

FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "By Right of Sword," "When I Was Czar," etc., etc.
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"The latter part is about correct," said Olive, after a pause; and she told the lawyer what had occurred in regard to the telegram. "Do you believe her story?"

"I have no means of judging," was the cautious reply. "She gave me many details when I told her I was acting for you. She showed me a number of letters written to her in the old days, and these all go to show that her tale is correct. So far as I could judge they were, undoubtedly, written by Mr. Farmer; and she gave me every particular as to the time and place of the marriage; so that that part can be readily investigated."

"I don't believe it," said Olive, instantly and decidedly. "I know my dear father would have been the last man in the world to act as she says. A more honorable man, or one with a kinder heart, never breathed. He was incapable of such baseness as to desert her in such a way. Nothing will ever make me believe it. But what do you advise?"

"I propose to go at once to Sheffield—tonight, in fact. I have the facts, and can hunt up the registrar by whom the alleged marriage was performed, and find the witnesses, if any of the parties are still alive. It will not take long, and I will wire you the result immediately."

"And then?"

"If the facts are as she asserts, you will probably wish to make some provision for her. I think that should be done."

But Olive's face hardened. "We will wait and see. Even if her tale be true, why should she seek to put that shame on me today, publicly, and stop the marriage? She killed my dear father by her violence, Mr. Casement. Why should I have more mercy upon her than she had on him? There is more in this than we see at present. We will wait." And so it was left.

A night's long and bitterly painful reflection confirmed Olive in the verdict she had formed of Mrs. Merridew's action; and she came near to a guess at the truth in regard to her

and her son. If the woman had any real claim on her father, why had she come first to Silverbeech with the glib falsehood that he was a rich American? Why had he sought to come between her and her lover? Why had she not made her claim at once instead of sending the man to spy out the land first?

The son must have described her father's critical state of health, and have known that such a scene as that in the church was certain to have disastrous results. And Olive's brows knitted angrily, and her lips were pressed firmly together as she thought of all that this might mean.

In the morning Lady Belborough drove over from the castle, ostensibly to console with Olive, but really to find out what she meant to do. She commenced with a few surface expressions of sympathy which Olive appreciated at their real worth. "And now, dear, what does it all mean? What are you going to do about this dreadful scandal?"

"In the first place, I shall wait to see if there is any scandal at all, Lady Belborough," answered Olive quietly. "Mr. Casement has gone to investigate the whole matter."

"The lady's story is very circumstantial."

"Of course, you listened to it," retorted Olive, coldly.

"I really could not help it. She forced it upon me; and, of course, I saw at once that the marriage could not take place until it had been sifted."

"You may depend that it will be sifted to the uttermost," Lady Belborough said. "I am not likely to allow such an infamous scandal to rest on my dear father's name one moment longer than necessary. All I have in the world will be devoted to that purpose."

"Of course, of course. But will it affect you in regard to your fortune?"

"Mr. Casement tells me it will not."

"Ah, I am glad, indeed, of that. To have lost your fortune as well as your name would have been too much."

Olive sprang up instantly. "Lady Belborough, you are Jack's mother, and I do not wish to be betrayed into saying anything to you which I might afterwards regret. But I will not allow anyone to slander my dear father, and to insult me."

"You take a high tone, indeed," cried Lady Belborough, rising also.

"Yesterday I had someone to protect me, and it is I who have to protect the dead from calumny of this kind."

"If you think you can get rid of this scandal by merely getting upon high stilts, you will find you are mightily mistaken," was the angry reply. "The heir of Belborough will not be allowed to marry a nameless woman."

"Your ladyship's carriage is waiting," interrupted Olive, ringing the bell.

Lady Belborough's face flamed with passion.

"You dare to treat me in this way and order me out of your house. You, a mere upstart, with no claim even to—"

"Lady Belborough's carriage," said the servant who opened the door at that moment; and with a frigid bow she turned away, and did not look round until her visitor had left the room. Then, with a moan of suffering, she threw herself on a couch and buried her face in her hands.

