

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, MONDAY, DECEMBER 19 1904.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET. Millions of Mischief.

By HEADON HILL. Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Duke's Decree," "A Race with Ruin," Etc., Etc. "And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Scene 1.

I could quite understand that he spoke truth in that, for the subterfuge of the warders at the prison suggested careful organization, in the preliminaries of which the principal would not have appeared. Nor was I meditating any such attempt as he hinted at, for the simple reason that without friends and without money any measure would have been only a matter of hours. No, my policy seemed to be to go back to Winchester in the hope that during the fortnight's grace I might discover the missing link in the evidence necessary to secure my pardon. That he would be a difficult man to deceive as to my ultimate intentions I foresaw, but I had this in my favor, that he believed me guilty, and would not, if I played my cards well, suspect me of emulating my comparative liberty to upset the verdict of the jury.

But the question which pressed most closely was whether a fortnight, during which I should doubtless be under close surveillance, would be sufficient for my purpose. Since my arrest I had always longed for a month of absolute freedom to pursue independent inquiries, and now not only would the time be curtailed by one half, but I should be virtually in Herzog's custody. The question called for a review of the situation, to ascertain if I could extract a ray of hope therefrom. In all truth it was but the merest glimmer. As I have stated, the alleged crime for which I had been condemned was the murder by poison of my mother and my sister, Clara. The widow and daughter of a country clergyman, they had lived in a modest way in a cottage near Brockenhurst in the New Forest, to which I had been a visitor as often as my military duties as captain in the artillery would allow. One of the principal points made against me at the trial was that their deaths had occurred, at intervals of six months, during these visits, and that I was the only one who would benefit pecuniarily.

With the nurse and the doctor I had been present at the death-bed of both my dear ones—my mother's first and a little later my sister's—and it was on three disjointed words that Clara had whispered in my ear that I had built my slender hopes. Raising herself with her last effort, she had mustered strength to breathe the unmeaning words: "Man, mask, Roger." On being accused, I had mentioned this strange saying to my solicitor, who had been able to make nothing of it except that she may have alluded to a masked man whose name was Roger. In this I had agreed with him, but I had always thought that he had made no real effort to trace out the mysterious "Roger." In fact, my solicitor, like all the world save one, was, I knew, after my first interview with him, convinced of my guilt.

Could I, in a fortnight, and with the basilisk eye of my unfathomable liberator on me, run this unknown Roger to ground? Well, as the alternative was to go back to Winchester and be hanged on Thursday, I would at least make the attempt. Draining my glass, I flung the stump of my cigar into the empty grate and met Herzog's mocking gaze. I struggled not to quail under it, for I had to live up to my reputation if I was to live at all. "A desperate wretch he had called me and a desperate wretch he must continue to think me while I searched for a rift in the clouds. "Well, my noble captain; I can see that you have decided to cheat the gallows by the paradoxical method of deserving them twice over. Is it not so?" he said. "I appear to have no option in the matter," I replied, affecting the sullen resignation that under the circumstances would have been natural to the villain he deemed me. "Pshaw! I knew all along that you being what you are, would take the sensible view, and there is this consolation—that if you are caught after crime number two you can only be hanged once," he chuckled. "And now, my friend, that is the last word I shall say to harrow you," he went on in a pleasant tone. "A little harshness was necessary to show you the futility of trying to gammon me with pleas of innocence, but having accepted the situation you shall be treated with all courtesy during our association—so long as you are true to the compact. Only so long as that. But it will be your own fault, if you do not find me a cheerful and resourceful comrade, with bowels of compassion enough to take a sporting interest in your ultimate escape. Every word this man spoke filled me with loathing and disgust. I was not sure that I did not dislike his only overtures for amity more than his hostile sneers. "Get us some cigars to business," I said. "Who is this that I am to kill? He should be a person of some importance to warrant such elaborate preparations." Herzog took a sip from his glass and eyed me as though to discover if I was ripe for the disclosure. "Yes, he would be considered impor-

If You Would Be Well You Must Keep Your Kidneys Well.

Help them to work freely. Help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Are for this purpose only. Have you suspected your kidneys as the cause of your trouble? If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected. It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial. They are the most effective medicine to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N. S., was cured by their use. She says: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back, and was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plaster and liniments of all kinds, but to no effect. At last I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After I had used two-thirds of a box my back was as strong and as well as ever." Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or sent direct by mail on receipt of price. THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO. Toronto, Ont.

HOW DID THE DOG KNOW? Evidence of Another Case of Dog-Telepathy.

How did "Trixie" know that her master lay bleeding and unconscious on the floor, while men crowded around to try to help him and the police ambulance was flying through the streets to his aid? She did know, although she was outside the building, and she cried and moaned until his sweetheart, pretty Miss Nellie Getty, was warned, too. So it was that when Surgeon McGillivray reached Edward Gormley's side he found Miss Getty weeping over him, holding his head in her lap, and Trixie licking his face. Gormley lives with his mother. He is a driver for the Weicker-Cliff Storage Company. Trixie is his little pet dog, who used to ride everywhere with him on the big wagon. But since her master has become engaged to Miss Getty, Trixie has shown a decided preference for that young lady's society, and spends most of her time with her. Saturday Miss Getty went out shopping, and Trixie accompanied her. They were crossing the alley on sixteenth street, between Lawrence and Arapahoe streets, when the dog began to dance and whine, and called Miss Getty's attention to Gormley's wagon, which was standing in the alley. As she had just been washing dishes, she could not see Gormley. She walked to the wagon to wait until he should come out of the store. She dog waited but a moment when the dog showed signs of the utmost distress. She hung her head and whined and cried as if she had been whipped, and she kept up her moaning. In a few minutes a man opened the rear door of the store and asked Miss Getty, if she were waiting for the driver. He then told her that he had been injured, and was laid out on the floor inside. Gormley's escape from sudden death had been marvellous. He was waiting for the freight elevator, and he looked into the shaft to see whether it was coming. It descended and caught his head. The slight falling broke or his head would have been sheared off as with a guillotine. The surgeon found him with a torn ear, a badly strained neck, and bruised head.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

RECEIVED THIS MEDAL. This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world. YORKSHIRE BAR. Ale and Porter 4 C per glass or tankard. Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London. ENGLAND, 1886. European Plan. - 20 Mill St. J. RHEA

BEGIN NOW! Times Wants Bring Good Results.

IT WILL PAY YOU, IF YOU ARE IN BUSINESS TO ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES.

Dry Goods and Millinery CLEARANCE SALE

Owing to change of business, which will continue until the whole new and complete stock (\$15,000) has been disposed of. Such Bargains in Ladies' Garments, Ready-to-Wear Suits, Skirts and Coats, we venture to say have never before been offered in this city. Absolutely no reserve and no two prices. B. MYERS, Dry Goods Store, - - - 695 Main Street.

The Demand for MANITOBA FLOUR Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces. The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat. KEEWATIN "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat. It is Manufactured by the LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED