

THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

"I insist. On Tuesday I take the ladies, my wife and my niece and her governess, to Densley Wold for change of air. You shall accompany us there. And it is there that my solicitor shall come to us, and after you have seen the property and learned the particulars, if you have brought the money with you and choose to carry this through, you shall have your own way. Is it a bargain?"

"Indeed it is," said St. Quintin, trying to look entirely happy, as he rose with his host from the table, for he was not such a fool as to ignore the fact of the course he had bound himself to pursue. Not only was he to advance £5,000 without taking anything on his side, but he was alive to the fact that it was odd to hear of this apparently rich man being pressed for what he would have thought looked upon as a small sum.

He saw, too, that to trust himself so far away from his usual haunts, with a sum of £5,000 in cash, or securities about him, in the society of so dubious a person as Monsieur Leblanc, was a hazardous proceeding.

But he was young, spirited; it was an adventure; and if there was a risk to be taken, there was also a great prize to be gained. Whether Monsieur Leblanc succeeded in wheedling him out of his money or not, he would not give it up unless he was allowed to marry Marie without further delay. When once he had rescued her out of the clutches of these people, he could set to work to find out all the truth about them; and if it should prove, as he suspected, that the money was a myth, and that these people were no better than swindlers, he

would have no scruple in bringing them to book, since he doubted the story of their relationship to the beautiful girl whom they had professed to befriend.

Conscious that James Ince, if he should hear of all this, would never make his adventure in one way or another impossible, St. Quintin carefully kept out of his way for the next day or two, during which time he was rash enough to provide himself with the kind of money Monsieur Leblanc demanded, as the price of his niece's hand.

Provided with a check book and with a small travelling trunk and handbag, St. Quintin presented himself on the appointed day at Liverpool street station, at the hour named by Monsieur Leblanc for their departure.

Full of delighted anticipations of his approaching meeting with Marie, and of the knowledge that he should be able to act boldly to treat her as his fiancée, he was at the meeting-place before he saw any sign of the Frenchman and the ladies.

The first sign he saw of their presence was a pile of luggage on the platform, all of it marked with "A. L." in large white letters. These he recognized as the initials of Monsieur Leblanc, and he was not surprised when, a moment later, the Frenchman himself came toward him, with outstretched hand and a face beaming with a smile of welcome.

"Ah," he said, "I am late, I fear. But no matter, it will not take us two minutes to arrange ourselves. I have engaged a porter to keep a reserved compartment for us so that we can travel comfortably."

He turned away, saw his luggage labeled, and then, thrusting his arm through that of St. Quintin, hurried him along the platform to a compartment labeled "Engaged." Into which he pushed him, following at once.

"But where are the ladies?" asked St. Quintin in surprise. "I thought they were going, too?"

"The ladies! Ah, they are at Densley Wold already, waiting for us," said Monsieur Leblanc, as he took from the porter and settled on the seat, a long parcel which looked like a gun-case. Then, with an odd spasm of the heart, St. Quintin recognized the fact that he and Monsieur Leblanc were to travel 200 miles alone together.

CHAPTER XVII.

Monsieur Leblanc sat back in his corner, placed his newspaper on his knees, and smiled benignly at his young companion.

"And now," he said, "I will tell you something which will, I think, afford you much pleasure. There is someone else whom you will meet at Densley Wold besides the ladies."

"Indeed, I don't think anybody else will have any interest in my eyes if the ladies are there," said St. Quintin. "Oh, come, now, isn't there just one person more whom you would very much like to see, one person upon whose good-will your happiness, according to your own account, depends?"

The young man looked at him, inquiringly. "The Mr. Williams, of whom so much is heard, but little seen?" he asked, quietly.

His tone was very cold, for his suspicions were already aroused by the non-appearance of the ladies, and he was by no means in a communicative mood. Monsieur Leblanc nodded benevolently.

"Yes," he said, "that is the very man. I must tell you frankly that I have been much in trouble in my mind of late to decide what was best for my niece, in the face of so many rivals for her hand. So when she declared herself so strongly in favor of you, I wrote urgently to Williams, begging him to come back to England, and to listen to my representations, and to cut short his holiday, so that we shall find him at Densley Wold when we get there."

