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FOR A MILLION OF MONEY

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

(Continued.)

"It was a prudent precaution. She had been waiting about half a hour, when the door at the end was unlocked. She hid herself and closed the door, and heard the voices of two men, the butler, and one she did not know, as they looked into the different rooms and slammed and locked all the doors behind them.

"Then all was quiet. She still waited, however, until the household should have retired; and then stole out and, almost feeling her way in the darkness, crept to the hiding place, took out the paper and rushed away with it up the secret stairs to her own room.

"Her heart was beating fast with the excitement of the adventure, and she sat down on her bed to rest a moment. She had provided herself with a small electric lamp, and getting this from her box, she turned the light on the paper and examined it with intense curiosity, carefully shielding the light under the bed-clothes, so that it could not be seen.

"The packet was enclosed in a strong envelope, and there was an endorsement on this in cipher, which, of course, she could not understand. It was securely fastened with green tape, and sealed. But the sealing had been carefully done, and the wax adhered to the tape, and not to the envelope.

"In a flash an idea occurred to her. To take out the contents and replace them with a dummy of the same size and shape, and then replace the packet where she found it. This might possibly prevent her act from being discovered, and would certainly postpone it.

"Carefully she studied the packet, fixing every knot in her memory. For a long time the seat baffled her, until she saw she must take the risk of cutting the tape and riving it. She was in the act of doing this when she caught her breath.

"Someone knocked at her door.

"Silently and quickly she threw off her clothes, got into bed, and thrust the precious packet under her pillow.

"The knock was repeated, this time a little more loudly.

CHAPTER XLII

Jack!

Olive did not reply to the second knock. No one had any right to come and disturb her; and she would not take any notice of any one.

"A third knock and then a fourth came, each more insistent than the preceding; and she thought it best to wake up. She made a good noise on the bed as if rousing herself, and then called: 'Is any one there disturbing a creature's heavy sleep?'

"Mollie! Mollie!" was called in a low voice.

"Who is it wants Mollie at this unearthly hour?" she yawned loudly.

"It's me, Annie. This was one of the maids. 'I've got that tooth bad again, and you said you would give me some of the stuff you have.'

"Ah, bad case to your tooth to get such a late summons! Take it, Mollie, and give it to me in the morning," and with another huge yawn, she sent the girl away.

Then she turned to her task. She worked at the packet for some two hours until she was satisfied that the deception was not likely to be perceived before the envelope was opened and the blank contents found.

To replace it was easy; and she regained her room safely. She wrote a letter to Mr. Casement telling him what the paper was, and asked him to keep it; and then slipped into bed for a couple of hours' sleep, with the comfortable assurance that she had done a splendid night's work.

Up earlier than usual the next morning, and long before anyone else was astir, Olive took an envelope from the library and posted the letter in the box which was just outside the Manor gates; and was back at her usual work without the least suspicion having been aroused.

But she was only just in time. About ten minutes after her return, she was shaking a mat at the back door when she turned to find she was being watched by a man she had not seen before. He had come downstairs without her hearing him; and a glance at his face prompted the suggestion that he was just about the sort of individual whose nature it was to move stealthily.

"You don't seem to make much of a job of getting the dirt out of that mat," he said; and she recognized the voice as that of the butler's companion on the previous night.

"Sure, there's a boggan's foot on it since the last time, and big ones too," she retorted with a mischievous glance at him.

He laughed. "Serves me right for interfering," he said, with an evident desire to make himself agreeable. "Let me give you a hand. I should like to help you."

"Ah, get away with your blarneying, and turn the tap of them eyes of yours off my face, or I'll pincer be able to give you a good dose. Ah, what would you be after now?" she cried, laughing, past him, and elbowing him off as he tried to stop her.

"You weren't here when I was down the last time, I shouldn't forget you," he added with a smirk. He was a hat-chest-faced, syl-looking man, with long thin features and shaggy and sandy eyes. "What's your name, Miss Dawleigh, I'm Mr. Merridew's confidential man."

"Dawleigh would seem to suit me, or not, as you say," he said, looking round for a moment at the work which she was at her wit's end to do.

