

THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

St. Quintin was trembling. "I can't think it's quite as bad as that," he said hoarsely. "What I think is that this man is covetous—indeed, he confessed as much—and that he is trying to—to—to—"

"Well, what do you think he's trying to do?"

St. Quintin made a gesture of despair.

"I think you're right," said he, at last, desperately. "He's holding out, with the intention of inducing her to marry the man who pays the most handsomely for the privilege. Yet why a man who must certainly be well off himself—"

"How do you know that?" asked Ince, quickly.

"Look at the house, the servants, the ladies' jewelry and dresses!"

"Might they not all be part of the plot to make her pass for an heiress, when she is really nothing of the sort?"

St. Quintin drew a long breath.

"There must be money somewhere," he said. "Either she has plenty, or he or his wife. For think of the enormous sums he would have to get out of everybody to keep up such an establishment! And all he gets out of his niece's admirers is a few trinkets."

"You mean as far as you know?"

St. Quintin, trembling so much that he had to support himself against the table, stared at his friend.

"Oh, no, no, by heaven! It's not possible! You mean that they use Marie, that lovely, charming, girl, as a decoy? A— He thrust his hand through his hair in a stupor of incredulous dismay. "No, no, no. They know I'm well off. If they had been what you say, do you think they wouldn't have tried to get something more out of me than a diamond watch? Just ask yourself!"

"You've only been down there two or three times. Perhaps they've

scarcely begun the bleeding process properly yet."

The other started up with a cry. "By Jove! I won't believe it. I won't. I—I must go down at once, see Marie, and find out the truth. She must know something about the way of life of her uncle and aunt. She—"

"Ah!"

The effect of that monosyllable upon St. Quintin was paralyzing, for it summed up all the incredulity, all the ugly conviction, which had been ripening in the mind of the elder man on the way back from Briar Lodge that night.

St. Quintin made a rush for his friend, who held him off and tried to soothe him into listening quietly.

"Hush. Be quiet, there's a good chap. All I meant was that you must not now be content to let things slide, you must find out, once for all, how much the girl knows."

St. Quintin glared at him.

"She knows nothing of what you mean, nothing of anything wrong. I'll swear."

"Then, if you were to suggest to her that there is something shady about the place, and put a few plain facts before her—perhaps you'll open her eyes, always supposing they're not open already, and you can get her to choose between you, on the one hand and these people, who are probably just her relations at all, on the other."

"But Mrs. Mortimer was satisfied?"

"An old lady is easily satisfied, especially if she's good," said Ince, with decision. "Look here, let me go down with you the next time you visit Briar Lodge."

"That would rouse their suspicions at once. I saw the old Frenchman looking at you askance."

"The very reason why you must take me again. If he thinks I go in the character of a detective, we shall soon find out something. Either he will shut up altogether, or he will do something to satisfy us of his bona fides. Don't you agree with me?"

"Perhaps," faltered St. Quintin, who was too much overcome with the terrors of the situation to be able to think clearly.

"Have you had an invitation to go down again?"

"A general invitation, that's all."

"Well, this is Monday. Shall we go down together the day after tomorrow?"

"All right."

"And will you promise not to write and give them any warning of our coming?"

St. Quintin was up in arms at once.

"I must write a note to Marie, of course," he began.

Then James Ince showed himself in his true colors, dropped the gentle, easy, earnest tone, and became abrupt and dictatorial.

"Unless you give me your word of honor," he said, weighing heavily on every word, "not to write one word either to Miss Densley or to any member of her circle or household, between now and Wednesday, I shall put the matter into the hands of the police."

St. Quintin, pale as the dead, stared incredulously at his friend.

"You would dare!" he said in a hoarse voice. "Against my wish and command!"

"I would, and I will. So now you understand. I know for a certainty that these people are wrong 'uns. Whether the girl herself knows it or not I can't tell. I should think she must have suspicions, though. And, in any case, I think if you give any sense you'd cut the whole lot."

"Never. I'll cut anybody else you like, but if you ask me to give up Marie—"

"I don't, and I won't. I say it would be wiser, that's all. However, we needn't discuss that now. If I want to, I'll write word of honor not to write to her or communicate with her till after Wednesday. Is it a bargain?"

"All right," said St. Quintin, hoarsely, as, with bent head and uncertain steps, he staggered across the room and threw himself into a chair.

CHAPTER XII.

St. Quintin passed the next two days in a state of such anxiety that he had never before known.

Ready as he had been to see that there was something strange, to say the least of it, about the household at Briar Lodge, where all seemed so prosperous and yet so full of mystery, he fought hard against Marie Ince's ugly suggestion that Marie herself had anything to do with what was wrong.

She was the victim, not a fellow-conspirator. If she was being used as a decoy, it must be without her knowledge, if not against her will.

He did not scoff, as Ince did, at the story told by the girl, and though he thought some points of it were open to inquiry, it seemed to him perfectly natural that two ladies living by themselves, like Mrs. Mortimer and her old pupil, the one very old and the other very young, should believe whatever was told them, especially when the story was illustrated by such a sudden and great rise in life as that experienced by Miss Densley.

However, deeply as he was hurt by his friend's suspicions of the girl and entirely as he rejected them on his own account, he had sense enough to understand that he could not do better than allow the cooler-headed Ince to see, at least, what he could do to investigate the mystery of Briar Lodge.

So when his friend arrived on the Wednesday afternoon, on a dull and misty September day, and peremptorily forbade the use of the motor car on their journey, he was submissive, asked few questions, as he got no satisfactory answers, and accompanied Ince to the railway station in a hansom without demur.

One answer he insisted upon getting, however, before they started.

"Have you learned anything fresh

about these people?" he asked point-blank.

"Not a thing," replied Ince, promptly. "And I've been making the most of my time, too."

This was satisfactory as far as it went. The Leblancs might be shady, but they were not notorious, evidently.

So the two young men went down to Briar Lodge together in a very different mood from that in which they had paid their first visit.

When they reached the outer gate of the garden, which was a good way from the house, Ince stopped short and said:

"Look here, will you mind if I go up to the house by myself? Will you wait for me here? Walk up and down this way, without passing that gap in the trees where they could see you from the windows. I won't keep you waiting a minute longer than I can help."

St. Quintin was alarmed.

"But what are you going to do?" said he.

"Nothing whatever. At least, nothing to upset anyone. I'm going to make a few inquiries, that's all. And I'll answer for it they will not reach any ears you need mind."

Puzzled and distressed, St. Quintin, feeling that he had let himself in for more than he had bargained for, reluctantly consented, and, turning back, strolled along the footpath under the trees that spread out their branches from the gardens of the stately row of detached houses that bordered the heath.

Meanwhile James Ince went quickly up the drive and rang the bell. As he had hoped, it was the footman he knew who opened the door.

"Is Monsieur Leblanc at home?" he asked without appearing to recognize the man.

"No, sir," said the footman, promptly.

James Ince raised his eyebrows.

"Really, at home?" he asked in the lowest of voices.

The servant hesitated.

"Well, sir, that was the message I was told to give everyone, and he won't see anybody, I know."

Where is he, as a matter of fact?

The man answered as before reluctantly, as if every word were being drawn out of him with tortures.

"He's in his study, sir, or his laboratory. He doesn't allow anybody to disturb him when he's in there."

"Laboratory, eh? And where's that?"

"Oh, it's at the back of the house, sir. Yes, on that side."

The affirmative was in answer to Ince's curious movement of the head to his left.

"Can you introduce me into the room where he is, saying that I'm a gentleman come on important business?"

"Oh, no, sir; I dursn't do that. Look here, Mr. Ince, you wouldn't wish to do a poor chap any harm, now, would you? I feel grateful, like to you, seeing you're a friend of the gentleman that spoke for me, and got me off for that affair of the sealskin jackets."

"And hard work he had, too, you rascal!"

"Well, sir, believe me, if I could do what you want, I'd do it. But I can't. In the first place, Monsieur Leblanc locks himself in."

"Well, will you tell me just what you're doing here?"

"I'm simply a servant, sir, nothing else, honor bright."

"Come, Saunders, that won't do for me. Unless you're quite frank, it's of no use expecting me to hold my tongue about you. Who are these people, and what are you doing for them?"

