onsense!" exclaimed Bertie, impatientry; "I am ont such a rool as to do that! What are you about " for Royce had gone down on his knees and was sturing about the ashes under the grate, "Looking for the will, my dear boy," he said, lightly. "No, there is no trace of it. Stop- What's this?" and he held out the fragment he had cut off and half

Bertie took it, and his face went pale as he gazed at the scrap of paper. "Great Heavens, Royce!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "this is it!"

Royce rose and brushed the dust from his trouser knees before answering. Are you sure?" he said. Sure! Yes! Here, are the words,

'Last Will and Testament!' Great heav-ens! what is to be done? I will take my oath that I didn't put it on the fire Hoyce looked at his distressed and

arxious countenance and laughed easily.
"It not, who did?" he said, lightly. "It must have been that idiot of a man mine!" replied Bertie, agitatedly. "ling and ask him," said Royce, cool-

Bertie rang the bell and the valet ap-Have you been burning anything '

The man looked from one to the other, "Burning? Oh, yes, my lord. I cleaned up the litter and put it on the fire." "I told you-" said I Pertie interrupted him. said Royce.

The litter, you fool; you mean the reces of wood, the bits of frame on the able. But did you burn any papers?" The man began to look anxi-Well, yes, my lord, 1 cleared out the

waste-paper basket."
"Didn't I tell you?" murmured Royce. Only the waste-paper basket?" demanded Bertie.

"Yes, my lord, only the basket, as-s- far as I can remember!" "here!" interjected Royce.

"As far as you can remember! You idiot, it is only a few minutes ago!" cried Bertie. "What did you burn? Was there a paper, a folded paper amongst

The valet looked confused and dis-"Really, my lord-" he began.

Bertie seized a newspaper and folded it up in the shape of the will. "Look at that," he said. "Was there a paper, a written paper, folded like

The man's face cleared. No, my lord, I am certain there was ot." he said, positively. Royce shrugged his shoulders and

held up the burnt scrap. "I am afraid you have made a mis-take," he said. "Lord Dewsbury has missed a paper like that he describes, and I find a piece of it in the grate half burned." The valet colored.

"I don't understand it, my lord," he said, in a troubled voice. "I could almost swear that there was no paper of that description amongst those I burnt." Almost' swear!" remarked Royce,

"There, get out of my sight!" he added.

and the miserable, perplexed valet hastened to obey. "What is to be done, not reading. The additional beside the irre, but and bly.

"What?" exclaimed Bertie, stopping short and eyeing him in amazeemnt." I say, why should you upset yourself about it?" said Royce, coolly. "I don't myself think it was anything but a draft, just the outlines of a will to be wilderment, Why had Stuart alliars attempted her ruin and yet of some will attempted her ruin and yet of some will want you to take pity of "Pity!" she faltered.

"But supposing that it was a genuine !!" "Not of any value? Why not?"
"Because the last will Lord Arrowfield

made was in favor of Stuart Villiars, and this was a former one, of course, and therefore not worth the poarr it.

On the table beside her were the and therefore not worth the ppaer it ! "Do you think doubtfully.

"I don't think I am sure!" responded Royce. "Evidently it was of no importance, or it wouldn't have been showed behind that picture. You may depend upon it, someone considered it waste paper, and used it to back up the

Bertie's face cleared. If you think that, why I am less unwhat good will it do? You will be was rebuilding, and trusted some te have making a stir for ne purpose! You the pleasure of announcing that Miss haven't got the will, you know? And, I Trevelyan would soon make her appear

Well, somebouy has burnt it, any iknow.' He will say, 'Produce the will!' 'Oh,' you reply, 'I, or my servant have burnt it!' My dear fellow, old Craddock will laugh at you, and, to put it bluntly, so will the rest of the world." don't like saying nothing about said Bertie, troubled and perplex-"Why, Royce, it looks as if—as if

