

## THE GUARDED SECRET

### CHAPTER LI.

When the retreating footsteps of his neighbor had died in the stillness of the night, Oran Delaney closed and locked the door against the outer darkness and returned to the library. He walked to the hearth and stood there gazing thoughtfully down into the glowing fire.

"The last night of my life, perhaps," he said, half aloud. "Ah me! how terribly I have been tempted! How easy it would have been to have flung honor to the winds and yielded to the impulse that prompted me to seek happiness at whatever cost. Happiness there's the rub!—should I have been happy? Would not conscience have pursued me with the bloodhounds of remorse?"

The weird shrieks of the fabled ghost of Delaney House had died away into silence now. In the stillness of the room a heavy sigh was distinctly audible as it drifted across the dark musty-tinted lips.

"Four child! Now I understand why she came to me on that strange night tonight. She would have sacrificed herself to appease her father's wrath and to save me! And I had to be cruel and unkind to her because I was not free!"

The wind sighed in the trees outside, and the bare branches rustled eerily. He thought to himself with a shudder, that the snow must be deep by now. It had been falling almost steadily since yesterday. He remembered how the melting flakes had trickled down from Aline's dark cloak.

"It must be cold and deep by now," he thought. "I wish to heaven that I were lying beneath it! Perhaps I shall be soon."

He went to his desk, drew out writing materials, and began to write steadily. Half an hour passed in this occupation, when he was suddenly startled again by the loud alarm of the doorbell. The harsh clang pealed through the house discordantly. He pushed back his chair and hurried out into the hall.

"It grows late. Who can be coming now," he said.

He opened the heavy door, and in the dim light of the hall lamp again saw Mr. Rodney's face. It was pale with deadly wrath, the blue eyes were lurid with rage.

"You have deceived me, Oran Delaney!" he blazed forth, in accents of concentrated hate and rage. "Aline has never returned to her home. She is still here!"

"Here?" echoed the astonished master of Delaney House.

"Yes, here!" Mr. Rodney answered, stormily. "You need not deny it. Oran Delaney, if you do not give me back my child, I will kill you where you stand."

The other reached out and drew the half-frantic man into the house, closing the heavy door.

"My God, what do you mean?" he cried. "Aline not returned to her home?"

Astonishment and dismay were depicted on his countenance, but the infuriated man would not believe the signs of alarm and dread written on the face of the man whom he believed to be the destroyer of his fair young daughter's happiness.

"Do not act a part with me!" he cried. "I warn you I will not bear it. Aline has left her home and fled to your protection. If you do not immediately restore her to me I will not answer for the consequences!"

"She is not here, Mr. Rodney. I swear to you that she left this house five minutes before you entered it this evening."

"I will not listen to your prevarications. I know that Aline is here. I will not leave Delaney House tonight without her!" cried Mr. Rodney, in a low tone of deadly menace, as he fixed his lurid, blazing eyes on the face of the man whom he hated with a terrible hate.

He was cruelly tortured. The thought of Aline's dishonor was like a thorn in his heart. He was filled with a deadly rage against her. She was so young and beautiful to be so wicked. He felt as if he could easily kill her, and the man who had so cruelly wrecked her young life.

The grim, hard smile that played around his writhing lips in the dim light of the stately old hall was terrible to see.

"I am a desperate man," Mr. Rodney confessed, hoarsely. "You took from me my eye-lamb. You must look to yourself. I shall not leave this house tonight until I find her. If you do not give her up, I shall search the house for her—aye, even if I have to pass over your dead body to do so!"

They stood looking at each other steadily. Oran Delaney had whitened to a deadly pallor.

"Mr. Rodney, you know not what you ask," he said. "Can you not take my word of honor that your daughter

is not here! If you searched my house thrive over you would find nothing but dust and gloom and ghosts of the dead past."

"What about the hidden blue room?" sneered Mr. Rodney.

Mr. Delaney changed color at these words.

"The blue room?" he stammered.

"Yes, the blue room where you kept my child hidden so long. Let me look there," said Mr. Rodney.

"It is empty. There is no one there," said Mr. Delaney.

"It is a falsehood! I do not believe you!" Mr. Rodney cried out, beside himself with fury, and for a moment there reigned an ominous silence. The hot blood leaped to Oran Delaney's dark face, his black eyes blazed.

