

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1907.

FOR A MILLION ... OF MONEY

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER LI.

The Pains of Death.

A sensation of racking agony was the first sign of Olive's return to consciousness. Every pulsebeat was like the blows of a hundred sledge hammers upon her brain, and every nerve and muscle in her body seemed to throb in a rhythmic response of torture.

Despite her strong will, low groans forced themselves from her lips, and all thought and memory were lost in the one absorbing and consuming sense of suffering.

How long that terrible agony endured she knew not; each moment was like an eternity of torture, and it was a merciful relief when she felt again into unconsciousness. She had fainted from the pain.

When she came to herself the next time, the agony was not so overwhelming, but was still so intense that she prayed for death to release her, as earnestly as she had ever prayed for life.

Slowly thought and memory returned, bringing with them renewed misery and a sense of hopeless despair. It would have been more merciful had her murderer killed her at once. She had endured all the pains of death, and now she would have to pass through them again. She would return and, finding her alive, would use some other tortures by which to finish his murderous purpose.

As her senses began to grow clearer, she passed from this condition of gruesome dependency to an equally despairing review of her plight. The irony of it! At the very moment when her search after the truth had appeared to be crowned with success she had been discovered and struck down. She saw with the acid clearness of unavailing regret the blunders she had made, the course she should have taken, and the means by which she could have escaped her enemy.

Her crowning blunder had been to come again to Purvis when she had discovered she was suspected. Nothing would have been easier than to have left the house and sent for Mr. Carmel. Purvis would have been saved. Bitterly and futilely she blamed herself now that all was lost.

At that thought a little faint gleam of hope flickered up. There was still the secret stairway by which she could escape.

But it was only to mock her and increase her wretchedness, for when she tried to move she found that her left arm, hung powerless, while her right was bound to her side so tightly that she could not cut it free.

She lay huddled up in a heap against the wall where Merridew had hung her down after fastening the ring round her, and as she struggled vainly to release herself, falling back helplessly at full length, the released blood in her arteries brought back once more something of the same torture, until she groaned again and longed for the blessing of unconsciousness.

Presently she recalled the moment when she had been struck down, and began to wonder why she had escaped, guessing vaguely the reason. Her broken arm suggested this. His hands had been lifted up and the arm had acted in part as a guard, diminishing the force of the blow. It had been smashed in consequence.

She began dimly to understand how it was that Merridew had found her. Dawleigh must have told what he knew, and the pretence of the hurried departure had been arranged in order to put her off her guard. Merridew had then followed her and had been in time to see her open the panel into the inner chamber. He had thus learnt her secret.

All such thoughts but accentuated her misery and deepened her despair. And as she lay helpless in the pitchy darkness of the place she could not put them away from her. They fastened upon her with a horrible morbid fascination, until, with a supreme effort, she forced herself to seek refuge in prayer for courage and strength in her suffering.

She grew calmer then, and presently her thoughts turned again to the possibility of escape. Tortured with the pain in her head and broken arm, she crawled along the floor, feeling with her cheek to find the secret door leading to the staircase. If she could find and open that, she might hide there until she had strength to get away.

Inch by inch she moved, with infinite labor and suffering, every nerve motivated by this last feeble hope. She rubbed her cheek against each spot of the wall that was within her reach. Then she found that her feet were free.

If she could but stand up her chance of success would be much greater. Winning her way to a corner, she made the effort. Three times she half raised herself, only to fall again, the last time upon the broken arm, and with the pain of this she all but fainted.

Hope saved her, however. She felt that she was getting stronger, and at the next attempt she succeeded in getting upon her knees. But the lifting of the head set it throbbing again. Dizzy with the torture it caused, it was some minutes before she could even more.

But her courage was a unquenchable. Every second of time was precious, for Merridew would return, and, terrible though her plight was already, his coming would mean certain death. Why he had not already returned she could not understand.

Driven by these thoughts, she struggled to her feet, and then had to lean against the wall for support for a time from the torture which each movement provoked. But she persevered, and at last succeeded in finding what she sought.

Only to be mocked again, however. Try as she would, she found it impossible to move the spring by which the door was operated. The disappointment was the greatest blow of all. There were the means of escape within touch, and she was powerless to use them.

A last desperate effort which she made resulted in another disaster. She fell again, striking her head violently and swooned.

When she recovered consciousness it was to feel some one pulling her broken arm and dragging at the rope which bound her. She thought it was Merridew, and screamed.

But it was Purvis. He had come to himself, and, in crawling over the floor, had found her lying still as death and was trying to restore her.

"Hush," he said, putting his hand to her lips. "Thank Heaven, you are alive. I thought he had killed you."

My arm is broken, she whispered faintly. "Oh, this pain, this pain!"

