

## THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

"I wonder how many engagements these flirtations at the locks have been accountable for?" said Pat, sentimentally, to Kate, as he handed her into his boat and took the oars.

"I'm sure I don't know," retorted Kate, and a pretty flush dyed her cheek; though, to be sure, it might only have been the sun shining through her red sunshade. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I'd like one more to be added to the number," said Ryan, audaciously; whereat Kate blushed again, and was spared the trouble of answering by Bubbles telling the Irishman to push off, and not talk so much. Pat consented with an ill grace; for, versed as he was in affairs of the heart, he saw that Kate knew his feelings and responded to them.

Kate and Carmela sat in the stern of the boat; the former steering, while Carmela sat idly gazing at the gay throng on the river, her thoughts far away with Ronald Monteith.

They passed Temple Court, embowered among trees, had to take their turn in entering the lock, which gave Pat and Bubbles lots of opportunity to converse and chaff their friends. Indeed, it was really wonderful how many people these young men knew, and even Carmela smiled as she heard Pat's witty tongue running riot.

At last they got into the lock, Bubbles skilfully piloting them; and, as the boat sank rapidly to the lower reach, several ladies in other boats shrieked, but were pacified when the water ceased to fall.

"Begad, they're as bad as banshees!" said Pat; whereon he was once more told to hold his tongue by Bubbles, who was captain, and soon they were out again on the broad river, with the roar of the weir in their ears.

"An' would ye like to tow down?" asked Pat, persuasively, of Kate. But that young lady declined on the plea of heat, so Pat had to give up his idea of a flirtation on the towing-path, and work hard instead.

"There's Bisham!" said Bubbles, as they passed the gray old abbey. "Where Shelley wrote his 'Revolt of Islam' floating in a boat under the beeches."

"Begad, I hope he had a lady with him!" said Pat, gayly; "there's nothing stars' imagination like a pretty girl."

"Your imagination is quite vivid enough already," said Carmela.

"There's Marlow Church and Marlow Bridge," observed Bubbles, still in the character of guide-book.

Where the barges ate puppy pie," put in Ryan; "but here we are at Shaw's—shall we go on shore or stop in the boat?"

Both ladies preferred to go on shore, so, after making the boat fast among all the other crafts, Pat and Bubbles put on their coats, and handed the ladies out. Sir Mark's boat was nowhere to be seen, whereupon Pat proposed to go over to the Anglers' Hotel, and see what was doing there.

"I believe you want to drink," said Kate, severely, as they walked over the bridge.

"And small shame to me," retorted the undaunted Pat; "haven't I rowed ye down under a blazing sun?"

"I suppose you must be rewarded," said Carmela, with a smile; so Pat and Bubbles, nothing loth, went into the quaint inn, which bears the sign

of the Anglers, and had two tankards of foaming beer.

"Xerxes wanted a new pleasure," said Bubbles, when he had finished. "I'd have given him a thirsty day on the river with a pot of beer handy."

Pat laughed at this, and they went out to join the ladies, who were seated under one of the big trees, talking to two men.

"Hullo!" said Bubbles; "where did these Johnnies spring from?" But Pat did not hear him, as he was running toward the taller of the two, and was soon shaking him heartily by the hand.

"My dear Ronald," he said, eagerly, "how are ye? I'm glad to have a look at ye again, and Foster, too. Oh, we are a happy family."

But neither Carmela nor Ronald looked very happy.

Pat introduced Bubbles, who speedily made himself at home, and both Foster and Ronald declining Mr. Ryan's hospitable invitation to drink, they all went over the bridge again to see the races.

A bright day, a gayly dressed crowd, the broad, blue river crowded with crafts, and the green country, and picturesque red-roofed houses on either side—nothing could be more delightful. Pat, Bubbles, and Foster, all ardent boating-men, shouted vociferously as the boats went shooting up the stream, their oars flashing in the sunlight.

And the cheers that rang through the air when the winning crew won by a boat's length were as hearty for the losers as for the victors.

Ronald, however, looked grave and haggard as he stood by Carmela's side watching the races. He kept glancing at her face, and saw that she, too, was pale and thin; while everyone else was bright and gay, enjoying the animated scene, only those two unhappy lovers were brooding over their sorrows.

"She could not have committed such a crime," thought Ronald, his eyes fixed absently on the bright waters.

