

ay, April 24, 1919

AVOID CHE AND /OUSNESS

s. Lynch From experience.

I—"I was all run as nervous, had head aches, my back ached all the time, I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and aching, which I had been suffering from for so long, were all gone. I am now as well as any woman who is."—Mrs. ADELINE B. St. Providence, R.I.

TO ORDERS

unusual interpretation command appears e mistress came tried the door of only to find it locked, the key, which lock was missing, get into the sitting.

I knows that; and ve the key in me immediately."

if I do?"

get the key."

I say! What do

own orders. Just Don't let me come morning and see furniture! So I n me pocket, and han't!"

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JEAN

St. E., Aylmer-

Won By Devotion

— BY —

Mary A. Fleming

CHAPTER XII In the Dead Hand

The first gleam of the jubilant sunshine awakened Vera, and she got up. It was half past six; profound quiet reigned, no one was yet stirring. Her letter was her first thought, and with it came a second that did not present itself last night—none of the men were yet down, coachman, gardener, stableboys, butler—how, then, was she to send it? A third difficulty presented itself, these messengers were all new—Fanshawe retainers—who knew nothing of the Carlton dynasty, or of Captain Dick. The result was that her letter was a failure, her penitence, too late, it could not be sent.

An intolerable sense of annoyance and disappointment filled her. She had hoped so much, only for this. The fault was all her own, but it was doubtful if that knowledge ever made any failure easier to bear. It was inevitable, however; the letter could not go.

She had dressed hastily, and stood by the window looking out over the grounds, intense vexation in her face. No one was to be seen, none of the usual morning sounds were to be heard, although far upstairs doors and windows began to open. While she stood and looked, a man suddenly appeared, emerging from the summerhouse, at sight of whom she gave a great and sudden start. For extraordinary to relate, it was Colonel Ffrench himself. At first she could not believe her eyes, but they were far-sighted and seldom deceived her. It was Colonel Ffrench himself, walking with the long, military stride she knew so well, carrying himself after his usual resolute and erect fashion, his hat pulled well over his eyes, going rapidly toward the gates. He did not once look back—if he did he must see her—but he did not. He had not gone then, after all; he would not catch the early train; she would be

in time perhaps yet.

Sudden delight took the place of amazement, to give way to amazement again. Why was he there? Where had he been all night? Surely not yonder in the rain? If he had stayed in the summerhouse he had escaped the storm, of course, but why had he stayed? He neither feared a night walk or a wetting. How cruel she was how inhospitably cruel to let him go as she did, to turn him from his own house. For his right to Carlton was better than Dot's in justice, if not in law, two things by no means synonymous. How keen his pain and disappointment must have been, how bitter his thoughts there in the darkness and the loneliness and the pelting storm, while they danced and feasted within. And he loved her! How merciless she had been! And all the while the whole world was not half as much to her as he. Her eyes filled with slow remorseful tears, a passion of tenderness and regret swept through her. She had thought Dot crazy last night, but never in her wildest moments had poor Dot been half so insane, half so inconsistent as she.

That reminded her—she must go to Dot. Colonel Ffrench could not leave St. Ann's before five in the afternoon now. A long day lay before her. Just at present her duty was to her sister, so she put her own solicitude aside and hastened to Dora's chamber. On the bed Dora lay motionless, sleeping still. Closed shutters and drawn curtains shut out the sunshine, the gas yet flickered feebly, and, to her surprise, Vera saw that the bedroom door was ajar. It was locked on the inside when she had quitted the room at half past four that morning. She saw something else—the empty and rifled jewel cases. One lay on the floor, two others on the table, all empty and despoiled. And now, in great and sudden terror, she looked again at the bed. Dora was there—yes—but

oh! what was this? The rigid face, the upturned, staring, sightless, glazed eyes, the fallen jaw, the ice-cold hands. For a moment, two, three, four, she stood paralyzed, stricken dumb; then a shriek pierced the air, going through the house, another and another, until in five seconds, as it seemed, the room was filled with frightened, half-dressed people. Guests and servants flocked in terror.

"Oh, what is it!" was the cry on every side. What they saw was Mrs. Fanshawe lying dead on her bed, and her sister kneeling beside her, clasping her hands, frantic, beside herself with grief and fright.

"Dot speak to me! Dot, look at me! Dot, my sister, it is Vera! Do you not hear? Oh, great Heaven! No she does not hear. She will never hear! She is dead! She is murdered!"

