THE GUARDED SECRET

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Lane was anxious to find out if Aline was acquainted with the stranger who had made her blush in the church. He watched his chance, and when the family were discussing the crowd that had filled the church, he said, carelessly:

"I saw one person who was so handsome and distinguished-looking that my curiosity was awakened. One but seldom sees such a fine-looking man. He stood on the left of the chancel rail. Perhaps you noticed him, Mr. Rodney?"

"Yes, I did; and the more particularly because I was surprised to see him there," Mr. Rodney answered. "It was our unsocial neighbor, Mr. Oran Delaney."

"Mr. Delaney!" The detective started and glanced furtively at Aline. He saw that she had turned her head away abruptly, but the side of her cheek that was visible, was crimson, like a rose. She was holding her satin fan against her breast, and its plumed edge fluttered with the quick beat of her heart.

"I have not seen Mr. Delaney at any public gathering or church for several years before," continued Mr. Rodney. "He is one of the most inveterate recluses I ever heard of. His presence in the church must have been intended as a special mark of respect and compliment to Effie."

"But, papa, we have none of us the least acquaintance with him," said the bride.

"No matter. He is our next-door neighbor. I have no doubt but he attended the wedding out of respect to us," insisted Mr. Rodney.

"For my part, I cannot imagine how he ever found out about the marriage," said Mrs. Rodney. "He never goes out, and no one is ever seen going in. It is quite too bad that Mr. Delaney does not marry and give his grand old house a mistress. She would lead society in Chester—that is, if she would condescend so far, which is not likely, the Delaneys being proverbially proud."

Mr. Lane having adroitly turned the conversation into the channel he wished, listened eagerly, just throwing in a word here and there until he had elicited all that there was to tell, or, at least, all that was known of the taciturn master of Delaney House. To that part which related to the alleged ghosts that haunted Delaney House he listened with a great deal of interest.

"Since you have named it, I will relate my own experience," he said. "Last night I supposed you would laugh at it. Now I see that you will not even be surprised."

"What is it?" they asked him, in surprise.

"It is only that I heard the ghost of Delaney House last night," he replied.

"You heard it?" they echoed, and Dr. Anthony asked gravely:

"When?"

"It was last night when I went out on the pavement to smoke my cigar. I strolled down the street a little way, and was suddenly brought to a dead stop by the sound of a long, ringing shriek, fearful enough to have proceded from one of the denizens of hades. I paused and looked up, for the sound seemed to float in the air above me, and I found myself in front of Delaney House."

Everyone was deeply interested—everyone uttered some exclamation or another except Aline. She alone took no part in the conversation. She had not even looked around. She sat by the reading-lamp and was looking into a book, but Mr. Lane saw that she was turning its leaves quite at random and with strangely nervous hands.

"Is her indifference real or feigned?" he asked himself. "The most of people would be interested in my story—why not Miss Rodney? Her sex is not usually deficient in curiosity."

"And you really heard the ghost, Mr. Lane?" cried Effie, with awe-struck eyes. "Well, you have been more highly favored than we have. In all the years since we came to Chester we have never heard the reputed ghost."

"That is because you are so widely separated from the house by the beautiful grounds," said Mr. Lane. "Now, I heard it twice, for when I looked up at the first sound it was repeated in a louder and even more blood-curdling voice than before, and a flash of light gleamed through the shutters—for an instant, then faded into Cimmerian darkness and gloom again."

"Do you hear that, Aline?" cried little Max. "Oh, don't you wish that you had heard it? Do you remember how we used to talk about the Delaney ghost before you went away?"

"Yes, dear," she answered, in a constrained voice, without turning toward the little social group gathered around the fire.

"I was puzzled and alarmed when I heard that sound last night. I thought perhaps Delaney had a crazy wife or sister. I had not heard about the ghost then," said Mr. Lane.

"Mr. Delaney is not married," said Mrs. Rodney.

"No? And are there no females resident in his house?" inquired the detective.

"I have heard that there is a solitary housekeeper, but I have not seen her," she replied.

"It was, then, really a ghost that I heard," said Mr. Lane. "I am surprised. I did not really believe in the existence of spirits in this practical nineteenth century."

No one made him any direct answer. It is true that a vein of superstition runs through most people even in this enlightened age. The Rodneys had heard so much about the Delaney ghost that they hardly questioned the veracity of the story. And yet they did not care about confessing it to Mr. Lane. It was just possible that he might turn the story into ridicule. He appeared to be very hard and practical, without any romantic weaknesses.

