

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Whether in the unexpected encounter Roger had deliberately struck Froude or not I do not know, but Froude was up again in an instant, and with a face white with rage, aimed a blow at Roger's head. It did not fall, for Yorke caught his descending arm at the wrist, and with a rapid twist which must almost have broken it, flung him off so violently that he staggered almost falling a second time. What might have happened next I do not know, for Roger's face was a picture of fury; but I caught hold of him and dragged him back a pace.

"For goodness' sake, old man, keep cool!" I said in his ear, holding on to his arm, which he tried to wrest away from me. "Don't quarrel with the man. What good will it do?"

"You clumsy fool," said Froude, fiercely, showing his teeth in a smile that was almost a snarl as he panted, "can't you see where you are going to that you blunder over people like a blind idiot?"

"Confound you!" Roger burst out savagely in reply. "I'd break every bone in your dastardly skin if I hadn't half disabled you already!"

And then there was a short, violent altercation which all my entreaties to Yorke could not check in the least, although I was in a perfect agony to end it. Then Froude picked up his hat, scowling as he moved away.

"You have not heard the last of this, you blustering idiot! I'll make you smart yet, I swear!"

"Do," Yorke retorted, with a short, taunting laugh; "but bring a few of your footmen to back you next time, for, if you and I fall across each other again, Mr. Froude, one of us will not escape with whole bones, you may be sure!"

Giving no reply beyond another scowl, but still with that savage smile leaving his teeth visible, Froude turned toward Home-deane again, moving stiffly, as though he was in pain. Until he had disappeared Yorke did not stir, but stood with his eyes fixed upon the lank, retreating figure. Then he looked at me with a short, rough laugh.

"Ned, I fancy I must know what a would-be murderer feels like."

"Then I'd look out, and take care not to feel like it again," I returned, flustered by the whole scene, and out of temper for the moment as much with him as with Froude himself.

Now feels Strong and Vigorous

And Fit for Any Amount of Work as the Result of Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mr. J. Hurlbert.

It is so easy to overlook the warning given by headaches, indigestion, falling memory, lack of power to concentrate the mind, irritability and worry over little things, that many a man does not realize his danger until on the verge of breakdown.

Like the writer of the letter quoted below, you can call a halt to the wasting process and restore vim and energy to the nervous system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. J. Hurlbert, 28 James Street, Branford, Ont., writes:—I was very much run down in health and as a consequence my nervous system was very much exhausted. Close confinement at my work, I think, brought on the trouble. I started using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the time I had used up one box I felt a great improvement. The continued use of this preparation has thoroughly restored my system so that I feel strong and vigorous and fit for any amount of work. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Ointment with splendid satisfaction, and recommend them at every opportunity. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box. Sold by all Druggists or Edmanston Bates Limited, Toronto.



"What good has it done to you to have this row with the man?"

"Confound him!" exclaimed Yorke savagely.

"By all means, if you like, I wish he were at Jericho myself. But wish to goodness there hadn't been this rumpus! I say, did you flour him on purpose?"

"Eh? I don't know. I saw it was he," he rejoined, blankly, as though he hardly knew what he was talking about—"that's all."

"And about enough, too, I think! That fellow's about as vindictive as a tiger. You haven't seen the last of this, Yorke."

"He hasn't, if I fall foul of his again," was the fierce retort—"I can promise him that! I tell you what Ned—it's a bad thing that the day are over when men settled their differences by force, and it was dead to one or the other."

Taking all things into consideration, I did not think it was, but then I did not labor under the disadvantage of being madly in love and furiously jealous at one and the same time. I only said:

"Well, at any rate, you won't put yourself in the way of another squabble, I hope? For goodness' sake don't do that! You don't know what it might lead to."

"If I thought it would lead to breaking his neck, I don't know what I might do. As it is, all I say is, let him keep out of my way for his own sake. I shall be a couple of hundred miles away by this time next week—that's one good thing for him. Don't look so blue, Ned. I might have throttled him just now, and didn't! There—good-night! I'm best in my own company at present."

