Cynthia's Chauffeur

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(Continued)

Date nanded the man the sovereign fumped on the machine, and rode off rapidly in the directice taken by the cab. He had no difficulty in turning the corner round which it had vanished, but a little farther on he erred in thinking that it had gone straight ahead, since the driver had really turned to the right again in order to keep clear of the fortifications. Dale traveled at such a pace that the first long stretch of straight rosd opening up before his eyes convinced him of his blunder when no cab was in the crossing, examined the road for wheel-marks, and soon was in the raddle again. He was destined to be thus bothered three timea in all, but taught wisdom by his initial mistake, he never passed a cross-road without searching for the recent tracks of wheels.

The rain helped him wherever the roadway was macadamized, but the paved routes militaires with which Calais abounds offered difficulties that caused many minutes of delay. At last, he found himself in the open country, scorching along a sand road that traversed the low dunes lying between the town of Calais and Cape Gris Nez. It was not easy to see far ahead owing to the rain and mist, and he had covered a mile or more beyond the last of the scattered villas and cottages which form the eastern suburb of the port, when he saw the elusive cab drawn up by the proadside.

he had covered a mile or more beyond the last of the scattered villas and cottages which form the eastern suburb of the port, when he saw the elusive cab drawn up by the roadside. The horse was steaming as though it had been driven at a great pace, and the driver stood near, smoking a cigarette, and protecting himself from the persistent downpour by an umbrella.

Dale soon reached the man, and said breathlessly, in his siow French: "Where are the gentlemen?"

The cabman, who had evidently strength of the scale?" he csked the doctor brokenly. There could be no mistaking the meaning of the words, for his red-shot eyes glared fixedly at the limp body of his master. The other shock his head, but pointed in the direction of Calais, as though to suggest that the sooner the injured man was taken to some place where his wound could be properly attended to, the better would be the faint chance of life that remained. By this time the seconds were approaching, and Marigny had seemingly recovered to a slight ex-

Dale soon reached the man, and said breathlessly, in his siow French:
"Where are the gentlemen?"
The cabman, who had evidently been paid to hold his tongre, merely shrugged. Dale, breathing hard, laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, whereupon the other answered: "I don't know"

upon the other answered: "I don't know."

This, of course, was a lie, and the fact that it was a lie alarmed Dale quite as much as any of the sinister incidents which had already befallen. For one thing, there was no house into which five men could have gone. On each side of the road were bleak sandhills; to the right was the sea, gray and lowering beneath a leadenhued sky that seemed to weep above a dead earth. Here, undoubtedly, was the cab, since Dale could swear to both horse and man. Where, then was its occupants?

Having to depend upon his wits, he gave no further heed to the Frenchman, but, fancying he saw vestiges of recent footmarks on the right, or seaward, side of the road, and dragging the bicycle with him, he climbed to the top of the nearest dune, as he believed that a view of the sands could be obtained from that point. He was right. The sea was at a greater distance than he imagined would be the case, but a wide strip of firm sand, its wet patches glistening dully in the half-light, extended to the water's edge almost from the base of the hillock on which he stood.

At first, his anxious eyes strained through the haze in vain, until some circling seaguilts caught his attention, and then he diserned some vague forms silhouetted against a brighter belt of the sea to the nomenast. Three of the figures were black and motionless, but two gave an eerie suggestion of whiteness and movement. Abandoning the bleycle, and hardly realizing why he should be so perturbed, Lede ran forward. Twice he stumbled and fell amidst the etringy heath grass, but he was up again in a frency of haste, and soon

artingy heath grass, but he was up again in a frenzy of haste, and soon was near enough to the group of men to see that Medenham and Marigny oareheaded and in their shirt sleeves

to see that Medenham and Marigny to reneaded and in their shirt sleeves, were fighting with swords.

Dale's eyes were now half-blinded with perspirstion, for he had ridden tast through the mud from Calais, and this final run through yielding sand and clinging sedge was exhausting to one who seldom walked as many furiongs as he had covered miles that morning. But even in his panic of distress he fancied that his master was pressing the Frenchman severely. It was no child's play, this battle with cold steel. The slender, venomous looking blades whirled and stabbed with a fearsome vehemence, and the sharp rasp of each riposte and parry rang out with a horrible suggestiveness in the moist air. And then, as he lumbered heavily on, Dale thought he saw something that turned him sick with terror. Almost halting, he swept a hasty hand across his eyes—then he was sure.

