BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful, White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc., Etc. ······

of 4,000 tons burden, but had only ac-

commodation for ten first-class pas-

sengers and fifty in the steerage. What

pleased me better still, she would only

When I paid at the counter for my

Having made my way back to Char-

to take its place. I pictured the state

should be well out of it by that time.

I could imagine the newsboys running

about the streets with cries of

"Another 'orrible murder! A million-

aire the victim." I seemed to see the

boards stuck before shop doors with

could realize the consternation of the

town, when it awoke to find the

mysterious assassin still at work in

its midst. Then would follow the in-

quest. The porter at the Monolith

Club would be called upon to give evi-

dence, and would affirm that he had

seen the deceased gentleman step in-

to a smart hansom, driven by a cab-

man dressed in an oilskin cap, and a

sou'wester, and would probably re-

member having noticed that the cab-

by was a gruff fellow with a bushy

black beard. The next witnesses

would be the finders of the body, and

after that the same verdict would be

returned-"Wilful murder against

some person or persons unknown"-

Leaving Clapham Junction behind

then across Putney Heath,

To while away the time I went out

of the station again and explored the

deserted streets, passing houses in

which the owners still lay fast asleep,

little dreaming of the miserable man

row. The leaden hand of despair was

pressing hard upon my heart, and

when I looked at the rows of trim,

side of me, and thought of the gulf

self, I groaned aloud in abject misery.

At five minutes to the hour I re-

turned to the station, and just as I

reached it, punctual almost to the

tick of the clock, the train made its

appearance round the bend of the line.

With the solitary exception of an old

man I was the only passenger from

this station; and, as soon as I had

discovered an empty third-class com-

partment, I got in and stowed myself

the same ghastly headline, and

(Continued from last week)

this fuss you might have hung yourself, to say nothing of implicating me. To-morrow morning I will let you know what is best to be done. In the

call at Teneriffe on the way. The steerage fare was fifteen pounds, and it was by this class I determined to meantime, remain indoors, feign ill travel. My mind once made up, the health, and don't see any strangers on next thing to decide was how to any pretext whatever." reach Southampton without incurring He stood at the corner of the Square, suspicion. To catch the boat this could and watched me till I had turned the only be done by rail, and to further corner, as cool and diabolical a figure increase my store of knowledge I had as the Author of all Evil himself. I again to borrow from the proprietor only looked back once, and then walkof the restaurant. From the time table ed briskly on until I reached Piccadily he lent me I found that a train left Circus, where I halted and gazed Waterloo every morning at six o'clock, about me in a sort of dim confused which would get me to the docks bewonderment at my position. What a fore nine o'clock, thus allowing variety of events had occurred since two full hours in which to make my the previous night, when I had stood preparations and to get on board in in the same place, and had heard the comfortable time; that is, supposing policeman's whistle sound from she sailed at the hour stated. But 1 Jermyn Street, in proclamation of the had still three hours to put in London second mysterious murder! How little before the train would start, and how I had then thought that within twento occupy them without running any ty-four hours I should be in the same risk I could not tell. It was quite imperil as the murderer of the man . possible for me to remain where I had seen lying under the light of the was, and yet to go out and walk about policeman's lantern! Perhaps even at the streets would be dangerous in the this moment Bartrand's body had extreme. In that time Nikola might been discovered, and a hue and cry get hold of me again, and I believe I was on foot for the man who had done dreaded that more than even falling the deed. With this thought in my into the clutches of the law. Suddenly mind, a greater terror than I had yet I was struck by what seemed a splenfelt came over me, and I set off as did idea. What if I walked out of Lonhard as I could go down a bye-street don to some station along the line into Trafalgar Square, thence by way where the train would pick me up? In of Northumberland Avenue on to the that case no one would be able to re-Embankment. Once there I leant upon member seeing me start from Waterthe coping and looked down at the loo, and I should be believed to be dark water slipping along so silently still in London. The thought was no on its way to the sea. Here was my sooner born in my brain than I picked chance if only I had the pluck to up my hat and prepared to be off. avail myself of it. Life had now no hope left for me. Why should I not meal, and also for the note paper with throw myself over, and so escape the which the proprietor had obliged me, fate that must inevitably await me I strode out of the restaurant and if I lived? One moment's courage, a down the street into the Strand again. little struggling in the icy water, a Surbiton, I reflected, was twelve miles last choking cry, and then it would all from Waterloo, and, besides being be over and done with, and those who quiet, it was also one of the places at had the misfortune to call themselves which I had noticed that the train my kinsmen would be spared the morwas advertised to call. I had almost tification of seeing me standing in a three hours before me in which to do felon's dock. I craned my neck still the distance, and if I walked at the further over the side, and looked at rate of five miles an hour it was evithe blocks of ice as they went by, dent I should accomplish it with ease. knocking against each other with a To Surbiton, therefore, I would go. faint musical sound that sounded like the tinkling of tiny bells. I remembering Cross, I passed down Whitehall ed the depth of the river, and picturand over Westminster Bridge to the ed my solemn body stranded on to the Lambeth Palace Road. Under the inmud by the ebbing tide somewhere fluence of my new excitement I felt near the sea. I could fancy the coneasier in my mind than I had been jectures that would be made concernsince I made my awful discovery three ing it. Would anyone connect me with hours before but still not easy enough