He shook my hand and was off down the lane at a rapid pace before the words were well out. My friend was too new to me in this fierce temper for me to follow him, and had I done so I felt certain that I should have got nothing more satisfactory out of him. But I did wish heartily that he had never had that unlucky encounter with Fraser Froude. After all, I thought, turning toward home again when he was out of sight, I would be better if he did go away from Whittlesford for awhile, until the first fierceness of his love and disappointment had passed off. I waited for a few moments to hear the church clock ring out ten slow sharps, strokes, and then, wondering if my dame had missed me, hurried toward the little gate in the park fence by which I had got out more than two hours before.

It stood wide open, and I stared in astonishment, feeling certain as I did that I had closed and latched it behind me. Now here it was swung back as far as its hinges would let it go. Puzzled, I turned into the narrow laurel alley, thinking of the night when I had found poor Virtue crouched behind the bushes, and had laughingly accused her of having just said good-bye to her sweetheart.

Perhaps to-night there were some real sweethearts about instead of only reprobate brothers, and I should stumble upon a bona fide farewell scene presently. But, although this thought occurred to me idly, it did not prepare me for what my eyes encountered as I turned into the Lady's Walk.

Who was it that was standing not a score of yards in front of me? Miss Valentin in her black silk dinner-dress, a white woolen shawl framing her pale face and smooth dark hair? Yes, it was she, plain enough; but who was it that was standing beside her, drawn back, as she was, into the shadow? I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Somewhere I had seen that tall spare figure with the dark cloak

hung over the shoulder. Somewhere too I had seen that foreign-looking swarthy face, the thick ragged mustache, the large intensely black eyes, and that red repulsive-looking scar running transversely across the forehead which the moonlight revealed so plainly. Yes—none of these things were strange to me; but when and where had I seen them before?

The remembrance which I wanted came back to me in a flash. I recalled the evening of Nat's accident, when there had been that pretty love scene which madame had interrupted in old Wilde's kitchen, and how afterward, in my slushy walk home, this figure had come bursting through the hedge almost upon me. It was the same man—I felt absolutely certain of that. True, I had caught only a moonlight glimpse of him then, just as now; but that made no difference. I would have sworn that the man now standing in the Lady's Walk, holding mademoiselle's hand in his as he stooped to whisper to her, was the same man who had startled me on that night, and who had puzzled me by his Jack-in-the-box disappearance when I lost sight of him round the end of the lane. And now here he was again! And what did mademoiselle want with him that she stood beside him in such a fashion, and why was her face so very pale as she looked up at him? An open park-wall in a cold winter night was a queer place to receive visitors, no matter how one looked at it. Why, I was shivering under my great-coat!

Perhaps I shivered more than I knew, and made the frost-incrusted branches against which I stood crackle sharply, for something startled the couple. There was a quick cry in the governess's voice, a pause, and then he man, drawing his soft felt hat low down over his brows, came plunging past me, almost as he had come plunging out of the hedge on that other night, his rough cloak nearly brushing against my face; and, passing down the laurel alley, he went at the side-gate and hurried down the lane, his heavy footsteps growling against the hard ruts, just as the rapid patter of mademoiselle's high-heeled shoes grew inaudible down the Lady's Walk. Waiting only an instant to recover from my surprise, I ran after her.

Whether she had really seen me or merely fancied that she had seen something I do not know, but at any rate she had simply doubled, for the head of the Lady's Walk I came face to face with her—ran almost full tilt against her, in fact. From her carefree pace, her composed face and the little shriek which she gave at the collision, I might have fancied that she had just that minute come trotting out of the drawing-room.

"Eh, Monsieur Ned!" she cried, drawing back a little. "You are returned then! Madame did miss you but now."

"I've only been out for a stroll," I answered, staring at her and thinking what a cool customer she was. "Is madame up still?"

"I think it so. She has gone to sit with Mademoiselle Natalie."

"Oh! Cold, isn't it?"

"You find it so?" she returned drawing the shawl more closely about her head and face. "I do not know, I came out but just this moment."

