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adds zest



Distributed by F. M. O'LEARY.

Dear Madam: Although Snider's is served at the famous hotels, it costs no more than ordinary catsup.

Made in Canada

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

OR

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A knock at the door made both men start, and Stephen said, with some little irritation in his manner.

"Come in! Who is there?" "If you please sir," answered the footman, opening the door and appearing on the threshold, "Mr. Milner has come, and—"

Stephen did not give him time to complete the sentence; he hurriedly left his seat, brushed by the servant and the next moment was giving Lloyd a warm, hearty welcome. The young barrister looked worn and travel-stained; but that was easily explained, for he had travelled all night.

"How is Sidney?" was the first question.

"Not well, poor child," Stephen answered sadly. "We are in trouble here, Lloyd."

"I knew you must be," Lloyd said sympathetically. "So the poor fellow has been taken at last, recognized just as he was going on board! Hard lines after such a long evasion! He still avers his innocence, I understand?"

"Yes. Would to Heaven he could prove it!" Stephen answered, in a dejected manner. "Come into my study, Lloyd—Hoggood the detective is there."

"Hoggood the detective!" Lloyd repeated, in a puzzled tone as he followed Stephen into the room; and, as his keen gray eyes rested on the detective, he said softly, in an undertone, "I see—Sidney's tailor!"

"And then once more they plunged into discussion as to ways and means of proving Frank Greville's innocence; and, though the detective was at first somewhat inclined to ignore the young barrister's suggestions as unworthy of the notice of a man so much better acquainted with legal matters as he thought himself to be, he soon found himself listening with some attention as Lloyd in a few clear sentences explained his view of the matter—one which they had not yet thought of, and the correctness of which only time could reveal."

The arrest of Frank Greville had rekindled the ashes of interest in the almost-forgotten Rutledge murder; and once more it was the principal topic of conversation in Ashford. In the counting-house, in the offices, in the works, at the breakfast-tables, and at afternoon tea the matter was discussed and reviewed from every standpoint.

Frank's arrest just as he was on the point of departure for a far-off land, where he might have lived in

comparative safety and freedom, his ineffectual disguise, his calm and composed resignation, what he said and did not say, were all freely discussed in every circle, and a great deal of sympathy was expressed for the unhappy sister who had already suffered so much, and had so much more to suffer. Perhaps Lawyer Greville himself was the only man who did not speak of his son's arrest and impending trial. He went about his work with his usual stern composure, and only an added vigor to the stern grave face showed those who knew him well that he was cognizant of what was exciting so much interest around him.

Many were the additions made to the real facts of the matter; many were the romantic incidents which had their foundations only in some excited brains and heedless tongues; and in these Sidney Daunt—poor unhappy Sidney—played a prominent part. Many and varied were the causes to which her illness was ascribed. People hinted at clandestine meetings between her and Frank; hinted even that she was about to share his flight when it was intercepted, hinted at a separation that would follow the trial, no matter what the result of the latter should be, a tuiti quant.

Dolly had returned home from Brighton, and Agnes Burton had come to Easthope to stay with Sidney, who had grown dearly to love the tender-hearted, gentle girl whose position as the eldest daughter in a large family had made her so much older than her years, and so tender and thoughtful. Her presence was a great comfort to Sidney, who was able to give her the entire confidence she felt bound to withhold from Dolly; and the unhappy young wife thought sometimes that the agony of tears which came to her relief when Agnes took her in her gentle arms and held her so closely and tenderly to her breast saved her from madness.

Frank Greville's trial was to be held at the Spring Assizes, which was to take place in March; so there were some weeks in which to prepare the defense and to suffer the anguish of suspense and misery. To Frank himself, after his long wanderings, after being hunted and concealed and living in the fear of every man, it was almost pleasant to know that the uncertainty was over for the present, that almost the worst had come, and that he had nothing to do but await his trial and its result. He was very patient and resigned, intensely anxious for his sister, fearful lest she

should be compromised by her generous help, and obstinately silent in his own defense. Not one word as to his belief in Stephen's guilt ever passed his lips, and it was Stephen himself who imparted his suspicions to the solicitor entrusted with the defense. Eminent counsel had been engaged by John Daunt, on Frank's side, but the accused himself was anxious to let things take their course.

"It will only make more misery," he said, wearily, when John Daunt remonstrated with him. "I am insured to suffering, and poor Christie's, they tell me, will soon be over; let things be—it will be best."

