

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE; OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd)

Patrician in every fibre, Dorothy's whole nature was jarred by this embodiment of vulgarity, and the strange, sinister look which flashed occasionally from his glittering black eyes, seemed to warn her that not only was the parvenu objectionable, but he could be dangerous, also.

"Thank you," she replied, coldly. "I will not trespass on your kindness, Mr. Crawshaw. My cousin, or one of the grooms, will satisfy me, I know."

Crawshaw's brow contracted, and the smile turned to an ugly expression, but he said nothing; and Miss Leicester, feeling an irrepressible sensation of satisfaction in that she had snubbed him, turned again to Lord Merefield, and to his intense delight, entered into a brisk conversation.

"I should hate to let that man do anything for me or for Nancy," she thought to herself. "I should have a horror that, instead of doing her good, Dr. Knowles would make her worse, if Mr. Crawshaw went to fetch him. How I wish he would go home! I can't bear to see his swarthy face and black eyes about the place. I feel sometimes as if I could strike him, when I see him patronizing dear old dad in the horrible way he does. What on earth has come over Aunt Anne that she should be so civil to him. Brute! I suppose I am very unladylike; but I can't help it if I am."

And having arrived at this conclusion, Dorothy arose from the table.

"You will excuse me, Aunt Anne; I am going into the grounds to ask Murdock to cut me some grapes for Nancy. Come along, Merefield, I want you."

Mr. Crawshaw looked across to Mrs. Darnley as they were alone.

"Miss Leicester don't exactly cotton to me yet," he said, with a sneer.

Mrs. Darnley gave a shiver at the words and tone, but made no reply.

"However," continued the millionaire, as he poured out a strong dose of brandy and water, "that don't trouble me much. I can do without her. Perhaps she'll be a little more civil to me in the future."

He laughed a hard, triumphant laugh as he spoke.

"You have succeeded admirably," Mrs. Darnley's voice was soft, and now she rose from her seat and moved to the open window, with her usual haughty air.

"I suppose you do not intend to risk any delay or—"

"Or, don't be feared, your son is safe!" sneered Crawshaw. "His reign is over, for good and all, and I don't mean to delay any longer than I like."

Mrs. Darnley was silent for a moment.

"You gave her the letter?" she asked, hurriedly, after a pause.

Crawshaw nodded and smiled once again.

"That was a clever thought of yours," he said, coolly. "Pon my word, you're a born conspirator!"

Mrs. Darnley's handsome face flushed; she bit her lips, and looked out of the window. Then, as if a sudden and unpleasant thought had just come, she turned to him.

"What if she should go up to town, and—"

Crawshaw strolled across to her, his hands plunged deep in his pockets.

"She can go, if she likes; she won't get no satisfaction from her journey."

"You mean?"

"I mean that by this time Mr. Henry Chaplin and his wife are well on their way to Australia at my expense, bad luck to him!"

"To such love as yours, what matters a few pounds more or less?" observed Mrs. Darnley, sneering in her turn now, and with that she stepped out on to the terrace and sailed majestically away.

Crawshaw muttered something, then lounging through the window, went off to the stables. He felt more at home there than in the house, and he could pose as a great man over the grooms, who a few weeks before would have barely

considered him an equal but who now bore with his rough, brutal ways with patience and equanimity, though, perhaps, Mr. Crawshaw would have been not very well pleased—and amazed—if he had heard a few of the remarks passed on him when he had safely disappeared.

"I shall take these up to Nancy," Dorothy said, as she retraced her steps, bearing a huge bunch of exquisite grapes—a trophy of her brisk encounter with Mr. Murdock—"and then I can come down and tell you if I want you to go for Dr. Knowles, Merefield. You will wait for me here."

Where and when would not Lord Merefield have waited for his cousin? He was overwhelmed with his good fortune, and felt almost inclined to bless poor Nancy's illness, for Dorothy had rarely been so sweet to him before.

"If Aunt Anne asks for me, say that you don't know where I am," she commanded, as she moved away. "Thank Heaven," she commended with herself, "Derry returns to-night. I am always afraid of Aunt Anne when he is not here!"

She smiled to herself as she went up the broad, old-fashioned staircase, and then the smile died away as she came to Nancy's door and knocked at it softly. There was no sound from inside, and putting her hand on the knob, she turned it slowly and gently, only to find that the key must have been turned in the lock, for the door would not yield.

Her first feeling was one of alarm, her second one of pain. Nancy had never barred herself from her in this way before. Dorothy's loving heart was vaguely hurt, and altogether there was something strange about the whole affair which she could not understand.

As she stood there hesitating, her maid came out of an adjoining room.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dorothy," she said, in a whisper, "but I fancied Miss Hamilton have dropped off to sleep. She said as how I was to give you her love, and say she should try and get a hour's rest if she could."

"Oh, very well Baines; see that there is no noise made outside the door. I do not want her to be disturbed," and Dorothy, giving the grapes to the maid; turned and retraced her steps slowly.