Well, of all the crammers! I thought, with a gasp; and then said as coolly as I could:

"I was afraid I startled you just now."

Asthma Catarrh, Vapo-Cresolene advertisement with logo and text.

"Eh?" she cried again, flashing a sharp glance at me and turning almost as chalky a white as I had seen Fraser Froude turn only a little while before. "You do deal in riddles, Monsieur Ned. How you startle me!"

"I thought I heard you cry out, and then run up the Lady's Walk," I rejoined, purposely putting my reply into that form to see what she would say.

For a moment she stared at me suspiciously and doubtfully, then burst into a little laugh.

"Ah, it is not riddles you do have, but dreams, mon ami! I am but this moment from the salon. My head aches—I have always headaches. This robbery—this upset—I feel it—yes. There has been too the man—the officer—to speak to madame."

"Blake has been here?" I exclaimed, forgetting everything but that for the moment. "What does he say, mademoiselle? Has he any news?"

"No," he says he can hear nothing—can do nothing. Mademoiselle Natalie has what he call the his hands. He may only do what he know it is no use to do."

"And that's all?" I said disappointedly. "He has said that much half a score of times already. Did he say anything else, mademoiselle?"

"Eh? Why do you ask me?" she returned, impatiently, turning off toward the house. "I understand it not, I say. I came away. Ask you your questions of madame. What do I know?"

Whatever she knew she did not intend to impart to me—that was certain—for she hurried on at a rapid pace, keeping her mouth determinedly shut until we reached the house. Indeed she said only a short good-night, then, and, passing straight across the hall, went upstairs.

After a moment's hesitation, I went up after her. Most likely madame was with Nat still; and there were two things I wanted to speak to her about—first, to ask what news Blake had brought, and, secondly, to tell her of that strange rendezvous in the Lady's Walk.

The door of Nat's sitting-room stood ajar when I reached it, and I tapped and went in. There was not much light but that of the fire, and it was not until I took a second glance that I made out the little figure. Nat was lying on the rug, sobbing violently, with her face buried in the cushion on which her head rested. For a moment I hesitated, wondering if it would not be better to steal away without letting her know; then I bent down over her.

(To be continued.)

LONDON DIRECTORY advertisement.

CRASH! SEGGOTINE advertisement.

A Princess's Schooling.

A pretty character-sketch is that of Princess Mary in the Woman's Magazine. The author is William Armstrong, and his picture of Princess Mary's tastes and amusements and daily life is convincing and delightful.

There is nothing precocious about the Princess. What she learns she learns by hard application. At eight she was a passable linguist; at twelve she received the compliments of the French Ambassador on her mastery of his language; German she speaks well.

She has yet to learn Italian, she is getting a fundamental knowledge of Latin and Greek, and the piano and singing. Books of adventure recommended by her brothers proved her introduction to literature, but her own tastes have now assumed definite form, with Tennyson as her favourite poet. It is said that Queen Mary once found her reading his Idylls when she should have been asleep. History, in particular all pertaining to Great Britain, is part of her training, entailing visits, together with her brothers, to the British Museum for research among its manuscripts. So, all in all, her outlook on the practical side of education has been both broad and serious, as befits one who may be a Queen some day, or at any rate will always occupy an exalted position.

One longing the Princess Mary has never had fulfilled, and that is her eager desire for girl associates of her own age. A year or two ago the idea was entertained of placing her in a boarding-school, or, at least, allowing her to attend the classes in certain public institutions, as did the Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught and the daughters of the Princess Royal. But even the latter plan was finally abandoned in favour of the constant supervision and companionship of home.

Valuable Find of Italian Farmer.

Unclears a Vase with Coins Worth \$1,000,000.

An Italian farmer has made a valuable archaeological find in a field near Lese, Rome. He discovered an earthenware vase containing 5,300 silver coins of the Roman Republic—said to be worth \$1,000,000. The Government paid the farmer \$25,000.

Some Vanity Statistics.

