

bad, the doctor says. She won't lose out half a week's salary. I know it was an accident. What's the matter with her?"

"You seem to be blind, or a sort of a fool," said Vincente. "The girl loves you and is almost mad about your hurt. What's the matter with you? Is she nothing to you? I wish you could hear her call you."

"Loves me?" asked Bob Hart, rising from the stack of scenery on which he lay. "Cherry loves me? Why, it's im-

possible."

"I wish you could see her and hear her," said Griggs.

"But, man," said Bob Hart, sitting up, "it's impossible. It's impossible, I tell you. I never dreamed of such a thing."

"No human being," said the Tramp Juggler, "could mistake it. She's wild for love of you. How have you been so blind?"

"But, my God," said Bob Hart, rising to his feet, "it's too late. It's too late, I

tell you, Sam, it's too late. It can't be. You must be wrong. It's impossible. There's some mistake."

"She's crying for you," said the Tramp Juggler. "For love of you she's fighting three, and calling your name so loud they don't dare to raise the curtain. Wake up, man."

"For love of me?" said Bob Hart, with staring eyes. "Don't I tell you it's too late? It's too late, man. Why, Cherry and I have been married two years."

THE LADY OF THE TOWER

A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

By HEADON HILL

LATER on that first morning there had been a family conference at which the guest had not been present, but at which the business which had brought him to England in the guise of a common seaman was fully discussed. By the end of it Hilda Carlyon and Mrs. Pengarvan were whole-hearted converts to the plot which had thrown the handsome foreigner on their hospitality. Since then his chivalrous bearing and boyish gratitude had quite won their hearts, and they missed him on the days when he was absent on private affairs. The more so as Lance had to be in Falmouth during that first week from morning to night, while "The Lodestar" discharged her cargo.

So Antonio Diaz strolled on along the beach under the beetling cliffs, glancing about him with inquisitive eyes, and presently he spied a split in the wall of rock. It was too narrow to be called the mouth of a cave, yet wide enough to suggest a cave behind it. Antonio Diaz—they already hailed him as "Tony" at the Tower—scrunched across the shingle to the aperture.

"May as well see what's inside. There might be room for an ambush," he muttered.

There was barely room for him to squeeze into the opening, but once inside he found that the space widened immediately. So far as he could see in the dim reflected light, it consisted of a central cave, from which several passages branched into the heart of the cliff, and even as he stood peering this way and that, striving to pierce the gloom, the sound of voices reached him. He was about to make his presence known, when the use of a familiar name, spoken in an unfriendly tone, caused him to draw into the deeper shadows and listen.

"Have sense, and put it on to that swab, Captain Lance Pengarvan," the voice—a man's voice—was saying. "His back is broader than mine, to bear a little thing like that. A sailor is supposed to have a wife in every port, you know, and no one will think any the worse of him after the bit of breeze has blown over. There's no one to worry you with chatter in this god-forsaken spot, and if there was it wouldn't matter. One man will serve your turn as well as another, Marigold."

"You are as wicked as you are cruel," a woman's voice sobbed. "You stole my foolish heart first, then my good name, and now you would use your unhappy victim as an instrument to part two honest lovers. Do you think I cannot see your cowardly scheme? What do you care for your reputation—a pretty one, I've learned since I had to rue the day for listening to you?"

A sneering laugh made the listener grit his teeth. But there was much at stake, and he strained his ears for more.

"Now you've about hit it," the rejoinder came when the horrid laughter ceased. "You might as well cry for the moon as pester me to marry you. Hilda Carlyon is marked down for me, and this Pengarvan fellow must stand aside. As I say, I can't marry you, Marigold, but if you'll help me to sow discord between them I'll be your friend always—not in words

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JACOB FOLGLEAZE, ship-owner, holds a mortgage on St. Runan's Tower, the home of Hilda Carlyon. His son Wilson proposes marriage to her, but is met with refusal, and swears revenge. At this time Lance Pengarvan, a ship-captain, arrives home from a voyage with his friend, Antonio Diaz, who is on a secret mission.

only, but in solid cash. Come! show sense, and I'll give you a hundred pounds down. It wouldn't stop there. Plenty more behind it."

The South American bent forward. Would this infamous bargain, involving the honour of his friend, be ratified? A moment later he was nodding approbation as the girl's broken voice flung back the offer with scorn.

