

Her Adopted Daughter

CHAPTER XXXVI. A HEAVY INDICTMENT.

Alison came punctually that day at twelve, and received certain instructions in accordance with the plan for the innuendo present, which Castelnau had by that time arranged with Mrs. Briarly and Lenore Deleware. She had been so terribly tried, her whole system so strained and shaken, that she needed, beyond everything, a day or two of perfect quiet and rest, mental and physical. Her name must be guarded, as far as possible, as well as her present safety against any further machinations. The first was not so difficult for the first few days or a week, by which time the sudden break-up of the menage at Kensington must inevitably become known. But then Lady Wyndham would be back, and surely lend her aid. The last safety was secured by her lodging with Mrs. Briarly, in her quarters at a private hotel close by. Alison was simply to say to callers, "Not at home."

Featherstone had left orders at Cannon street that letters were to be forwarded to him at the Poste Restante, Paris, as Castelnau ascertained that Thursday afternoon.

"And so, my dear," he said to Lenore, a little later, "I have only to go over, watch till he calls for letters, and follow. I shall catch the Dover night boat, so I must bid you goodbye, now."

"Errol, you will not—ah! ah! for my sake, you will remember that my mother was his wife, and loved him! He held her in his arms and laid his lips to hers tenderly, gravely, lingeringly. "Sister, I promise you that I will lift no hand against him except in absolute self-defence. I shall return, I hope, by Saturday or Sunday. Heaven keep you, my own darling!" Then he took up his child for a minute, and left the room.

On the Saturday morning the very managing director of the Sant' Anna Gold Company sat in an apartment in one of the second-rate hotels in Paris, opening several letters which he had just fetched from the Poste Restante, after letting the Friday intervene since his last call on Thursday evening.

He certainly looked very ruddy than usual, not to say worried, vexed, or even haggard, as he turned over the letters.

"Strange!" he muttered at last, in a dismayed kind of way. "Still no line from Montague! What can be the reason? He was to find out how Castelnau took her disappearance, and let me know. Has anything happened? What can have happened? Confound them both—it only they would meet and shoot each other! Bah! what is it, garegou?" He looked up sharply, almost nervously, as the door opened.

"Monsieur, a gentleman." "I told you I saw no visitors," interrupted Gus, angrily. "Say I am engaged, and will see no one."

But the visitor was not so easily to be gaurd. A minute after Jean had retired, the door quietly opened and a tall, dark-faced man stood in the room. Featherstone sprung to his feet with an exclamation, reddening to the forehead, as he saw at once that his base treachery was known, his hand clutching the back of his chair, bereft of even his unparalleled effrontery and mask of frankness. His breath came hard and labored; his eyes wavered before the intense scorn of the other's steady gaze.

So for a moment these two stood facing each other in a silence that one at least could feel. Then Castelnau said slowly, with stern, deliberate scorn, intensified by the very passion he was suppressing.

"If it were not for Lenore's sake, I would have horse-whipped you as I would not whip the meanest, foulest scavenger dog that creeps about an Eastern city for carrion. You, who, for your own base gain, flung your dead wife's motherless child into the wild wickedness and danger of a gambler's salie, and then sold her for a share of her fortune to a gambler, whose very name said identity were a disguise as you probably suspected then; who might have been already wed, for aught you knew or cared. You, who, a second time, bargained to sell her and betray her to a man you believed to be an unscrupulous prodigal of the deepest dye—for a price again, of course—and never saw that you were his dupe—not he yours. You, who, a third time, for gain or fear, tore a mother from her child, a girl from her lover, and betrayed her into the power of a scoundrel, and to a fate the horror of which you knew; for whether he were husband or not you cared not, even if you suspected it possible."

Before this scathing denunciation, the traitor, whose daughter's honor had been a mere chattel, had shrunk and covered as if it were liquid fire scorching him; but at this last he caught at the bait thrown out. "I knew it!" he cried out. "I knew it almost from his own lips. I had fancied it before. I swear I had, and he knew I did. The recognition of Gerald had grown upon me, and could not— He stopped, catching his breath. "I never meant to leave her long; but I swear that Dudley Montague is Gerald Deleware; and, if he

chose it, who has a better right to his wife than he?"

