



The Web; OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXVI. A Crime-Stained Soul.

It was an account of a reception at the house of one of the cabinet ministers, and the newspaper man went into high-flown laudation of "the new beauty," Lady Nora Arrowdale.

According to him, Lady Nora was not only the acknowledged beauty of this, the off season, but would assuredly hold her own and bear away the palm in the coming and regular season next year. He gave an account of the reception pretty fully, but it all seemed to turn upon Lady Nora Arrowdale as upon a pivot, and he spoke of her as being surrounded by an eager and admiring throng of courtiers, easy trying to outvie each other in attentions to the "lovely and charming daughter of the popular earl."

Guildford Berton gnashed his teeth, and the paper shook in his hands so that the waiter stared at him, thinking that he was going to have a fit.

It was what he might have expected, he told himself. She was surrounded by all these men, some of them, most of them, no doubt, of the same rank as herself. One of them would be sure to propose to her, and perhaps be accepted. And here was he tied to Santeleigh, and leaving them all a clear field! He should lose her after all!

He left the club and rode home at a furious gallop along the hard road, which would have driven the head groom wild if he could have known it; and he almost resolved that he would set out for London the next morning, whether the letter he was waiting for came or not.

But when he reached home a small heap of letters lay on the table, and as he hastily turned them over his face flushed.

There was one bearing the Brittany postmark.

He glanced at the address as if it were the writer instead of the writing, and then carefully opened it.

The letter was from Cyril, and was not a very long one, considering. "Dear Nora," it ran in a hand which was at the best of times not too legible, but which bore in the present instance evident traces of the writer's agitation.

This Ointment Possesses Power to Heal the Skin

Two Cases Which Prove the Extraordinary Healing Power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully satisfactory because you can actually see the results accomplished. It is surprising what change can be brought about in a single night by this great healing ointment. Mr. George Beavis, 119 James street, Peterboro, Ont., writes: "As a healing ointment, I consider Dr. Chase's the best obtainable. I had a large running sore on my leg, and although I had tried all the prescriptions of two doctors I was unable to get any relief from the pain or to get the sore healed. One day my druggist handed me a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I used it with such good results that I decided to give the ointment a fair trial. Altogether I used four boxes, and I am glad to be able to say that the sore on my leg is entirely healed up. Since this experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment I have recommended it to many people."

Dear Nora:—I cannot understand your silence. Are you offended with me? If so, tell me in what lies my offence, and I will endeavor to explain it away or atone for it. But it may be that you regret the bond that exists—perhaps I had better say existed—between us. Ah, it cannot be that surely, dearest! I cannot believe that anything, even your father's opposition, can have brought you to desert me, to forget the troth you have plighted, the promise you have sworn; and yet I spend the day and most part of the night in this beastly place torturing myself with the suspicion. Nora, if you love me, fear nothing. I have the means of overcoming even your father's objections to our engagement. Only wait and have trust in me for a little while longer. I would tell you something about the work which keeps me here, but I reserve it all until I see you. Indeed, I can write only of the pain which your silence causes me. It is simple torture! Write, write! I will give you—see, how patient I am!—four days more. If you have not written—a word will suffice, just I love you still, Cyril; be satisfied!—by that time, I must conclude that you have discovered that you do not really love me, and that you wish me to follow your example and remain—silent.

Yours, dearest, till death, CYRIL. He read it again and again until he had got it by heart; and at every loving phrase he bit his lips and ground his teeth. If only Cyril Burne lay under the heap of leaves instead of, or beside, Becca South! Then he carefully, and slowly, and with something like enjoyment, first tore it into small fragments and then burned it bit by bit.

As he did so it occurred to him that Nora, when she returned to Santeleigh, might ask the postmistress if there had been any letter for her on a certain date, and he sat, down and laboriously manufactured an envelope, so that it might bear the appearance of having been through the post, and, inclosing a charity appeal, laid it with the other letters.