"I come of a race that does not brook such words as those," Mr. Rodney replied, proudly, and again there was a short silence.

"Clear yourself of the imputation, then, by proving your innocence," the other retorted.

"My word is my proof," Mr. Delaney replied, proudly, and again there was a short silence.

Mr. Rodney, goaded to madness by his wrongs, raised his head and regarded his foe fixedly.

"I demand the right to search this house. Do you allow it?"

"No!" thundered Mr. Delaney fiercely.

"Then I shall do so without your consent!" exclaimed Mr. Rodney, advancing and attempting to thrust him aside.

Mr. Delaney firmly barred his further progress by placing himself between him and the stairway.

"You dare thwart a wronged and maddened father?" cried Mr. Rodney, in almost maniacal wrath. "You thus bring down doom upon your head! Thus do I avenge poor Aline's wrongs!"

A pistol gleamed in his upraised hand; there was a sharp report, a flash of fire, a cloud of thick smoke. Oran Delaney fell forward on his face and lay there motionless.

### CHAPTER LII.

Mr. Rodney did not pause to see the result of his maddened deed. He threw the smoking pistol far from him, sprang over the body of his prostrate victim, and rushed up the stairs, two at a time, in his eagerness to find his runaway daughter.

At the head of the stairway he found himself in another long, wide hall, richly carpeted and dimly lighted by a large swinging-lamp. On either side stretched a row of closed doors, and as he gazed at them irresolutely, one on the left opened hurriedly, and a woman rushed out and came running down the hall toward him. His heart leaped into his mouth. Could that be Aline?

But as she came quickly up to him he saw that he was mistaken. It was not Aline. It was an old woman in a cap and glasses.

"She ran up to him and caught him quickly by the arm, and then he saw that there had been a mutual mistake, for when she saw his face she recoiled from him in terror.

"My God!" she said. "I thought it was Mr. Delaney! What are you doing here, sir?"

"I am seeking my daughter. Bring her to me, woman," he cried, wildly, catching her by the sleeve as she was about to run away from him.

"You are Mr. Rodney," she said, looking curiously into the strange face with its wild, excited eyes.

"Yes, I am Mr. Rodney," he answered in hoarse, strained accents. "I am the father of the wickedest girl that ever cursed a father's life. Woman, woman, where is my Aline? Bring her here to me, that I may curse her for her sins."

"Oh, Mr. Rodney, she is not here!" cried Mrs. Griffin, regarding his wild, strident visage fearfully.

"It is false. I know that she is here," he thundered at her.

"Oh, sir, you are mistaken. Miss Rodney is not here," she answered. "But I heard the sound of a shot. What was it? My master?"

"Yes, I have murdered your master. He stole my pure darling from me, and now he has paid for the sin with his life. He lies down there in his own hall, shot to the heart by an avenging father," cried Mr. Rodney, with a harsh laugh of satiated hate and revenge.

Mrs. Griffin did not wait to hear another word. She pushed him from her, with a piercing cry of grief and terror, and ran headlong down the stairway. Mr. Rodney, released from her detaining presence, sat about his search for his missing daughter.

Outside, the snow still fell with slow regularity, and the rising wind tossed it into deep treacherous drifts. He dreamed of that while he sought her amid the gloomy splendor of Delaney House his fair and tender Aline

was wandering in all the perils of that winter night. He did not believe the combined assertions of Oran Delaney and his housekeeper that Aline was not in the house.

Where could she be but here? he thought, and in his heart he vowed that if he found her he would kill her, too—the wicked girl who had broken her father's heart and made him a wretched murderer.

In his horror at her sin, he was fast becoming a mono-maniac. The blood upon his hands only whetted his thirst for more. In his madness, it seemed to him that the horror of her sin could only be wiped out in her blood, shed as an expiation.

He had vaguely noticed that the door from whence Mrs. Griffin had issued had been left slightly ajar. Perhaps she was in there, he thought. He would go and see.

He crept softly along the hall toward the door of that room. He vaguely wondered if this was the hidden blue room of Dr. Anthony's story. Would his sight be blasted by the sight of her, his little Aline, who had been the pet and darling of his life, sitting there contentedly in splendid sin, mistress of the vile wretch whom he had slain in his anger?