-but there, I could not go on. Nor to be able to pass a policeman without could I do what I had proposed. Desa shudder. Strangely enough, considerperate as was my case, I found I still ing that I had no sleep at all, and had clung to life with a tenacity that even been moving about all night, I was crime itself could not lessen. No; by hook or crook I must get out of England to some place where nobody would know me, and where I could begin a new life. By cunning it could surely be managed. But in that case nasty fog was rising from the river I knew I must not go back to my hotel, and run the risk of seeing Nikoof London when day should break, la again. I distrusted his powers of and devoutly thanked Heaven that I saving me; and if I fell once more under his influence, goodness alone knew what I might not be made to do. No; I would make some excuse to the landlord to account for my absence, and then creep quietly out of England in such a way that no one would suspect me. But how was it to be managed? To remain in London would be to run endless risks. Anyone might recognize me, and then capture would be inevitable. I turned out my pockets and counted my money. Fortunately, I had cashed a cheque only the day befere, and now had nearly forty pounds in notes and gold in my purse; not very much, it is true, but amply sufficient for my present needs. The question was: Where should I go? Australia, the United States, South America, South Africa? Which of these places would be safest? The first and second I rejected without consideration. The first I had tried, the second I had no desire to visit. Chili, the Argentine, or Bechuanaland? It all depended on the hoats. To whichever place a vessel

as had been given in the previous sailed first, to that place I would go. If only Nikola remained faithful to Casting one last glance at the iceme I should probably have time to get bound water below me, and with a out of England before the police could shudder at the thought of what I had stop me, and, once among the miners contemplated doing when I first arof the Rand, I should be able to arrived upon the Embankment, I made range matters in such a way that my way back into the Strand. It was recognition would be almost an imnow close upon three o'clock, and alpossibility. With a sigh of relief at ready a few people were abroad. If I this comfortable thought, I pushed on were not out of London within a few a little faster along the Wandsworth hours, I might be caught. I would go Road until I reached Clapham Juncdirectly I had decided what it was imtion Station. As I did so I looked at perative I should know. Up one street my watch. It was just a quarter to and down another I toiled until at four, and already the footpaths were last I came upon what I wanted, a becoming dotted with pedestrians. small restaurant in a back street, devoted to the interests of the early arme, I passed along the Lavender Hill rivals at Covent Garden Market. It Road, through Wandsworth, and was only a tiny place, shabby in the struck out along the road to West extreme, but as it just suited my purpose, I walked boldly in, and ordered through Kingston Vale, and so into a cup of cocoa and a plate of sausages. Kingston. From that quaint old river-While they were being prepared I side town to Surbiton is but a step, seated myself in one of the small comand exactly as the church clocks in partments along the opposite wall, the latter place were chiming a quarand with my head upon my hands ter to six, I stood on the platform of tried to think coherently. When the the railway station prepared to board proprietor brought me the food, I askmy train when it should come in ed him if he could oblige me with the sight. The last four miles had been loan of writing materials. He glanced done at a fast pace, and by the time at me rather queerly, I thought, but I had taken my ticket I was completedid not hesitate to do what I asked. ly worn out. My anxiety was so keen When he had gone again I dipped the that I could not sit down, but waited pen into the ink and wrote a note to until I should be safely on board the the proprietor of my hotel, telling him train. The cries of the newsboys seemthat I had been suddenly taken out of ed still to be ringing in ears—"Another town by important business, and ask-'orrible murder! Discovery of the ing him to forward my boxes, within body of a famous millionaire! a week, to the cloak room, Aberdeen railway station, labelled "to be called for." I chose Aberdeen for the reason that it was a long distance from London, and also because it struck me that if enquiries were made by the who was tramping along in the cold police it would draw attention off my outside. A biting north wind blew over real route, which would certainly not the snow, and chilled me to the marbe in that direction. I then wrote a cheque for the amount of my account, enclosed it, and having done so sealed up the letter and put it in my pocmatter-of-fact residences on either ket. On an adjoining table I espied a newspaper, which I made haste to that separated their inmates from mysecure. Turning to the column where the shipping advertisements were displayed, I searched the list for a vessel outward bound to one of the ports I had chosen. I discovered that to Chili or any of the South American Republics there would not be a boat sailing for at least a week to come. When I turned to South Africa I was more fortunate; a craft named the Fiji Princess was advertised to sail from