Until then she had not realized all the terrible consequences to herself which must follow if the story told on the previous day should prove to be true. Her face flushed, and her blood boiled as she winced and quivered with the new shame of her thoughts.

She was on fire with impatience for the news which Mr. Casement was to send; and when, late in the afternoon, a telegram came from him, she tore it open with fingers that trembled with agitation.

"Am returning tonight. Regret can find no flaw in the story—Casement."

Father's Eczema Afflicted Children

Mr. Chas. Noble, of 375 Colonial Avenue, Montreal, the assistant chief operator of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, and several of his family have been cured of eczema by Zambuk, the great herbal balm. He states the facts as follows: "The disease started in the back of my hands in the form of small sores and eruptions. These were very irritating when rubbed and scratched, turned into very painful sores. I tried waters, lotions and soaps, but the disease continued to spread and so I consulted a doctor. He treated me for a time, but he did not cure me. I got no relief. Then to my alarm the eczema spread to several of my children. The pain and irritation in all our cases was very great, and we were very much distressed as all we tried proved unavailing. Zambuk was recommended and I obtained a supply. I tried it first on a small patch of the eczema, and this showed so much improvement that I was convinced Zambuk would do good if persevered with, and therefore obtained a supply. Each application greatly relieved the itching, pain and soreness, and it was not long before the eruptions and sores dried up and disappeared. In a few weeks from commencing with Zambuk every spot was removed."

"The children who had also taken this disease were treated in the same way and have each been cured. Unlike all other preparations used, Zambuk seemed to search to the roots of the evil, and it was really surprising how quickly the sores were healed. In my case and that of my children the cure was most effectual and permanent, as it is now some months since we were cured, and there has been no sign of any eruptions or sores returning."

Of all druggists and stores, 50c box or postpaid from the Zambuk Company, Toronto. No home should be without Zambuk.

With this terrible news she again sought refuge in her own room; and in solitude spent hours of bitter, poignant grief.

In the early evening Jack came over. But she would not see him; although her heart was aching for the comfort he could have given her; and scribbled a line that she could not bear an interview yet. He persisted, and all but insisted upon seeing her; but she held to that determination.

She would see no one but Mr. Casement; and when he came he could only confirm his telegram. Such a marriage as that alleged had certainly taken place, and the signature, "Richard Farmer," corresponded with her father's handwriting. The witnesses, a Mr. and Mrs. Thistleton, were alive, too, and had recognized the photograph of Mr. Farmer, which the lawyer had shown to them.

She listened in silence; as if it had been her sentence of death; and then said she wished to be alone. He was to stay at Silverbeech "that night, and he would know where to get her father's will, or if now where it is kept," he added. "In the safe." She got him the keys of the safe, and together they opened it.

With a confident look he took out the packet of papers among which it was always kept, and unfasted the tape.

"Your father was a most methodical man," he said. "Here it is."

Then his face fell, and a look of profound consternation spread over it. The cover with the indorsement which his clerk had said was there; but it contained only some blank sheets of paper.

Olive had seen his look and caught a glimpse of the blank sheets of paper. "What does that mean, Mr. Casement?" she asked, not fully understanding the gravity of the matter.

The lawyer folded up the paper quickly and forced a smile. "Go to bed now, my dear young lady. You have been intensely tired today. In the morning I'll look into this closely into things. I'm very tired, too, and close my eyes."

But when she had gone, he tossed up his hands.

"Good heavens! Beggared as well! Oh, poor girl! poor girl. How terrible!"

CHAPTER VI.

Beggared and Homeless.

Olive bore the news of her loss of fortune with surprising fortitude. Mr. Casement kept the fact of the loss of the will to himself as long as he dared; and under the pretense of collecting all the papers of his late client, he had every nook and cranny of the manor searched during the interval between his return and the day of the funeral.

But Olive had to be told the truth then.