Medenham, with arm extended in a feint tierce, was bearing so heavily on his poponent's rapier that his right

again through

Medennam, with arm extended in a feint tierce, was bearing so heavily on his opponent's rapier that his right foot slipped, and he stumbled badly. At once Marigny struck with the deadiy quickness and certainty of a cobra. His weapon pierced Medenham's breast high up on the right side. The stroke was so true and furious that the Englishmen, already untertine to the companies of The stroke was so true and furious that the Englishmen, already unbalanced, was driven on to his back on the sand. Marigny wrenched the blade free, and stooped with obvious intent to plunge it again through his opponent's body. A warning shout from each of the three spectators withheld him. He scowled vindictively, but dared not make that second mortal thrust. These French gentlemen whom he had summoned from Paris were bound by a rigid code of honor that would infallibly have caused him to be branded as a murderer had he completed matters to derer had he completed matters to his satisfaction. Nevertheless, he bent and peered closely into Meden-ham's face, gray now as the sand on which he was lying.

"I think it will serve," he muttered to himself. "May the devil take him, but I thought he would get the better of me!"

coolness which he was far from ling, while the doctor knelt to minne Medenham's injury. He someone running towards him, believed it must be one of the need blade in his hand.

I rather formet myself—" he here

rightly, he is a blunt; farmer-like per-son, but his wife is very charming. By the way, who was she?"

Such a question could not pass Mrs.

Lady Betty Fitzrey," she chirped Cynthia, who was looking through cynthia, who was looking through the window at the square-towered church, throned midst the sombel yews which shelter the graves of Wordsworth and his kin, caught the odd conjunction of names—"Betty"

and "Fitzroy."

"Who is that you are speaking of, father?" she asked, though with a listless air that Medenham had never seen during any minute of those five "The Marquis of Scarland—the man

from whom I bought some cattle a few years ago," he said, trusting to the directness of the reply to carry it through unchollenged.

Cynthia's brows puckered in a re-

"That is odd." she murmured.

"What is odd." saked her father,
while Mrs. Leland bent over the
periodical to hide a smile of embarrassment.

"Oh, just a curlous way of running
in grooves recoule have in this coun-

"Oh, just a curious way of running in grooves people have in this country. They call towns after men and men after towns."

She was about to add that Fitzroy had told her of a sister Betty who was married to a man named Scarland, a breeder of pedigree stock, but checked the impulse. For some reason known best to her father, he did not seem to wish any mention to be made of the vanished chauffeur, but she did not gurge the true extent of his readiness to drop the subject on that occasion.

ness to drop the subject on that occasion.

Mrs. Leland looked up, caught his eye with a smile, and asked how many miles it was to Thirliwere. Cynthia's thoughts brooded agalv on poets and lonely graves, and the danger passed.

Mrs. Devar, in these days, had recovered her complacency. The letter she wrote from Symon's Yat had reached Vanrenen from Paris, and its hearty disapproval of Fitzroy helped to re-establish his good opinion of her. She heard constantly, too, from Marigny and her son. Both agreed that the comet-like flight of Medenham across their horizon was rapidly losing its significance. Still, she was not quite happy. Mrs. Letand's advent had thrust her into the background, for the American widow land's advent had thrust her into the background, for the American widow was rich, good-looking, and cultured, and the flow of small talk between the newcomer and Cynthia left her as hopelessly out of range as used to be the case when that domineering Medenham would lean back in the car and say things beyond her comprehensing or murmur them to Cynthesian or murm seemingly recovered to a slight extent from the knockout blow which he had received so unexpectedly.

The doctor, who was the only self-collected person present, pointed to collected person present, pointed to the blcycle.
"Hotel," he said emphatically. "Go his side.

his side.

