The Panama Canal cannot hope to become anything other than an expensive, according to Mr. Stevens. It will not meet expenses, and it will cost more than is expected. It will be an advantage to European countries, and not to the United States. The date of the finishing of the canal he fixes as January, 1915.

The idea of the canal being of great value to the United States in times of warfare since the American naval forces can be quickly sent from one coast to another, he says, is utterly absurd. It would take time for the ships to get around and during that time hostile shells could have done their work. Mr. Stevens believes that it would be a far wiser plan of defense to put the money that the canal will cost into a greater navy.

FUNNY OLD METHODS

Will Our Children Think Our Ways as Strange as We Think Our Forefathers.

CHANCE FOR IMPROVEMENTS STILL IN MANY THINGS.

Perfection Has Been Reached in Many Others.

Suppose you were obliged to go to New York. Wouldn't it seem strange to you to get into old-fashioned, many-smelling, jolting stage coaches? It was not so many years ago that people had to travel that way.

Think of the inconveniences—think of the hardships, even, they were obliged to suffer; and think of the time consumed. We doubt whether these experiences tended to lengthen their lives.

It is just so with hundreds of other things. A great improvement is announced. We marvel at it for a few days, and then accept it as a matter of course. Now, if it is necessary to go to some distant city, we are made as comfortable, if not more so, than though we remained right in our own homes, and a few hours brings us, without fatigue, to our destination. There is not a man living who would prefer to travel after he has experienced the delights of modern methods.

It is not in travel alone that improvement has been made. There are many other things much more vital to the ultimate good of man than easier methods of going from place to place. Nothing probably will illustrate this better than the much talked-of Vinol—for in Vinol, we see what has formerly been a necessity, attended with the most disagreeable features, transformed into what is really a luxury.

In Vinol we have the elements of what has been the greatest medicine known to man for the cure of wasting diseases of every description, namely, cod liver oil. But in Vinol we have none of the objectionable features that attended cod liver oil.

As Anderson & Nelles, our local druggists, who have connected themselves with the Boston firm of chemists producing this preparation, will tell you, "Vinol is the essence of all that is good in cod liver oil. Vinol is not a patent medicine—hence its popularity with the physicians as well as the public. The manner of producing Vinol is a new discovery. It is the result of a special process by which the curative and medicinal elements are extracted from the liver of the cod, and every drop of grease and other useless and disagreeable matter discarded.

Just the right proportions needed of this extract is dissolved in a delicate wine, with organic iron and beef peptone added, and so today, in the line of medicine, all who have found it necessary to take cod liver oil may do away with all the disagreeable features of the old style, abandoning the horrible grease which may be likened to the lumbering and unhealthful vehicle of travel, and take instead as Mr. Nelles himself, of the above firm, in speaking of the matter, described it, "The elegant and modern vestibuled train" of medicine, fitting in Vinol the elements so much needed to restore health, entirely disguised and much more rapid and efficient in the manner that they operate, than could have been expected in the old and cumbersome way in which this valuable remedy was formerly taken.

Anderson & Nelles sell Vinol on a positive guarantee to refund the purchase price to anyone who tries Vinol and is not satisfied.

MADE IN CANADA. MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Kind that Pleases the People. PURE, WHOLESOME and ECONOMIC. TRY IT. Refuse Substitutes. At all Dealers.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

BIG WOLF PACK TREES TRAPPERS

In the Morning Hunters Managed to Pick Off Nine and Collected \$135 in Bounties.

Port Arthur, Ont., March 9.—From dusk to dawn, with the thermometer below zero, clinging to a slim tree, while a pack of twenty ravenous timber wolves kept up an incessant chorus beneath, was the fate of Tom and Patrick Murphy, two trappers, in Silver Mountains, near here, Friday night. They started off into the woods, and before they had gone far they heard the baying of wolves, which gradually became more distinct. They thought but little of the matter until they realized that the wolves were on their tracks, following them at a good speed, but two shots failed to scare off the leaders, so the Murphys got into a tree just in time, as the leaders made a snap at them. In their hurry to reach safety Tom tore off a portion of his clothing and, without food or overcoats, the men were kept in the tree all night.

When morning came, the wolves scattered out of sight, but the men managed to pick off nine of them, for which they collected \$135 in bounty here today.

FURNITURE IN TOMB

Welshy Man Building Mausoleum Like Bedroom for Wife's Ashes.

New York, March 9.—A handsome granite mausoleum furnished like his first wife's bedroom in every detail is being built by John Jamieson of Rockaway, on his beautiful lawn, for the repose of the ashes of the wife now dead four years.

