

By GORDON HOLMES, Author "A Mysterious Disappearance."

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent must measure you need only waist, 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When 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 necessary 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.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT.**

"Not even forty thousand pounds a year can help me to disguise the fact that I am a man that has been humiliated brokenly." I have grave reason to believe that had Lord Arncliffe lived he would have made another will of very different significance to that which I have just read."

"Well, then, let us be thankful he didn't," retorted the lawyer, somewhat brusquely. "I don't mean we should be glad he didn't live, but that he was the only one who was sure he could not have improved upon the will one. What possible foundation have you for what you say?"

"I cannot tell you exactly," she faltered, "the secret is not my own. But I was so unfortunate as to vex Lord Arncliffe very much some few weeks ago, and, although he treated me with the greatest kindness, he gave me the opportunity to understand that I must not expect to benefit in any way under his will."

"Strange," said Mr. Anglier, musingly. "When did this most potent secret ever come into your mind?"

"About six weeks since."

"And it is scarcely a month since he added the codicil to his will. My dear child, if he had intended to cut you out of his will he would have done so."

"He might have forgotten," protested Edith, with a truly feminine lack of the sense of proportion.

"Forgotten that you were his heir-ess?"

"Nonsense! In any case—I am an old fool, people forget sometimes. Lord Arncliffe left a letter with me to be given to you privately after his will was read, and here am I keeping it in my pocket when it may be the key to the mystery of so much troubling your little head so much. Here it is. Now just see whether it throws any light on the subject."

Edith opened the letter in silence. For a moment she gazed at the well-remembered handwriting. To blur her eyes with emotion that she could not read a line. Then the words focused into coherence, and, as she read, her face lit up. Her face lightened into such happiness that the tears burst forth afresh.

"Oh, Mr. Anglier," she sobbed, "now, indeed, I know that all is well."

"I am sure you have a remarkable power of showing the mystery of your way of thought more like a residuary legatee than you did five minutes ago. So everything is all right?"

"Look!"

She handed him the letter and he, adjusting his glasses, read it aloud to people do whose eyes are not so young as they used to be:

My Dear Child:

Ever your fond man for the prank he has played upon you. I was stupid enough to wish to test you, though I might have known that you would follow the nobler course whatever the result. Forgive me, my dear, for you read this that I have made you my heir-ess. I need not tell you to use the wealth entrusted to you wisely and generously; and if selfishness and purity of heart have their reward of peace, I cannot wish you happiness. Think kindly of me, your old friend, ARNCLIFFE.

"A very sensible letter," commented the lawyer, "though I don't know what to do with the will, that doesn't matter. Now I forget, for the time being, we had better think for you are so important a personage as Miss Holl of Arncliffe Hall, and then I can give you the will, shall expect to be obeyed. My commission is that you go and bathe those eyes, which are not so bright as I like to see them, and then take a run in the park and try to get some of the roses. You cannot blow roses into those pale cheeks."

"Very well, I will, indeed, obey you. But is there anything I can do for you first?"

"No, my dear, it is twelve o'clock now. I must meet Mrs. Anglier at the station. You may as well stroll into the village and see if I can come across this Dr. Lester who has so upset everybody."

"I will be sure to endeavor to pay heed to his words, hasn't he?"

In a few minutes Anglier set out briskly, and as luck would have it he encountered the object of his search strolling in the direction of the trout stream, he put up his hat, and by the wheel and rod he carried. The dressed strangers were not so plentiful in the little Northumberland village that there was much likelihood of his mistaking the right one. The rather distinguished-looking, bronzed, smacked more of the military man than of the medico, the lawyer accosted him without any misgivings.

"Good morning, may I have the pleasure of addressing you, Lester?"

"That is my name," was the smiling answer.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Anglier, and I have the honor to call on you as your son's legal adviser. I am anxious to consult you as to the circumstances of his lordship's death. I am the more pleased to meet you because I understand that you are a gentleman who so successfully carried out your bacteriological researches in which Lord Arncliffe was deeply interested."

"I never saw Lord Arncliffe in his life," replied the other, "although, in the sense that I can respond with each other volitionally."

"Somewhat intimate, some years since. As you are probably aware, he took a keen interest in toxicology, and I have been very much attracted to that branch of medicine since—"

To Be Continued.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

KILLS LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or within a few hours the child may be bedridden. The summer complaint is an occasional summer complaint if given occasionally to well children, and will promptly cure these troubles if you choose unexpectedly. Baby's Own Tablets are the only remedy keeping children at home where they belong in every case. There is no other medicine so effective and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that the tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. E. E. Carrion, Carrion, Quebec, says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for regulating the stomach and bowels. I think no mother should be without this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail for 25 cents a box from The Williams-O'Connell Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

probrates more and more of Africa to his economic purposes. That is the history of big game in all lands, and it is inexorable and inevitable.

But unbridled slaughter is practically impossible. The British Government are even restricting the number of rhinoceroses and hippopotami that a hunter may kill in one season.

We may be yet much to learn about the value of the important animals of Africa. Doubtless we have not a few of which we have never heard.

A sensation was caused in recent years by the discovery of the okapi, a beautiful animal with some of the characteristics of both the horse and the giraffe.