Luncheon had ended, but the clouds which had been gathering over the lake country during the morning suddenly poured a deluge over a thirsty land. Thirlmere and Ullswater and the rest of the glories of Westmoreland that lay beyond the pass of Dunmail Raise were swallowed up in a fog of rain. Simmonds. up in a fog of rain. Simmonds, questioned by the millionaire, admitted that a weather-beaten native had prophesied "a week of it," more or less

and played Bridge stolldly, but three of this quartette were Americans, and within two hours of the change in the lements, they were seated in the London-bound train at Windermere

Not one of them was really displeased because of this rapid alteration in their plans. Cynthia was ill at ease; Mrs. Leland wished to rejoin her guests at Trouville; Vanrenen, who was anxious to complete certain business negotiations in Paris, believed that a complete change of scene and new interests in life would speedly bring Cynthia back to her own cheery self; while Mrs. Devarthough the abandonment of the tour meant reversion to a cheap boardinghouse, was not sorry that it had come to an end. In London, she would be more in her element, and, at any rate, she was beginning to feel cramped through sitting three in a row in Simmond's car, after the luxurious comfort of two in the tonneau of the Mercury.

So it came to pass that on Friday evening, while Medenham was driving with the Lord, we can do it! Are you game?"

Game? The light that leaped to her eyes was sufficient answer. He tore open the door of the cab, roaring to the driver:

"Round that corner to the right—quick—then into the mews at the back!"

Within two minuntes the Mercury was attracting the attention of the police as it whirled through the traffic towards Westminster Bridge. Dale's face was set like a block of granite. He had risked a good deal in leaving his master at the point of death at Calais; he was now risking more, far more, in rushing back to Calais again without having discharged the duty which had dragged him from that master's bedside. But he thought he had secured the best

So it came to pass that on Friday evening, while Medenham was driving from Cavendish Square to Charing Cross, Cynthia was crossing London on a converging line from St. Pancras to the Savoy Hotel. Strange, indeed, was the play of Fate's shuttle that it should have so nearly united the unseen threads of their destinies! Again, a trifling circumstance conspired to detain Vanrenen in London. One of his business associates in Paris, rendered impatient by the failure of the great man to return as quickly as he had promised, arrived in England by the afternoon service from as he had promised, arrived in England by the afternoon service from
the Gard du Nord, and was actually
standing in the foyer of the hotel
when Vanrenen entered with the
others. As a result of this meeting,
the journey to Paris arranged for
Saturday was postponed till Sunday,
and on this trivial base was destined
to be built a very remarkable edifice.
It chanced that Mrs. Leland, too,
decided to have a day in London, and
she and Cynthia went out early. They decided to have a day in London, and she and Cynthia went out early. They returned to lunch at the hotel, and the gizl, pleading lack of appetite, slipped out alone to buy a copy of Milton's poems. From the bookseller's she wandered into the Embankment Gardens.

ment Gardens.

She was a dutiful daughter, and had resolved to obey without question her father's stern command not to enter again into communication with a man of whom he so strongly disapproved. But she was not content, for all that, and the dripping trees and rain-sodden flowers seemed now to accord with her distraught mood. The fine, though not bright, interval that had tempted her forth soon gave way to another shower, and she ran for shelter into the Charing Cross Station of the Metroplitan Railway. She stood in one of the doorways looking out disconsolately over the river, when a taxicab drove up and deposited its occupant at the station. Then some unbidden impulse led her to hall the driver.

"Take me to Cavendish Square," she said.

"What number, miss?" he asked.

"No number. Just drive slowly in the station of the metropic of the station of the station. at facts through his own spectacles, failed to understand how an intelligent girl like his daughter could remain in constant association with Viscount Medenham for five days, and yet not discover his identity.

More than once, indeed, notwithstanding the caution exercised by the others—engaged now in a tacit con-More than once, indeed, notwithstanding the caution exercised by the others—engaged now in a tacit conspiracy to dispel memories of a foolish metallicent of the series of the series of the series of the dentification of Fitzroy with the young Viscount trembled on the very lip of discovery. Thus, on Friday, when they had motored to Grasmere, and had gathered before lunch in the lounge of the delightfully old-fashioned Rothay Hotel, Vanrenen happened to pick up an illustrated paper, containing a page of pictures of the Scarland short-horns.