He crept softly to the door and peered in through the narrow crevice made by the slight opening of the unlatched door. He peered into the room, and it was with difficulty that he repressed a cry of horror. Heavens! Was this a fiend that his straining gaze encountered?

It was a large, splendidly furnished room into which he gazed, all purple and gold, with soft, luxurious couches and chairs, large, fine pictures on the walls, and everything that could please the eye save and except the many little objects of delicate bric-a-brac in which feminine eyes and tastes delight. The room was utterly void of such trifles. It was splendidly, even garishly furnished, but everything was strong and substantial. There was nothing light and airy in the large, lofty apartment, with its large, white lamp swung from the ceiling out of reach, and the glowing fire before which a wire guard had been carefully placed.

But the wire guard had been ruthlessly torn away from the fire now, and the sole inmate of that luxurious room was a creature that might have struck terror to a heart even more desperate than was the lawyer's as he gazed into the room.

"My God, what is it? Can it be a human creature, or is it a fiend from the nether world?" he asked himself.

He might well ask himself the question. The creature on which he gazed was a small, misshapen thing, with such horribly distorted features as caused shudder of loathing to run through Mr. Rodney. The crooked form was clothed with an almost barbaric splendor of apparel—in crimson satin, embroidered in golden thread, while the fire of priceless diamonds flashed from the yellow arms and neck, and upon the tangled braids of coarse, black hair that fell down her back.

She—for he had concluded that it was a woman from the long black hair, and the womanly apparel—had snatched a firebrand from the glowing grate, and was now running about the room, uttering discordant shrieks of fiendish glee, while with a ruthless, vandal hand, she held the flaming brand now here, now there, against the satin hangings and the filmy lace curtains, the lambrequins, the silken fringe of the chair covers, until all became a smoldering mass, through which small jets of lurid flame began to creep wearily.

To Be Continued.

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4271—A PRETTY COAT FOR A CHILD.

The novel little coat here sketched will be found suitable for any season of the year if modeled in appropriate materials. The design is an excellent one for home development, while it is becoming to all little people. The tucked side-front and side-back pieces afford extra warmth to the body portion, while providing for the necessary fullness below the waistline, and the novel plastron arrangement of front and back not only gives a pretty effect but offers scope for attractive ornamentation. Cardinal broadcloth was used for modeling as shown, with fancy braid for trimming, but any suitable wool fabric would be equally suitable, 1½ yards 54 inches wide being needed for the 6-year size.

4271—Seven sizes, 2 to 8 years.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

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.

Address —

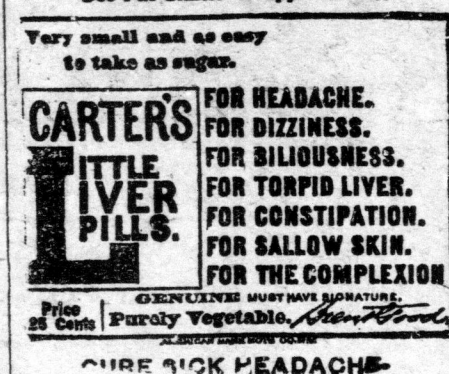
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,

LONDON ADVERTISER.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY, Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE RICK HEADACHE.

and the sole inmate of that luxurious room was a creature that might have struck terror to a heart even more desperate than was the lawyer's as he gazed into the room.

"My God, what is it? Can it be a human creature, or is it a fiend from the nether world?" he asked himself.

He might well ask himself the question. The creature on which he gazed was a small, misshapen thing, with such horribly distorted features as caused shudder of loathing to run through Mr. Rodney. The crooked form was clothed with an almost barbaric splendor of apparel—in crimson satin, embroidered in golden thread, while the fire of priceless diamonds flashed from the yellow arms and neck, and upon the tangled braids of coarse, black hair that fell down her back.

She—for he had concluded that it was a woman from the long black hair, and the womanly apparel—had snatched a firebrand from the glowing grate, and was now running about the room, uttering discordant shrieks of fiendish glee, while with a ruthless, vandal hand, she held the flaming brand now here, now there, against the satin hangings and the filmy lace curtains, the lambrequins, the silken fringe of the chair covers, until all became a smoldering mass, through which small jets of lurid flame began to creep wearily.