"Well, sir, as for the first question, I can only say, 'bless if I know myself who or what they are.' Everything looks square. Plenty of money; highly respectable visitors. Everything tidy."

"Then, now, tell me the truth about yourself."

"Well, if you must have it, I'm here—to watch for the other party in the firm."

"Oh, there's another party, is there?"

"Yes, sir. And you've heard about him, right enough. It's Bob Gurney, that got seven years for stealing at a bank—that they call 'bezzlement,' sir."

"People, so he's the partner of these fellows? Does he come here?"

"No, sir. I keep him posted up."

"How?"

"Well, there's a lot of gentlemen comes here, where all after Miss Densley and her money. For she's got money—lots of it, by what I can make out—and land up in Lincolnshire too."

"Yes, well?"

"They come here in swarms making up to her, for her money mostly. I think. And some of them make an awful bother. They say they can't marry her off-hand. Mr. Burdick, was one of them that made a row."

"Burdick, eh? And what became of him?"

"Oh, Monsieur Leblanc quietened him down, talked him over, as he does with them all. Oh, he's a stone gone, far as the gift of the gab goes, sir; is Monsieur Leblanc. He beats madame, and that's saying a deal."

"And Burdick didn't come here again?"

"Why, no, sir; they say nobody knows what he became of him," said Saunders, simply.

"It was plain that he himself had no sort of explanation to offer of that mystery."

"Did you let him out, the last time he came?"

(To be continued.)

Authorities who have in charge some of England's ancient treasures try to discourage the habit of carving initials on these relics. A fine of \$15 was recently imposed on a man who had clipped his name in letters six inches high on one of the stones in the "Druids' Circle" near Keswick. Close to the stone was a Swagone a special slab is provided for the harmless reception of the names of all who are addicted to this self-advertising custom. Popular Alpine summits names are left on cards in emptied wine bottles.

WORK OF POLICE IN THE FAR NORTH

Interesting Account of the Work of the Buffalo Given in Report of the Commissioner.

Ottawa, Jan. 30.—According to the report of the commissioner of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the total strength of the force on Oct. 31 last was 639 officers and men and 527 horses. This is a reduction of strength since last year, caused principally by withdrawals from the Yukon Territory.

The commissioner says, in the Northwest Territories the strength is not sufficient. Posts are required at different points on the Mackenzie River. In the Keewatin District Indian practices among the Indians have come to light, and in the interests of humanity more police posts ought to be established. In Ungava the same practices are said to take place. There are no police stationed in the district at present, but they ought to be sent there.

A marked increase in crime is noted, the number of cases being 6,736, as against 5,184 the previous year. Details are given of the splendid work which has been carried on by the detachment which for the past three years has been engaged in the work of cutting a trail from the Peace River to the Yukon. Superintendent Moodie has recommended that the post at Cape Fullerton at the northwest corner of Hudson's Bay, be abandoned, as the whaling fleets have ceased to winter at that point. He recommends that a new post be established on Baker Lake, west of Chesterfield Inlet.

Relief Given to Settlers.

The commissioner mentions that early in December, 1906, alarm was felt for the safety of the large number of settlers who had gone into the country west of Saskatoon, and south of Battleford, along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Wetaskiwin branch of the Canadian Pacific. Some had pushed out a hundred miles from the nearest railway station. Wood is very scarce in that area, and some of the settlers were obliged to travel sixty miles to obtain it. Some had only oxen, which are quite useless in deep snow, others had no sleighs. As an instance of the helplessness of more than one, a patrol found a Scotch family, which had come in during November, having only a yoke of oxen and one cow. They traveled 100 miles on foot to their homestead. On arrival the cold weather overtook them. They were without a supply of fuel, fodder for their animals, and, in fact, without any of the necessities of a winter climate. Both father and son froze their feet in endeavoring to obtain provisions and fuel. Their wants were amply supplied.

Patrols to Every Settler.

The Minister of the Interior decided that steps should be taken to give relief to any settlers in that district who required it. Mr. Speers, chief colonization agent, representing the immigration branch, purchased and forwarded ample supplies to Tramping Lake, 80 miles from Battleford, where a relief depot in charge of Inspector Knight, was established on Feb. 15. He had under his command ten non-commissioned officers and constables. Patrols were made to every settler. The snow was very deep, and it was a long time for trying work for men and horses. Many of the patrols were made on snowshoes. Relief was given to 145 families. This relief was necessary because those people had gone on the open plains far in advance of railway construction, and were unprepared for a winter of great severity. Many in much earlier than usual. Police patrols have gone over the country recently, and for the present winter nearly all are fully prepared and no anxiety need be felt for their safety.

Next summer, two railway lines will be in operation in their midst, which will prevent any further danger. Extensive coal mines have been discovered almost in the center of this rich tract, which will add much in its early development.

The Wood Buffalo.

One of the most interesting features of the report is the account given by Inspector Jarvis respecting the wood buffalo in the Mackenzie River district. Inspector Jarvis spent several weeks in the vicinity of Fort Smith, Fort McMurray and Smith Landing last summer, and made trips in every direction for the purpose of locating the buffalo. The Chipewyan Indians were very much opposed to his entering the buffalo country, but finally he succeeded in inducing a half-breed to accompany him. Mr. E. Thompson, a Scotchman, a naturalist, was also in the party. Inspector Jarvis and his associates traveled west from Smith Landing for a couple of days through a country which he describes as eminently suited for settlement.

ment, the ground being of rich clay loam. Late on the second day they were successful in approaching within 60 yards of a herd of 13 Buffalo. The following morning they saw others, and in four days altogether they ran across 33 animals and the fresh tracks of over a twelve more. Inspector Jarvis states that it would take two or three months to report intelligently as to the numbers of buffalo in the north country; that the animals are in danger of extermination, not from wolves, but from poachers living at Smith Landing in the summer time. He strongly recommends that a police patrol be established at this point as well as resident guardians placed on the grounds. He also suggests the capture of a number of calves in the early summer to be sent to Banff and to the reservation near Edmonton for the improvement of the captive herds.

Will Establish Detachments.

Referring to Inspector Jarvis' statement, the commissioner says: "I think his opinions have been formed somewhat hurriedly, as the reports have received from him do not agree with his, especially as regards the wolves. Reports from every portion of that north country say that wolves are there in great numbers. During my recent trip in the Peace River country I was told of depredations committed by them and their boldness. Many horses were killed on the open ranges last winter, and some even in corrals close to houses. There is no doubt but that the buffalo also suffered. Nevertheless, and clearly show the necessity of establishing posts at Fort Smith and Fort Resolution, from which points a close supervision can be maintained. These are the last wild buffalo and it would be a thousand pities if they were exterminated. I propose, therefore, with your concurrence, to establish these detachments early next year."

BURNED TO DEATH

Terrible Fate of a Stationary Engineer in a Montreal Fire.

Montreal, Jan. 30.—Robert Bailey, 56 years old, was burned to death while at work in the Standard shirt factory, Desjardins avenue, today. The victim was with work in the engine room, when something went wrong with the steam pipes in the rear of the firebox. Bailey went behind with a bundle of waste, and while he was working at the broken pipes the waste caught fire, and the man was caught like a rat in a trap.

Owing to the inflammable nature of the material, in a moment the victim's clothing was one mass of flames, and before the fire could be extinguished he was frightfully burned all over the body.

He was taken to the general hospital, but from the first there was not the slightest chance of his recovery. He died shortly after being admitted.

A STRANGE VERDICT

Jury Censures Chief of Police, Although He Was Not Responsible.

Ottawa, Jan. 30.—The coroner's jury to inquire into the death of James Callaghan in the county jail last Saturday night, returned a verdict early this morning, censuring the chief of police. The result is remarkable, as no blame was attached to the chief in any way, nor did the man receive anything but kindness in the police station previous to being sent to the county jail. Several witnesses showed that Callaghan was choked and abused by a turnkey in the jail, while others testified that the man had been well-treated.

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We were quite sure that there would be no lack of buyers at the first Saturday night sale. The crowd came, it saw and was conquered. It needed no microscope to discover the remarkable values. The merchandise was here, exactly as we advertised it—the prices, well, we only know that action began at stroke of the 7 o'clock bell and continued unabated until closing time.