He laid the arm down gently and crawled to her other side. "You are a brave girl. Courage. Can you bear me to try and loosen this other arm?"

"Yes," she gritted her teeth as he made the effort. The sweat of agony stood thick on her forehead, but not a sigh escaped her as he tugged and dragged, first at the cord and then at her arm, until he had released it. And when it was freed she collapsed once more and would have fainted had he not rubbed the arm and implored her to have courage for both their sakes.

"There is another way out; can you find it?" he asked.

"I cannot, move yet. My lamp is somewhere on the floor. Look for it," she whispered in reply.

He moved away, and she heard him crawling over the floor in search of it, and she waited for a time that seemed many hours before an exclamation from him announced his success. He came back and turned the light on to her face.

"My poor girl, my poor girl," he murmured compassionately.

But this irritated her. It was wasting time. "If we can get out there we can escape. A secret stairway. Give me the light."

She managed to hold it up, and as she pointed out to him the spring that must be moved, she gave a violent start and caught her breath.

Someone had entered the adjoining room. It could only be Merridew, returning to complete his work.

Excitement nerve and strengthened her. Reaching up, she moved the spring, just as they heard someone feeling for the means of opening the other panel.

They staggered through the doorway, was closing the door behind them. Purvis missed his footing and went rolling down the stairs.

The instant she was in this comparative safety, Olive's sudden access of strength deserted her, and she sank exhausted, and lay with her head on the top step close to the threshold of the door.

She heard Merridew enter the inner chamber they had just left, and his oath of disappointment at finding it empty. He stamped about the place cursing and vowing vengeance upon them both, and made frantic efforts to discover the means by which he had been baffled of his victims.

He began to sound the walls for some place where they would tell him where they could have got away, and, at hearing this, Olive crawled down the stairs to join Purvis. She must either get him out of the house or bring some of the servants to his assistance.

As she reached him Merridew's blows sounded on the panel of the door, and he began to wrench at it furiously, as if to tear his way to them.

Purvis had been hurt in his fall, and lay on the half landing groaning and helpless. She bent over him and tried to rouse him.

"He will find us here. Make an effort," she said with all the strength she could command as she tugged at his arm desperately.

He made no reply except a groan, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"If we can get to the bottom here we can escape," she said, but he apparently incapable of even a slight effort.

Meanwhile the door above was beginning to yield to Merridew's efforts. One of the panels gave way with a splintering crash which sent a chill of panic to Olive's heart, and then nerved her to a last desperate effort.

Crawling past Purvis she slid down a couple of stairs and then pulled and tugged at him with all the strength she could put into the effort. He was lying close to the top step of the second flight, and her grip was sufficient to cause him to topple over. He fell against her and unable to resist the force of her collision, she rolled to the bottom with him.

Half stunned, in terrible pain, and her senses reeling from the effects of the fall she managed to stagger to her knees, and find the catch by which the door could be opened, and as her hand was upon it, a loud cry from Merridew above told her that he had discovered them and had forced the way.

She slid the panel back and struggled out. The stairway opened into the passage on the ground floor of the disused wing where she had followed Mrs. Merridew on the night she had hid the stolen paper.

She blundered along this, supporting herself by the wall. She could do no more for Purvis. Blindly she relied that her only hope now lay in the chance that someone might be in the hall.

Her strength was almost exhausted by the time she reached the big door which shut off the wing from the habited part of the house, and she sank down on her knees and beat feebly with her hands upon it.

Merridew had now reached Purvis, and he stumbled over him and came staggering out into the corridor.

The scene of her danger drove Olive to a last effort. She had now fallen and was lying at full length on the ground. She kicked at the door and sent up a loud scream for help.

A fierce curse from Merridew was

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NEW PROFESSORS APPOINTED TO U. N. B.

Dr. Cox, W. B. Cartmel and Charles McDonald Carson Chosen by Senate.

New Men Succeed Dr. Bailey, Profs. Salmon and Brittain—About Their Career

FREDERICTON, N. B., June 13. —The university senate at its session this afternoon filled the vacancies caused by the resignations of Dr. Bailey, Professor Salmon and Professor Brittain. Dr. Philip Cox, principal of the Chatham Grammar School, was appointed to the chair of natural history, and Geo. Loggie, in succession to Dr. Bailey's work, is well known by all interested in education throughout the province. He was born at Margerville, graduated from the university in 1871, obtained B. S. C. from his alma mater in 1880, and Ph. D. in 1894. For several years he was inspector of schools and has been long known for his knowledge of science and geology.

Mr. Cartmel is a native of Greenwich, England and there he received his early education. At an early age he came to the only response, and he came rushing toward her.

