THE WEST, REGINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1908.



## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS,

at Cowes, and med accident, manua-finds that she lives with M. and Mme. Lebianc, in France, and gets an house, near London.

ntin takes ince to the he spite of the opposition o ns a promise of marriag ley, ince can find no faul but on leaving learns that

request from advance the i them. but has be to return opportunit to a Mr. has represented the care of Miss

(CONTINUED FROM LAST

CHAPTEK XVIII-(Continued)

QUINTIN had ong ceased to identify him with the uncanny im a g in ings which centered round his fellowguardian, and it was with a shiver that he was brought to a recollection of the suspicions which possessed him, when Monsieur Lebianc said in his sweetest manner:. "Well, Williams and what are we to say to Mr. St. Quin-

tin's proposal for Marie Densley's Mr. Williams looked at the man, and burst into a roar of laughter.



## "Then tonight we arrange matters, and in a fortnight you will be man and wife."

blanc's, that he had seen in the front and St. Quintin grew more and more om of the cottage; had dist Marie Densley to the North at rid of?

slid down to the ground under a illac le, that for the first moment he could

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of the door in the dark. use. He hat were you do ing by the pond ed Monsi Leblanc, in a subdue

> 1 was-1 was looking for what I thought I might have dropped the water when we were there this afternoon," he said, "My match-box. a little gold match-box." This was quite too lame a story, and he perceived, even in the darkness un-der the trees, that a sort of magnety. thrill of alarmed incredulity passes from one to the other of the two men. "A match-box? You were hoping to find a match-box in the pond, with a stick-in the dark!" said Monsieur Leblanc, drily. St. Quintin was near enough to the wall to believe himself safe; so, throw-ing off all disguise, he answered boldly: "Well, monsieur, I struck against a box of some sort. It may have been a match-box At any rate I mean to match-box. At any rate, I mean to

down by the table as soon as they had released him, put his hands in his pock-ets and said that he had never felt so tired in his life.

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You'll stay here tonight, won't you' It's too late to hope to get to Doncaster. And you can continue your hunt for your match-box, as you suggested, in the morning." said Monsieur Leblanc, speaking in a tone in which St. Quintin noted a change from his usual suavity, a sort of tigerishness which seemed to promise ill for the peaceful ending of the interview.

Now St. Quintin had been careful to keep near the door, ignoring the invita-tion to sit by the fire, which both gentlemen had courteously given him. He knew that Miss Grey, the landlady, was within hearing, for he had seen her hovering about in the passage outside, and felt satisfied that she was no party to the doings of these two.

A cry for help would reach her ears without difficulty, and as long as he kept both the other men well in sight, and his own back against the wall, St. Quintin felt comparatively safe. For even as he threw himself back, he had managed to let the chair slide, so

that he could not be attacked from behind. He still kept up as much as possible.

an appearance of unsuspecting candor. It would be time enough to take off the gloves by and by, when Leblanc had shown his teeth a little more, a moment which St. Quintin feit would not be long in arriving.

"No thanks. I won't stay here," he said, in answer to Leblanc's snarling invitation. "I've got a fly waiting for me at the cross-roads, and I'll get back to town as soon as I can if the ladies don't turn up tonight." There was a pause. St. Quintin looked at his watch.

"I ought to be on the move now. It's 10 o'clock," he said.

Leblanc made an impatient movement Well, there's no hurry. if you have a fly walting for you," said Mr. Williams. "You must have a stirrup-cup before you go."

"Thanks," said St. Quintin rising. "I won't stay for that, or I shall be late. These country folk keep early hours

"Oh. but we insist. Mr. Williams came toward him and thrust him down into his seat with a heavy hand, while Monsleur Lebland went out of the room.

"It's fearfully stuffy in here don't you think so?" said St. Quintin, setzing the opportunity of Leblanc's leaving the room to put his foot in such a way that the door could not be closed. "Let us have the door open for a little while." "Just as you like," said Mr. Williams, whose manner never changed from its, genial ease and warmth.

He poured out some whisky into three glasses which he had brought from the side cupboard by the oldfashioned fireplace. St. Quintin watched him, rather relieved to fin h that by the departure of the Frenchp'an he had now only one man to deal with instead of two. But he did not drink the whisky, having certain the willsky having cartain strong suspicions as to the effect it was intended to produce upon him. Mr. Williams, who chatted genially to him with his arms across the table and his glass in his hand, and smoked his plays the contemportusmoked his pipe with a contemplative air as he did so, noted the abstemiousness of his companion, and asked him drily if he thought it was a local product. "You needn't be afraid," he added; "I brought it down from town myself. It's Johnny Walker. I don't poison myself with the stuff one gats in these out-of-the-way places.' "I suppose not," said St. Quintin, still in the doorway, and quite aware by this time that it was a farce lo keep up appearances with these men. Still he left the whisky untasted, and suddenly Mr. Williams' manner changed. Raising his head, he looked steadily at the young man in the light of the oil lamp on the table, and asked in a voice like the growling of distant thunder: "Do you think there's anything wrong with it?"

seen of him," said he, "It doesn't matter much what we say, for if we refuse to let him marry her, he'll contrive to do it all the same! Eh, that's about he size of it isn't it, St. Quintin?" The young man laughed. .

"Well, I suppose I may as well own that I wouldn't give her up except by her own wish," he said sturdily "That being so, there's very little more

to be said. I'm only thankful that it's a case where we have as little need to interfere as we have inclination." "But she has other suitors. Ought you not at least to see them?" sug-gested Monsteur Leblanc.

"Of course, 1'll see as many as you like," said Mr. Williams, promptly; "and equally, of course, I must make the acquaintance of the young lady her-self before I give my formal consent. But I may as well tell you at once, St. Quintin, that it's only a matter of form, for I'm satisfied the girl has set her heart on you, and now I see you, I don't wonder. I know you're well off-not that that is of so very much conse quence in her case-1 know, for l've made inquiries, that you're a good fel-low, and 1 know from Miss Densley's own messages that you're the man of her heart. When she arrives tonight, therefore. I'm prepared to say, like the fathers in the plays, 'Blers you, my children!' "Thanks a thousand times." said St

Quintin, gratefully, with a spasm of hope and joy which was, however, speedily changed to a different feel, ing when Monsteur Leblanc said so:tly:

"Before we settle definitely, though, we must ask Mr. St. Quintin to fulfi his promise to get me out of the difficulty I am in with Captain Darnall He is deluging me with applications for his 5000 pounds." "Deluging you, is he? Well, we can

soon put a stop to the deluge. St. Quintin has come prepared to shell out, I suppose; haven't you?" "Yes," said St. Quintin at once.

And then something, he scarcely knew what-a glance, a movement of the eyelids, a scarcely perceptible gesture, on the part of the Frenchman made him pause. He corrected him-

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ant.

kind to take him to meet the 11.05 train, shouldered his own portmanteau, told the two men he would be back with the ladies by midnight, went out and toward the Red Lion.

d that there was no is

of the two men until

the Red Lion. He did engage a dogcart, and he did drive into Doncaster. But St. Quintin had his curiosity to satisfy, and when he had left his bag and portmanteau at a hotel in Don-caster, he returned to Densley in another vehicle, having sent back the dog-cart to put them off the scent.

cart to put them off the scent. He knew that they would expect to see him back again, either very angry or very disappolated, at about midnight. But it was a few minutes after 10 when he slipped out of the fly from Don-caster about a quarter of a mile from Densley, and telling the driver to walt there, went quickly into the village, and ascertained that neither Williams nor Leblane was at the cotters.