So the story drifted into other channels, and Mr. Lane made no effort to prevent it, having learned all that was to be told on the subject. He quietly stored away all that he had heard in his mind, and no one had any idea that he was specially interested in Delaney House and its strange master.

In a little while the time for the parting come. Dr. Anthony and his bride were to have a little bridal tour south. They went away, followed by tears and regrets, and a score of good wishes, symbolized by a lavish shower of old slippers that Max threw after the departing bride.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Aline, will you come down to the river and skate this morning? The ice is ten inches thick and as smooth as glass," said Max Rodney to his sister, the morning after Effie's marriage.

She shook her head with a slight, wintry smile.

"Do not tempt me, Max," she said, "you have got me into too many scrapes in the past, and now I have promised mamma that I will never do so any more."

The handsome, rosy-cheeked boy, with the skates slung carelessly over his shoulder, regarded her with palpable disappointment.

"Oh, Aline, do come!" he said. "Do you remember last winter what glorious fun we had on the river? And now it is smoother and better than it was then. I know you would like it, and I'm sure mamma would not care."

"I cannot go, Max," Aline answered sadly. "Please do not tease me, there's a good boy."

The light-hearted boy went up to her and pulled away the white hands that half-shielded the pale, pretty face. He was too young and thoughtless to know much of the sorrow that had come to Aline.

"Aline, what has come over you?" he said. "It used to be that I would rather you came out with me for a lark than any fellow I knew. But ever since you were lost and came back you have changed. Why is it?"

"It is nothing, Max, only that mamma thinks I am getting too old to be your childish playmate any longer," Aline answered with a forced smile.

"Bosh! Is that all? Why, there's lots and lots of grown people on the river this morning. You need not be a childish playmate this time. There are lots of older people to keep you company. Say, will you come?"

"I cannot. I would not go among those people for anything," she answered.

"I don't see why. You can skate better than any of them. You are just like a bird," he said. "I say, sister, I shall ask mamma. Will you go if she says yes?"

"Not even then!" she answered, half hesitatingly, for the proposal was not without its charms.

Her old passion for out-of-door sports returned to her. She longed to be skimming the glittering ice with her light, swift feet, and feeling the rush of the cold, sweet breeze against the cheeks that had grown pale and thin in the months while she had been hiding herself sensitively within doors from the sneers and frowns of those who had traduced her so bitterly.

"You will come if mamma will come, too, won't you?" persisted Max, unwilling to yield the point.

"Mamma will not go," replied Aline.

The door opened, and Mrs. Rodney came suddenly into the room. She had a lugubrious look on her face and her eyelids were pink from weeping. She had been having a crying spell over the loss of her elder daughter.

She had caught Aline's words and now looked inquiringly into her pale face. But eager Max forestalled the question that trembled on her lips.

"Mamma, I want you and Aline to come down to the river with me for the skating. Will you come?"

Mrs. Rodney looked at Aline's pale cheeks and heavy eyes, and her first resolve to negative the proposal died on her lips. She saw the girl was fading and drooping in her enforced seclusion.

"Should you like to go, my dear?" she asked.

"With you, mamma," Aline answered, wistfully.

"Very well. We will go for a little while. Wrap yourself up warmly, my dear, and Max shall get your skates ready."

Aline ran up to her room, full of pleasurable anticipation, for she was an expert skater, and always enjoyed being on the ice. A girlish impulse prompted her to make herself as pretty as possible. She let down her dark, curling hair loosely over her shoulders, and donned a dark-red cashmere trimmed with silvery fur, a warm, wadded jacket of red, and a jaunty fur cap having a little bird perched on one side. Then she sallied forth with Max and Mrs. Rodney, who was so warmly wrapped up in cloth and fur and thick veils that barely the tip of her aristocratic-looking nose was visible to the beholder.

They had a bracing walk of half a mile in the cool, fresh air of the clear, wintry morning, and then the river burst upon their view like a sheen of silver, dotted about with merry youths and maidens who were sliding merrily about over the crystal expanse without a thought of danger.

Many of them were Aline's old friends and companions, with whom she had been a prime favorite until that mysterious trouble fell upon her. Her heart warmed to them as she saw the smiling, familiar faces and heard their merry voices. A longing came over her to be friends with them again—to touch their hands, to hear their voices talking to her in the old friendly, familiar way. Everything was so gay, so merry, so unceremonious, she half-hoped they would relent and welcome her to her old place among them.