He was recovering himself a little. "Gus Featherstone you are a coward of that basest sort that crushes the weak and abuses the strength we men are given to protect the helpless; but, by Heaven!" said Castelnau, his passion blazing out for a moment, "it is well for you that I knew where she was, and rescued her in time. Had you start at that; but your dastard game is defeated—and played out once and for all. Lenore and the child are in my charge now, and Montague lies somewhere with a bullet in him for his double villainy."

"That you—Daniel come to judgment," said Gus with a savage sneer "might take his wife into your very honorable protection, eh? Do you think I am going to believe in the disinterested virtue of such a wild scamp as you? Why didn't you make the girl a real widow while you were about it?"

The tone of fierce angry regret betrayed plainly personal feeling, and Castelnau rounded on him at once.

"You wish him dead do you?" he said deliberately. "Then I was right; he has you more in his power than your knowledge of his crime of bigamy will match?"

And, with these dangerous words, he turned and went out. "I must get back Monday," muttered Featherstone, livid with rage and fear, "for that fellow will ruin me in revenge. It is to the knife, I can see, and he is dangerous. Curses on him and the girl!"

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE STORM GATHERS

On the Friday afternoon, the day of Lenore's rescue, a gulf was opened suddenly beneath the feet of several people, though as yet, unknown to them.

A little after three, Mr. Grierson, the bill discounter, called in his clerk.

"Hoskins, what did I do with that receipt of McFarlane & Co.? I can't find it."

"Dear, how he forgets," thought the clerk. Then, aloud, "You put it into that middle drawer, sir."

Grierson unlocked it, opened, and searched, and found the receipt; but in the search a blue paper fell out.

"Why, goodness gracious!" exclaimed the old man, half laughing, half vexed, "here is that bill of Mr. Everest's. I must have pecked it in here to pay at Martingale's and forgotten it. Take it round at once, Hoskins; it's due in July, and they'll see to it."

He entered it on a paying-in slip, and gave it to his clerk.

The clerk departed almost directly, went around into the bank, and as

he gave the bill and slip to the cashier said laughingly:

"The governor forgot it—been for two minutes in his room, you see, and it's rather a large amount to keep in the place, ain't it?"

"Why yes—might have been stolen," retorted the cashier. "I'll give it to Mr. Rivers. Good-day."

Hoskins departed and the cashier took that bill for five thousand livres into the chief clerk's room, saying, as he laid it on the desk at which George Rivers sat writing:

"The old gentleman forgot it, sir." "Ah, all right," with a nod; and the cashier withdrew.

Rivers just finished what he was about, and then took up the bill to duly enter it before placing it in safe durance, ready for presentation. He looked at it, chancing first to take it up backward.

"By Jove!" said he, half aloud. Lenore Marguerite Deleware, our opposite neighbor! How odd! Who can—"

He turned the face of the paper, started slightly, went "Whew!" Clement Everest! What does this mean? looked again more closely at the signature, and jumped up, looking rather pale as he opened the door and went, bill in hand, to the manager's room.

"Can you spare a minute, sir?" "Certainly, the manager laid down his pen and looked up. "Anything wrong, Rivers?"

"I am afraid so, sir." He laid the bill on the table. Look at that signature across—our client's." The manager looked at it carefully for some moments, then up at George.

"Well," he said, "what's the matter with it? It's all right." "I don't think it is, sir," said Rivers, with quiet emphasis. "It is all wrong, unless I am very much mistaken."

"You are the sharpest fellow I ever knew at hand-writing, I know of old," said the manager, his face lengthening as he drew forth his signature book, and "we'll compare it. Ah! here it is—Clement Everest."

He put the "Clement Everest" on the bill close to the other, and for minute both compared them in silence; then as by one accord, their eyes met, and Rivers shook his head.

"I am right, sir; that bill is a clever forgery, and by Mrs. Deleware, very plainly."

The manager stood considering minute; then he said, slowly: "Is this the beautiful Mrs. Deleware, one reads of sometimes in the 'Societies'?"

"Yes, sir; lives opposite to us, and—rather Bohemian people." "Then take this bill directly; go quietly to Mr. Everest at Highgate, before we take any steps. If it is a forgery, he may prefer, you know, to stand it, rather than drag his private affairs

forward. He bears a very moral character—to the world—with a shrug and smile; "but that goes for nothing of course."