"Ah!" St. Quintin curiously. He remembered Capt. Darnall's account of Mr. Williams' journey to England to see him, and he felt some interest in finding out what sort of person the all-powerful Williams might prove to be. "And how is it that he goes by himself, and not with you?"

"He is killing two birds with one stone, and proposes to make an inspection of the property before our arrival," said Monsieur Leblanc. "You see, the mansion itself has been too long empty and neglected for us to stay there, so that we have to make out our own independent arrangements as to where we go all of us. The ladies who left Briar Lodge last night will engage a furnished cottage, where we have stayed before, for us all. But Williams, I suppose, will stay at the inn. We know there is sure to be accommodation there."

"Yes, and how is it that you have altered your plans so that the ladies do not travel with us?"

"I sent them off early because Marie was getting restless and excited, and I was afraid some of her other admirers might turn up and worry her at the last moment. I couldn't go myself with them, because I had made an appointment in town late last night, so I stayed at a hotel."

It was rather a lame explanation, St. Quintin thought; and he made little or no attempt to express his views. Monsieur Leblanc, however, was so cheerful, so amiable, and so determined to maintain an even and courteous demeanor, that, in spite of himself, the younger man had to unbend a little and submit to be entertained by the stories and accounts of his adventures which his companion related to beguile the time.

Although he felt his doubts and suspicions of his companion grow insensibly less as the journey proceeded, yet St. Quintin took care to be on his guard. He knew that his check book was safe in his pocket and that,

as Monsieur Leblanc scarcely knew his handwriting, there was comparatively little to fear from any wish he might have to obtain possession of it. An expert forger may indeed do a great deal with a check book and a thorough knowledge of his victim's signature. But such a knowledge, Monsieur Leblanc was far from possessing, and St. Quintin wondered vaguely what evil purpose the scheme could have had in his mind in making him take this tete-a-tete journey since he could scarcely suppose a man would carry £5,000 about with him in hard cash.

However, nothing happened during the journey to warrant his fears, for the train, which, after a run of five hours and forty minutes, was timed to reach Doncaster at 3.25, arrived at the station in due course without any suspicious or uncanny incident having occurred to justify the young man's fears.

There was a long and tedious country drive still before them, so Monsieur Leblanc said, and he engaged a small omnibus to take them the half-dozen miles which lay between them and Densley Wold.

St. Quintin was rather surprised at the necessity of engaging such a heavy vehicle in preference to a fly; but when he noted the number and weight of the articles of luggage brought by Monsieur Leblanc, he ceased to be surprised. In the first place, there were two smart new trunks, with the initials "A. L." in bright white letters upon them. Then there was an old-fashioned box, with the same initials. And lastly, there were no less than four smaller packages, two being square, wooden boxes, without any initials, and the other two portmanteaux, not large, but, to judge from the effort necessary to lift them, extremely heavy.

These things, together with St. Quintin's luggage, which was light, were all packed inside the omnibus, and St. Quintin and Monsieur Leblanc got up on the seat beside the driver.

The drive was not tedious after all. The country was, indeed, not over-whelmingly pretty, being rather flat and not greatly diversified by tree and stream. But the weather was glorious, warm and bright, and St. Quintin, full of liveliest anticipation, of the meeting with Marie, was in high spirits and ready for enjoyment.

It was, however, he felt sure, considerably more than the half-dozen miles promised from the station they had left to the outskirts of the wide-looking moor they were approaching, when Monsieur Leblanc, pointing to a distant fringe of trees that grew on the other side of a high wall, cried to his companion:

"This is the park of Densley Hall, and this is the wold. Desolate-looking place, isn't it?"

"It's nowt now to what it be in the winter, sir," said the driver, with a grin. "Ever since I could place was shut up, nigh on twenty years ago, it's been main bleak-looking hereabouts. One time 'twas all alive with 't hunting and 't gaitery. But now it's a dreary place, inside and out."

And with that he drew up at the gates of the park, by order of Monsieur Leblanc, who jumped down just as a child, who was playing round the side gate, ran into the tumble-down lodge that stood just inside, crying, "Mother, mother! Here's the 'bus come."