"What will it mean to me, Mr. Casement?" she asked.

"Probably a long, legal tussle, my dear young lady. I have the instructions and a draft will, and shall, of course, endeavor to have that draft proved."

"And if you fail?"

"Everything will then turn upon this alleged marriage. If that is proved to have actually taken place, I fear that all your late father's property will go to the person who claims to be his wife. But don't despair, yet, of course."

"I shall never despair. It is not the money I care about, but my dear father's good name. I am resolved to clear that."

"Of course, you are; and I am equally resolved to assist you. But although you young people are accustomed to think lightly of wealth, we old ones take a different view."

"What can these Merridews do?" was her next question.

"Nothing without a long, legal fight; and I should think that some sort of compromise—"

"I will not compromise with them. If it is theirs, they shall have it. Mr. Casement, to compromise would be to acquiesce in this calumny," declared Olive, very firmly. "It is true, or it is a lie. There is no halfway-house, and to that decision she held unflinchingly."

But Mr. Casement had made a mistake when he declared the Merridews ignorant of a fresh misfortune which he did not ascertain until he had returned to his office. There had been fire there some time before; and in it the draft will had been burnt.

Meanwhile, Gilbert Merridew acted with much shrewdness. He had waited anxiously to ascertain whether any other will than that which he had destroyed was forthcoming; and when none was procured, he went down to Silverbeech.

Jack had been at the manor just before; and a long and very trying interview had taken place between him and Olive. She had told him that her fortune was probably lost, and like the true, manly fellow he was, he had urged her to marry him at once.

"I said the other day I would wait, and make a test, he said. 'It will make no difference to me. We'll do what I said then. Leave the thieves to enjoy their plunder, and you and I will go abroad. It is you I want, not my money.'"

But she would not hear of it. His mother's words rang in her ears; and the hot flush of shame those words had roused mantled her cheeks again at the remembrance. She would be no man's wife until this terrible bar had been removed.

He pleaded and urged and argued, using every reason he could think of; but she remained immovable. "I will give my life to clear my dear father's name; and I will never cease trying until I die or succeed."

"No, Jack, no. Don't ask me. I will be no man's wife until I can look the world in the face and claim my rightful position. It almost breaks my heart to send you away; but it must be."

Then he had to leave her, unable to shake this decision.

When Gilbert Merridew arrived, he began by expressing the deepest sympathy with Olive. Not a trace of his former brusqueness was shown; he was as courteous and gentle as if so much time had elapsed since he had been in his mind. His desire was, he said, to be allowed to be a friend; and he gave her to understand that his former proposal of marriage had been inspired as much by the eagerness to spare her this sorrow as by his own feelings.

(To be Continued.)

The estimated population of Brazil is within 100,000 of 26,000,000.

"O! MY POOR HEAD"

STOP THOSE HEADACHES.

Headache and neuralgia are pronounced signs of blood poisoning. This poisoning of the blood comes from the waste matter of the body being left in the system, instead of being regularly carried off by the bowels, kidneys and skin.

When the bowels do not move regularly, the refuse is absorbed by the blood. Thus, the blood is loaded with foul poisons which irritate the nerves.

Poor skin action also causes headache and neuralgia. Impurities cannot escape through the skin, so the blood must take them up and deposit them on the nerves.

If the bowels and skin are not ridding the system of waste, the kidneys try to do so and are overworked.

There is just one way to cure headaches and neuralgia—to regulate bowels, kidneys and skin so that all the poisons of the body will be properly carried off.

"Fruit-atives" keep blood pure and rich—relieve the stomach and kidneys—regulate the bowels; and invigorate the skin to healthy action. "Fruit-atives" are a wonderful discovery, being a combination of fruit juices and tonics. 50c a box—six for \$2.50. At all dealers, or from "Fruit-atives" Limited, Ottawa.

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SAYS IT'S A FINE NAVY

American Rear-Admiral Replies to Criticism of the Fleet.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Rear-Admiral Washington Lee Capps, chief constructor of the navy department, has written a letter to the magazine article written by Henry Reuter in criticism of the construction of the American battleships.