"I heard of you last night," he answered with a laugh. "That's what fetched me out of bed so early." He meant this for a compliment, and accompanied it with an oblique glance. But it was not a successful effort.

Olive was making the early cup of tea which the cook liked to find ready for her the moment she came down, and passed with the kettle in her hand to dash an angry look at him. "Well, an' if that's your business, just to spy how a girl does her work, you can say that I've done up the grate, lighted the fire, washed up what was left dirty, shaken the mats, and made the cook's tea, and 'm now going to sweep out the kitchen, and all the rubbish that's in it at this present moment an' that's including yerself." She rattled this off as if in angry haste, and catching up the broom went toward him as if to begin with sweeping his feet.

But he had seen the twinkle of good nature in her eyes, and did not move. "You know the pencil, don't you?" he asked. "If you touch me with that I shall kiss you, as sure as your name's pretty Mollie."

"I'd scratched the eyes out of you if ye trold," she raised the broom threateningly, but with a laugh.

"That's a challenge," he cried, and caught hold of the broom. She let him take it and ran off quietly, putting the table between them.

"Ah, now, so on wid your nonsense, and lave a body in pace. Keep them manners and yer kisses for yer London girls."

"I have no girl, Mollie, in London or anywhere," he declared with sudden earnestness. "I swear I haven't."

Olive winked sagely. "Sure, I've heard that sort of a tale before, many a time, and from blokes widout half your handsome looks."

The ugliest man may be safely commented on his good looks; and Dawleigh was no exception. He put down the broom and straightened his collar with an air of great self-complacency.

"Of course, one has no end of chances in town, but I don't care for London girls. I like—like girls with spirit and wit—like—like Irish girls."

"Sure, there must be another blarney stone somewhere in London, and that's the truth, and you've kissed it, Mr. Dawleigh."

At this moment the cook came into the kitchen. "Ah, cook, and it's meself that's glad to see you this mornin'; here's Mr. Merridew's man makin' love to me and hinderin' me to say things I don't rightly know whether it's my head or my heels which are on the top end o' me body."

The cook happened to be very cross, with a bad bilious attack that morning, and soon sent the valet out of the kitchen. But the incident set Olive thinking. It was certain that if she could make a friend of Dawleigh, he would know many things about his master which she might be able to worm out of him.

All that day and the next she encouraged him with glances and a word or two when they met—and the man made it his business to throw himself in her way whenever he could; flattering himself that his London manner had made a very deep impression on her.

Meanwhile she watched vigilantly at night; but no result. Merridew and his mother remained on bad terms, and the evenings in his rooms alone. Dawleigh was constantly about the house, turning up unexpectedly in all parts of it in search of Olive, and in the evening going to and from his master's rooms; so that she was afraid of his discovering her. She had more than one narrow escape, indeed, when only her knowledge of the house enabled her to evade him.

On the third night, however, she resolved to take advantage of a chance that arose. Merridew had been away all day and returned the worse for drink; the valet had been sent up to town; Mrs. Merridew, after another quarrel with her son, had gone to bed ill and agitated, having taken a sleeping draught.

In the dead of the night Olive went down to her sitting-room, to make a search among all her private papers. She had learnt where these were kept, and the keys she had found made the thing easy enough.

She did not find much that promised to help her; while one discovery filled her with dismay, and did more to shake her disbelief about that marriage than anything which had ever occurred.

It was a portrait of her father as a young man, and on the back was written: "To my dearest Rachel: my wife that is to be; with fondness love, Gregory Parmenter."

She turned almost sick at heart with a chill of dismay as she gazed at it. "My wife that is to be." It was like a sentence of death to all her hopes.

(To be continued.)

"Nickel!"—A Household Word.

"The Nickel," "The Nickel," everything's "The Nickel" with the children, and no wonder, for they get such an afternoon of grand fun watching the long interesting motion pictures and listening to the pretty song, so daintily illustrated. Yesterday afternoon's opening of the new programme was greeted with a bumper house of people all ages, and in the evening the crowds were constant and exceptionally large. Perfect ventilation was afforded, too, the management taking particular pains in having a free circulation of fresh air throughout the building.

