

THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XXIII.

James Ince uttered an exclamation which was rather one of dismay than of satisfaction when he recognized Miss Densley, and knew that, after all, she had decided to take the risks of the adventurous journey.

"Miss Densley!" he cried, with a sort of gasp, as she sat back, panting and pale, in her corner of the carriage, her eyes closed, her mouth twitching, bearing every mark of extreme nervous prostration.

But at the name she sat up and opened her eyes.

"No, no, no!" she said fiercely; "not Miss Densley. That is not my name; it never was my name. I'm Dorcas Lane—poor, penniless Dorcas Lane. I've—I've taken your name, I've challenged her, got the truth out of her, and I know that what you told me—all those dreadful, horrible things—is all 'nothing but the truth.'"

She covered her face with her hands, evidently struggling hard to keep her self-command, but suffering still under the effects of the blow.

"Poor James! he thought me much disconcerted. When he had first proposed that she should break away from the Leblancs and go north with him, he had acted on the spur of the moment, suggested what he thought the best course for her without duly considering the added difficulties which the championship of a beautiful young woman would put in his way.

To have on his hands a girl who was already almost hysterical from the shock she had just received, when he was bent on a task which would need all his nerve and all his resourcefulness, was a situation with which he felt that he had never properly grappled.

"I'm very sorry," he stammered.

At the words Miss Densley looked up again, then with a woman's quick intuition she understood what he felt, and dashing away from her eyes the tears which had again begun to gather in them, she said with unexpected firmness:

"Don't look so frightened. I see—you're afraid of me; afraid I shall be silly, have attacks of nerves and cry, and make scenes and be a trouble to you. You're quite wrong. I won't. I've got over the worst of it now. You see, it's really been coming upon me for days, though I didn't exactly know it—I wouldn't know it! But now, when the worst has come, that I understand just where I am and what I have to do, you won't find me silly or troublesome, indeed. Only I can't be satisfied, any more than you can, until I know if those wretches have done anything to Massey! What have they got him up there for? Why couldn't they have robbed him at Briar Lodge, as they robbed the others? It frightens me!"

The girl's great eyes were full of tears, but she had promised, she conquered the outward manifestations of her agitation, and clashing her hands tightly, as if they would help her to keep her feelings in check, she said him of the scenes she had just gone through.

"When I ran away from you and went indoors," she said, "Madame Leblanc met me and asked where I'd been. There was something in her face I had never seen before, something that frightened me. So I said I had been to speak to you, and that you said I was being promised in marriage to Captain Darnall and other men, besides the one man I was really engaged to—Massey St. Quintin. Then her face grew very hard and cold, and she pounced upon me, and dragged me into the drawing-room and told me I was a fool and an idiot to quarrel with the splendid position I should presently have if I did as I was told and let her manage my affairs for me. And I told her I didn't want them managed; I only wanted to marry the man I cared for; and then I asked why he had been taken to Densley. And she looked frightened at that, and said unless I held my tongue I should find myself in prison, as there was plenty of evidence

MEAL TIME MISERIES

INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED BY THE TONIC TREATMENT OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

There is only one way to cure indigestion and that is to give your system so much good, red blood that the stomach will have strength enough to do its natural work in a healthy vigorous way. Many dyspeptics lose the stomach with indigestion, and other things alleged to assist in digesting food, but these things merely give temporary relief—they never cure indigestion—and the trouble grows worse and worse, until the poor dyspeptic is gradually starving. In a case of indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the mixtures and so-called pre-digested foods in the country. These pills cure indigestion because they strengthen and tone the stomach, thus enabling it to do the work nature intends it should do.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, St. Jerome, Que., says: "For months I suffered tortures from indigestion. After every meal the misery was intense, so that I finally ate most sparingly. I tried several so-called indigestion cures, but they did me no good. My general health began to run down. I suffered from headaches and dizziness and pains about the heart. After the lightest meal I would be afflicted with a smothering sensation. Finally my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under the use of this medicine, the trouble began to disappear, and in less than a couple of months I had completely recovered my health and can now enjoy a hearty meal as well as any one."

"It is because they make new, rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and the headaches, backaches and other indescribable ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

It was met by another fly, and James Ince, either recognizing someone or suspecting something, got out and ran after it, halting the driver to stop. Running up to the carriage window, he looked in, and at once recognized Leblanc, who was quite evidently taken aback by the meeting. There was another man in the fly, but he sat well back, so that his face could not be distinguished.

"Hello, monsieur, this is a bit of luck. Were you going to Doncaster to meet your niece?" asked James Ince. Monsieur recovered himself quickly, bent forward, so as to fill the window and prevent James Ince from looking in, and said:

"Dear me, is it Mr. Ince? This is a surprise, a most pleasant surprise! I am delighted to see you."

And with that he put out his hand, seized that of the young barrister and shook it heartily.

Ince repeated his question. Monsieur Leblanc raised his eyebrows.

"My niece! Ah, yes, I was going to meet her. You have seen her, I suppose. I've not only seen her, I've brought her to you. I understand you were at Densley, her place."