He slept better that night than he had done since the one of the murder, and woke the next morning in proportionately better spirits.

After all, he told himself as he packed his portmanteau, things did not wear so black a look. In a few hours he would be with Nora, in the same house with her. He had an immense belief in himself, and somehow he felt that he could win her. As to his secret, there was no reason why it should not remain his until he died, and afterward. Even if a suspicion arose that Becca had met with foul play, there was absolutely nothing to direct suspicion toward him. No one knew of his intimacy with the girl—of that he was assured; and no one would suspect that he, the eminently respectable Guildford Berton, would have anything to do with her disappearance.

Cyril Burne would most certainly turn up again; but not until he, Guildford Berton, had won Nora for his wife, and even when Cyril appeared upon the scene, little harm could ensue. After all, there were good grounds for supposing that Cyril had run away with Becca.

He continued laying this flattering unction to his soul until he grew quite cheerful and confident. "Keep all letters that come," he signed in the deaf and dumb language of the old woman, his house-keeper, "whether they are for me or the Court. Mind that. And don't let any one come into the house; no one," he motioned twice over. "I hate people prying about the place while I am away. Here are the keys," he added. "All except the back garden gate. I've lost that or locked it up in my portmanteau; but you won't want to go in there till I come back, you never do, you know."

The old hag shook her head. No, she had no occasion to go into the back garden, she said, and no one should come through the door in the wall till he came back.

Altogether Guildford Berton started for London in fairly good spirits. He was going to be with Nora. He had intercepted Cyril's letter, and as Nora would certainly not write to him in the prescribed four days, Cyril Burne would, like a wise man, conclude that she had jilted him, and he, Guildford Berton, would be left a clear field.

When he arrived at Park lane, the earl and Nora had just finished dinner, and Guildford Berton dressed hastily but carefully, and joined them in the drawing-room.

Even as he shook hands with the earl, he glanced sideways toward Nora, and he noticed that though she looked better, she was still pale, and that there was a sad and absent expression in her eyes.

She wore a beautiful evening dress, of a more elaborate style than he had ever seen her in before, and it seemed to him that she was changed in other ways than that of her attire. She looked more of a woman of the world, and she gave him her hand for a moment with a self-possession more marked even than of old.

"I'm glad you have come up, Guildford," said the earl. "I am convinced that you needed a change," and he looked at the pale face, from which Guildford Berton was trying with a smile to smooth its haggardness. "I'm afraid you let the estate worry you more than you should. But you must take a holiday. There seem to be a great many people in town. Fashion changes a great deal, I find. In my day there was a regular season, and when it was over, everybody left London. But it is not so now, and a great many families remain; why, I do not know—Parliament, I suppose. At any rate, some friends have found us out," he continued, with a self-satisfied smile, "and Nora has been spending quite a gay time. To-night she is going to a dance at Gore House, are you not, Nora?"

Nora, who was reclining listlessly on a long settee, half started, and assented.

"If you are not too tired, you had better go too," resumed the earl. "I should be very glad," said Guildford Berton. Then, as the earl rose to leave the room, Guildford Berton said: "Here are your letters. They are all answered."

"Thanks," said the earl. "Will you put them on the davenport, please. I will look at them to-morrow," and he went out.

At the word "letter," Nora looked up, and her heart leaped. She did not expect a letter from Cyril; why should she? And yet—

Mother-Made, Quick Acting Cough Syrup

Should be Kept Handy in Every Home—Easily Prepared and Costs Little.

Mothers, you'll never know what you are missing until you make up this inexpensive, quick-acting cough syrup and try it. Children love its pleasant taste and nothing else will loosen a cough or chest cold and heal the inflamed or swollen throat membranes with such ease and promptness. It's equally as good for grown-ups as for children.

This splendid cough syrup is made by pouring 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-oz bottle and filling the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50—a clear saving of \$2.