Leblanc was at the cottage. For there was no light in the front, and Miss Grey, who was in her kitchen at the back, told him the gentlemen were busy removing some of the luggage to the inn. "Mr. Williams' luggage," she explain-

ed. "He isn't going to sleep here. We've ovly room for Mr. and Mrs. Leblanc and "Oh, all right," said St. Quintin.

"Oh, all right," said St. Quintin. "Perhaps I can fielp them." And he went into the 'front room, where the luggage had been left, and found that the four parcels which had seemed so heavy, and which had had no initials on them, had disappeared. St. Quintin then left the vottage, and, armed with a box of matches, went in the direction of the side door into the park. He noticed that the grass grow-ing outside had been a good deal traming outside had been a good deal tram pled upon, and he hoisted himself over the wall into the park and went care-

fully and cautiously in the direction of the pond, with a well-developed suspicion in his mind. When he got to the edge of the water, he listened, and, hearing no sound, felt

pretty sure that he was alone. Then he struck a match and looked down at the pond. An exclamation burst from his lips,

The green surface of weed which had covered the water had been broken up,

covered the water had been broken up, and on the slimy edge were plainly to be discerned the marks of something heavy having been dragged along to the brink Just as he was stooping to look more closely at the broken weed a slight sound among the trees behind him at-tracted his attention and made him hold his breath.

## CHAPTER XIX

CT. QUINTIN stood still and listened. S There was a slight but very dis-tinct sound of cracking branches

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terious unmarked luggage? St. Quintin, while he put these ques-tions, scarcely dared admit, even to himself, what his suspicions were with regard to those packages. But he was quite certain that he would not leave the neighborhood until he had probed the mystery of the broken weed and until he had made a minute investiga-tion by daylight of the pond and its contents.

tion by daylight of the pond and its contents. In the meantime, dark as it was and the second term of the pond and its second term of the second term of term of the second term of term o

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est sound. "Which way did he go?" This voice was a little touder, and he hought he recognized that of Lebianc. Both men wers standing within a few south men wers standing within a few south and within a south of the pond. T don't know. He was close to the pond, I'M swear, poking about in it, i south the naighborne had been thrown in a stick or a stone had been thrown in a stick or a stone had been thrown in a stick on a scouth of his size, in his was certainly the voice of withiams. He was panting, having evi-ing the stone had been a hot pond, i was nothing less than a hot purget.

"Did he go back, that's the question,

toward the house?"-"Impossible to say." There was a pause. Then Leblanc What on earth did he come back for.

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overhearing of their conversation had biodening of their conversation had biodening the but that they were sur-prised to know that he was back at bensley when he was supposed to be at bensley when he was for the arrivel of the train with the ladles. The production of the arrivel of word suggesting that they had com-miss dother. No threats or instinuations had reached his ears. They had said bothing incompatible with natural sur-bothing incompatible with natural sur-ses at his actions. The med of the mud from his knews as he could and then, still moving very out oward the pool. To that was where all his interest testared, and although he knew that he had no near the subscreate to the binks on this body. He knew that he could deal with out at a time and that he had no near the subscreate to the binks on this pool, he knew to the binks on this pool he to book to the binks on this pool he to book to the binks on this pool he to book to the binks on this pool he to book to the binks on this pool he to book the ther loss to be the pool, at a apool where below the

trees grew so close to if that their long roots protruded into the water below the surface, he stopped and listened again. And he had the satisfaction of hear-ing Monsieur Leblanc humming softly to himself as he wakked further and further away, in the direction of the

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pon his arm. llot Why. Mr. St. Quintin, is it What are you doing here?" young man was so much sur-by this start and the manner of

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To his great relief another voice broke upon their ears, and Mr. Williams, looming large in the darkness, through which they could just distinguish his burly form against a background of night grays and blacks, clapped him on the shoulder as genially as ever. With all his courage, St. Quintin wished himself a little further away from the pond when he found himself between the two men. He grasped his pole more tightly, and drew back as if in surprise at the appearance of the In surprise at the appearance of the

"Not going to meet Miss Densley, after all?" inquired Mr. Williams. "Why, this is a change, after all your ardor! Didn't you get to Doncaster at all, then?"