Poor Aline! The light came into her violet eyes, the rich color flushed her cheeks at the thought. She looked wistfully at the groups that dotted the shore and the river as she came up. Her heart beat with anxiety and expectation. Would anyone speak to her? Would any one of all these, her old friends, give her one friendly clasp of the hand?

Vain thought, vain hope? As they saw her coming among them with her eager, expectant fact and her winning beauty, every one turned aside with cold, averted looks and scarcely restrained sneers. In a moment she stood solitary, with her mother and Max, in a spot where only a moment ago more than a score of people had been. They had tacitly deserted and ignored her. That strange sense of loneliness in crowds so often felt by the sensitive heart came over her now. Something like a strangling gasp came from her lips, and then she sut them movement that was almost defiance. In her heart she was saying bitterly: tightly together, and held her small head high, with a proud, staglike "They may scorn me as they will, but they shall not crush me! I have done no wrong, and in time I shall live down their cruel slanders."

To Be Continued.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

A SMART COAT FOR A SLENDER FIGURE—6043.

A short, semi-fitting coat is a very necessary adjunct of the modern wardrobe, for there are many pleasant days, even during the cold-weather months, when a longer wrap is a good deal of a burden. The coat sketched will be found very practical, and not too complicated for home development, while it has an extremely trig and smart effect. The slight fitting that is needed to adapt it to the figure is effected by means of the short side pieces, which are attached to the backs and fronts under the shaped trimming bands. If desired fancy braid might be substituted for these and the edging bands, or the bands may be omitted altogether, and the seams finished with machine stitching. Broadcloth, melton, covert cloth, or any of the smart coatings will serve for making. 2¾ yards 36 inches wide being required for the medium size.

6043—Seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

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 bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 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 necesary 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.

Address —
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

NOTED EVANGELIST'S EXPERIENCE

Irene, Ills., Aug. 7.—"I always praise the bridge that carries me over safe" are the words of J. Dimick Taylor, the great American evangelist, whose home is in Irene. While in Nova Scotia last winter I needed medicine and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They helped me wonderfully and I recommended them to others. I send this testimonial because your remedy will work directly on the kidneys, and cures the urinal disorders that often give pain to the man and woman affected with kidney trouble. I have not found anything equal to Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills. I gave them to a man on Tan Cook Island that was suffering in the most horrible way and in a few hours he was relieved.

When a minister like Mr. Taylor comes forth in praise of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, it is evident their power is beyond the ordinary. For diseases of the kidneys, bladder, liver and stomach they have no equal. Easy to take, very mild, sure to cure, 25 cents per box at all dealers.

BROKE THROUGH ICE

Young Couple Meet Tragic Fate While on Hunting Expedition.

Colebrook, N. H., Nov. 30.—Charles P. Heath, son of a physician at Wakefield, Mass., and Miss Lydia E. Hatch, the daughter of a Wilton, N. H., physician, were drowned in Big Diamond Pond, ten miles from here yesterday according to a report brought here today from Houston's camp, on the shores of the pond. Heath, who was 24 years of age, and Miss Hatch, aged 26, started on a hunting trip yesterday.

They were tracked across the ice on Big Diamond Pond, and at a place where the ice was very thin their hats were found. It is thought they broke through the ice and were drowned.

CAMORRA BANDS IN DEATH GRIP

Tragedies of Dread Societies Are Coming To Light Thick and Fast.

Rome, Nov. 30.—Camorra tragedies succeed one another thick and fast in the Neapolitan provinces.

Sansonetto, the Camorra chief of the Province of Bari, was waylaid and mortally wounded by a band of defeated rival candidates. Sansonetto, who is but a young man, kept his stealthy assailants at bay for some time, till they finally overpowered him, leaving him with his body pierced all over with their daggers.

At the Granatello di Portici Prison at Russia a Camorrist named Jengo was flung into a big cell full of criminals, among whom chanced to be a leading Naples Camorrist named Petronio. In the Italian lowlands the Camorrist leaders still retain distatorship over the rank and file, even while incarcerated in the common prison. On this occasion Jengo disputed the primacy of jurisdiction with Petronio. As the quarrel waxed warmer Petronio suddenly unsheated a stiletto and slashed mercilessly at the face of his foe, cutting off flesh from both cheeks. The other prisoners quickly formed into party groups to exterminate each other.

Military had to be summoned to quell the riot, and an inquiry has been ordered to discover how Petronio was able to carry a weapon in jail. This is the second case of the kind lately. Indeed, in the former one, in which two Camorra convict rivals fought a duel with knives in a prison courtyard each inflicted mortal wounds on the other.