Southampton for Cape Town at 11 a.m. on this self-same day. She was

train was out of the station I was fast | was stopped at Teneriffe, I was ceraway in a corner. Almost before the asleep, dreaming of Nikola and of the horrible events of the night just past. snow-covered streets; once more that | knelt down and offered up the heart-Once more I drove the cab along the strange woman's face arose before me lest prayer of gratitude I have ever in in warning; and once more I descended from my seat to make the horrible discovery that my enemy was dead. In my agony I must have shrieked aloud, for the noise I made woke me up. An elderly man, possibly a successful country butcher from his appearance, who must have got in at some station we had stopped at while I slept, was sitting in the corner op-"You have been having a pretty bad

posite, watching me. nightmare these last few minutes, 1 should say, mister," he observed with a smile. "I was just going to give you a shake when you woke yourself by watching the coast line screaming out like that."

An awful fear came over me. Was it possible that in my sleep I had revealed my secret? "I am sorry I disturbed you," I said, faintly, "but I am subject to bad dreams. Have I been talking very

"Not so far as I've heard," he answered; "but you've been moaning and greaning as if you'd got something on your mind that you wanted to tell

"I've just got over a severe illness," replied, relieved beyond measure to hear that I had kept my dreadful secret to myself, "and I suppose that ac-

counts for the uneasy-way in which My companion looked at me rather searchingly for a few seconds, and then began to fumble in his great-

coat pocket for something. Presently he produced a large spirit flash. "Let me give you a drop of whiskey," he said, kindly. "It will cheer you up, and you look as if you want

it right down bad." He poured about half a wineglassful into the little nickel-plated cup that fitted the bottom of the flask, verely, it did me a world of good, and in a few moments I was sufficiently

we drew up at Southampton Docks, station, who had seen me arrive, tired and then, bidding my fellow passen- and dispirited, after my long walk; ger good morning, I quickly quitted the old man who had given me whisthe station. Before I left London I had key on the journey down; and the carefully noted the address of the steamship company's agents, and, having ascertained the direction of nize me from the description. Howtheir office, I made my way towards it. Early as was the hour I found it open, and upon being interrogated by not devoid of anxiety, at least free the clerk behind the counter, stated my desire to book as steerage passenger for Cape Town by the steamer Fiji Princess, which they advertised as leaving the docks that day. The clerk looked at me with some surprise when I said "steerage," but, whatever he may have thought, he

"What is your name?" he inquired, dipping his pen in the ink. I had anticipated this question, and replied "George Wrexford" as promptly as if it had really been my patrony- to the chart room on the hurricane

offered no comment upon it.

Having paid the amount demanded, and received my ticket in exchange, I asked what time it would be necessary for me to be on board.