She threw herself upon her, she gathered her in her arms, wild with the shock, the horror of her loss. "She is murdered; she is murdered!" she cried again and again in that piercing voice and at the dreadful word all recoiled.

"Murdered!" pale lips echoed, and terrified eyes met in dismay. One man approached and touched Vera gently on the shoulder.

"Miss Martinez, my dear Miss Martinez, be calm. Let me see your sister; I am a medical man, you know. She may not be dead; it may only be a fainting fit. Do let me look at her; lay her down. My dear Miss Vera, listen to me."

She looked up at him—a look of agony that haunted him for many a day, a look of unutterable horror and fear.

"She is dead," she said in a whisper, "she is dead. While we all slept she has been robbed and murdered!" The light left her eyes with the last word, her arms released their hold, Doctor Vanderhoff caught her as she fell.

"Thank Heaven, she has fainted! Here, take her away. Get out of the room, all of you; let us see if anything is to be done."

Somebody carried Vera away, one or two weeping women followed. Restoratives were sent for, but she lay for many minutes as deathlike as Dora herself. For Dora—Doctor Vanderhoff stood high in his profession, but the whole college of surgeons would have been unavailing there. His first glance had told him as much, but he was bound to do all he could. A few frightened guests remained in the room, the shutters were flung wide, the glorious golden sunlight flooded the room, flooded the dead face, the fixed, wide-open

eyes; a grisly sight to see.

"Oh doctor, is it true? Is she dead?" one lady asked with a sob. "She is quite dead, madam; stone-dead, and has been for hours. She is already cold. It is heart disease."

He rose from his hopeless task, and tried to close the lids over those sunken eyeballs that only a few hours ago, so awfully few, had flashed with life and joy.

"It was only a question of time," Doctor Vanderhoff said quietly. He was her guest and old friend, but he was also a physician of many years' standing, and all the professional phlegm was in his face and tone. "I have known for the last three years that it would come to this. A shock might have done it at any moment. Poor little woman!"

He stood looking at her, a touch of pity mingling with the professional composure of his face. The eyes would not close; they still strained upward, and on the white, dead face was frozen a look of unutterable fear.

"What did Miss Martinez mean by murder?" somebody asked. Doctor Vanderhoff shrugged his shoulders.

"A woman's first natural thought in a case like this. They were very much attached to each other, unusually attached. It will be a sad blow to her."

"She spoke of robbery, too," said another, "and look here—look at these empty jewel caskets! Can it be—"

"And look at the awful expression of her face," exclaimed a third; "as if her last look in life had been one of dreadful fright or pain. Perhaps robbery and—murder have been done, after all."

"Not murder," said Doctor Vanderhoff, incisively. "Mrs. Fanshawe has died of heart disease. Robbery there may possibly have been—not murder."

Strangely enough, no one spoke of her husband or seemed to think of him in this appalling hour. The infelicity of the Fanshaves was well known, the notorious neglect of her husband had become an accepted fact. Silence fell on all, and in that silence Vera with two or three ladies re-entered the room. All made way; her face was white to deathliness, her eyes all wild and black. She came forward as if she saw no one, and knelt beside the bed. So, kneeling without a word, she looked on the face of the dead.

"My dear Miss Vera," said Doctor Vanderhoff. There was feeling in his voice; this was outside the profession. "My dear Miss Vera—" and there he stopped and tapped his gold eyeglasses against his palm. It was not so easy to find words for the shock of a sorrow like this.

She did not weep; she was strangely, stonily still; she looked up at him, and her voice when she spoke, though hoarse and hurried, had no trace of hysterics or tears.

"She had been robbed," she said, and pointed to the empty jewel cases, "and murdered while we all slept."

"Not murdered, my dear child; do not think anything so dreadful. Your poor sister has gone, as I knew she must go some day, of heart disease. It is a shock, but it should not be a surprise. She was liable at any time. Her death was instantaneous and free from pain."

"She has been murdered," Vera repeated; "it is the same thing. She was robbed and the terror of seeing the robber killed her. If he had shot her he could not have slain her more surely."

"My dear young lady—" "There are the empty cases," she cried passionately; "they were filled this morning when I left her. They were worth over ten thousand dollars. And look here, look at this."

For the first time she saw the crape, crushed into a ball in her sister's hand. Gently she disengaged it, quivering through all her frame as she felt the icy touch. She held it up.

"Look!" she said in a stifled voice. He took it in silence. It seemed a clear case; there had been a struggle, and she had torn this from the face of the robber. It was a mask with holes for the eyes and mouth.

"The other hand is closed, too," said Dr. Vanderhoff, in a subdued tone.