Now, being a busy man, he gave little heed to the terminological convolutions of names among the British aristocracy. He had not the slightest notion that the Marquis of Scarland's wife was Medenham's sister, and, with the quick interest of the Stockbreeder, he pointed out to Mrs. Leland an animal that resembled one of his own pedigree bulls, at present waxing fat on the Montana ranch. For the moment Mrs. Leland herself had forgotten the relationship between the two men.

"I met the Marquis last year at San Ramo," she said heedlessly. "Anyone more marked heedlessly. "Anyone more marked heedlessly."

"What number, miss?" he asked.
"No number. Just drive slowly round the square and return to the Savoy Hotel."

He eyed her curiously, but made no comment. Soon she was speeding up Regent Street, bent on gratifying the truly curious whim of seeing what manner of residence it was that Fitzroy occupied in London. Fate had failed in her weaving during the previous evening, but on the present occasion she combined warp and weft without any error.

The ccb was crawling past the Fair-

mansion, and Cynthia's asu Devar's original estimate of Fitzroy was correct—when a man sprang out of another taxi in front of the door, and glanced at her while in the very act of running up the steps. Recognition was mutual. Dale muttered under his breath a wholly unjustifiable assumption as to his future state, halted dubiously, and then signaled to Cynthia's driver to stop. He strode towards her across the road, and thrust his head through the open window.

he thought he had secured the best physician London could bring to the sufferer's side, and the belief sustainsufferer's side, and the belief sustained him in an action that was almost heroic. He was a simple-minded fellow, with a marked taste for speed in both animals and machinery, but had hit on one well-defined trait in human nature when he decided that if a man is dying for the sake of a woman the presence of that woman may cure when all else wil! fail.

The End of One Tour: the Beginn of another

Cynthia found him lying in a dar-kened room. The nurse had just raised some of the blinds; a dismal day was drawing to its close, and more light was needed ere she could distinguish marked bottles, and doses, and the rest of the appurtenances of dangerous illness.

An English nurse would have for-bidden the presence of a stranger;

bidden the presence of a stranger; this French one acted with more dis-cretion if less of strict science. "Madam is his sister, perhaps?" she whispered.

whispered.

"No."

"A relative, then?"

"No; a woman who loves him."

That heartbroken admission told the whole tale to the quick-witted Frenchwoman. There had been a duel; one man was seriously injured; the other, she had heard, was also receiving medical attention in another hotel—the temoins, wistful to avoid the innterrogation of the law, had so arranged—and there was the woman who had caused the quarrel.

"Well, such was the will of Providence! These things had been since man and woman were expelled from Paradise—for the nurse, though a devout Catholic, suspected that Genesis had suppressed certain details of the first fratricide—and would continue, she supposed, until the Millennium.

The girl tiptoed to the side of the bed. Medenham's eyes were closed, but he was muttering something. She bent and kissed his forehead, and a strange smile broke through the tense sines of pain. Even in his semi-conscious state he felt the touch of those exquisite lips.

"My lady Alice!" he said.

exquisite lips.

"My lady Alice!" he said.

She choked back a sob. He was dreaming of "Comus"—standing with her in the ruined banqueting hall of Ludlow Castle.

"Yes, your Lady Alice" she breath.

A slight shiver shook him.

shoreward end of the gangway had vanished in a sudden mist.

Of course, Marigny was right when he foresaw that Vanrenen could not meet either Medenham or any of his relatives for five minutes without his "poor little cobweb of intrigue" being dissipated once and forever.

With the marvelous insight that every woman possesses when dealing with the affairs of the man she loves. Cynthia combined the eloquence of an oratory with the practiced skill of a clever lawyer in revealing each turn and twist of the toils which had enveloped her since that day in Paris when her father happened to suggest in Marigny's hearing that she might utilize his hired car for a tour in England while he concluded the business that was detaining him in the French Capital. Nothing escaped her; she unuraveled every knot; Medenham's few broken words, supplemented by the letter to his brother-in-law which he told her to obtain from Dale, threw light on all the dark places.

But the gloom had fied.

There, you have disarranged my hat!