St. Quintin looked about him with a sense of desolation. Everything from the tumble-down lodge and the ragged child, to the rusty gates with the grass growing high round them, and the walls out of repair, with the glimpse of a grass-grown drive inside spoke of neglect and decay. The leaves, that had already begun to fall from the changing trees, lay in heaps on grass and gravel, untrampled, unheeded. A glimpse of the house itself could be obtained from the box-seat, and he could distinguish enough of the outline to know that it was a big, red brick house, stained with damp and greatly overhung by neglected creepers.

A woman came curtseying out of the lodge and said, "Good-day, sir!" to Monsieur Leblanc, whom it was plain she knew.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bradshaw? Can you let us go over the house?" said he, as he patted the head of the ragged child.

"Oh, yer, sir; for sure I can," said she. "Do you want to bring the 'bus in, sir? I'll take it to go over the house?"

"No, never mind that. We'll leave it outside while my friend and I go over the house together. Has Miss Densley been this way yet? She was to have arrived here with her aunt this morning."

"No, sir, I haven't seen the ladies," said Mrs. Bradshaw, as she went back into her lodge, and bringing the huge bunch of keys on a nail in the wall, asked if she should accompany the gentlemen to the house.

"You'll find some of the locks rather stiff, I'm thinking, sir, not being used to 'em," she suggested.

But Monsieur Leblanc shook his head. "There are two of us," he said smiling. "We'll manage the most obstinate lock between us, and we don't want to take you away from your household duties and your children." And, giving a penny to the small boy, who had evidently recognized a generous friend in him and who had been anxiously expecting this dote, he signed to St. Quintin to accompany him up the drive.

It was a rather depressing expedition to St. Quintin, who thought, as he waded along, sometimes almost knee-deep in rank grass and nettles, that he had never seen a more melancholy looking sight than that of the grand old house in its ruin and decay.

The glass was missing from half a dozen of the windows, and through some of them the creepers and the branches of the nearest trees had forced their way, showing, by the growth they had made inside, how long the place had been left in this sad state.

"Plenty of work for a husband to do here, in clearing his wife's property and making it habitable again," said Monsieur Leblanc, as he advanced toward the few broad stone steps that stood before the Georgian doorway of the old mansion.

The steps were green with damp, broken and worn away. St. Quintin hung back. Monsieur Leblanc smiled. (To be continued.)

Harvard University has received a gift of about two thousand acres of valuable timberland as a special adjunct to the division of forestry by James W. Brooks.

Clean-Up Sale of Women's Coats at Half-Price

Sale Commences at 9 o'Clock Saturday Morning

End-of-the-season stock, but our selling-season closes long before the wearing-season, for the beautiful Coats in this final clean-up are the very models which will be worn right up to Easter.

This is a rare opportunity for the women whose winter Coats are beginning to look worn to purchase a new one for the remainder of this season, which will serve her well a good part of next winter—and get it for the merest fraction of its real worth.

There are both loose and fitted styles to choose from, in plain brown, navy, green, wine, and black—as well as some rich tweeds. Every Coats is finely tailored, from this season's prettiest fabrics.

\$10.00 Coats for \$5.00 \$12.00 Coats for \$6.00 \$15.00 Coats for \$7.50
\$20.00 Coats for \$10.00 \$25.00 Coats for \$12.50.

Clean-Up of Children's Coats

Smart, snappy styles, made from the best materials. These Children's Coats will go quickly at the reductions now made on them.

Children's Tweed Coats, with and without capes, light and dark colors; all sizes. There are not many, so come early for first choice. Prices are:

\$5.00 Coats for \$2.50
\$6.00 Coats for \$3.00
\$7.00 Coats for \$3.75
\$8.00 Coats for \$4.00

Good-bye to These Smart Skirts

Our entire stock of Women's Skirts must be cleaned up at once.

Misses' Tweed Skirts in all sizes, made of good quality cloth. Price, for quick selling, is \$1.98

Ladies' Tweed Skirts, many styles to pick from. Sale price \$2.98

Ladies' Pleated Skirts, in plain colors, cream, black, navy, wine, and green. These are worth \$8.00 to \$10.00. Clean-up price \$6.95

\$12.00 Black Taffeta Silk Skirts. Just an even dozen of these; style is right; silk; best quality. Price \$6.95

After-Supper No. 3 Is Dated for Saturday Night

At the request of many of our customers we have changed the hour of commencing sale, from 7 to 7:30.