Something very like a tear grew in each eye. She had become so linked to Nancy—their simple lives had been drawn so close together during the last few months—that she felt strangely rebuffed and sorrowful at the first break in their affectionate intercourse.

"I know I don't know anything about nursing as she does," she said to herself, "but I—I think I could have done some little thing for her if she would only let me go in."

Then, as she went downstairs, she cleared the shade from her brow, and brushed any reproachful thought from her heart.

"She does it because she knows I would fret if I saw her ill; and, after all, she is best asleep, dear Nancy. She will probably be quite her old self to-night."

If Dorothy could have penetrated the thickness of the door that divided her from her friend, the feeling of anxiety and pain she had suffered at the bare suggestion of illness would have been intensified beyond all description.

Nancy was not asleep; she was not even on the dainty, white-hung bed where of late she had passed such happy nights, visited by girlish, joyous dreams.

She was sitting on a low chair, her red-brown tresses strewn in rough disorder on her shoulders, her two small, cold, trembling hands supporting her aching head; her two large, lustrous eyes fixed on the carpet at her feet with an expression so strained, so unnatural, that at one glimpse the bluntest intelligence might have read the despairing agony that crowded her breast.

Sir Humphrey's good-natured face wore an expression of vexation so new to it that Dorothy, twining her arm in his, and her mind freed from further care on Nancy's account, determined to know what it meant.

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How she struggled from the rose garden to the safe haven of her own room Nancy never knew. She hoped to have escaped detection, more especially from Dorothy's loving eyes; but to her sorrow that was not to be.

The first free moment she had from Mrs. Darnley's strangely persistent claims on her courtesy; Dorothy flew up to Nancy's room, and arrived just in time to see our poor heroine stagger, rather than walk, up the stairs, with her white, fixed face, and horror-stricken eyes.

Her dismay, as we know, was more than great; and Nancy had to curb her agony to try and soothe the golden-haired girl, who had never seemed so dear to her as now, in this, the most supreme sorrow of her young life.

But once Dorothy was gone, and the key was turned securely in the lock, Nancy had no further need of restraint, and with one broken moan she flung herself into the low chair, trying in vain to still the pain in her burning throat and temples, and to steel herself for the night and Darnley's return.

Derry! Ah, what a world of misery was written in that word!

"Thou hadst thy short sweet fill of half-blown joy."

The line rushed to her mind. Sweet, indeed, indeed it had been, and short! Born for one day, and killed the next!

Why had she ever known that he cared for her? Why had she not been left in ignorance? To have known the exquisite joy that his passionate vows, his tender kisses, had awakened, and to realize she must lose them now was an anguish immeasurable.

At one time she felt with a wild, tumultuous throb, that the task was too great, that she could not carry the sacrifice out; then her uncle's pale, worn face flashed to her mind, the memory of all he did for her returned to clamour in her ears; and Crawshaw's cruel black eyes shone before her, speaking only too plainly that he would give no mercy, and that on her, and her alone, the verdict rested. And then another vision would rise; a stern, handsome face, whose lips melted into a smile of tenderness, whose deep-gray orbs gazed into hers as though to search into her very heart itself. Ah! how dear that vision was—how inexpressibly dear—graven on her soul for ever! It was her lover's countenance; her hero—her ideal—hers!—no, no; he was hers no longer; she must shut out the memory of those eyes, she must wipe away the image from her heart—henceforth he was nothing to her—she belonged to another.

A shuddering sigh broke from her poor, pale lips, a wan smile played for an instant over them.

"But Dorothy loves him; I—I shall have saved her pain, whatever comes; that must be my comfort."

Then the pent-up agony broke at last—she flung out her arms with a gesture of desperation.

"Oh, Derry, Derry! My darling!—my darling! I cannot let you go. I shall die if I lose you now!"

The words sank away into a moan, and, crouching on the floor beside her bed, Nancy hid her face on the silken quilt, and wept such tears as had never come to her eyes before, even though all her early share of life's sorrows; tears that sprang from a broken heart; a heart brave, strong, noble, yet crushed beneath the burden that had fallen upon it.

LUCID EVIDENCE.

It was a case of assault, and the down-trodden wife was laying her grievances before the magistrate.

"He started by giving me a 'bif on the nut,'" she explained.

"My good woman," rebuked the magistrate, "you mustn't talk like that here. I suppose you mean he gave you a blow upon the head?"

"Yus, yer worship, and then he tried to 'do me in' by chucking his bacey box at me."

"By which I presume you mean he tried to injure you by precipitating his box of tobacco at you. Pray do try and avoid slang; and inform the Court what other injuries he inflicted upon you."