Monsieur Leblanc hesitated, drawing a long breath, as if uncertain what to do or what to say. Only for a moment, however.

"Ah!" he cried, smiling, so that his two rows of false teeth showed from end to end, "that is most kind of you. And you have taken all this trouble. We are most grateful to you. I do not quite understand yet why you should be with her, but no matter, I am glad to see you. Where is she?"

"In the fly which has just passed, yours."

"Ah! And so you are on your way to Densley?"

"Yes. You will turn back and accompany us, will you not?"

"Alas! I cannot yet have that pleasure. I have to see my friend here off by train. But if you will take my niece on to Densley, and put her up at the Red Lion, the inn in the village, I will come back as quickly as I can, and we will have a chat together."

Now, while this colloquy was going on the two men engaged in it were trying, by every means in their power, each to outwit the other. For, while James Ince was determined to see who was the Frenchman's companion, Monsieur Leblanc was equally determined that he should not satisfy his curiosity. In order more effectively to block up the window and keep James Ince from thrusting his face inside the vehicle, Monsieur Leblanc placed himself in such a manner that his person filled the aperture from the one side to the other.

(To be continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



6119—CHILD'S CREEPING APRON.

This practical little garment will be appreciated by mothers, when baby has reached the creeping age. As he spends a great deal of the time on the floor, it is almost impossible to keep the pretty, dainty clothes fresh and clean. The little apron protects the under dress and does not hamper the limbs in any way. The waist and skirt are in one, and is cut long enough to turn up under the skirts, fastening by a belt under the waist. Holland and daintiness is usually preferred for an apron of this kind. Two yards of material 36 inches wide will be required.

Child's Creeping Apron, No. 6119. This pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

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Province

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to enclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, measure you need only mark, 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in 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 "yards." 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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Sends Letters to the Rich and Poor Alike, in Which He Advises Them About Business, Marriage, Speculation, Health, Affairs, Wealth, Etc.

Offers Free Readings to All Who Write and Send Date of Birth.

In his office in New York city, surrounded by charts and dials of strange design, Albert H. Postel, the astrologer, ponders over the lives of men and women who have written him for advice on affairs of business, love, speculation, travel, marriage, health and the important events of life. The following letter gives an idea of Mr. Postel's ability:



MISS EFFIE M. TRAYN.

Dear Sir:—You are certainly the most wonderful astrologer I have ever known. I have seen many of your predictions, and I consider that you not only saved me from an awful death, but prevented the loss of hundreds of dollars. I trust that many people will profit by your advice. Sincerely, Albert H. Postel.

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BACHELOR HABIT AND ITS RESULTS

Continued From Page Eleven.

suggest that this question is not new. Ever since civilization began, there have been bachelors, and always they have constituted a problem. Celibacy is a habit that is confined to civilized man. The savage races, who have not yet eaten of the tree of knowledge, do not know it. They have not yet learned to subjugate the natural instincts, and make a toy of their passions. The pagan races, who gave us our first real civilization, struggled strenuously but in vain against the habits which poisoned the roots of the tree, the sources of their strength and threatened their continued existence. When Plato in the Laws said: "It is a crime not to take a wife," he merely gave expression to a sentiment that was everywhere prevalent in the ancient world. In Sparta, the usual respect of the young to the old was not paid to bachelors, and what may seem to us harder to bear, special taxes were levied on them.

In our modern, completely to the point of public scorn on their condition of scolded single blessedness, bachelors were compelled to walk round the marketplace, singing a song composed against themselves and expressing the justice of their punishment. (One can imagine the wide circling of a malignant, half scornful and half pitying, that went through Sparta on this annual roundup.)

If the laws of Rome were harsher than those of Sparta, it was because the evil was greater. In the midst of her opulence and splendor, with the world prostrate at her feet, an inexorable lethargy fell upon the soul of Rome. "Weary of days and hours, desires and dreams and powers, and everything that lives," the sons and daughters of the men who had ruled the world turned from love to philosophy, and from war to sport. Between the two the bachelors multiplied, divorce

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Inflammation of the Kidneys

AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE ARE PRACTICALLY ONE.

Dr. Bright discovered that the symptoms of Bright's disease were caused by inflammation of the kidneys. Thus it derives its name. As to the relationship of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the above disease, the testimonials of thousands bear evidence.

Notwithstanding the remarkable cures of this dreadful disease by this medicine, people still work on, complaining of terrible pains in the small of the back, exclaiming they feel "all in," being overcome with feelings of weariness and despondency.

Perhaps you haven't these particular symptoms, but have the ones which are most noticeable in the urine. Upon them the physician relies for a positive opinion. If the urine is of a deep color, has a strong odor and deposits a heavy sediment upon standing, then consider your case carefully. They are infallible signs, but not of an incurable disease, thanks to Dr. Chase.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured other persons; they can cure you. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.

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Patterns and colorings suitable for every room.

We will also sell a number of our beautiful FRAMED PICTURES at a large reduction.

COLERICK BROS.