The pictures the first half of the week are of most unusual interest. The Lone Highwaysman was especially good, and Tom Removes and A Day in the Court brought forth roars of merriment. The Arabian Magician did wonders. The illustrated song, When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget, was loudly applauded.

EXPERTS TESTING DIFFERENT KINDS OF BREAKFAST FOODS

OTTAWA, June 3.—The food officials of the inland revenue department have been looking into the virtues of the numerous varieties of breakfast food which are on the Canadian market, with a view to ascertaining how nearly they approach to the food values the manufacturers claim for them.

The findings of the experts are rather technical, but in a general way it may be said that they found the breakfast food makers have claimed for their foods all the virtues they are entitled to and in most cases a good deal more. They say that the breakfast food men claim that the cereals they use receive a certain amount of preparation or cooking by which insoluble starch is converted into soluble maltose and dextrine and its value as food thereby greatly increased. It does not appear to the analysts that many of the breakfast foods have been prepared from oats as the results of analysis of the samples show them to be lacking in fat. Four samples only appear to have been prepared from port, and in the case of these, the report says that "none of them show more than 6.37 per cent. of aqueous extract, which does not amount to the amount of soluble dextrines produced when rolled oats are cooked without salt."

Of the breakfast foods claimed to have been made from wheat it was found that most of them have received preparation which would make them in differing degrees more digestible than ordinary wheat flour, but in all of them there is such a large residuum of starch that according to the report "the predigestion claimed for many of the foods is, not by any means complete and the use of saliva and gastric juice cannot yet be dispensed with." An essential feature of the claims of the breakfast food makers, "some of which remind one of patent medicine advertising, is the degree of subdivision effected in their treatment, varying from rolling to flaking of a very complete character in which the grains are brought into a condition of thin translucence. It is quite possible that this thinning out increases the digestibility, but it is a question whether this change is worth the extra cost. It is not easy to get at the price of these articles a pound, but it seems to be from five to twenty-three cents. Since oatmeal or wheat flour is retailed at from three to four cents a pound it becomes a question as to how far the price of the breakfast foods is justified."

DIED OF LOCKJAW AS RESULT OF BITES BY HOUNDS

ST. ANDREWS, Que., June 3.—On Saturday evening a young son of Alex. Lecasse was attacked by two hounds belonging to Euclid Ladouceur, merchant. The cries of the little fellow, who was about twelve years of age, were heard, and people immediately rushed to the rescue. He was severely bitten, however, and died this morning of lockjaw.



CONFERENCE WAS NOT HELD IN VAIN, SAYS NOTED DIVINE

LONDON, June 3.—Rev. J. A. Patterson, of the General Assembly United Church of Scotland, alluding to the noble way in which Roosevelt and Laurier are seconding the efforts of Campbell-Bannerman in the direction of peace, said even if the recent conference had done nothing less than give Laurier the opportunity to proclaim to an astonished and incredulous world the effect of a single treaty on the relations between the United States and Canada, it was not held in vain. Dr. McKeith, the moderate spoke of the happy results which had followed the United Presbyterian churches in Canada.

R. Bickersteth director of the Big British Newspaper distributing organization writes from Toronto to emphasize the great sacrifice made by the Canadian press in supporting the postal preference which the Dominion government granted Britain. Heavy toll on papers to the States was paid without a fuss. Bickersteth pays a compliment to some of the admirably edited Canadian magazines.

The dates fixed for the Henley regatta are July third, fourth and fifth. A Rome despatch says Premier Laurier and Hon. M. Brodeur will pay a visit to the Pope.

TORONTO THREATENED WITH BIG STRIKE

TORONTO, June 3.—The next few days may see a great strike inaugurated among the building trades of Toronto. Bricklayers, carpenters and painters and other trades as well as laborers are talking of sympathetic strikes to help the plumbers and a decision will be reached soon.

NIMES, France, June 2.—A gigantic demonstration of wine-growers was held here today as a protest against the adulteration of wine. Two hundred thousand persons marched in the procession. The day passed without violence.

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