A year and a half ago Mr. Jamieson announced his intention of forming a second marriage, and introduced as his prospective bride, Miss Harriet Barber, then a teacher in a Rockaway public school.

The daughters thought their mother should be remembered in some marked way, and Mr. Jamieson and the woman who was to become his second wife agreed with them. The plan for the mausoleum, which is now approaching completion, was worked out between them.

It was the intention of Mr. Jamieson and his daughters to have the body of the first Mrs. Jamieson interred in the tomb. It was found that the authorities would not permit this, so her body was cremated and the ashes placed in an urn which will stand on the marble mantel.

Some of the first Mrs. Jamieson's personal effects and the furniture and bric-a-brac of her bedroom will be transferred to the tomb some day next week. The furniture will be placed just as she left it when she died, and the reproduction made as complete as possible.

PROF. FLUX RESIGNS.

Montreal, Que., March 9.—Professor Flux, of McGill University, professor of political economy, has resigned to take a position under the British Government in London.

MARTIN-ORME PIANOS

The cases of Martin-Orme Pianos are finished very carefully. The varnish is allowed to dry thoroughly between each coat, so that when the final finish is put on it is very lasting and beautiful.

Surely it is worth your while to find out more about this instrument when we are willing to send free a beautiful booklet voicing the opinions of Canada's prominent musicians regarding the Martin-Orme.

Where the Martin-Orme is not represented, we ship direct and guarantee safe delivery to your nearest station.

Payments arranged to suit you. ORME & SON, Limited OTTAWA, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA. MAGIC BAKING POWDER

The Kind that Pleases the People. PURE, WHOLESOME and ECONOMIC. TRY IT. Refuse Substitutes. At all Dealers.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Security

Whatever amount of money one puts by in an investment—whether it is \$10,000 or \$100—the first consideration is the security of the investment.

If added to the security there is a profitable dividend, the investment becomes an ideal one—exactly the kind that the saving people of Ontario most desire.

The Debentures of this Company are such an investment, safe beyond question. Assets totalling over \$10,000,000 are pledged to their redemption. Their security is absolutely safeguarded. They pay 4 per cent. per annum. Put your savings into this safe and profitable form of investment. Write asking for full particulars.

Huron & Erie

Loan & Savings Co., London, Ont.

EVERYWHERE THE FAVORITE.

EDDY'S "SILENT" PARLOR MATCHES EDDY'S

D. McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St.

Every Time You Cough

—you strain the delicate tissues which line the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. Stop this strain, by curing the cough. Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum brings ease and comfort to the throat and lungs. It not only cures the cough—but also heals the membranes and strengthens the respiratory tract. 25c and 50c a bottle. Sold everywhere.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

Used over 40 years as a Specific for Coughs, Colds, etc.

MEET DEATH SMILING

Italian Murderer Goes to the Chair With His Face Beaming.

Ossining, N. Y., March 9.—Antonio Strollo, an Italian, who killed a man in Van Cortlandt Park, New York, for the purpose of robbery, went to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing Prison today with a smile, after a cheery good-bye to those who had been summoned to witness the execution. Strollo showed the most extraordinary composure. When he entered the death chamber with a light, spry step, his face was beaming, and the smile was never absent for an instant. Four contacts were made before the man was pronounced dead.

Strollo killed Antonio Torselli, a fellow countryman, in Van Cortlandt Park last summer. Torselli's face was literally slashed to pieces. In all there were 36 stab wounds in the murdered man's body. The execution was witnessed by three New York assemblymen. They declined to give their names. Judge Edmund S. Terry, of Brooklyn, was also present. It is said a bill is being prepared for presentation in the assembly, which provides for the abolition of capital punishment and that the assemblymen who came here today did so to see for themselves the manner in which the capital punishment is carried out.

ONLY A Common Cold,

but it becomes a serious matter if neglected. Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh or Consumption is the result. Get rid of it at once by taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Obtunate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep and often effecting a permanent cure.

Mrs. C. Townsend, Lockport, N.S., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know of my experience with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I was troubled with a cold and severe cough all the time, and very severe spells of Asthma. The doctors did all they could for me, but could only give me relief for a short time. I happened to see your medicine advertised and purchased three bottles, and it gave me great relief, and I do not cough at all. I do not know how to express my gratitude for what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for me."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25c per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

A man respires—that is, draws in breath—sixteen to twenty times a minute, or twenty thousand times a day.