"You vile creature, I would rather bear my shame than be a party to such cruel work!" she cried. "Aye, I would hold it greater disgrace to do the thing you ask. When you sent word that you were coming to meet me at the old tryst it was in my mind that you had relented, and now nothing remains but to kill myself and take leave of a world that has treated me so hard."

"The best thing you can do," was the furious rejoinder. "I've a good mind to help your intention, and I would, too, if I did not value my neck. You impudent jade!"

The tirade was followed by a cry of pain and fear, and just as Diaz was springing towards the dark recess a man rushed out of it, crossed the central cave like a dim wraith, and vanished through the narrow entrance on to the beach. Diaz was about to give chase, but gasping sobs from the inner cave checked him. Taking out a box of vestas as he ran, he struck one directly he turned the corner, and its feeble ray showed him the slight figure of a girl in the act of rising from the ground. Her tearful eyes regarded him with renewed horror.

"Oh, please do not be afraid," he reassured her. "I heard you cry out and thought someone needed help. Did that man assault you?"

"He pushed me down. I'm not much hurt," the girl answered dully.

"Would you like me to go after him and give him the thrashing he deserves?"

"No, oh no!" came the swift appeal. "My father would kill me if he knew I had met him. I am partly to blame for what has happened, sir. You would do me a kindness by saying nothing to anybody."

They had come out into the faint light of the outer cavern, and Diaz looked at his protegee doubtfully. She was marvellously beautiful, with the liquid dark eyes and pure, warm-tinted skin of the true Cornish type. The foreigner, with the instinct of the gentleman he was, yearned to fight her battle, yet he was conscious that he would inflict a deeper wound if he let her know that he had overheard that dreadful talk.

"The fellow might come back," he suggested. And then, to gain her confidence to some extent, he added: "I am staying at St. Runan's Tower with Miss Carlyon. I am sure she would wish me to help you."

THE girl burst into a flood of tears. "Miss Hilda is an angel, and any friend of hers is sure to be good and kind," she sobbed. "But, sir, there is nothing more you can do for me, beyond what you have done already. It has been a comfort to hear gentle words spoken, and I'm that grateful I can't tell. That man won't come back. If you would only wait here a little, while I get home along the beach to those cottages, it would make it easier if father should be about."

"I will certainly do so," Diaz assented, kindly. "I should so wish to know your name, you poor little fluttering bird, in case at some other time in some other way, I could do you a service."

"My name is Marigold Craze," replied the girl, realizing after a moment's reluctance that in that small community the gentleman staying at the Tower would have no difficulty in discovering it. But she fled before she could be further questioned.

Left to himself in the cave Senor Antonio Diaz debated with himself the course he would pursue. Preoccupied with affairs of wider scope, he would have preferred to have avoided this episode. But the refusal of Marigold Craze to participate in the dastardly scheme had eased the situation. Lance's good name was not to be threatened, and there was no need for immediate interference. That sorrowful child's secret could be respected without endangering the sweeter and cleaner love story at St. Runan's Tower.

While he thus reflected he had been staring in subconscious scrutiny at a luminous filament on the rocky wall of the cave. Now he walked over to the side of the cave and standing on tiptoe examined the curious phenomenon at close quarters, touching it with expert fingers.

"Good news for the dear people up above," he murmured, with a long-drawn sigh. "The best of good news, but it will have to keep."

CHAPTER V.

The Iron-bound Cases.

DURING the first ten days after the arrival of Antonio Diaz at St. Runan's Tower, Lance Pengarvan was away most of the time at Falmouth, superintending the discharge of "The Lodestar's" cargo.

The South American, too, who had journeyed once to London and once to Newcastle, only began to avail himself fully of Hilda's hospitality the day before his adventure in the cave. Thence onward the party at the Tower was a merry one, the merrier perhaps because they shared a common secret, spiced with the elements of romance, and possibly of danger. The two ladies, won over by the magnetic charm which exuded from their guest, had thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the project unfolded to them by Lance on the night of his arrival. "The Lodestar" was to be five weeks in port, so that there was a clear spell of at least a fortnight before her commander would have to be busy again.



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See Inland Revenue Bulletin No. 305, page 5, table II., for comparisons.

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