I had destroyed it purposely." Royce laughed. "So it does, rather; but what does it matter? Depend upon it, you have only done what the man who made the will intended to do, or he wouldn't have us ed it to back up a picture frame. Mak your mind easy. Say nothing to any one; remember, you cannot do any good if you publish the story on the housetops. What does it amount to?—an old and useless will is discovered by you, and it's burnt. Useful or useless, there it

or rather, there it isn't!" "I think you are right," said Bertie.
"It stands to reason that old Arrowfield would have sent the will to his lawyer if it really were the last one, and-any way, I'll say nothing about it present . but if I meet Stuart Villiers Il

"You might do that," he said, non-nalently; "but, if you take my advice, Royce shrugged his shoulders. you won't even mention it to him. must be going now, old fellow. Thanks once more! Neither I nor she will ever forget last night and all you did!" He shook hands and got out into the

As he did so his hand went to the breast pocket of his coat where the will lay; it seemed to burn him like a sheet of red-hot iron. He had played his part well, but at a cost which had strained

every nerve.

As a man who had been snatched back from the precipice looks down with a shudder at the awful depths below, he ooked back at the dreadful moment of doubt and uncertainty while he waited to hear if Bertie had read the will. But he had not, and the game was in Mordaunt Royce's hands.

He went to his rooms in Mount street and lecking the door, took out the will and read and re-read it. Lord Arrowfield had been something or a lawyer, and it was drawn up clearly, distinctly and with care. Royce knew enough of wills to feel sure that this would stand in any court of law, and that if Stuart Villiars fought it, he could not upset it. Joan Ormsby was entitled to the es tates and moneys of Lord Arrowfield, and she was to be Mordaunt Royce's

His eyes glittered, his mouth watered What could he not do with such wealth? He was clever, young, possessed of the kind of ability which goes to make a leader amongst men.

He would get a seat in the House of Commons, would take office, gain a peer age! Lord Royce of Deercombe, or per haps Earl of Deercombe, for they would live at the grand old mansion in Devon-shire and be the great people there! As for Joan, she would have everything in the world that could make her hap-py. His love should surround her like be no surety of success, no safety indeed, presence. Ida, dcarest, you know I low until Joan was his wife.

in portance. I wish to heaven I'd read it. Great powers! a will, you know, is a serious thing!" and he strode upwand down his room.

Eoyce flung himself into a chair and hughed.

"My dear Bertie!" he said, "you make miscal voice pouring forth his love for her. Once more she seemed to be standing on the Decreombe cliffs, listening to his miscal voice pouring forth his love for her. Once more she seemed to stand be hind the folding doors in the rooms in Piccadilly, listening to be stand be hind the folding doors in the rooms in Piccadilly, listening to Bertie and Lord Pontelere while they made plain to her the character of Strart Villiars and her own peril.

"I say, why should you upset your roof plant to her the character of Strart Villiars and her own peril."

ing to marry Miss Mazurka?
She strove to put the thoughts from her; she had resolved to forget the past, and more than all else, Stuart Villiars. It was her duty to do so, indeed, for

said Bertie, morning papers containing an account of the play and the unfortunate fire which had destroyed the theatre. The critics exhausted their adjectives

principal daily declared, must of neces-sity be a brilliant and triumphant one. There was also a letter from Mr. Gifpainting, just as he would have used an painting, just as he would have used an old newspaper if it had been hardy."

There was also a letter from air, this fard, regretting the fire on his own acount, but remarking that own acount, but remarked own acount, but remarked to the deplored it as deeply on the namely, the sudden inter-"If you think that, why I am. sess unis about it; but perhaps 12 better
and tell old Craddock about it."
"If you take my advice you won't do
withing of the kind." said Royce,
what good will it do." You will be
was rebuilding, and trusted soon te have haven't got the will, you know and the parent got the will, you know and the parent got the will, you know and the paper was an account of the fowler's hand was already grasping and a shouldn't be surprised if old cheddock declined to credit your what's "That's my impression! See here! Coldeck, I happen, to know, is agent and attorney for Stuart Villiars. You are in saying her from a fate which was already grasping and attorney for Stuart Villiars. You have discovered a will of Lord Arrowfield's, and he'll say. In whose fivor is it, and which she had greated that the parent discovered a will of Lord Arrowfield's, and he'll say. The whose fivor is it, and which she had greated a form a fate which she had greated to a farial to trust yourself with me, dearest. Fate is on my side; which she had greated that the way in which she had greated that the fowler's hand was already grasping the fowler's