The "Boston Herald" says: "A self appointed actuary who has done nothing else to do, has just figured out that the average woman spends more than 242 days of her life before the looking glass. He starts her before the mirror at the age of six, has her appear before it regularly up to the age of 70, and adds together the minutes which amount to 349,575 or more than 242 days."

Let us assume that the statistics are right. What of it? Does it prove that woman is vain or useless? If the actuary had spent a little more time and developed his scheme along human interest household lines he might have secured data on the average woman's activities which would read something like this:

- 9371 days, spent cooking over a hot stove.
1043 days, sweeping and scrubbing
987 days darning clothes and stockings
242 days picking up things men have dropped.
822 days washing and ironing.
And so on infinitum.
The actuary is not a full-rounded man. He is a cynic. He disregarded these altogether practical possibilities and instead loitered in the vanity department for the purpose of presenting an unfair conclusion. He deserved to have his bluff called, and we call it.

Girl Bride's Confession.

Winnipeg, Feb. 3.—Presiding at the murder trial at Regina, Chief Justice Haultin has decided that the incriminating evidence given at the inquest by Mrs. Ralph Warwick, the bride of nineteen, charged with complicity in her husband's murder, is inadmissible. She said that she held a lantern while her lover killed her husband. The judge said it was a scandal that a police officer should go out without a warrant and should bring the girl widow before a tribunal with no opportunity to consult a lawyer or her friends. Her examination in these circumstances was a disgrace.

To Our Patrons

We are making a visit to the British Markets to personally select the Latest Fashions and Fabrics for the coming season, and hope to return in about four weeks with the best selection of Goods for High-Class Tailoring yet displayed in this city. During our absence our Genuine American Cutter, Mr. P. A. McCafferty, will attend to all orders entrusted to us with his customary courtesy and thorough attention to detail that characterizes all his work.

We also take this opportunity to tender our sincere thanks for the generous patronage we have received during the past year, and trust by strict attention to business to merit even a larger share the present year.

CHAS. J. ELLIS, English and American High-Class Tailoring. Phone 230. 302 Water St. P. O. Box 122.

AT LAST.

The s.s. Almeriana has arrived with some Goods which have been long awaited. You may be interested to know that we are in receipt by her of a selection of the following Goods:—

Ladies' Black Beaver Hats,

Ladies' and Misses' Knitted Wool Rinking Caps in all colours.

Boys Pullman Woolen Winter Caps

A few Ladies' Scotch Knit Wool Gauntlet Gloves. Lot of Children's, Misses' and Ladies Imitation Fur Sets in the most fashionable styles and the leading colours, viz: Moles, Beavers and Blacks. Though these Sets have been much required for, and customers have been waiting for some, we now offer them at 20 per cent. discount, as we have been advertising all our stock of Furs at 20 per cent. discount.

Blouses! Blouses!

Lot of Ladies' Black Blouses in the out sizes (or extra large sizes) in Satene, Cashmere and Poplin makes. Lot of Ladies' White Silk Blouses in the very latest styles, at \$1.50, \$1.80, \$2.15, \$2.40, \$2.90, \$5.00 and \$5.50. A few Ladies' Coloured Silk Blouses, only \$1.60 each. A few Ladies' Unshrinkable Striped Wincey Shirtwaists, from \$1.50 each. Lot of Ladies' Fancy Trimmed Coloured Cashmere Blouses, only \$1.25 each.

HENRY BLAIR.

1913. 1913.



1913. 1913.

Just to keep things humming we are offering two leaders—19-13. Our \$19 Suiting is a guaranteed Wool, made in the "Maunder" style. The woollen market is still going up. This is the season to get your money's worth, as you will probably pay more for the same article in the Spring.

Our \$13 Suiting is cut and finished to your own selection of style for Spring and Summer of 1913 from our style sheets just in. Only the price of a hand-me-down for a splendidly tailor-made suit.

John Maunder, Tailor & Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth St.

Advertise in The People's Paper.

Various advertisements on the right margin including 'For', 'MEN'S TWEED', 'WILL', 'WEST', '5 brls. BOL', '30 brls.', 'HY.' and 'For'.