The admiral asserted that the American warships are the equal of any in the world. The most serious charges made, he said, were of insufficient free board, meaning the height from water line to deck; insufficient gun height and improper location of main line armor belts, and all these he explained have been the subject of the closest study and experiment for many years by naval designers of every country.

Admiral Capps characterized as "explosive" the theory that if a shell penetrated the armor plate at a slight incline it would be deflected upward by the armor of the protected deck.

"All efforts," he added, "should be directed toward keeping the shell out; all the armor should be put on the ship's vertical form."

"Put it all on the outside," remarked Mr. Tillman.

"Exactly, for if a shell goes through 11 inches of armor it will explode anyway. The protected deck would not be a protection at all."

A publication just issued by the central Esperanto office in Paris shows that there are 639 Esperanto societies throughout the world. 38 journals are published specially devoted to the propagation of the language, there are Esperanto clubs or agents at 170 towns and the language has been accepted for use by 11 different congresses.

The Salvation Army chapel at Brandon, the most handsome in Canada, will be dedicated on April 5.

A deputation from Sudbury asked Sir Wilfrid Laurier for a French-speaking judge for the district.

James W. Squier, of Lindsay, of the firm of Squier & Flavell, is dead. Building at London will cost \$30,000.

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CANADIAN

A whey butter factory is proposed at Pictou.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature was opened yesterday.

Ewan McQueen, one of the oldest residents of Petrolia, is dead.

J. K. Lee, a farmer near Macleod, Alta., has 20 acres under seed.

To complete the collegiate institute at Pictou \$27,714 more is needed.

Winnipeg council proposes to spend over a million in local improvements.

R. D. Hall, of Kincardine, 30 years a school teacher, is dead, aged 65.

Samuel Turner, of Eugenia Falls, a pioneer of Artemesia, is dead, aged 53 years.

It is proposed to have Hamilton firemen on duty twelve hours at a time.

The Royal Hotel, at Campbelltown, N. B., was burned yesterday, with \$25,000 loss.

James Wright, unseated three weeks ago as an alderman of Brantford, has been re-elected.

Seventy-nine bills have been made law by the Manitoba Legislature, which closed yesterday.

The C. N. R. will relay their line from Port Arthur to Winnipeg with 80-pound rails this season.

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GENTEEL HOUSEWIVES INDORSE THEM.
DELICATE LINENS DEMAND THEM.
UP-TO-DATE GROCERS SELL THEM.

D. McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street, London

Executor

Where is there an individual who is as capable to act as the executor of your will as this Company, which was organized and developed especially for this purpose?

This Company will carry out to the last letter the terms of your will. It will manage the estate efficiently and economically, and avoid legal entanglements.

It will not be tempted, as an individual might, to speculate with the funds held in trust. It is debarred by law from speculation.

This Company cannot die, get sick or take a holiday—always ready to faithfully perform its trust.

Charges are never greater, but usually less than the remuneration allowed individuals.

Services of Family Solicitor always retained.

Correspondence receives prompt and careful consideration.

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LONDON, ONTARIO.

almost the whole of his estate estimated to have been worth \$60,000,000.

Mrs. Walker's first husband was J. C. Walker, a representative in Congress, who died four years ago.

Mr. Penfield was formerly connected with a Hartford, Connecticut, newspaper, was a consultant to London, United States diplomatic agent and consul in Egypt, and is an author, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and a member of some of the best-known clubs in New York.

The concert of the Elgar Choir of Hamilton last night was attended by an audience which jammed the opera house.

W. F. Nickle, K. C., was chosen over James H. Medcalf as the Conservative candidate in Kingston for the Legislature.

William McCrea's house at Guelph was damaged by fire last night by one of the children playing with a celluloid comb over a lamp.

Roderick Nicholson, a cripple, living alone near Charlottetown, was