would, so the reporter asserted, "have would, so the reporter asserted, "have plunged this metropolis into mourn- TOOK THE ADVICE

The papers seemed full of her, and Joan, as she recalled the time, so few weeks ago, when she wandered homlss and helpless, destitute and forlorn, about the cold London streets, and comabout the cold London streets, and com-pared it with the present period of fame and prosperity, felt with self-re-proach that she ought to be happy and thankful.

But somehow there was a dull aching she felt that she would give all possessed—fame, popularity, and future wealth—to be once more the girl who stood on Deercombe Cliffs with Stuart Villiars' arm around her waist and his

vows of love in her ears. So she sat, with her book in her hand but her eves fixed on the fire, and it was with a start, and something like a guilty flush, that she heard the door open and the servant announce Mr. Mor-daunt Royce.

aunt Royce.
What right had she to be dwelling on the past and Stuart Villiars, now that he was betrothed to another?
Royce stood for a moment in the door ray looking at her. It seemed to him he past and Stuart Villiars, now that

Rovee stood for a moment in the doorway looking at her. It seemed to him that her beauty had increased during the last few weeks, and it struck him at the moment that he had never seen a lovelier picture than she made, sit-ting there in the glow of the fire, with that soft, war mflush on her face. "I am back again, like a bad penny," he said, coming to her side and raising

"Has anything happened?" she said, glancing up at him and allowing her hand to remain in his. Had he not, udeed, a right to hold it?
"No, nothing!" he said. "But knowing that her had he not a right to hold it?

ing that you were at home, I could not keep away. I should have gone to the theatre if you had been there! I am neve rhappy unless I have you in my

"Poor theatre!" she said, with

Yes, but the papers' regret for the

"Sometimes," he went on, in the low voice which he knew so well how to make musical, "sometimes Lefeel inclined to be jealous of the many-headed public, and to feel that if I had a sword big enough I should like to slay it. Last why afterwards. Ah, dearest, love, how night, for instance, I left the theatre because I could not bear the thought that love you, I love you!' and that you angue, for instance, I left the theatre because I could not bear the thought that so many hundreds of people had the right, by paying for it, to look upon you and regard you as their servant."

Joan still remained silent.

"I don't think you can know, or can feel what I suffer sometimes on that the left between him and the left between him and the left was the left between him and the left between him an

feel what I suffer sometimes on that der heart so well!—that you would listen to what I have come to say!" "What have you come to say?" she asked, in a low voice, an inward shiver street which, seemingly commonplace running through her.

"What I have scarcely courte enough to put into words, dearest!" ne re-As he spoke he put his hand to his breast, against which the vill iay lurn-ing him, as it seemed, so intensely con-celous was he of its not intensely con-

us was he of its presence. "Don't be augry, Ida," he urmarca. py. His love should surround her like a guardian and ministering angel! How proud he would be of her! How proud she should be of him! Hie would become the leading man in the country, he who had once neen a boy of the gutter, the lad whom old Cradaoek had picked out of the city mud! But there was no time to be lost; he was walking, so to speak, in the face of a volcano, and there would be no surrely of success, no safety indeed, be no surrely of success, no safety indeed,

"Yes," murmared Joan, almost in-

card to obey. "What is to be done, it is considered by the condition of the printed page. The strange meeting last night with Lord Bertie had brought last the past so plainly, so said Bertie; "it may be of the utmost painfully, that she could not dismiss in nortance. I wish to heaven I'd read it from her mind.

the fowler's net and sees it captor's "And now for my request, for it is a request, dearest," he mummured. "Ida want you to take pity on me!"