Alexander crossed Nigeria and the Sudan between the Niger and the Nile three years ago he discovered eighteen specimens of mammalia that were new to science. He also discovered new hunted regions of British and German

East Africa, has found several species unknown till he brought them to light. There will be more such discoveries.

The regions rich in big game in Africa that are still untouched by human beings are enormous. There are various reasons for this. The great game, great Nimrods have gone preferably to those parts of Africa which are easiest of access and where good health may best be maintained. So much has been hunted nearly to death, and the same reason of destruction would befall British East Africa if it were not for the game law that are now in force.

The vast regions of Nigeria, the north-west of the French Congo, and the basin of the great Shari, upon naturally a paradise for hunters, abundantly furnish the game supply. But until recently the fanatical native governments would have killed any white sportsman upon preserves, and today, under white regulation, there can be little reckless slaughter.

There has been little uncontrolled shooting in any of the great regions dominated by France. The French themselves are not surpassing hunters, and it has been the policy of France on the whole to keep the hunters of other nations out of its African territories. They are ground that the French Government would be responsible for their safety and it declined to assume the responsibility.

The big hunters who have penetrated the wonderful game region of East Africa, the north of Abyssinia may almost be counted on their fingers. Thus there are no vast virgin fields where hunting will be regulated under the present enlightened and co-operative policies of the colonial Government.

The game laws in these colonies to be sure are often violated. Game regions are not yet entirely policed and both whites and natives sometimes infringe the penalty of paying the penalty for transgressing the law. The great fact is that the influence is against excessive slaughter, and the evil is being more and more abated.

Mr. Schillings says in his latest book that the slaughter of elephants now being carried on is clothed by the immense quantity of ivory that comes on the markets." The quantity of ivory sent to market is not, however, an accurate index, as Schillings intimates, because for of elephants slaughtered quantities of it have been known as dead ivory that has accumulated in the hands of the natives long before they knew its value or had even seen white men.

As a result of the efforts that are now being made to perpetuate this useful animal it may be said that although the Congo State is the greatest source of ivory in the market, the law is fairly well enforced, that the laws beginning on May 15 is the closest for elephants in the State is doing more for elephants in the eastern part of its domain, no hunting of this animal is permitted at any time.

In other words, a rich elephant country about 125,000 square miles in extent, more than two thirds half as large as New York State, has kept as an elephant preserve where the animal may live and multiply in peace to the credit of the Congo State that is doing all it can to perpetuate this source.

In May, 1900, an agreement was made by England, Germany, Spain, the Congo State, France, Italy, and Portugal, for the preservation of game in a zone bordering for the twentieth parallel north of the equator on the north to the Atlantic Ocean on the north, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean on the east and the northern boundary of the Southwest Africa and the southern boundary of the Zambesi on the south. This agreement did not include the British colonies in South Africa, every one of which today has its game laws, and some animals that almost exterminated are now altogether protected against the gun.

All the British colonies have their seasons. The British colonies have con-

enforced wherever practicable and every effort is made to preserve the existing fauna. The results are already remarkable.

It is officially reported from South Africa that "the rarer and more beautiful antelopes are becoming in certain districts more numerous than at any previous time for over a generation and that generally is plentiful throughout the length and breadth of the land."

In the Transvaal and Orange River colonies where the Boers had almost obliterated all game "the increase in the number of some of the antelopes, and particularly the springbok, is so great that the next season will probably be shortened."

Some few years ago the big game of Africa had for a time a far more formidable enemy than the hunter. It was the rinderpest, which not only decimated the herds of native and white cattle but also killed hundreds of thousands of the finest game in Africa. Years must elapse before the big game fully recovers from the terrible loss inflicted by this epidemic.

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to hunt in the remarkable game country of the British East Africa Protectorate from Mombasa to Uganda. In spite of the frightful slaughter in this region before the game laws went into force it is still one of the finest fields of great game in the world.

There are stretches of scores of miles along the Uganda Railroad where hundreds of animals in large variety are constantly in view from the car windows. Not long ago Mr. Schillings sat for two hours in a tree on the edge of a forest, and here is the plain in front of him: A large herd of the wonderfully graceful Pallah antelopes, some twenty Grant's gazelles, uncounted numbers of the water buck antelope, nine stately eland antelopes, some 300 baboons and finally a numerous herd of zebras.

What is being done in British East Africa to prevent the extermination of this wonderful wealth of game?

The British are maintaining in that protectorate three game reservations of a total area of 48,995 square miles, almost the exact size of New York State. In these areas no one can hunt without special permission, and this is granted only under rigid restrictions.

No white man is permitted to hunt or capture animals without a license in any part of the protectorate, and in all cases the number of animals that may be killed under the license is limited, as for example, the elephant, rhinoceros, zebra and antelope, to two each. In the adjoining colony of German East Africa the protection of big game is still far from satisfactory.

There was never in any part of the world a more earnest effort to protect big game from ruthless and exterminative slaughter than we now see in most parts of Africa. That the effort does not always attain the highest efficiency is not surprising, for the arm of the law is not yet long enough to reach all offenders in those wild regions.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