Well might Clement Everest be utterly surprised at the errand unfolded by Martingale's chief clerk, and at once emphatically repudiate the signature, the bill, or any knowledge whatever of the lady who had forged it.

"And it is the most audacious, clever forgery, too," he said. "Who is this Miss or Mrs. Deleware, I wonder? I never heard of the name. How did she get hold of my signature?"

"I don't know, of course, Mr. Everest, but that will doubtless come out for Mr. Grierson will certainly prosecute. I must go at once since you confirm our suspicion of the counterfeit, and have no wish to be mixed up in it," added Rivers, diplomatically.

"None!" repeated Everest, testily. "I don't mean to be drawn into any disreputable, criminal case. How dare a bad, scoundrelous woman use my name like this, and cause scandal about me, a respected gentleman of family and means who never fails to be seen each Sunday in his pew in his parish church, never fails to head the local charities, take the chair at local dinners, and so on, and so on?"

And as for that Beresford of whom you mentioned, said the respectable Pharisee, viciously, "I know him of old; and it is quite enough for me that he was a scoundrel to the worst, most disreputable scamp I ever knew—my brother-in-law. Good-evening, Mr. Rivers."

George Rivers departed gladly, disgusted with Everest's utter selfishness and hardness.

"Poor, young thing!" he thought, as he was driven back cityward to Mr. Grierson at his office before six—for George and Lotie, though they gossiped between themselves over their Bohemian neighbors, had not an atom of malice between the pair, but were the best-hearted of beings, really—poor, young thing! thought George. "He must have done it under strong compulsion. Ah! perhaps our random surmises are actually true which will account as we said, for her not marrying that rich fellow Castelnau, and it is a rascally varian of a husband in the background who is at the bottom of this. Who took this bill to Grierson, I wonder? I shall soon know. Whew! I suppose he'll get a warrant to-night; I've got down all the numbers of the notes paid to his check."

George's kindly suppositions were much confirmed when he learned from Grierson, who had come to discount the bill, the very date of which also entirely diverted the possible suspicion of Gus' complicity, which might have suggested itself, since Lotie knew—having seen him depart—that that gentleman was out of London at the time. Besides, he was flourishing; every one in the city knew how high the Sant' Anna shares stood. Had they not just paid twenty per cent? No, no; it was the old story—a bad husband, a wife tempted into crime to buy off an open claim, or worse, possibly—exposure of past error that would be fatal to her name and her child's future. Old Mr. Grierson

thought the idea likely to be near the mark.

"And if so," he said, "her arrest and prosecution will no doubt bring to light the most guilty party; and if she is so young as you say, it may turn out that she is more sinned against than sinning. I hope it will; but, of course, I shall go at once to the police. I can't let it go unpunished, especially as there may be more under it."

Rivers could not help comparing the bill-discounter favorably with Everest, the respectable. The man who really was defrauded to a heavy amount—and no one likes that, even if he is rich—had uttered no harsh word but, on the contrary, seemed, as far as the woman was concerned, inclined to be merciful, though deeply vexed at his loss and being so done.

That very afternoon Mrs. Deleware had sent Anglique to the Lodge to pack and bring away everything of hers and Errol's child. Among other things were a very handsome desk which Castelnau had given to Lenore, and her Gayanport. In the former were her private papers.

Continued on page three.

GOOD FOR COFFERS.

Suffragettes Have Received £15,000 Because of Bill.

LONDON, April 11.—Our answer to the Government's cat and mouse bill is £15,000 added to our war chest to-night," said Gen. Mrs. Flora Drummond, in closing the suffragette meeting at Albert Hall, over which she presided. It was the biggest meeting ever held by the Women's Social and Political Union.

The subscriptions included two for £1,500 each and two for £1,000 each. Great laughter greeted the announcement of a subscription of half a crown, accompanied by a bogus note signed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, David Lloyd-George. The note read: "I have great pleasure in presenting to you my first dividend from my Marconi wireless shares."

In opening the meeting Mrs. Drummond said: "Fight on, fight on. That is the message that Mrs. Pankhurst would send us from Holloway Jail, were she able to get it out, and fight on is what we intend to do."