"Pity!" she isltered.
"Yes, pity!" he said: "for at present I am miserable. I shall always be until ou grant me my request. Ida, dearest, want you to be really mine; I want

ou to marry me."

Joan turned pale to the lips. "I-I have promised to marry you." she said. "Yes, dearest. Do your think that

do not carry that promise about with me, written in my innermost heart? But in their praise of her. She was all that I want you to marry me soon. Ida. will was talented and clever—a positive you be my wife in a fortnight from He had put it abruptly, almost stern-

He had put it abrupity, and st stern-ly, in his intense anxiety, and the words seemed to stun Joan.

"A fortnight." she repeated, dully, with a catch in her breath.

"We "I've "The said gently, porcussively." "Yes," he said, gently, persuasively: "why should you not? You know that l love you, you not? You know that I love you, you know how dearly I look forward to making you my wife; why should we not be married at once? Ah, dearest, I feel that once my wife. I could easily teach you to love me. Ida,

say 'yes.'"
"I-1-" faltered Joan, feeling as if,
the fowler's hand was already grasping

OF HER FRIENDS And Dodd's Kidney/Pills Made

Mrs. Painchaud Well. She Inherited III-health From Her Parents, and for Seven Years Was a Sufferer From Kidney and Heart Trouble.

Whitworth, Temiscouta Co., Que., Feb. 20. — (Special) — That she took the advice of her friends and used Dodd's Kidney Pills is the reason Mrs. Julien Painchaud, of this place, give for the perfect health that shows in

her every movement.
"I inherited ill-health from my par ents," Mrs. Painchaud says in an in-terview, "For seven years my Heart and Kidneys bothered me. I was al-

mey Pills. One box relieved me of pain, and six boxes made me perfectly well."

Every woman who is feeling fagged, tired and worn out, should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cure the Kidneys, and every woman's health depends on her Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, and pure blood carries new life to run down organs which supply

the body with energy.

If you're a suffering woman ask your friends, They'll tell you out of their own experience to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"it is of myself I am afraid." "Do not be," he said ferverently.

will answer for you. Once you are my wife, I will answer for your happiness Dearest, do not be afraid. Such love as mine laughs at fear. If I thought that Such love as Yes, but the papers' regret for the fire seems to be principally because it removes Miss Ida Trevalyan from the and never trouble you more."

whereas she is what we will keep it very quiet. It shall be revivate wedding—just ourselves, and the remainder the remainder to the remainder "Yes," he said; "because they seem think that Miss Trevelyan is their own special property; whereas she is mine, is she not?" he said, bending over Emily and her father—no mere. Say the said of the said, bending over the said, bending over the said, bending over the said, bending over the said of the said, bending over the said of the said; "because they seem "Say 'yes," dearest," he whisperson was a private wedding—just ourselves and Emily and her father—no mere. Say the said; "because they seem the said; because the said;

'yes," dcar Ida."
"Yes," she murmured, faintly. "If you wish it."
"I do," he said, his face turning pale with the sudden feeling of relief and triumph. "I do wish it. I will tell you

beautiful creature with whom half of score, my darling!" he went on. "If London was in love; only a fortnight you did, I think—for I know your tn-between him and a couple of millions of between him and a couple of millions of wealth. realth.

While he had been pursuading Joan incident had occurred in Mount an incident had occurred in and usual enough, was fated to prove of some importance in Mordaunt Royce's

future. A four-wheeled cab, having a lady and her maid inside and a pile of boxes on the roof, drove down Mount street and stopped at No. 119.

The lady got out and knocked at the door, and a servant opened it

(To be Continued.) Shiloh's Cure



SIX-PIECE PIES.

Restaurants and hotels may find the national pie appetite runs high. It chops up a pie/into six neat and equal pieces, at once stroke of the knives.

GUESSING PARTY.