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gained a fearful popularity, and the birthrate steadily diminished. The Roman senate laid heavy penalties on unmarried persons, gave certain privileges to those who had many children, and imposed light penalties on persons who were childless. In his allotment of the Campanian lands, Julius Caesar granted them only to the father of three or four children, and under Augustus bachelors below sixty could not inherit a legacy. This law applied to widows, who were forced to marry within a period of two years.

In modern times, when war is gradually yielding to diplomacy, and science has subdued the pestilence, the policy of the state has been directed rather to the disposition of the surplus population than to the promotion of its further increase. Nevertheless, Great Britain has imposed a tax on bachelors, and France has made frequent attempts to prevent depopulation by levying such a tax.

The problem in America is somewhat different. It is less the increase of population, than the perpetuation of the native stock, more particularly of preserving the latest, presumably the highest at any rate, the most expensive, product of our civilization—the educated man.

Under present conditions, while the individuals live, the species dies. That, of course, should not be. For one reason, it is not economic. It does not pay.

Now that I have defined the problem, perhaps I should say a word in regard to its solution. It seems to me that I can see a great many things on the horizon which will materially alter conditions as they are, and that within the next few years, perhaps a little socialism, bad as it is in theory, might not be so harmful in practice. Anything that tended to lessen the tension and tempo of our present existence would help. At present we are going the pace that kills.—Robert E. Park in Chicago Record-Herald.

A LITERAL POSTMASTER.

When Amos Kendall was postmaster general at Washington, so the story goes, he wrote one day to the postmaster at a little station on the Tombigbee River: "You will please inform this department how far the Tombigbee River runs up." To which the postmaster answered: "I have the honor to inform the department that the Tombigbee River don't run up at all; it runs down." In due course of mail came another communication: "On receipt of this letter your appointment as postmaster will cease. Mr. — has been appointed your successor." To which, went the following reply: "The receipts of this office during the last year have been \$4.37 and the office rent more than double that sum; please to kindly instruct my successor to pay me the balance, and oblige."—Argonaut.

FOREIGNERS MAN BRITISH SHIPS

The return relating to seamen employed in the British mercantile marine is not very satisfactory, as regards British seamen; even less so as regards England and Ireland, whose

Wonderful Cold-Cure

Relieves at Once—Prevents and Cures Quickly.

Just inhale Catarrhazone—breathe in its healing balsams and out goes the cold, away go the sniffles—catarrh vanishes like the wind.

To the sore membranes Catarrhazone sends the healing of the pine woods; to the irritated surfaces it supplies pure balsamic extracts that loosen the phlegm, clear all obstructions, destroy disease germs.

For the nose, throat, lungs and bronchial tubes Catarrhazone is unrivaled. Try it yourself—both pleasant and safe. Two months' treatment, guaranteed, price \$1; small (trial) size, 25c, at all dealers or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

THE HOUSEFLY.

We are rather glad that the common fly is to get its due as a disseminator of deadly disease, and that scientific folks are beginning to take arms against it. Hitherto the ordinary fly, the Musca domestica, has been regarded as annoying rather than dangerous. Its low tastes have been recognized, and feeble efforts have been made to protect us from its excessive familiarity. It has shown itself superior, however, to the influence alike of fly paper, patent fly killers and window screens. As an early riser it has quite outdone the lark, and as a disturber of late sleeping on summer mornings it has been more potent than the alarm clock.

Nevertheless, the housefly has been regarded complacently as a harmless nuisance, as a natural object lesson in persistence, as a rather pretty thing to look at. Children have been taught that to kill flies is cruel. Only lately London Punch has illustrated the natural killing propensity of the average Briton in its tale of the connoisseur small boy who asked to be lifted from his bed to the window, as he felt strong enough to kill a fly. The scientific revelations of this week transform that British small boy into a hero.

The common fly is more dangerous than the tiger or the cobra. Worse than that, he is as bad as the mosquito. Hereafter we must take no half measures with flies. The theory that they are here for some good purpose must be overruled. Kill the flies.—New York Times.

The possibility of one person's finger tip being identical with that of another is one chance in 64,000,000,000.

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GENTLE HOUSEWIVES INDOSE THEM. DELICATE LINENS DEMAND THEM. UP-TO-DATE GROCERS SELL THEM.

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proportions are 30 each per 10,000, while Scotland supplies 56, and Wales 44 per 10,000. Again, the proportion of Lascars and foreigners increases, while the British decreases. In the last fifteen years, 1891-1906, the former increased by 17,103 Lascars, and 11,022 foreigners; British only by 510. The disproportion of British seamen decreased, however, in the last five years, so that there is a turn of the tide in British seamen's favor. The recent order as to understanding the English language will undoubtedly still further show a decline in Lascars and foreigners.—Engineering.

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Every Woman

is interested and should know MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new vaginal hygiene. Best—Not common. It cleanses thoroughly.

Ask your druggist for it. It contains no poisons, and is perfectly safe. It gives full particulars and directions in valuable leaflet. Write to WINDSOR Supply Co., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

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Rev. Chas. Stirling, Bath, N. B.: "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state that they never used its equal. I strongly recommend it."

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