Three is a lucky number, and thrice lucky will be the shoppers who are on hand at 7:30 o'clock on Saturday night. We have made these weekly after-supper sales the greatest trade-bringing events that this town or store has ever known. The reason is clear:

We are giving after-supper-sale buyers the biggest plums in the shape of merchandise values that were ever picked in this store or any other in town. Keep your eyes on the clock, and be here promptly at 7:30 o'clock Saturday night.

We have prepared liberal quantities of each of these great specials, but the rush is liable to clear most of them up before closing time. First come, first served, is the rule.



\$5.00 Waists for \$3.50

A big lot of beautiful Japanese and French Taffeta Silk Waists. Some are in tailored effects, others fancy trimmed. Not one ever sold for less than \$5.00. There are a few in the lot that sell regularly at \$6.00. Sale price is \$3.50

10c Torchon Laces for 5c

Torchon Lace and Insertions, narrow and wide widths. We never saw the like for the money. Many patterns to choose from. You will be delighted with this bargain.

Fillet Net, 25c

Just arrived—Bought specially for this after-supper sale. Suitable for waists. 18 inches wide, in cream only. Price, per yard \$25c

One-Half Price

Men's and Boys' Shirts. Don't miss this bargain.

All Boys' and Men's Knit Top Shirts, Flannelette Shirts, White Laundered Shirts, Colored Print Shirts, and Black Sateen Shirts. All sizes. One-half price for the sale.

40-Inch Cashmere for 29c

Full 40 inches wide, in all colors, such as red, green, navy, old rose, pale blue and pink. Some pieces are worth 50c yard. Sale price \$29c

25c Cashmere Hosiery for 15c

Children's Little Darling Stockings. All-wool, in tan, black, red, and cream. These are always sold for 25c. Sale price \$15c

20c Collars for 10c

Ladies' Linen Collars, all sizes, with colored and embroidered edges. Regularly sold at 20c. Sale price 10c

35c to 75c for 25c

Hoods, Toboggan Caps, Bonnets. We have placed these on a table for a rush sale. Too big a lot to describe. Prices range from 35c to 75c, for 25c

\$1.00 Kid Gloves for 49c

We have not every color in each size, but we have one or more colors in each size. You will be more than satisfied with what you can get. The colors are black, tan, gray and white. Sale price \$49c

\$1.00 White All-Wool Underwear 50c

Ladies' All-Wool White Underwear in vests and drawers, soft finish, non-irritable, electric rib. Regularly sold at \$1.00, for \$50c

20c to 40c for 10c and 15c

Children's Union Ribbed Vests and Drawers. Sizes, 1, 2, 3, 4. Regularly sold at 20c, for 10c. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Regularly sold at 40c, for 15c

10c Wrapperette for 6c

Plaid Wrapperettes, suitable for children's school dresses. Regularly sold at 10c, for 6c

Telephone 1182 **Gray & Parker** 150 Dundas St.

BEGAN AT THE BOTTOM

August Belmont Started as Clerk in His Father's Bank.

New York, Feb. 6.—In speech, dress and manner August Belmont appears off-hand the dapper banker, brusque, affluent-looking, keen, selfish, practical. He is under-sized in stature, with a well-knit but unimpressive figure, a well-shaped head set closely upon shoulders that, once athletic, have grown to stoop beneath his burdens. His face, though full, is heavily lined, showing, too, very clearly the struggles of his later years. The contrast between two of his photographs, the one taken in the cup defender series, the other within the past year, is marked.

There is a big difference between the August Belmont of today and the young Mr. Belmont of a decade ago. The change came in 1890, when Belmont, the banker, stepped into the traction area, financed the subway contracts and bore away under the very noses of the street railway capitalists the richest traction prize in all municipal history.