"He can never believe that I am marrying my cousin willingly," she thought with a sigh; "he must know that it's to save my sister."

"I had your letter," said Ronald, in a low whisper, in her ear.

"And you understood my reason?" she asked though her lips grew white.

He bowed, thinking she alluded to her crime.

"Is it true?" he asked, huskily.

"Yes; God forgive me, it is," she replied, thinking he was referring to her sister's sin.

Ronald gave a shudder, and turned away as white as a sheet.

"From her own lips," he muttered; "it is impossible; I'll ask her again."

Ah, me, how often cross-purposes mar our lives!

After that the party went down to the boats to luncheon, and Sir Mark, delighted to see the young men, asked them to dinner.

"We dine at seven," he said, hospitably, "where are you stopping?"

"The Crown Hotel," replied Foster. "Then you'll come and dine with me to-night?" said Sir Mark.

"Yes," answered Ronald, eagerly, for he thought he then could speak freely to Carmela, "we shall be delighted."

Foster saw what his friend wanted, so gladly accepted the invitation, the more so, as he felt a decided im-

elination to improve his acquaintance with Miss Trevor, whose bright eyes had made an impression on his heart.

Ronald had no more speech with Carmela that day, and kept aloof from her, a fact she attributed to his knowledge of her engagement with Vassalla. The rest of the afternoon passed rapidly, and though there was to be a procession of illuminated boats that night, the Bellfield party said they would go home, and departed up the river in the gathering shadows, Sir Mark's cheery voice being the last heard. "Seven o'clock, my boys!" he sang out, "not a minute later."

### CHAPTER XXII.

Ronald and Foster went up to the Crown Hotel, which is at the top of the principal street in Marlow, from which point two streets branch off to right and left, one leading to Little Marlow, the other to the village of Medmenham. A quaint, battered, old obelisk of stone, surrounded by an iron railing, stands in what is called the Market Place, and serves as a sign-post. The hotel itself, with its archway in the middle, which divides it into two parts, was mostly occupied with boating-men, in their picturesque flannels, and as the young fellows went upstairs to dress, they saw the bar crowded with thirsty souls.

Ronald was ready first, and putting a light coat over his evening dress, went down to order a dog-cart to take them to Hurley, and then amused himself by observing the different people with which the place was thronged. Getting tired of this, he strolled through the dining-room to the quaint garden at the back, with the red-brick walls, all softened by time and covered with peach-trees.

"It's like the song," said Ronald, looking at all the harmonious tints, softened under the fading twilight of the sky, and he commenced to hum Hope Temple's song, "The Old Garden," when he heard Foster calling him, and found that gentleman waiting for him in the dog-cart.

"Jump up, my boy," said Mr. Foster; "we've no time to lose. It's past six now."

"All right," replied Ronald, pulling out his pipe; "wait till I light up." And having done so, he sprang up to the side of his companion, and they were soon spinning down the High Street of Marlow.

"I know the way," said Foster, "so I'll drive."

Ronald nodded by way of response as they went over the bridge, and they saw the river, dim and fantastic-looking below, while the lights were twinkling in the windows of houses, and the air was full of floating shadows. In front arose the great mass of Quarry Woods, with here and there a tall tree standing out sharply against the clear glow of the sky. An owl hooted in the distance, and then there came the deep sound of dog's bark, as the two young men drove swiftly along.

"Did you speak to Miss Cotoner to-day?" asked Foster, after a pause.

"I did not—exactly," said Ronald, hesitatingly, taking the pipe out of his mouth; "but she asked me if I knew the reason she was marrying her cousin. I said yes, and asked was it true?"

"And her answer?"

"Was 'God help me, it is true!'"

"Hump!" said Foster, thoughtfully, "she might not have been referring to your thought that she killed Verchoyle, but to her own, that she marries him to shield her sister."

"Then you think she is innocent?" cried Ronald, eagerly.

"I don't know," replied Foster, "but I would certainly give her the benefit of the doubt rather than condemn her unheard."

"Condemn her!" echoed Ronald, bitterly; "God knows I'd give my life to prove her innocent."

"It won't be required of you, dear boy," retorted Foster, coolly, "the whole affair seems to be a deuced muddle, and it's my opinion that Vassalla is at the bottom of it; however, we'll see what success you meet with to-night."