To Be Continued.

TWO DEER AT A SHOT.

Pelham, N. H., Dec. 11.—Two deer killed with one shot is the remarkable accomplishment of John Raymond, of this town. Raymond made the shot from concealment, aiming at a 200-pound buck that came within range. He not only brought down the buck, but also killed a 100-pound doe, which the hunter used a shotgun, which is the only weapon allowed here by law.

Crippled With Rheumatism

CURED BY GIN PILLS

Mr. Derragh certainly did have a hard time of it, winter before last. Caught cold, and it settled in his kidneys. First thing he knew, he was in bed with Rheumatism. He nearly went mad, the pain was so intense. The doctors gave him the usual treatment—and pretty nearly burnt his legs off with liniments and blisters—but the Rheumatism went right on aching.

Then a friend stepped in and said, "Why don't you try GIN PILLS?" After a great deal of persuasion, Mr. Derragh did try GIN PILLS. You never saw such a happy man in your life, after he had taken two boxes. Pain all gone—stiffness and lameness completely left—that ache in back and hips disappeared—and he was well in no time. That was two years ago and he has been in perfect health ever since.

Contracted a severe cold. Rheumatism followed and the sharp pains took me so often and were so severe that I had to go to bed. For several months I could get no relief, until I started to take "Gin Pills." In five days I was up and about the house. My pains are gone and I have not had a return of the old trouble since. I wish also to say that "Gin Pills" were the first painless passage of urine I have had in two years.

ROBT. DERRAGH, Winnipeg.

How about you? Haven't you suffered enough without going all over it again this winter? Get Gin Pills now—and cure yourself at home. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Only 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 87

Cure for Drunkenness

Urine Treatment to Be Used at Home Without Publicity or Loss of Time From Business.

The best aid to temperance is something that will strengthen the drunkard's wrecked nervous system and cure his unnatural craving for drink. We believe that any man who really desires to be cured of the liquor habit can cure himself by using Urine. This remarkable treatment has made so many cures that we are glad to let it under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

It is in two forms: No. 1, that can be given secretly, and No. 2, for those who wish to be cured. It is not only the most reliable treatment known, but it is also the most economical, as it costs only \$1 a box, and there is no detention from the usual duties, while if a cure is not effected there is no expense whatever. Mail orders filled on receipt of price, in plain sealed package. Write for free booklet. The Urine Company, Washington, D. C., or C. McCallum & Co.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

## Several Timely Suggestions For Christmas Gifts to Present To Your Lady Friends

What would be more sensible than a WAIST LENGTH OF SOME DAINTY MATERIAL, inclosed in an appropriate gift box to present to a lady friend? We have just what your lady friend will be delighted to receive. Embroidered Wool Taffetas, Brocaded Wool Poplins, Embroidered Albatross, Fancy Plaid Waistings. Prices, including gift box, are, per waist length, from ..... \$2 to \$3.50

Also nice assortment of SILK WAIST LENGTHS, in gift boxes..... \$3.75 to \$5

LADIES' APRONS.—Always a demand for Aprons at this season of the year, and, as usual, we are showing a wide range of exceptionally dainty Tea Aprons. We have them embroidered and trimmed in various pretty ways. The majority are in lawn, but we would like you in particular to see the attractive Aprons in embroidered Swiss muslin, which have a neat little pocket as a useful and decorative feature. The prices are, each ..... 50c to 75c

SILK EMBROIDERED LISLE HOSE, in suitable gift boxes are also favorite gifts. Your lady friends will admire the designs we have on view. Per pair ..... 75c

LADIES' AND GENTS' UMBRELLAS, in a wide variety of handles..... \$1.50 to \$5

## A Handsome Gift for the Baby

We have a lot of the most elegant little Bibs you ever clapped your eyes on. Just the very thing to present the baby on Christmas Day. They are of silk, and charmingly embroidered in several different patterns. A neat silk frill is attached to each bib. Prices are very reasonable. Each ..... 50c and 75c

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

## Unique and Attractive CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Special attention has been given to the selection of our varied and novel collection of Christmas goods. Unusual styles and artistic effects have been particularly sought after, and we can now offer an assortment of interesting and beautiful goods, personally selected in the English, Belgian, German and French markets.