Yesterday Antonio Parlait, one of the sixty-one Camorrist councilors of Naples, who had been committed for trial in connection with the Cuccoli murders, was examined by a magistrate, when he thrust his fist through a window and attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with the broken glass.

At Vietro, a seaside town near Salerno, an officer of Carabinieri named Liguori was brutally murdered in Camorrists while entering a tavern where they were holding a secret meeting.

ROBBERIES IN ST. MARYS

Residences Ransacked—A Meat Stall Robbed—Hunters' Trophies.

St. Marys, Nov. 30. — St. Marys is at present apparently infested with some very bold thieves. On Monday afternoon the residence of Robt. Purdue, Queen street, was entered, during the absence of Mrs. Purdue. On her return she was startled to find that all the bureau and other drawers had been taken out, placed on the floors, and thoroughly ransacked. A pocketbook, which had been in one of the drawers, and containing a $10 bill and loose change to the amount of $1 50, was found on the floor, but the robber in his hurry had overlooked the bill, and only took the change. On Tuesday morning Mr. Joseph Dagg, who runs a meat stall in the market basement, discovered that his money-till had been broken into and 24 cents in coppers taken. On Friday night of the week previous several residences in the north ward were tried, but only one place is reported to have suffered loss, several glass cans of preserved fruit having been taken.

Joseph Beavers, Water street, is visiting friends in Hamilton.

John O'Connor, printer, London, was home on a visit to his parents this week.

The St. Marys hunters who pitched their tent on the Pickle River, Parry Sound district, brought home a number of deer. James Smith, of Cherry Grove, West Nissouri, one; Archie Smith, West Nissouri, two; F. Brennan and Wal Sinkins, of East Nissouri, one and two, respectively.

The Sons of Scotland, Highland Mary Camp, will celebrate their patron saint's natal day by a supper and dance on Monday evening, Dec. 2, in the opera house. There will be vocal and instrumental selections, readings, etc., and the Tony Vita Orchestra of London will supply the music.

Hay has declined in price in this district, the supply being more than the demand.

W. S. Reynolds, of Mitchell, the newly-appointed electrician for the local electric light works, has entered upon his duties.

George Hendrie, who took a trip through Southern Michigan, recently, has returned home.

Mr. Richards, of the hydro-electric power commission, was here Friday, conferring with the town council in reference to the debenture bylaw necessary to provide funds for the distribution line for this town.

It is reported that the subway which is being constructed under the G. T. R. for the St. Marys and Western Ontario Railway, near the Horseshoe stone quarry, is being built of reinforced concrete, and that $3,000 worth of steel has been used in its construction. A large quantity of lumber has been required during the building of the subway.

A public meeting will be held Friday evening, Dec. 6, in the town hall, to discuss the "wood specialties" bylaw. Mr. Doolittle and Dr. Moyer, of Preston, will address the citizens.

Robert Hicks, coal and lumber dealer, of Peterboro, was a visitor here, this week. Mr. Hicks was in business here a few years ago.

UNSIGHTLY WARTS REMOVED.

The operation is painless and simple—just apply Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. For 50 years it has been curing warts, and will cure you, too. Try Putnam's.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS 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."

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Can You Make Use of Any Of These $1.00 Dress Goods At 59c Per Yard?

They are of the best quality, every thread pure wool, and will withstand a surprising amount of good hard wear. The materials are Tweeds, Plaid Suitings, Hopsacking and Canvas Suitings. In various colors. These are heavy-weight cloths, suitable for children's coats, and ladies' comfortable skirts, for stormy winter weather. Not a yard has been sold in the regular way, previously, for less than one dollar a yard. Tuesday Sale..... 59c

Here Is a Bargain That Will Thrill You: Our Regular $1.25 Venetian for 87c Yd. Tuesday

Why this astonishing offer? Simply because we had a big day in Dress Goods this time last year, and we must equal the record, and, if possible beat it. Hence, this great opportunity comes knocking at the door of your economical mind, persuasively urging you to take, immediately, advantage of the big saving.