Mrs. Drummond made a great hit by quoting incendiary passages from the speeches of Sir Edward Carson, Andrew Bonar Law and Frederick E. Smith, on the Ulster question, substituting for "men" the word "women" and for "Ulster" "votes for women."

"Since the Government did not arrest these politicians for such incitement to violence," she said, "I presume that it is safe for me to repeat what they said, with the slight changes made."

George Lansbury, ex-Socialist M.P., demanded the immediate release of Mrs. Pankhurst and her fellow-prisoners, and abandonment of the torture of forcible feeding. He urged the militants to continue to burn and destroy property.

BRIEFS FROM THE WIRES.

Fifteen graduates of Knox College were licensed by the Presbytery. "A" and "B" Batteries, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, leave for two months camp at Petawawa May 31.

Prof. H. T. J. Coleman of the faculty of education of the University of Toronto may succeed the late Dean W. S. Ellis of Queen's.

Mr. Justus Miller, a prominent citizen and ex-mayor of Ingersoll, succumbed yesterday to a chronic disease aggravated by a fall ten days ago.

An attempt on the part of Robert Wands, aged 15, of Toronto, to run the elevator in Clark's leather factory yesterday, resulted in his death.

The body of a man who died in the lockup at Port Dalhousie yesterday was identified as Richard Reynolds, a Toronto hotel porter, 70 years of age.

The steamer Ruthenia arrived in St. John, N.B., from Trieste yesterday, completing the first voyage in the C.P.R.'s new Austria-Canadian service.

A contract in connection with Hydro-electric development at Cedar Rapids has been let to a New York firm for more than three million dollars.

Nominations for the provincial elections were made yesterday in all the 55 ridings except Athabasca and Peace River. The Conservatives failed to put up candidates in three constituencies.

Twenty passengers were killed and forty injured yesterday in a wreck on the Mexican Central Railway near Tulsa, in the State of Hidalgo, because the passengers urged greater speed in fear of rebels.

A delicate mission. "I've got to see a young man today on a delicate errand." "Ah! He wants to marry your daughter?"

"No. I want to marry his mother, and I don't believe he views me in the most suitable light."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Earning a Whipping. "Will you take off some of your shoes for a minute, Miss Sereu?" "What in the world for, Johnnie?" "Mamma said you was gettin' cross's feet somethin' awful."—Houston Post.

Quite Possible. Student in Physics—Could you get a shock by holding on to the receiver of a telephone? Professor—It depends upon who is talking.—Judge.

London is only second to Montreal as a centre of the cigar making industry. In 1912 over 47,000,000 were made in the Forest City.

J. Wiley Donaldson, secretary of the North Vancouver Board of Trade committed suicide by shooting.

WOMAN SICK FOR YEARS

Wants Other Women to Know How She was Finally Restored to Health.

Hammond, Ont. — "I am passing through the Change of Life and for two years had hot flushes very bad, headaches, soreness in the back of head, was constipated, and had weak, nervous feelings. The doctor who attended me for a number of years did not help me, but I have been entirely relieved of the above symptoms by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, and give you permission to publish my testimonial." — Mrs. LOUIS BEAUCAGE, Sr., Hammond, Ont., Canada.



New Brunswick, Canada. — "I can highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any suffering woman. I have taken it for female weakness and painful menstruation and it cured me." — Mrs. DEVERE BARBOUR, Harvey Bank, New Brunswick, Canada.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultation) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Subjects taught by expert instructors at the Westwell School LONDON, ONT. Students assisted to positions. College in session from Sept. 3rd. Catalogue free. Enter any time. J. W. Westervelt, J. W. Westervelt, Jr. Principal Vice-Principal

DENTAL

W. J. MacMURRAY, L.D.S., D. D. S. Dentist, removed to Dr. Coleridge's office, King St. West. Bell 125k. Residence, Bell 125L.

H. B. MCKAY, L.D.S., D.D.S., DENTIST, practice in all its branches. Special attention paid to children's teeth. Office Royal Bank Building, Ingersoll 'phone 150C.

DR. W. A. SUDWORTH, DENTIST, Office King Street, opposite the market. Residence, 73 Albert St. Telephone

MEDICAL

DR. J. B. COLERIDGE—Office and residence, King Street west. Special attention given to surgery. Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m.

