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To give skin, hair, etc., the finest  
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Requires no boiling, but little rubbing  
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7 lb. pails of Jam, 50c.  
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on deposit receipts.  
DOUGLAS GLASS,  
Manager Chatham Branch.

## A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

"No might have been—neither one  
nor the other," I answered, firmly,  
though my heart had begun to beat  
very fast. "Perhaps he was only—poor."

"You are a cynic, my child," Roger  
said, calmly. But his beautifully arched  
brows drew together in a frown.

"What has your story to do with  
me?" I asked.

"Everything, with both you and me,"  
I looked up quickly; our eyes met and  
drew. A slight shiver ran through my  
body. What was coming now? I felt  
as if I was standing on the edge of a  
precipice, knowing that Roger would  
push me over and I should not be able  
to resist.

"You are serious?"

"Most serious. This is what was in  
my mind when I asked if Aunt Ermy-  
trude had spoken at the last of the cir-  
cumstances of your birth. This was in  
her mind, perhaps, when she told you it  
would make her happy if you could  
learn to care for me."

"Please don't try to break it gently,  
Roger," I said, my lips very dry. "Tell  
me everything you know—straight out."

"I will, if you can bear it. You have  
been brought up to believe that you  
were born abroad. That is not the  
case."

"Oh, well, it is not important."

"My cousin, Sir Vincent Cope, was  
not your father."

"What was my mother twice mar-  
ried, then?"

"My Aunt Ermytrude was not your  
mother."

I sprang up with a faint, choking cry  
"Is it not true?" I panted.

"It is true, and it can easily be  
proved. I am not the only one who  
knows it. There are other witnesses in  
whose mouths the truth shall be estab-  
lished. There is not a drop of Cope  
blood in your veins, poor little desolate  
Sheila."

"Desolate, indeed!" I bitterly echoed.

"If it be true—oh, I will grant it true,  
if you choose—why was I never told  
before? Why was I left to hear it from  
you?"

"Why should I not be the one to tell  
you, as tenderly as such a hard thing  
can be told? Had Aunt Ermytrude  
lived you would have been kept in ig-  
norance at least until your marriage.  
Then it would have been as your hus-  
band thought best. Ah, Sheila, how I  
would have protected and shielded you  
if you would have let me! Even yet  
it is not too late. Look at me, I'm hold-  
ing out my arms to you. Don't go away  
into the world homeless, penniless.  
Stay in this shelter and you will not  
miss anything that was ever yours."

"Homeless—penniless!" I echoed,  
dazedly. "I don't understand."

"If Aunt Ermytrude had left a will, she  
would, doubtless, have provided for  
a daughter, Roger went on,  
slowly. "Had she done so I must have  
known it, for I was her lawyer, and  
managed all business matters for  
her, as you are probably aware. Once  
or twice, thinking of some such  
difficulty as this, I ventured  
to advise her to make a will. But she  
always evaded me and put it  
off. This place was her property. She  
was a rich woman, with an income of  
ten or twelve thousand pounds a year;  
and had you been her daughter by ties  
of blood as well as affection, everything  
must have gone to you in the absence  
of a will, as you would have been the  
natural heir. No one else could have  
claimed an acre of property. But as it  
is you are not a relation at all, and  
you will get nothing. Everything goes  
by law to the next-of-kin, Aunt Ermy-  
trude's one living relative."

"Exactly. Don't blame me, Sheila. I  
did not make the law."

"No, but—"

"But what?"

"Nothing," I said, dutily.

I had been on the point of crying out:  
"You might refuse to accept what the  
law gives. But I stopped just in time.  
I would have died sooner than ask or  
receive favors from Roger Cope. I  
never trusted or liked him. Now, al-  
most numb as I was by the blow  
with which he had struck me, I saw  
him as he was—a hypocrite, a poseur;  
vain, utterly selfish, utterly unscrup-  
ulous in gaining his own ends. I had  
lost everything—mother, home, and  
means of support, but I would have  
nothing from him. I could not yet fully  
realize what the revelation of this  
morning must mean for me. So far I  
only felt the pain of knowing that the  
beautiful woman I had worshipped and  
feared had never belonged to me at all.  
And in my misery, like some wretched  
little animal caught in a trap, my im-  
pulse was to bite the hand nearest. I  
turned on Roger."

### CHAPTER VII.

I Arrive at a Momentous Decision.

"I can understand well enough," I  
exclaimed, bitterly, "why you should  
have wished to marry me if I had been  
the heiress that people have thought  
me. But why do you want me now?"

Roger waved his hand towards a  
great mirror that went from floor to  
ceiling, on the wall of the "Indian bo-  
dour."

"Look at yourself," he said.

Mechanically, hardly knowing what I  
did, I looked. Never before had I been  
critical of myself. But now I gazed  
searchingly at my own face—the one  
fortune that was left me.

I was beautiful. Even I could see  
that. As I grew older, my hair might  
change its young gold for autumn  
brown; but it was yellow as ripe wheat  
now, brown only in the shadows,  
where the waves curved inward. And  
my eyes were big, and dark, and soft.

Suddenly, I felt very sorry for myself,  
because I was so pretty, and only  
eighteen; because I seemed to have left  
youth and happiness forever behind me,  
and there was no one whom I loved or  
had a claim upon to put kind arms  
round me, and let me cry my heart out  
on a sympathetic breast.

Tears sprang to my eyes, but I  
crushed them back. Roger Cope should  
not see me cry.