The moment it touches the inflamed, cold-congested membranes that line the throat and air passages, the healing begins, the phlegm loosens, soreness leaves, cough spasms lessen and soon disappear altogether, thus ending a cough quicker than you ever thought possible. Hoarseness and ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Excellent for bronchitis, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma or winter cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with gaultherol and is famous the world over for its quick healing effect on the membranes. Ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Nora took it and glanced at it, and her color, which had risen, suddenly faded.

"It is only a hospital circular," she said, coldly.

"I sent you all that came before this."

"Thank you," she said, and she leaned back and unfolded her fan, the diamonds glittering on her arm with every movement.

"I have some news I should like to give you, Lady Nora," he said, after a pause, during which his eyes had been covertly feasting on her.

Nora looked up, and as her glance met his, her face paled. She guessed of what nature his news must be.

"I have heard from my agent here," he said, speaking in a low, confidential tone. "He has traced—he moistened his lips—"Becca South. There was a marriage, there is no doubt about that, and they have left England."

Nora tried to speak, to say some indifferent word, but her lips refused. "You will be very glad to tell Mrs. Harman that," he went on. "From all my men can gather, the girl seemed very happy."

Nora's face grew even paler, and her long lashes swept her cheeks as she kept her eyes on the carpet.

"Very happy," he went on. "Mrs. Harman need be anxious no longer, and"—he spoke slowly and deliberately—"and as things have turned out, I think it would be well to write 'Finis' at the end of this chapter in Miss South's career. We need say no more, trouble no more about her—or her husband," he added, smoothly, but with a sharp glance under his lids at her face.

A shiver of pain ran through Nora but she managed to incline her head with an appearance of satisfaction.

"I—I am glad it has ended so," she said, in a low voice. "I will tell Harman. She will be—she is—very grateful to you, Mr. Berton, for all the trouble you have taken."

"It is nothing," he said, quietly, but earnestly. "She is a dependent of yours, Lady Nora, and therefore has a claim upon me."

There was not much to find fault with in the speech. It was respectful, even to the point of reverential, and yet it jarred upon Nora.

"I hope you left all well at Santeleigh," she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes," he said, standing before her in his stately attitude, with his hands clasped behind his back. "All are well, and everything is going all right. One of your ponies was a little off color the other day, but I gave it a powder and it is all right now. And I ventured to give directions to the gardener to plant a bed of those pansies you admired at Ferndale on the lawn beneath your window."

Nora tried to feel grateful, and, falling, made her response warmer by consequence than it would have been if she had really felt it.

"That was very kind of you, to remember that I liked the flowers," she said.

"Yes, I remembered it," he said, quietly. "You will have some fine specimens, I hope. I sent to Scotland for some. If you will excuse me," he went on, "I will find the earl. There are one or two things—" and he left her to think over his regard for her pony and her flowers.

(To be Continued.)

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TRAPNELL'S Suggestions for Christmas.

- Wrist Watches, Bracelet Watches, Watch Chains, Watch Charms, Gem Rings, Signet Rings, Pendants, Chains, Cuff Links, Tie Pins, Lingerie Pins, Hatpins, Earrings, Bracelets, Bangles, Lockets, Crosses, Rosaries, Tie Clips, Collar Buttons, Watch Fobs, Watch Containers, Eyeglass Chains, Lorgnette Chains, Neck Chains, Charms, Walking Sticks, Fountain Pens, Cigar Boxes, Shaving Glasses, Photo Frames, Cigarette Cases, Purse, Manure Pieces, Hand Mirrors, Hair Brushes, Ivoryd Toilet Pieces, Tea Sets, Coffee Sets, Cake Dishes, Vases, Table Bells, Water Kettles, Child's Cups, Rose Bowls.

Numerous other things can be seen by a visit to R. H. TRAPNELL'S.

Of Interest to Xmas Shoppers



Despite the difficulties in obtaining goods, we are well prepared for the Xmas trade.