Ronald did not answer, but, gripping his pipe hard with his lips, puffed away fiercely. They drove through the village of Bisham, up the long hill and down through the Temple Park, each absorbed in his own thoughts, until they found themselves in front of Bellfield, where a groom was waiting at the gate to take charge of the horse.

The two young men alighted and entered the house, where they were welcomed by Sir Mark, who they had removed their cloaks, and went to the smoking-room, where, by name, Hammond, were assembled.

The ladies were not yet in the draw-

ing-room, so the hospitable baronet proposed a glass of sherry and bitters, which was accepted by all the young men, and then they began to talk about the day's regatta until the servant announced the arrival of the Bishop of Patagonia, his wife, and Mrs. Pellypop.

The most stately thing in the world is, undoubtedly, a swan, the next a bishop; and when the worthy churchman walked in, tall and dignified, no one would have thought how he quailed before his mother-in-law. But such is the superior force of women that they can subdue even the haughtiest natures to their yoke—if they go the right way about it.

My Lord Bishop was very affable and very condescending, and when they went to join the ladies in the drawing-room, Pat pronounced him a good sort; and he, whose experience was extensive, knew a good sort when he saw one.

Mrs. Pellypop, tall and majestic, in black velvet and lace; Mrs. Bishop, timid and nervous, hid herself under the matrimonial wing; and all the ladies looked even more charming in evening dress than during the day. At the sound of the gong, Sir Mark gave his arm to Mrs. Pellypop; he ought to have done so to the Bishop's lady, but then, Mrs. Pellypop always insisted on going first. The Bishop escorted Miss Trevor as the hostess, and Ronald found himself walking by Carmela.

They spoke very little to one another, Carmela talking principally to Bubbles, who sat beside her, and Ronald listening to the talk of a young lady next to him, who was a Girton girl, and thought she knew everything, whereas she knew nothing—not even what a bore she was. Ronald thought the dinner was interminable; but it came to an end, as all things must, and the ladies followed Bell out of the room. The gentlemen, left to themselves, waxed merry over their wine; but were restrained from transgression by the presence of the Bishop, which that astute prelate quickly perceived, and left the room, followed by Sir Mark. Truth to tell, both gentlemen were anxious to escape in order to discuss a high church question then vexing the land.

"Mr. Ryan," said Sir Mark, as he left the room, "you can look after my guests."

"Faith, I will," cried Pat, taking the host's chair; "now then, boys, fill up, and no heel taps. Ronald, my boy, you're like a death's head; pass the claret, and don't be bringing your Egyptian mummies to the feast."

Under the influence of Pat, everyone woke up and the wine was circulated, and also several stories the morality of which was doubtful. After they had had enough wine, all the gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room, where they found the Girton girl, at the piano, wailing out the last new sentimental ballad, called "Columbine," which was very milk-and-watery, but useful in keeping the conversation going.

Then Mrs. Bishop tickled the piano in a mild, clerical way, playing "The Maiden's Prayer," as taught to her by Mrs. Pellypop, who learned it in her youth, somewhere about the reign of George III. Carmela was asked to sing, but refused, whereupon Pat sat down and sang, "I love a lubly gal," the melody of which brought all sorts of memories to Ronald's heart, as he remembered the days on board the "Neptune." He looked at Carmela, but saw she had arisen from her seat, and had gone out into the moonlight. Ronald sprang to his feet, and, snatching up a light cloak, ran out to place it on her shoulders.

"You will catch cold, Miss Cotoner," he said, politely placing it round her.

Carmela accepted his attention passively, and they walked in silence round the house, until they came to the lawn. A ruddy glare of light blazed across it, which proceeded through the open door of the smoking-room, and it looked so warm and comfortable that they both moved simultaneously toward it, and stepped in.

"It will be warmer here," said Ronald, ceremoniously removing the cloak from his companion's shoulders, while she knelt in front of the fire, and spread out her hands to the blaze. The Australian leaned against the mantelpiece, tall and stately, and looked sadly at the girl at his feet.

"Yes," replied Carmela, slowly; "it will be—why do you speak to me so coldly?" she asked, suddenly.

"How would you have me speak?" he said, bitterly; "you cannot expect me to say much to another man's promised wife."

This was brutal—she arose to her feet.

"I did not expect that from you," she said. "You are unjust I am forced into this."