One can bring a crowd with an offering of big values, but one won't do business unless the prices match the advertisement. We did business.

We have prepared for the SECOND AFTER-SUPPER SALE with another great budget of bargains. We will see a large percentage of the people who came to the first—and a host of friends—because there has been much talk of the plums that were picked at the first sale. So you had better come, too—another crop is ready for those who like to buy goods at retail at less than most stores pay wholesale.

25c and 50c Veilings for 15c 18 pieces of Fancy Veilings bought specially for this sale, regular 25c to 50c, for, per yard..... 15c	20c Flannels for 12 1/2c Fancy Swansdown Flannels, patterns suitable for kimonos and dressing sacks, never sold for less than 20c, for..... 12 1/2c	\$5 Lace Waists \$3.50 All-Over Lace Waists. This line was bought for the After-Supper Sale. They have underslips of silk, prettily trimmed with medallions. You will be agreeably surprised when you see this \$5 waist... \$3.50
\$1 Underwear for 50c Ladies' Red and Black Underwear, made of a fine quality of wool, in both vests and drawers. They regularly sold at \$1.00, for..... 50c	12 1/2c Lawn for 8 1/2c A big bargain at the best time in the year. Lawns of fine quality, good for children's wear, for ladies' skirts and gowns. Sale price, 8 1/2c	\$2.50 Gloves \$1 for, per pair, \$1 White Kid Gloves. We find we have enough of those \$2 and \$2.50 Long White Kid Gloves for another Saturday night sale. You will have to come early for them. Price \$1
Black Dress Goods 1/2 Price Remnants of Black Dress Goods in skirt and suit lengths. Saturday night After-Supper Sale... 1/2 PRICE	15c Collars, 25c per dozen, 25c Men's Linen Collars, in all sizes and many styles, Saturday night, per dozen..... 25c	\$1.25 Gloves \$1 for, per pair 50c White Kid Gloves, ordinary length, "undressed." These are regularly sold at \$1.25, for..... 50c

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LEWIS TO HEAD MINERS
Reported From Indianapolis Convention That He Will Succeed Mitchell.

Indianapolis, Jan. 30.—Representatives of the coal miners and of the operators of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, known as the central competitive field, met today to decide whether joint conferences shall be called to make a wage scale to go into effect April 1, and to re-establish the interstate agreement which was interrupted two years ago.

Representing the miners today, were President Mitchell, Vice-President Lewis and Secretary Wilson, of the national organization, and the officers of the districts in the central competitive field. More than one hundred operators represented their side. The miners are united in favor of the re-establishment of the interstate wage agreement. The operators of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana also declared in favor of it.

The convention of the United Mine Workers of America today adjourned until tomorrow.

Claims of irregularity on the part of some of the locals, for international officers is delaying the tabulation. Friends of T. L. Lewis assert he has been elected president.

HINDUS OMINOUS WORDS
Mass Meeting Declares the Word "Empire" Has Become Meaningless.

Bombay, Jan. 30.—Hindus, Mohammedans and Parsees combined to hold a large meeting here on Wednesday to protest against the action of the Transvaal Government regarding the registration of Asiatics. Many Europeans attended. The speakers indignantly protested against the treatment accorded Indians in the Transvaal, and they were excitedly and prolongedly applauded. The following samples are culled from a number of the declarations:

"The word empire has lost its meaning when one subject is ill-treated by another."

"The heroic service of the Indians in the South African war deserved a better reward than their present degrading treatment."

"How will British statesmen carry on the empire if 300,000,000 subjects are degraded today, disaffected tomorrow, and ultimately rebellious?"

"Indians in the Transvaal are treated worse than the Jews in Russia."

Sir Piroozshah Marwanji Mehta, additional member of the council of the Governor of Bombay, was tremendously cheered when he declared the time would come when the arguments of the white races were now using to support the exclusion of the colored races would be used against them similarly by the latter.

Resolutions were adopted appealing to Britain to stop the injustices, which were awakening a high sense of wrong throughout India.

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