"Oh, yes, I went there. But I-I suddenly remembered that I'd left some thing behind," stammered St. Quin

There was another slight pause. It There was another slight pause. It seemed an odd thing to have done, to so into Doncaster with his luggage and to come back at once without it. "Why didn't you wire?. We would have sent it on to you? Was it a portmanteau or what?" asked Mr. Williams, as he on the one side and Leblang on the other kept the young Wintams, as he on the one side and Leblanc on the other kept the young man between them as they all made their way together under the trees to-ward the door in the park wall. "Oh, no, not luggage. I took that with me," said St. Quintin.

"And what did you do with it?" asked Monsieur Leblanc, with, as it seemed to St. Quintin, surprising in-

terest. "I left it at a hotel-the Angel and Royal," said St. Quintin, and then he was suddenly selsed by a strong be-lief that he had done foolishly in

telling them this. "And are you going back tonight?" asked Mr. Williams. "You will have missed the ladies, I'm afraid. They will

missed the ladies, I'm afraid. They will be on their way here by this time." Monsteur Leblanc was looking grave. "You say you took your luggage to be on their way here by this time." "You say you took your luggage to were going to stay the night at the red Lion here." St. Quintin did not answer. Al-though these men were very clever, very careful, although he had as yet head and seen nothing to excite any resh suspicions by their behavior to him, he knew that they must be aware of his mistrust, and he feit that it did pot so very much matter whether or triendship."

Triendship. His great wish at the moment was to get rid of them both, so that he might continue the investigations which they had interrupted just at the moment when he felt that he was

etting warm." But this was not so easy. He tried o walk fast, in order that he might ret clear of them as soon as they eached the park wall, which he pro-tosed to climb over, as he had cone or entering.

He knew that neither of these men bould be sthetic enough to climb up after him, so that he reckoned upon having time to reach the village inn while they were fumbling with the lock

have another look for it-in the morning." Although he could not see much of Although he could not see much of their faces, St. Quintin was immedi-ately alive to the effect his words had produced in both his hearers. Run-aftig forward and making a spring, he got on the wall and climbed to the top by the help of the clinging ivy. But when he jumped down on the other side, he found Mr. Williams had, with surprising celerity cot forcust with surprising celerity, got through the door, which had been left unlocked the door, which had been the adding to by his companion, and was waiting to catch him as he touched the ground. "Come, we must help you to find your lost match-box before you go,"

said Mr. Williams, seizing his arm with a grip which made it impossible to escape.

cape. At the same time Monsieur Leblanc came round, to the other side of him, and, holding him by the other side of him, and, holding him by the other side of him, in most urbane tones: "It's all right. I believe I saw your match-box on the mantelplece at the cottage. We will go together and see ff bott right." Mot so, beling without a word ready in excuse, St. Quintin found himself led away, practically a prisoner, between the two gentlemen of whom he had so which he thought he had already reason

which he thought he had already reason to associate with one ghastly and hid-eous crime.

## CHAPTER XX

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emporary prison. On the alert and watchful, and con-clous that he was almost wholly in the power of these two men. In one of whom, he suspected a consumma St. Quintin was, on the of much interested and excite venture in which he found gaged that he was not which to gubmit to the treatment

that he was not wholly unwilling mit to the treatment in question. pretended to have no notion that was anything sinister about the y of force they had made, but sate

"Of course not," said St. Quintin.

laughing with an effort. "Drink it then," said the other, drily

St. Quintin sprang to his feet. "You must excuse me," he said. And dashing the door open, so that, it rattled against the wall, he ran out into the passage and to the front door. This, however, was bolted, and he found himself stopped.

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(CONTINUED NEXT !