- Among our stock of Toys we have: Dolls, Rattles, Tin Stoves, Tea Sets, Ariel Guns, Torpedo Boats, Armoured Cars, Submarines, Motor Vans, war Puzzles, Rubber Balls, Picture Books.

- In Fancy Goods we have: Manicure Sets, Hand Bags, Handkerchief Sachets, Companions, Tides, Pen and Pencil Sets, Paints, Aluminum Cabinets, containing Hair Pins; Pin Cushions, Perfumes, ass'd., from 13c. up.
- GENTLEMEN'S NECKTIES—Choice new lot just opened.
- MUFFLERS—Silk and Wool.
- Gloves & Suspenders, Fancy Half Hose.

HANDKERCHIEFS—A large variety from 4 cents. Handkerchiefs in fancy boxes, 1-4 and 1-2 dozen in box, from 30 cents up. Ladies' TEA APRONS. F'cy Neckwear, Ladies' Spats, Cushion Covers, Tray & Sideboard Cloths.

STEER BROTHERS.

Advertise in the Evening Telegram

FURS advertisement with 'We Pay YOUR PRICE' slogan and contact information for M. Wolfson & Co.

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

PEACE DISCUSSED BY LONDON PAPERS.

LONDON, Dec. 13. The morning newspapers, in their editorial views on Germany's peace proposal, take two main grounds, that the offer should be rejected or that it should be replied to with a statement of terms on which the Entente Allies are willing to effect a peace, leaving it to the Central Powers to accept or reject it. "Germany," says the Morning Post, "knows she has reached her zenith, and henceforth must decline. Nothing, therefore, will better serve her purpose than an armistice." The Daily Mail describes the offer of the Central Powers as an "impudent old peace trick which is becoming as hackneyed as the conjuring of rabbits out of a hat." It adds that "Von Bethmann Hollweg is no more entitled to the courtesy of a reply than if he were an armed burglar in a private house. The Allies will not be caught in this white-whiskered device; they know that peace with a nation of tigers and murderers, and statesmen who regard all treaties as scraps of paper, would not be worth the paper and ink."

REPORTED RIOTS IN GERMANY.

LONDON, Dec. 13. The Express claims to have reliable information that a most serious fight took place in Hamburg on Dec. 7, 8 and 9th, and says that it is estimated that more than 20,000 people participated in the rioting and that thousands were wounded or killed. According to this story the local soldiers were unable to quell the disturbances, and it was necessary to send troops to Hamburg on special trains from Berlin. There is no confirmation of this story from any other source.

WAR REVIEW.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13. The Teutonic Allies declare themselves ready to discuss peace or they are ready to continue war, if the Entente Allies do not find the time propitious for such discussion. The readiness of the Central Powers had

T. J. Edens

Xmas Poultry!

TURKEYS, DUCKS, GESESE CHICKEN. All selected dressed P. E. I. stock due to arrive about Dec. 18th. We are looking orders now.

BACON!

BEECH-NUT, FIDELITY, KINGAN'S, DIAMOND C. CEDAR RAPIDS.

Citrus Peel, best... 25c. lb. Seedless Raisins, 1 lb. ctn... 20c. Sultana Raisins, 1 lb. ctn... 25c. Table Raisins, 1 lb. ctn. Pure Rich Cream, in tins, 20c. tins and 40c. tins.

FAMILY MESS PORK. PORK LOINS. FIG'S JOWLS. NEW YORK CORNED BEEF. PUDDING BUTTER, 2 lb. prints.

XMAS STOCKINGS and XMAS OSOQUES. Lucky Tubs, Satchels. Goose Bags, Flaps of Allies. Fireworks, Aerial. Tug-of War, Good Luck Cat. Giant Crackers, \$1.25 & \$1.50 ea. Stockings, 6c. each to \$1.50 ea.

25 CASES SELECTED EGGS.

T. J. EDENS.

Duckworth Street and Military Road.