As he heard him she screamed again. Shuddering with terror she shrank close against the wall, striving impotently and feebly to ward his off. The next instant he had seized her, and she felt his hand on her throat, choking her cry for help.

With a last moan of despair, she realized that all her desperate efforts had failed.

That was her last conscious thought. Breathing an unfinished prayer for mercy, she fainted.

America, and in 1900 graduated from the school of applied science, Cleveland, Ohio. He afterwards attended Harvard, where he pursued his studies for some time, and later obtained a fellowship from the University of Nebraska where he was instructor. This year he held a Whiting fellowship of Harvard where he is engaged in scientific and practical work. Mr. Cartmel's recommendations were of the highest and numerous.

Charles McDonald Carson is a native of London, Ont., where he was born in 1875. After receiving his education in the public schools there he matriculated at the University of Toronto in 1894, and after a most successful course graduated in 1898. He won second in

the Prince of Wales scholarship and obtained honors in natural science mathematics and modern languages. He afterwards took a post graduate course and in 1904 entered Chicago University where he continued his studies, and in 1906 was appointed a member of the teaching staff of that institution.

Mr. Carson's testimonials are of the best, and the professors under whom he has served speak in the highest terms of his scholarship.

OTTAWA, June 13.—Mr. Sharrett, a delegate to Canada, who has been in Rome for the past nine months returned to Ottawa today and resumed his official duties.

NOVA SCOTIA RIFLEMEN WIN AT SUSSEX BY EIGHT POINTS

Came Out With 688 Points in Maritime Rifle Match Yesterday—New Brunswick Second, with 680 and Prince Edward Island Third, with 659—Weather Conditions Unfavorable—The Individual Scores

SUSSEX, N. B., June 13.—The maritime rifle match which was shot on the government range here today, resulted in a victory for the Nova Scotia team by a margin of eight points. The finish was almost as exciting as that of three years ago, when the N. B. team beat out Nova Scotia by three points. Nova Scotia established a lead of six points at the 200 yard range, which was increased to 14 at the conclusion of the 500 yard shot. This was reduced to 4 by the first and second pairs of the New Brunswick shooters at six hundred yards, but the third pair dropped 10 points and Captain Forbes and Capt. Manning raked the target with a lead of 14 to overcome. They did nobly, picking up six, but it was too late to win the match, and the New Brunswick team totalled only 680 against Nova Scotia's 688 and P. E. I.'s 659. The two highest scores were made by Capt. W. E. Forbes and Captain S. B. Anderson, of the New Brunswick team, 97 and 96 respectively. The New Brunswick men however did not hold so well together as the Nova Scotia team. Sussex range maintained its reputation as a difficult range on which to make a high score. Throughout the afternoon the wind blew strong from the west, varying from 5 to 12 degrees. It was what riflemen call tricky in every sense of the word.	500	500	500
Following is the score:	yards.	yards.	yards.
NOVA SCOTIA.			
Lt. Christie	92		
Pte. McLennan	90		
C. Sgt. Longueville	81		
Lt. Milner	78		
Capt. Bishop	73		
Lt. Shaffner	71		
Pt. Haystead	61		
C. S. M. Harmon	51		
Total—248			
NEW BRUNSWICK.			
Capt. Forbes	97		
Lt. Langstroth	96		
Lt. McKay	91		
Capt. Anderson	91		
Pt. McRobb	81		
Capt. Manning	76		
Total—680			
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.			
Major Jones	97		
Capt. Shaw	96		
Capt. McKinnon	96		
Capt. Purse	96		
Capt. Smith	96		
Sgt. Moore	96		
Lieut. Beer	96		
Major Weeks	96		
Total—659			

MRS. FOSTER, OF ST. JOHN, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF PRESBYTERIAL

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., June 13.—The sessions of the presbytery held here today were devoted largely to routine work, and one of the most pleasant and successful conventions in the history of the society was brought to a close this afternoon.

The officers elected were: Mrs. A. H. Foster, St. John, president; Mrs. H. H. Boyd, Waverley, vice president; Miss Alice Crilly, St. Stephen, secretary;

Mrs. George McFarlane, Fredericton, treasurer; Mrs. Loggie, Fredericton, auditor; Mrs. L. A. MacLean, St. John, secretary Y. P. W.; Mrs. J. H. Thomson, St. John, field secretary; Miss Macnaught, St. John, was nominated for the office of general secretary of F. M. S.

W. C. Wood was selected for the holding of the next annual meeting.

C. P. Baker, J. Fraser Gregory, and John E. Moore, directors of the St. John Log Driving Co., went to Fredericton yesterday to inspect the work at the company's booms, and in the evening a meeting of the directors was held, at which A. H. F. Randolph and Manager Bliss was also present. The work is going along quite satisfactorily.

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