A sheet, is hung up.
Celebrities are shown o nil
A lantern is one of the necessities.
Invitations read, "An evening with debrities.

Each guest is given a eard with a peneil attached. Somebody represents Mrs. Jarley, aking the announcements.

Thirty seconds should be allowed to nests for each answer.

The guesses should vary, some being case an tetions.

Queen Elizabeth, Bluebeard and Press WHA ident Taft would rank as easy

Canal Worker's Experience

some time ago I came to this place to ork on the canal and through inclement weather and exposure contracted the worst kind of neuralgia. The pain would fill my forehead so that I couldn't see it was just awful. I went to a druggist in town and was advised to use a 50 bottle of Nerviline. That was the hest advice and the best medicine I ever got I will always recommend Neviline for any ache or pain. It is so strong and penetrating it is bound to coirc.

(Signed) A. B. Görgi,

Trenton, Ont.

Doctors will tell you that nothing bu the purest and most healing antiseptic drugs are used in Nerviline—chat's why it is so safe for general family use, for the baby as well as the parent. If you haven't tried Nerviline, do so now-your haven't tried Nerviline, do so now—your relighbors are almost sure to know of family, wearily. "I certainly think its manifold merits and uses."

[family, wearily. "I certainly think its multicky to have 13 children."]

LA GR.PPE RAVAGES **AMONGTHEINSANE**

Few Non-English Speaking People. toung in the Asyluin.

(Brantford Expositor.) The annual report upon the hospitals for the modile for the Province shows cure our injure bobiliation non amonue U Jones and Level are maies and

is, while the total namestells from the waere were \$13 pat. n.s admitted dur ng the year, and the causes assigned or modificy are as follows:

Adverse conditions, such as loss of friends, business frounces, etc. . . . Mentar strains, worry and over-Love attairs, including seduction ...

Masturbation Insolation Accident or injury Epilepsy Other convulsive diseases Diseases of brain and skut Abuse of drags
Other auto-infection

Other bodily diseases Hereditary. Congenitai defect Unascertained year 241 were known to cave an hered itary tendency to instuity, 277 had no such andency, and of 225 no information

was obtained on this point. Of the 843 admissions 392 were single and 404 married, while the religious picferences were as follows:

Presbyterians
Roman Catholies
Other denominations

Cermany Ireland ... Russia Scotland South America South South

way into our asylums. Canada alone furnishes 612 out of the 842 nationts,

while England, Ireland and Scotland fur nish most of the others. Obstinate Open Sores Are Healed by Zam-Buk.

For sores which defy all ordinary remedies, Zam-Buk should be tried. Old wounds, varieose ulegrs, cold cracks, blood-poisoning and chronic skin diseases cannot resist the healing influence

of this great herbal balm.

Miss Alma Bourgue, of Notre Dame, Kent Co., N.B., gives the following account of what Zam-Buk did for her after various other ointments and salves had failed. She writes: "For months I suffered with a run

ning sore on my leg. I tried several ointments and salves, but none of them could bring about a cure. The sore would just heal over, and then break out again. I read in a newspaper, one day, of the good Zam-Buk had, done, and so I determined to try it and see what this baim would do for me. I also purchased some Zam-Buk Soap, "I washed the sore night and morning with the soap, and then applied the balm. I continued with this treatment,

and after using Zam-Buk for a few weeks the sore was completely healed. I have recommended Zam-Buk to one or two of my friends for sores, and in their cases it has been equally effective." All druggists and stores sell Zam Bak at 66c. box or may be had post free from Zam-Buk Co., for price. It is a sure cure for piles, inflamed places, cuts burns, scalds, chapped hands, occrs, eczema, scalp sores, and all similar dis-eases and injuries. Refuse harmful imi-

WHAT THE POET BROUGHT. He came and went that day so quietly I scarce knew he had come ere he wa

But, turning, saw that he had left upo My hearth a casket with a golden key. And in the box that he had brought to

I found a crimson sunset and a dawn, A cloth of moonbeams and a honey bee A rose, a ribbon and a lock of hair, A weman's picture and a signet ring, A silver stream within a woodland, wild A dewdrop on a bly frail and fair, The music of a blubird in the spring--James William Callahan in The Smart

THOUGHT IT UNLUCKY. (Philadelphia Record.)
"Are you superstitions?" asked the

bachelor. "Well," replied the father of a large

The Trouble Sweeping Over Canada is an Epidemic.