To be Continued.

## FADING AWAY.

THE CONDITION OF YOUNG GIRLS WHO ARE ANAEMIC.

This Record is of Especial Value to Parents—It is a Message from a Mother to Mothers of Growing Girls.

Among the young girls throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Hattie Althouse, of Campden, Ont. When a representative called at the Althouse homestead to make enquiries as to the particulars of the cure, he was cordially received by Mrs. Althouse, who readily consented to give a statement for publication. "Up to the age of fourteen years," said Mrs. Althouse, "my daughter Hattie had always enjoyed the best of health. Then she began to complain of weakness, and grew pale and languid. We tried several medicines, but instead of helping her, she was steadily growing worse, and we became alarmed and called in a doctor. He told us that her blood was in a very watery condition, and that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. She was under his care for several months, but still kept growing worse. She had become very pale, had no appetite, frequent headaches, and after even slight exertion her heart would palpitate violently. As time passed, she seemed to grow worse and worse, until at last she could scarcely move about, and would lie upon a sofa most of the day. At this juncture she had occasional fainting fits, and any fright, as from a sudden noise, would bring on slight attacks of hysteria. Both my husband and myself feared that she would not live more than a few months. It was while Hattie was in this condition that I read an account of a girl cured of a similar ailment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then I decided that Hattie should give them a trial, and procured three boxes; when she had used them there was an undoubted improvement in her condition, and we felt hopeful that she would regain her health. She continued using the pills, and from that on daily made progress toward complete recovery. Her appetite returned; color began to come back to her face, headaches disappeared, and in the course of a few months she was as well as ever she had been in her life. It is now more than two years since she discontinued the use of the pills, and in all that time has enjoyed the best of health, with absolutely no return of the trouble. I can scarcely say how grateful we feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and I would strongly urge mothers whose daughters may be ailing to give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and not experiment with other medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and thus reach the root of the disease. In the case of girls merging into womanhood they are almost indispensable, and their use is a guarantee of future health and strength. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this medicine and should be avoided. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### CARIBOU IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Great Abundance of This Game in the Barrens of the Interior.

A party of American hunters have recently returned to Bangor, Maine, from Newfoundland, where for three weeks they have been killing caribou. They saw fully 1,000 caribou while they were in the island, and brought home twenty-one heads. One of the hunters said:

"People who have never been in Newfoundland can have no idea of the abundance of caribou there. There are few moose or deer, although bears are numerous in some places. The great caribou barrens are in the far interior of the island, and so numerous are the animals that there is nothing to prevent a good shot with a long-carrying rifle from killing all that the law allows. Every spring and fall the caribou travel over the barrens, following their leads or paths with great regularity. The hunter simply lies in wait, along the line of the lead, and waits for the procession to come up."

"Caribou are very nervous and quick to take alarm, so that it is impossible to get nearer than 100 yards, and often one cannot approach closer than 300 to 500 yards. On this account it is necessary to have a rifle that will carry far and shoot true. All the shooting was done within a mile of camp. Many American sportsmen are now in Newfoundland, and the number going from this country is increasing every year."

## HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

A severe case of Chronic Asthma, which would yield to no other treatment cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

The symptoms of asthma are keenly distressing and are not easily confused with those of any other ailment. The victim is suddenly aroused by an intense anguish in the chest, the breathing is accompanied by a loud wheezing, the face becomes flushed, and bathed in perspiration; he gasps for air, believing that each moment may be his last. After these paroxysms, which may last for hours, the patient usually falls asleep to arise next day weak, languid and debilitated.

Dr. Chase's treatment for asthma consists in the combined use of two of his remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Asthma is a nervous disease and the attacks are brought on by some irritation of the nerves along the air passages. These nerves are soothed and quieted and immediate relief afforded to the patient by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. In fact asthma is frequently thoroughly cured by the use of this remedy alone, as is evidenced by the testimonial quoted below.

In most cases, however, it is found advisable to combine the two remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The former as a local treatment acting directly on the bronchial tubes and air passages, and the latter as a nerve restorative to build up and strengthen the whole nervous system. It is confidently believed there is no treatment extant that is so perfectly successful in the cure of asthma as the combined use of these two great remedies.

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it, and it cured me. I am thankful to-day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's family remedies are for sale at all dealers, or from Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.