She took it. "Oh, my little Dot! My little Dot!" she said, and broke down. It was but for an instant; she lifted her pallid face, and slowly with difficulty separated the stiffened fingers. "Oh, look! Look!" she cried out. "See this! Oh, my love! My little love!"

It was a sight that sent a thrill through every heart; a sight that showed that while they all slept poor little Dora had fought for her life. And yet it was only a little tuft of hair, torn from the head or beard of the burglar.

"Let me secure this," said Doctor Vanderhoff; "it may be necessary." Vera shrank back and covered her face trembling all over. Oh, Dora! Dora! Oh, the agony that must have been hers in that ghastly struggle, face to face with death—that dark death she feared so much. And she, the sister who loved her, had slept through it all. There flashed upon her the memory of that cry in the night, Dora's death cry! While she stood in yonder doorway, while she fancied she slept, Dora was already dying or dead. She broke out into wild weeping, frantic, hysterical weeping, all unlike Vera. "Oh, my sister! My sister!" was her cry.

And meantime Doctor Vanderhoff

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had carefully gathered up every hair from the palm of the dead hand. The small, pale fingers had clenched over them, as if even in death unwilling to let them go. He put up his glass to inspect the prize the least doubt was removed. Violence had been here, robbery had been done, the shock had caused death. The others crowded about him and looked with intense, morbid interest. The hair was short, some of the longest perhaps three inches, and pale brown or chestnut in color.

"Torn from a man's beard," said the doctor, "not his head. There is a marked difference in the texture. Poor little woman!"

And now the shock was over, and people came back to the inevitable. "What next?" What next was to inform the authorities; notify the coroner. There must be an inquest, he supposed, Doctor Vanderhoff suggested, with a deprecating shrug and pitying look at Vera. And they must get on track of the burglar; he was half way back to New York, no doubt. It seemed clear enough to his mind. It was not the work of a local thief; some tramp had given information to the skilled city fraternity of the jimmy and skeleton key, and one or more had lain in wait for these valuable jewels. How rash not to have had the constabulary on guard, or so much as safe in the house. But it was so like a lady.

"Poor little thing!" said the physician for the third time. "I never saw her look so pretty, or seem in

such high spirits as last night. Those unlucky diamonds; I remember being struck by them at the time. That fellow, her husband," said the doctor, lowering his tone, "what about him? Where is he? He ought to be apprised, I suppose. Not that it matters much; a worthless vagabond. Who knows his address?"

No one knew it. Miss Martinez very likely might, but no one felt like asking her just at present.

"In his absence, as the oldest man, a friend of the family, and poor Mrs. Fanshawe's medical adviser, I shall take it upon myself to direct proceedings for the present. Here, my man, do you go to the village and bring Mrs. Fanshawe's attorney here; lose no time. Lodge information of this sad affair with your local magistrate. For you, my dear ladies, I think it will be best to clear the room; the women servants will wish to prepare our friend, et cetera. And do take away this poor child, if you can."

But they could not; no one could remove Vera, and they departed and left her. It was nine o'clock now, and the guests dispersed to talk over in excited whispers, what had been done. The first thing was, that by the train to-morrow they must depart. Carlton Place, from a house of feasting, had become a house of death and mourning; they must leave it. They could do nothing here, and poor Miss Martinez would prefer to be alone. Ah, what

(continued on page 8)



A Mother's Tribute

THIS letter from Mrs. Roberts gives such a fine idea of the value of Dr. Chase's medicines for use in the home that we shall publish it without further comment.

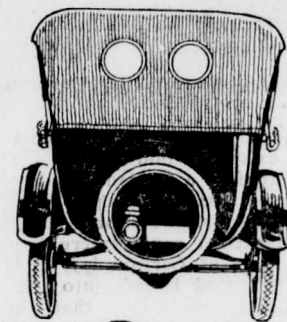
Mrs. Everett Roberts, 44 Endicott Ave., Halifax, N.S., writes:

"I feel it a pleasure as well as my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Ointment. After the shock of the Halifax explosion my system was all run down, and I was so weak that I could not walk. Night after night I lay awake unable to sleep. Nothing did me any good until one of my neighbors recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After a treatment of this medicine I can positively say that my health and strength have been restored, and I can now sleep well and do my work as well as ever."

"I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for my baby, who had ringworms all over his face. I tried almost everything I knew of without success until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. This cured him in a short time. I would not be without either of these medicines in the house, and trust this may induce others to give them a trial and be convinced of their merits."

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