August Belmont graduated from Harvard in 1874, and true to the Belmont traditions of practicality and industry, entered without delay his father's banking house, taking a more or less minor place and learning every detail of the business from the ground up. His ability and application carried him slowly but inevitably to the top, and at his father's death in 1880 he inherited the banking business and the bulk of the Belmont fortune, estimated at about \$25,000,000. His two brothers, O. H. P. and Perry Belmont, and a sister, Mrs. S. S. Howland, received the balance.

SURPLUS CAR PROBLEM

American Railway Association To Take Up Matter at Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—A special meeting of the American Railway Association to consider the decrease in traffic which had resulted on Jan. 22 in a surplus of 339,053 cars, began in Chicago yesterday and will continue today and tomorrow. The decrease is shown to be startling from the report of the deficiency committee on Feb. 6, 1907, when a shortage of 104,226 cars was reported, and appeals were made by shippers to Congress to pass laws requiring the railroads to increase their equipment to meet the traffic demands.

The chief work of the association probably will be the consideration of the per diem charges for cars in the service of railroads other than the owners. With the present great surplus of cars the charge has caused the immediate return of foreign cars to their owners at a great expense, and consequent storage. The railroads would prefer to let other roads use their cars free of charge, rather than be forced to haul and store them over their systems, and it is likely that this fact will lead the association to suspend the per diem charge upon foreign cars until the situation clears up.

The hungriest man draws the line at eating his own words.

DOANE ON GAMBLING

Celebrated Anglican Bishop Says It Is Based on Covetousness.

Albany, Feb. 6.—Right Rev. William Crisswell Doane, bishop of the Albany Episcopal diocese, has sent a letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he takes up the question of anti-racetrack gambling legislation.

"The governor of New York," the letter says, "in his address on the anti-racetrack gambling question, touched, in these words, the sin and wrong of gambling: 'An appeal has been made to the clergy of Albany to throw the weight of their influence in favor of the movement to amend the existing law into consistency with the constitutional prohibition of gambling.' It is not our duty, and I hope it never will be, to use the pulpit of the Episcopal Church for dealing in detail with questions of legislative enactments. But there seems to be an opportunity offered here, which I am disposed to ask the clergy to deal with, of pointing out the sin and wrong which underlie this whole question."

"Disguised under innumerable forms, some seemingly innocent and harmless, the passion for gambling is tolerated by the clergy to deal with, and indulged in for private amusement and in public entertainments, with an apparent dullness of conscience as to its sin, which is anxious and alarming. Wherever it is done, in poolrooms or in parlors, on the racetrack or in public entertainments for charity, it is essentially wicked and full of evil consequences, and the reasons are plain to see and easy to read. Its root is the deadly sin of covetousness, the desire to get something for nothing."

The only people who really enjoy rising early are those who don't have to.

AN EATING ULCER.

Ulcers are a skin disease, and are more or less directly occasioned by a bad state of the blood, which produces acid humors and corrupts the secretions.

No one can expect to have a skin free from disease when the blood is in a disordered condition and the stomach and bowels acting feebly in consequence.

Through its wonderful cleansing, purifying powers on the blood, and its renovating action on the entire system, Burdock Blood Bitters has made thousands of cures of different skin diseases during the past thirty years it has been on the market.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson, Hallerton, Que., writes: "I had an eating ulcer on my ankle. I took two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and it worked like a charm, cleaning out all the impurities from my system and improving my appetite. While taking the B.B.B. internally I used it externally to cleanse the sore, and it helped a lot."

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



LADIES' SEMI-FITTING COAT. PARIS PATTERN NO. 2267. All Seams Allowed.

One of the most stylish and jaunty styles for the separate coat is here illustrated developed in Oxford suiting, bound with black silk braid. The notched collar is faced with black velvet, and the sleeve and pockets are trimmed with the braid. The coat is fastened in single-breasted style, and is a suitable model for serge, Venetian cloth, hard-finished worsteds, or covert-cloth. The pattern is in six sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the coat requires five yards of material 20 inches wide. Two and three-quarter yards 36 inches wide; two and three-eighths yards 42 inches wide; or one and three-quarter yards 54 inches wide; quarter yard of velvet 54 inches wide (cut bias) to cover collar and 4 3/4 yards of braid to trim. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

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Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, 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 "years." 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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