This Venetian is really a superb Cloth. All-Wool, of sound, substantial, wear-resisting quality. The finish is a marvel of smoothness, with a satin-like beauty. Our best selling Cloth in the house, at $1.25 per yard; and Tuesday you can have it, in colors of navy, brown, and green, for the extraordinary low price of..... 87c

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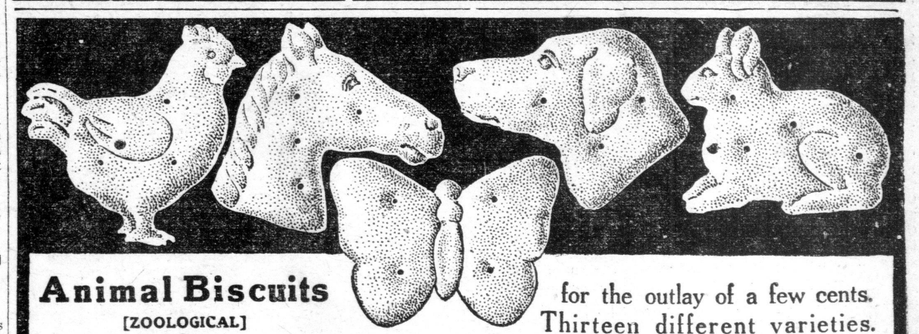

Animal Biscuits
[ZOOLOGICAL]

The "little tots" will amuse themselves by the hour with a few handfuls of Perrin's Animal Biscuits. A regular zoo—and a natural history education—for the outlay of a few cents. Thirteen different varieties. About 155 biscuits to the pound. Order from your grocer to-day.

Perrin's Biscuits
"Just a little better than the rest."

LONDON'S POPULATION

Expected To Be Sixteen Millions Within Fifty Years.

London, Nov. 30.—The Metropolitan water board is engaged in trying to solve the great problem of London's water supply, fifty years hence, when the population within its area will be more than doubled as a step towards the solution of the problem the board is now erecting in various parts of London large storage reservoirs.

The experts of the water board calculate that by 1916 the population of London will be 8,000,000. and that by the year 1960 it will be 16,000,000. Whence is to come the unpolluted water to supply that vast aggregation of human beings? That is the very serious question which is is necessary for the present authorities to answer for the sake of coming generations.

G. G. Easton, mayor of Fulham, and a member of the London water board, told a reporter last night that the matter was receiving the very earnest attention of the board. "At present," he said. "London's water comes principally from the Thames, taken out between Hampton and Staines. It is possible that with the increase of people and new means of communication, the Thames valley may have a population of 2,000,000.

"Will it then be possible to draw upon that necessarily polluted water for a supply? Shall we have to go further up the river for it? If so, how far up the river will it be practicable for us to go? These are some of the questions we have to deal with. Fifty-five per cent of our water comes from the Thames about 20 per cent from the Lea, and something under 30 per cent is pumped from wells."

The suggested solution of the problem of the future, continued Mr. Easton, was to secure water from the rivers at flood times and store it. Already great reservoirs were being provided, reservoirs which would contain more water than the cubic space of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. It had been found that water not altogether pure became pure by natural action after storage for a few weeks.

"There is actually stored in London at the present moment," said Mr. Easton, "enough water to last for some months."

In the United States of much less than twice Japan's population the Western Union Company alone has 203,000 miles of telegraph line in comparison with Japan's 7,900 miles, and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company alone has 6,000,000 miles of telephone wire, compared with Japan's 47,500 miles. The latter company alone handles as many messages every 12 days as the Japanese line handles in a year.

The third-class passenger service of the English railroads is constantly increasing in popularity at the expense of the other classes.

Said a housewife of fair Napanee:
"The 'help' problem can't bother me;
I'll tell you the way
To make servant girls stay,

Can you suggest a line to complete this LIMERICK?

IF YOU CAN, and wish to win a cash prize, buy any current copy of

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This Paper is Offering

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For the Thirty-five Best Lines

The writer of the cleverest line gets $30 in cash; 2nd, $20; 3rd and 4th $10, and so on down to $2. Everybody may try who complies with conditions, you don't have to be a subscriber. For full particulars see current issues, Daily or Weekly

Mail and Empire. Read Conditions Carefully Before Sending Answers.

N.B.—This competition closes December 9th.

111

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SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS and CONTUSIONS

There are many complaints where immediate assistance is required to suspend and check diseased action. In cases of this kind R. R. Relief is an important and infallible assistant, in many cases curing the patient "before the doctor reaches the house." Croup, Diphtheria, Influenza, Cramps, Spasms, Burns, Scalds, Accidents, Bruises, Falls, Gunshot Wounds, Poisonous Bites of Dogs, Snakes, Stings of Insects, etc. In a few moments the wonderful properties of the Ready Relief are exhibited, and the disease arrested and exterminated before it is developed.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

Be sure and keep handy Radway's remedies, for they have done good service for the past 50 years and are household words everywhere, as they should be, for they have saved many a life and many a doctor's bill.

Radway's Ready Relief
For Internal and External Use.
IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE.
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