"Half-past ten without fail," he annot conscious of the least fatigue, swered. "She will cast off punctually but strode along the pavement at a at eleven; and I give you fair warnswinging pace, probably doing more ing Captain Hawkins does not wait than I had intended when I had first set out. The snow had ceased, but a

for anything or anybody." I thanked him for his courtesy and left the office, buttoning up my ticket | narration of the most uncanny portion in my pocket as I went down the steps. of my story: a coincidence so strange In four hours at most, all being well, I that it seems almost impossible it should be safely out of England; and, can be true, and one for which I have for a little while, a free man. By half- never been able, in any way, to acpast nine I had purchased a small count. Yet, strange as it may appear, outfit, and also the few odds and ends it must be told; and that it is true, -such as bedding and mess utensils- have I not the best and sweetest evithat I should require on the voyage. dence any man could desire in the This done I hunted about till I found | world? It came about in this way. In a small restaurant, again in a back the middle of the first afternoon, as street, which I entered and ordered already described, I was sitting smokbreakfast. As soon as I smelt the ing on the fore hatch, and at the cooking I found that I was ravenous, same time talking to the chief stewand twice I had to call for more be- ard. He had been to sea, so he told

fore my hunger was appeased. Towards the end of the meal a pa- I soon discovered, had seen per boy put in an appearance, and my strange adventures in almost every heart well-nigh stopped when I heard the girl beyond the counter enquire as is generally the way, that I knew if there was "any startling news this

"'Nother terrible murder in London," answered the lad with fiendish glibness; and as he spoke my overtaxed strength gave way, and I fell back in my chair in a dead faint.

I suppose for a few moments I must have quite lost consciousness, for 1 can recollect nothing until I opened my eyes and found a small crowd collected round me, somebody sponging my forehead, and two people chafing my hands.

"How do you feel now?" enquired the nervous little man who had first come to my assistance. "Better, thank you," I replied, at

the same time endeavoring to sit up. "Very much better. What has been the matter with me?"

"A bit of a faint, that's all," another answered. "Are you subject to them?" "I've been very ill lately," I said, giving them the same reply as I had done to the man in the train, "and I suppose I overtaxed my strength a little this morning. But, thanks to

your kindness, I feel ever so much better now." As soon as I had recovered sufficiently, I paid my bill, and, having sincerely thanked those who had assisted me, left the shop and hurried off to the docks as fast as I could go. It

The Fiji Princess was a fair-sized vessel of an old-fashioned type, and very heavily laden; indeed, so heavy was she that she looked almost unsafe beside the great American liner near which she was berthed. Having clambered on board I enquired my way to the steerage quarters, which were forrard, then stowed away my things and endeavored to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit in the place which was to be my home for the next five weeks or so. For prudence sake I remained below until I heard the whistle sound and could tell by the shaking that the steamship was moving. Then, when I | they not? Have you any theory to achad satisfied myself that we were count for them?" really under way, I climbed the gangway that led to the deck and looked about me. Slowly as we were moving, we were already a hundred yards from the wharf side, and in a few minutes would be well out in Southampton Water. Right aft a small crowd of passengers were grouped at the stern railings, waving their handkerchiefs and hats to a similiar group ashore. Forrard we were less demonstrative, for, as I soon discovered, the steerage passengers consisted only of myself,

a circumstance which you may be very sure I did not by any means re-By mid-day we were in the Solent, and by lunch time the Isle of Wight

lay over our tagrail. Now, unless I tain of a month's respite from the law. And when I realized this I went to my berth and, sinner as I was. my life given utterance to.

CHAPTER V.

If any man is desirous of properly understanding the feelings of gratitude and relief which filled my breast as the Fiji Princess steamed channel that first afternoon out from Southampton, he must begin by endeavoring to imagine himself placed all I knew to the contrary, even while leaning on the bulwarks might be giving the clue to my identity, and the hueand-cry already have begun. When I came to consider my actions during the past twenty-four hours, I seemed to be giving my enemies innumerable opportunities of discovering my whereabouts. My letter to the manager of the hotel, which I had posted in the Strand after leaving the Covent Garden restaurant, would furnish proof that I was in town before five o'clock-the time at which the box was cleared on the morning of the murder. Then, having ascertained that much, they would in all probability call at the hotel, and in instituting enquiries there, be permitted a perusal of the letter I had written to the manager that morning. Whether they would believe that I had gone north, as I desired they should suppose, was difficult to say; but in either case they would be almost certain to have all the southern seaports watched. I fancied, however, that my quickness zle them a little, even if it did not baffle them altogether.