"I want you because you are the  
prettiest girl, and some day will be the  
most beautiful woman on earth," cried  
Roger, speaking more warmly and im-

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Is the deadliest and most  
painful malady to which  
mankind is subject. Dadd's  
Kidney Pills will cure any  
case of Bright's Disease.  
They have never failed in  
one single case. They are  
the only remedy that ever  
has cured it, and they are  
the only remedy that can.  
There are imitations of  
Dadd's Kidney Pills—pill,  
box and name—but imita-  
tions are dangerous. The  
original and only genuine  
cure for Bright's Disease is

## DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are  
fifty cents a box at all  
druggists.

puisively than I had ever heard him  
speak. "I want you, too, because you  
are hard to win; and I have always  
liked overcoming difficulties. Sooner  
or later, I want you, Sheila. I will over-  
come this one, and you with it. I will  
you might as well yield to the inevi-  
table now."

"It isn't inevitable. And I won't  
yield," I stoutly maintained. "You  
haven't proved any of your statements  
yet."

"I will, soon enough; or, rather, I  
can. But if you will promise to marry  
me, sweet, no one need ever know. You  
will marry as Miss Sheila Cope of Ar-  
righ Mell Court; and I will come here  
to live, as your husband."

"You will come here to live; it may  
be, but not as my husband," I cut him  
short. "I shall have gone away before  
that."

"Where would you go?" Roger asked,  
curiously, almost incredulously.

"The world's a big place," I retorted,  
my voice quivering with the sobs that  
would not quite be kept back. One  
tore its way up from my heart; and  
with two great tears running down my  
cheeks, I exclaimed: "Oh, if there were  
only somebody whom I belonged to!"

Roger took a step forward, and put  
out his hand, but I pushed it from me;  
and his blue eyes flashed their resent-  
ment. "I believe," he said, quietly, in  
the draw which had so often stung me  
to impatience, "that there are several  
persons with whom you are entitled to  
claim kinship, if you choose."

I dashed my tears away, and gazed  
at him eagerly. "Tell me—tell me!" I  
cried. "How was it that my moth-  
er—Lady Cope took me as her own  
child?"

"She was very unhappy at the time.  
Five years before she had lost her lit-  
tle son, whom she and her husband  
both adored. He died in most tragic  
circumstances, and changed his  
mother's whole nature. Sir Vincent  
and Aunt Ermytrude went abroad.  
There Sir Vincent died also, and poor  
Aunt Ermytrude came back—not to  
her old home, but to London. She un-  
dertook various charitable works, and  
it was while she was giving up her life  
to the interests of others that she met  
your mother."

"My mother!" I echoed in a whisper.  
For a moment I was powerless to ask  
more; but Roger went on, without  
waiting for my questions.

"Your mother was also a widow, and  
very poor. You were her only child,  
but she had been ill, among other mis-  
fortunes, and was hardly able to pro-  
vide for you. Aunt Ermytrude saw  
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none, however, when she came home at last with  
a baby not quite a year old.

"I knew the truth from the first, be-  
cause I had visited Cousin Vincent and  
Aunt Ermytrude abroad, and knew  
that they had no child, so I had to be  
told. And the vicar, old Mr. West-  
erley, was told also, but we were both  
asked to keep the secret, and we al-  
ways have."

"You said that some of my people  
were still alive," I said, in a strained  
voice.

"Your mother is living," Roger quietly  
answered. "I have been at some  
pains to keep track of her—for Aunt  
Ermytrude's sake, of course."

"Somehow I did not believe that it had  
been for anyone's sake but his own, and  
for some purpose which I seemed to be  
on the point of discovering."

"And you have your mother's present ad-  
dress, if you wish to write her, Sheila,"  
Roger said. "Shall I give it to you?"

"Yes," I said. "I want the address.  
But before writing, I should like to see  
Mr. Westerley. You told me that—he  
knew the secret, also."

"He does," Roger answered, gravely.  
"And you shall see him. I would have  
been in your mind. You believe that  
I am deceiving you. Well, it is natu-  
ral, perhaps—though it's hard to be mis-  
judged by the woman one loves. In the  
months of my absence it is said, a  
truth shall be established; and the  
sooner you hear what Mr. Westerley  
can add to my statement, the better I  
shall be pleased. I would not have  
a sealed envelope. I would not have  
I'm not only too glad to have you stay  
here as long as you will, even if you  
are to be nothing to each other."

"I will send a carriage down to Lull,  
and ask Mr. Westerley to come out at  
once," I cried; then bit my lip. The  
carriage was Roger's. But I let it  
be. Until I was sure I would grant  
myself some privileges, with the ben-  
efit of the doubt.

Roger rang the bell, and then came  
back to me. From his pocket he took  
a sealed envelope. "The address you  
wanted," he explained. "I will go and  
leave you alone now. I can see that  
you would prefer that. After Mr. West-  
erley has been with you, and gone away  
again, you shall have a little time to  
think. Then I will come back, and you  
shall tell me what decision you have  
reached. It may be that you will look  
upon matters with a different eye. At  
all events, remember that while you  
have me you are not friendless."

"He bent his head, and though I  
felt the impulse to refuse it, I would  
not, lest he should think it was be-  
cause I grudged him the things that  
had seemed mine."

When the bell was answered a ser-  
vant came in, and told me that the car-  
riage I ordered might take Sir Roger Cope  
back to the city, and calling for Mr.  
Westerley.

The vicar was a kind old man with a  
nervous manner, and the air of being  
slightly startled when anyone addressed  
him. His greatest pleasure was collect-  
ing butterflies, a passion which he in-  
finitely preferred to the companionship  
of human beings. But, because he was  
good, I knew that he would come to me  
without delay, and I was not disap-  
pointed.

I could hardly wait to answer his  
questions as to my health and spirits  
when he arrived, but burst at once into  
the subject weighing on my heart.