### German Art Pottery

Reproduction of antique Egyptian pottery for which the German artists are so justly famous.

JARDINIERES, VASES, LAMPS, URNS, and ODD-SHAPED ORNAMENTS. The prices are particularly low, ranging from 35c to \$3.50.

### French Silk Embroidery

A small but wonderfully beautiful collection of the finest examples of French art needlework, showing specially the fine ribbon work for which the French artists are noted. EMBROIDERY PURSES, CUSHION COVERS, AND OPERA BAGS.

### Antwerp Brass

A very large assortment of Candelsticks in odd shapes; Bowls, Jardinières, Kettles, Jugs, Steins and Vases at all prices.

Antwerp Brass is a new feature in the Canadian market and is remarkable for the fine finish, the style and the comparatively low price at which the various articles are sold.

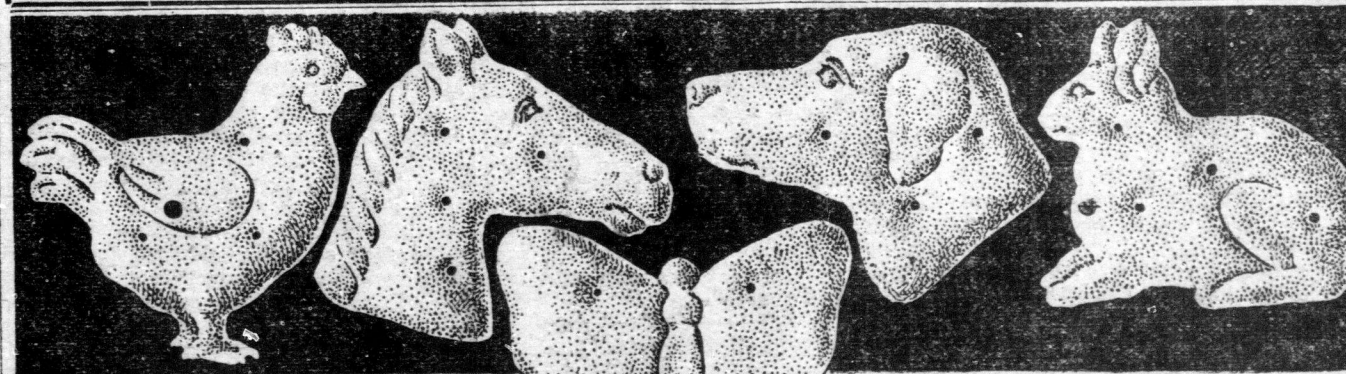
### Beidermeier Glass Steins

The new German art in glass decoration, an attractive novelty for the dining-room or plate rail, each \$2.00 and \$2.50.

### Bohemian Carved Horn Pipes

A decorative as well as useful article. Very attractive for den decoration, each \$1.00 to \$4.00.

## A. SCREATION & CO.



### Animal Biscuits

[ZOOLOGICAL]

The "little tots" will amuse themselves by the hour with a few handfuls of Perrin's Animal Biscuits. A regular zoo—and a natural history education—

for the outlay of a few cents. Thirteen different varieties. About 155 biscuits to the pound. Order from your grocer to-day.

### Perrin's Biscuits

"Just a little better than the rest."

## Sacrifice of Pianos

ONLY FIVE MORE DAYS.

We must make room for our Christmas stock. If you have been waiting for a piano bargain this is the golden opportunity. The first to buy will, undoubtedly, get the best bargain. Every piano has our five-year guarantee.

Regular Price.	Sold At.
\$350—Williams, used one year, and exchanged for New Scale.....	\$185
\$350—Krydner, had been rented about 5 months	\$235
\$400—New Scale Williams, new.....	\$325
\$500—New Scale Williams, used one year and exchanged for our best piano.....	\$320
\$450—New Scale Williams, new.....	\$335
\$500—New Scale Williams, new.....	\$345
\$550—New Scale Williams, new.....	\$375

TERMS TO SUIT THE PURCHASER.

The Williams Piano Co., Ltd.  
247 DUNDAS ST. H. P. BULL, Mgr.