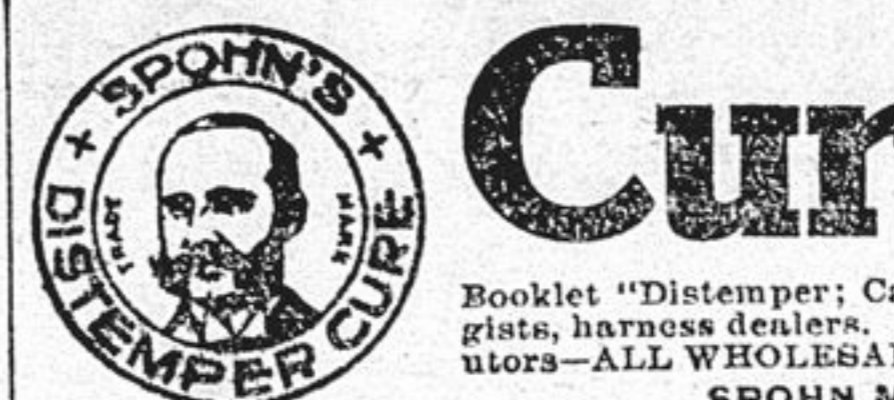
"Well, then, he—er—he," began the witness.

"Come along; don't waste the time of the Court."

"Er—excuse me, yer worship, I was wondering what was your favorite name for a 'swipe across the jaw!'"

The morn, look you, furthers a man on his road, and furthers him, too, in his work.—Hesiod.

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"It is nothing, my darling," her father replied, hastily, but that did not exactly please Dorothy.

"You don't look like that for nothing, dad," she observed; "quick, before the others come!"

"Well," Sir Humphrey said, slowly, "I have been a trifle ashamed and disgusted, that is all!"

"You!" Dorothy's tone was pride itself. "You ashamed, daddy!"

"I was in the stable yard just now; I rode Cherry in there to save Foster the bother of coming to fetch her at the steps, and I arrived just in time to see Mr. Crawshaw behave like the brute he must be; he had chained his collic up all this long, hot day. Foster tells me he has been itching to let the poor beast go, and then, because she happened to jump at him, to welcome him, no doubt, he kicked her so severely, and so savagely, that I am much afraid it will be all over with her."

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING REPORT.

Published elsewhere in this issue is the Annual Report for the past year of the Board of Directors of the Canada Cement Company, as read by the President, to the Shareholders, at the Annual Meeting held in Montreal on the 21st of February.

The frank statement of the policy and the general attitude of fairness evidenced by this address, are such as to warrant more than passing comment. Any lay member of the community reading the Report must surely feel disposed to echo the hope expressed by the President, that the increased demand and increased output in the year to come will result in further savings in the cost of manufacture; and it further cannot be but felt by the public at large that any such reductions that may be obtained will, according to the broad-minded policy of the Company, be used as an advantage to the customers of the Company—the concern depending for their profits upon increasing volume of business.

Especially interesting is the statement that the policy of the Company is such as to tend towards equalization of the price of cement throughout Canada so far as possible.

Another noteworthy feature of the Report is the provision made for employes to become possessors of stock. This is, as pointed out, a policy already in force in some of the largest institutions, and shows that the Canada Cement Company are quick to appreciate any means of stimulating interest and confidence upon the part of the staff.

The strong financial position of the company is a well known fact, and all that is necessary to ensure the continued success of the concern is continued prosperity of the country, together with an increased realization of the importance and economy of cement as a building material.

STAYS THE SAME SIZE.

This is followed by weeks when it grows, the pituitary body is only active by fits. When the unknown secretion is too plentiful in adults it causes unusual stoutness, but in the young who have not yet finished their growth an abnormal growth or gigantism results. Science therefore holds out the hope that people may not only be able to regulate their height, but beauty doctors may be able to work on strictly scientific principles.

"If a lady, for instance, did not think that her nose was symmetrical a doctor could bring it to the shape required by means of a pituitary sandwich. In fact, the plainest people might be made beautiful."

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PEOPLE ARE MADE BEAUTIFUL

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Secret of Growth Said to be Located in Pituitary Body at Base of Skull.

Once more has a writer of romances anticipated the scientist. H. G. Wells' "Food for Gods," which produced a race of giants, seems to be in a fair way to be realized, according to Prof. Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, whose recent lecture on the fossil remains of man attracted much attention. In a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, the professor encouraged the belief that the secret of growth had been discovered.

"So far," he said, "we have only unlocked the door of the unknown. We do not know exactly what the room will contain when we enter it, but we think that when we have done that we shall have the means of regulating

THE SIZE AND STATURE of the body at will. Modern research has proved that the growth of a giant is due to a diseased condition. Recent discoveries relating to the cause of gigantism have shown that the key to the growth was found in what was called a pituitary body at the base of the skull. It is a little thing which would not fill a tea spoon. It is smaller than a grape and yet we know it to be a thing of very great importance. It was discovered by a French physician, Pierre Mare, who found also that in cases of abnormal growth this small body had enlarged. He jumped at the idea that it must secrete something which somehow affected the growth of the body.

"Now it has been found that in the pituitary gland are secreted a number of liquor substances which are deposited in the blood. Possibly at a future date scientists may be able to extract that one unknown essential substance and by feeding the subject with it be able to make the growth go on continuously. Now normal growth occurs in stages. There are weeks when a child

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