But I don't think much of rour budget, anyhow; nine is agreat deal more to the point. My father told me this morning that he is sure he will feel very lonely now. He never meant, he said, to put anyone in my dear mother's place, but he will mis me so greatly—that, perhaps, Mrs. Leland—"

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But the gloom had fled. It was a keenly interested, almost light-hearted, little party that walked through the sunshine to the Hotel de la Plage.

Dale, abashed, sheepish, yet oddly confident that all was for the best in queer world, met the Earl of Fair colme later in the day; his lordship. who had been pining for someone to pitch into, addressed him sternly. "This is a nice game yet been playing," he said. "I always thought you were a man of steady habits, a little given to horse-racing perhaps but otherwise a decent member of the community."

"So I was before I met Viscount Medenham, my lord," was the daring answer. For Dale was no fool, and had long since seen how certain apparently hostile forces had adapted themselves to new conditions.

parently hostile forces had adapted themselves to new conditions.

"Before you left him you mean growled the Earl. "What sort of sens was there in letting him fight a duel—it could have been stopped in fift different ways."

"Yes, my lord, but I never suspic ioned a word of it till he went of in the cab with them—"

The Earl held up a warning finger "Hush," he said, "this is France remember, and you are the foreigner here. Where is my son's car?" re. Where is my son's car?"
"In the garage at Folkestone, my

"Well, you had better cross by an early boat to-morrow and bring it here You understand all the preliminaries I suppose? Find out from the Cus-toms neople what denosit is necessary.

So it happened that when Medenham was able to take his first drive in the open air, the Mercury awaited him and Cynthia at the door of the hotel. It positively sparkled in the sunlight; never was car more spick and span. The brasswork scintillated, each cylinder was rhythmical, and a microscope would not have revealed one speck of dust on body or upholstery.

nounced by some solemn footman as 'Mr. and Mrs. Vanrenen'?"
"Cynthia, you know," he teased her.
"I don't know, but I am a good guesser," she said. And she was.

GREATEST THING ON EARTH Love the Grandest and Strongest De-

clares Rev. Father Vaughan.

Rev. Father Vaughan, London, Eng-land, thus defines Love: "Love is the greatest, the grandest the sweetest, and strongest thing in

life." "Man without love is not a Woman without love is already dead. "Love is so important that if you die without it you go to hell. With it,

"A man may bring his bride to the altar and show her his multi-millions giving her worldly power, but if she is a true wife, and cannot command the recesses of his heart, it all goes

"All lowe is borrowed from God.
There is no such thing as love that has
not descended."
"Children know that God is love. I

"Children know that God is love. I asked a five-year-old, 'How much do you love God?' she opened her arms wide. 'So!' she said."
"He left His throne and died upon the cross—His arms stretched out like the little child's. He says, 'Look at these arms! Does anyone love you more?' Greater love hath no man."
"Everything about us been the hall-

THE COMING FASHION

Milday's next gown will be simple

In the case of the any Frenchman could kill George, cried Scarland cheerfully.

But the two women said nothing, could see nothing, and the white-faced but smiling Cynthia standing near the shoreward end of the gangway had vanished in a sudden mist.

Theremore thinking, when my foot slipped . . ."

"Oh, don't!" she murmured. "I can't bear to hear of that. Sometimes, in Calais, I awoke screaming, and then let knew I had seen it in my dreams.

There, you have disarranged my hat! . . But I don't think the species of this nature must remember to the tariff, will commend themselves to the tariff, will commend the tariff, will commend themselves to the tariff, thanges of this nature must remen ber that all parts of the country and all sections of the people must be considered.

There is a difference of opinion among our members as to the extent the Government is justified in shifting ial commissions. I am sure in certain directions, government by commispermanence and stability, and a tariff Railway Commission, should, I believe, be appointed at an early date. The tariff should be taken out of politics
—a scientific tariff, worked out by exafter the cessation of hostilities as possible. The Government must have evenue. The farmer and the laboring class must be considered, and the manufacturer is entitled to protection. Here is work for a strong com-

all of us, but we do know this, that once war ends, many of our factories will be upset and a period of readjust-ment will arrive which will try the strongest.

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Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Billousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, billiousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess big from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

judgment, put men were liars ever,