LEGAL

J. GARFIELD GIBSON, BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.; Solicitor for the Royal Bank of Canada; Money to loan. Companies incorporated and Patents secured. Offices, Thames St., over The Tribune. 'Phone, Bell 224.

M. WALSH, BARRISTER, NOTARY Public, solicitor in the Supreme Court of Ontario, etc. Money to lend. Mortgages bought and sold. Special attention to home and foreign patents. Office, up-stairs, Walsh's block, Thames Street, Ingersoll.

AUCTIONEERS.

S. E. BRADY, CEMETERY ROAD, Ingersoll, licensed auctioneer for Counties of Oxford and Middlesex. Farm Sales a specialty. Ingersoll, phone 158. Terms moderate. Office opposite New Daily Hotel, King St. West.

ALEX. ROSE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER in the Counties of Oxford and Middlesex. Farm sales promptly attended to.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The Great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Menstruator which women can depend on. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 3, 10 grains strength. 25¢ No. 2, 5¢ No. 1, 25¢ per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook's Cotton Root Compound Co., Toronto, Ont.

Keeping the Body in Repair. Nature intended that the body should do its own repairing—and it would do so were it not for the fact that most of us live other than a natural life. Nature didn't intend that we should wear corsets, tight collars or shoes, nor live in badly ventilated and draughty houses, nor eat and drink some of the things that we do, nor ride in street cars when we should walk. The consequence is that the body when it gets out of order must look for outside help to make the necessary repairs.

Concrete is the cheapest building material. Canada Cement. Whether for a silo, a milk-house, or a million bushel grain elevator, concrete is the most economical building material in use today. Concrete never requires repairs, and the saving in repair-expense alone makes the greater economy of using concrete more apparent every day. The cost of other building materials is constantly increasing. The cost of concrete is being reduced. which Canadian farmers use, with their own sand, stone and gravel to make concrete, is the only ingredient you have to buy. We have, by reason of our large output and scientific methods, been able to bring the price of "Canada" Cement so low that it is within the reach of everyone.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher. Robert Curtis, a York pioneer and one of the oldest postmasters in the province, is dead. S. W. W. Pickup, former M.P. for Annapolis, has been appointed to the N. S. Legislative Council.

Canada Cement Company Limited. Montreal. London is only second to Montreal as a centre of the cigar making industry. In 1912 over 47,000,000 were made in the Forest City. J. Wiley Donaldson, secretary of the North Vancouver Board of Trade committed suicide by shooting.

APRIL 17 1913 Her Adopted Daughter Was Dudley Gerald Deleware... "I cannot" she said... "Oh, Errol, my life not part—and live... Was loyalty to her... Ah! you of her only care and inn... and never been... "Tried, trou... have pity and ne... stricken, tempted... that the noblest... but a fallible hu... help "cometh fro... from our own we... and the greater t... human heart to l... for weal or we... temptation to gra... battle between ri... more desperate a... But this we kn... "Heaven, help u... agonized soul in... the dark, eleven... heard. All these tortur... all the longing fo... return, were filli... heart that Saturd... sat alone in the... Pearl was upstai... and at that very... the second time b... protector's tempor... She heard the v... then a man's de... one—and the serv... "Please, Ma'am, to see you." "Joecelynn" repea... started, instantly... one from Dr. Ke... up, then. She stood waiting... together, as it we... But instead of... shown in, both ve... one even well-d... morning suits. T... little, while the... the door. The elder, presu... asked, courteously... pause, as if rath... unexpected youth... he faced: "Are you, mad... Mrs.—Deleware?" "I am Mrs. Ge... said with quiet, d... what is your busi... How oddly some... cut of these men... officers. What c... —Featherstone—h... "A very painfult... a detective sergea... search-warrant, arrest you on a... bil of exchange." "What! I forg... so surprised—so... the ludicrous imp... ing such a thing... laughed. "Why, t... tried. I never sa... in my life." The detective s... and drawing forth... it toward her—the... "I must warn... care what you sa... name on the ba... No, pardon me; it." She dropped h... down. There it w... writing: "Lenore... were," as exact... had just traced i... a bewildered way... her own growing... "But I don't u... write that; it is... paper, please." Three months... order the sum of... value received. To Clement Ever... And right across... in a bold, cen... Parvatic J... As she saw, th...