Weakened and Broken Constitutions Left Behind-How to Regain New Health and Strength. La Grippe is one of the most danger

ous diseases that annually sweeps over Canada. It starts with a sneeze — a slight cold—and ends with a complicaslight cold—and ends with a complea-tion of troubles. It lays the strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, with headaches and backaches. Its victims are left lowbackaches. Its victims are left low-spirited and depressed, and an easy prey to bronchitis, pneumonia, rheuma-tism, and often that most dreaded of all diseases—consumption. You can a-void la grippe entirely by keeping the blood rich and red by occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble takes as its victims those whose blood is in a poor condition, and its after-effects are more dangerous and more last ing than the trouble itself. For the af the tribular tree trouble there is absolutely no other medicine can equal Dr Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make rich, red blood that drives dis ease from the system, and makes weak despondent men and women bright, cheerful and strong. If you have suf-fered in any way from the epidemic of la grippe that has been sweeping over Canada, give this great health-restoring medicine a trial, and it will not disappoint you. Here is a proof of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink derful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over the after-effects of this dis-ease. Mr. P. E. Paulin, collector of customs at Caraquet, N. B., says: "A few winters ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, which completely broke me down. I had to take to my bed for several weeks, and although during that time I employed a doctor I did not seem to recover from the trouble. not seem to recover from the trouble I was really a physical wreck. On a former occasion I had used Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills for general debility with such great success that I decided to try them again. I sent for a half dozen boxes and began to take the Pills at once. When taking the second box I began to feel quite a change in my condition. I was able to walk about the house and my appetite was improvthe house and my appetite was improving. From that on I gained sthength every day and before the six boxes were done I was able to return to the office and attend to my work. I have since enjowed the best of health, and think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine for trouble of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only proposed.

promptly cure the serious after-effects of la grippe, but they make well and strong all persons suffering from any form of debility or general weakness. These pills have no laxative or purgative actian; their mission is to make new rich, red blood, and thus fortify and strengthen every organ and every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EMBARRASSMENT.

The Day of Judgment had dawned. Everything was being made right. Yet in the midst of the general rejoicing a meek little man was observed to sink down on a log by the wayside, completely discouraged, and bury his face in his hands despairingly.

"How shall I ever carry away all the



YES, SIR-EE! LAWYERS DO TELL THE TRUTH-SOMETIMES; READ WHY

Many distinguished lawyers have been in Washington lately attending the sessions of the Supreme Court. Most of them are brilliantly learned legal lights, and some of them don't mind letting the world in general know that they are b. l. l. l. The capitol corridor, near the su-preme courtroom door, two of them were telling each other about the grand reputation lawyers have for

energy and perseverance.

A little lad, standing nearby with his father, looked up to the paternal font of wisdom and asked:

"Father, do lawyers tell the truth?"

Yes, my boy," the father answer-, "lawyers will do anything to win case." And the two b. l. l. hurriedly cought the ctillness of

Shriphs Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals
the throst and lunds. 25 cents.

IT RESTED WITH HIM.

(Uties Globe.) Upton Sinclair, discussing the fasting cure that he has done so much to advance, said in New York:

"Fasting has become as popular as appendicities. I hope though, it won't appendicties. I hope, changa, it would fall into the same disrepute.

"It's currently believed, you know, that a leading surgeon said to his wife one day: ne day:
"I operated on Mrs. Gob-a Golde for appendicitis last night."
"Goodness!" said the lady. "I wonder who'll have it next!"

"'I don't knew, the surgeon answered absently. "I haven't decided yet."