In after years, looking back at that terrible time, Sidney Daunt wondered how she had lived through the suspense, the never-ceasing dread, the agony of uncertainty. It seemed to her that to endure what she endured she must be stronger than woman had ever been yet. It takes so little to kill some people, she thought sometimes, so little—a fall, a pin-prick, and life is over; but some people nothing can kill, and she was one of them, who would add bitterly.

She even grew somewhat stranger as the winter days sped by. She had no longer the excuse of invalidism for remaining in the solitude which was so pleasant to her in her misery. She drove out with Agnes when the weather was fine enough—sometimes into Ashford, but not often. People seemed to look at her curiously, she thought, and she felt that they were making comments as to the alteration in her appearance; and it was perhaps the knowledge that people would ascribe her illness to Frank's position which made her put such a restraint upon herself, and saved her from the collapse which follows a grief to which a person has yielded too much.

But she suffered greatly—suffered as none of those around her guessed, save perhaps her husband; and he ascribed her suffering to the wrong cause. It was not Frank's danger which gave the keenest pang to her aching heart; it was the thought that by her base suspicion she had alienated forever her husband's love.

Forever! Never again would the grave dark eyes she loved look upon her tenderly and with the love which she had once seen in them thrill her heart. Never again would he take her in his arms and hold her to his breast. Never again would they be anything more than strangers—strangers—those who were to pass the rest of their lives together, they who should have been so near and dear to each other, who might have been so had it not been for her folly and madness. Ah, many a long weary night Sidney Daunt spent on her knees by her bedside, with her face hard pressed against the coverings to stifle the burning sobs she could not repress; many a night she had heard every hour chimed forth while she was wrestling with her anguish; many a morning Agnes Burton, coming softly into her room at dawn, had found her chilled and utterly exhausted with the conflict, lying prone upon the floor!

Perhaps one of Sidney's greatest misfortunes at this time was her entire leisure; had she been obliged to work, half her suffering would have been drowned by the necessity. But she had nothing to do; all her wants were supplied, all her wishes forestalled, nothing disturbed the ease of her luxurious idleness, nothing took her out of herself—there was nothing to take away her thoughts from Frank in prison and from Stephen's chill kindness of manner, always gentle, always compassionate, truly, but harder to bear in its gentleness, which was so icy cold, than any passionate reproaches would have been.

(To be continued.)

Fads and Fashions

Some of the new handkerchiefs are so sheer and so novel that they are useless as handkerchiefs, but valuable as color.

Navy blue is no longer mentioned—pencil blue, midnight blue and royal blue are the new blues.

If the coat to be worn in the afternoon has not a fur collar, a gray fox fur piece should be worn.

Large pearl earrings are almost an essential, when dressed for afternoon occasions.

Stockings worn in the evening are so sheer that they are a mere suggestion of covering.

At least very fashionable women are wearing velvet trousers with a Georgeite blouse.

Brown seems to be among the fashionable colors, especially for afternoon outfits.



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A Newly Discovered Area in Canada

CONTAINS 800 FOOT WATERFALL

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C., Nov. 20.—A vast new area teeming with objects of unusual scientific interest and of unparalleled scenery has been explored during the past few months by Harlan I. Smith, of the field staff of the Victoria Museum, Ottawa.

This area, little known to the white man because it is locked away many miles from transportation facilities and can be penetrated only by rough trails which wind over mountains and through dense forests "many miles from the centres of civilization, has been given the name of Mackenzie Park. In this park Mr. Smith has found, among other things, one fifth of the known petroglyphs of Canada; a great waterfall which in point of height may prove to be among the first five in the world.

Huge glaciers stud the mountains in this region, gullies and other wild game is abundant and the Indian types offer a rich field for anthropological study.

The district was named after Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first white man to cross Canada and one of the few men who led an expedition over the Bella Cola trail.

The great waterfall noted by Mr. Smith is said to have a drop of 228 ft., which would make it the highest in Canada, the second highest in the Western Hemisphere and the fifth highest in the world.

For the lover of romance, the artist and literary person, few districts afford the same opportunities as Bella Cola. Among the human types that may be encountered in various parts of the district are Norwegian fishermen living according to the traditions of their land; Indians who are among the crack horsemen of the continent; cowboys, French-Canadian trappers and the ubiquitous Chinese and Japanese fishermen.

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