sincerely, and tossed it off at one sailing from Southampton on that pargulp. It was neat spirit, and ran ticular day, and owing to the paucity through my veins like so much fire. of steerage passengers, I felt sure the Though it burnt my throat pretty se- clerk who gave me my ticket would remember me sufficiently well to be able to assist in the work of identificarecovered to talk reasonably enough. | tion. Other witnesses against me would At nine o'clock almost to the minute | be the porters at Surbiton railway people in the restaurant where I had been taken ill would probably recogever, it was in my favor that I was here on the deck of the steamer, if from the clutches of the law for the

The afternoon was perfectly fine, though bitterly cold; overhead stretched a blue sky, with scarcely a cloud from horizon to horizon; the sea was green as grass, and almost as smooth as a millpond. Since luncheon I had seen nothing of the passengers, nor had I troubled to inquire if the vessel carried her full complement. The saloon was situated right aft in the poop, the skipper had his cabin next deck, and the officers theirs on either side of the engine-room, in the alley ways below. My quarters-I had them all to myself, as I said in the last chapter-were so roomy and comfortable as a man could expect for the passage-money I paid, and when I had made friends with the cook and his mate, I knew I should get through the voyage in comparative comfort.

At this point I am brought to the me, since he was quite a lad; and, as part of the globe. It soon turned out, several men with whom he was acquainted, and in a few minutes we were upon the most friendly terms. the sea our conversation changed to China, and in illustration of the character of the waterside people of that peculiar country, my companion narrated a story about a shipmate who had put off in a sam-

pan to board his boat lying in Hong Kong harbor, and had never been seen or heard of again.

"It was a queer thing," he said impressively, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe and re-charged it, "as queer a thing as ever a man heard of. I spent the evening with the chay myself, and before we said 'good-bye' we arranged to go up to Happy Valley the Sunday morning following. But he never turned up, nor have I ever set eyes on him from that time to this. Whether he was murdered by the sampan's crew or whether he fell overboard and was drowned in the harbor, I don't suppose will ever be

"A very strange thing," I said, as bravely as I could, and instantly thought of the bond I had in common with that sampan's crew.

"Aye, strange; very strange," replied the steward, shaking his head solemnly; "but there's many strange things now-a-days. Look at these here was now some few minutes after ten | murders that have been going on in London lately. I reckon it would be a wise man as could put an explanation

All my blood seemed to rush to my head, and my heart for a second stood still. I suffered agonies of apprehension lest he should notice my state and have his suspicions aroused, but he was evidently too much engrossed with his subject to pay any attention | else. to my appearance. I knew I must say something, but my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth. It was some moments before I found my voice, and then I said as innocently as

possible-They are certainly peculiar, are

bearings on several occasions before. think?" he began slowly, fixing me bored through me like an augur. "Well, what I think is that the Anarchists are at the bottom of it all, and I'll tell you why. Look at the class of men who were killed. Who was the first? A Major-General in the army, wasn't he? Who was the second? A member of the House of Lords. Who

was the third?" He looked so searchingly at me that I felt myself quailing before his

glance as if he had detected me in my guilt. Who could tell him better than I who the last victim was? "And the third-well, he was one of these rich men as fattens on Society

and the workin' man, was he not?"

He pounded his open hand with his fist in the true fashion, and his eyes constantly challenged me to refute his statements if I were in a position to do so. But-heaven help me!thankful as I would have been to do it, I was not able to gainsay him, Instead, I sat before him like a criminal in the dock, conscious of the danger I was running, yet unable for the life of me to avert it. Still, however, my tormentor did not notice my condition, but returned to the charge with renewed vigor. What he lacked in argument he made up in vehemence. And for nearly an hour I had to sit and bear the brunt of both.

"Now, I'll ask you a question," he said for the twentieth time, after he had paused to watch the effect of his last point. "Who do the Anarchists mostly go for? Why for what we may call, for the sake of argument, the leaders of Society-generals, peers, and millionaires. Those are the people, therefore, that they want to be rid of." "You think then," I said, "that these

-these crimes were the work of a party instead of an individual?" He half closed his eyes and looked at me with an expression upon his face that seemed to implore me to

contradict him. "You know what I think," he said; then with fine conceit, "If only other folk had as much savee as we have, the fellows who did the work would have been laid by the heels by this time. As it is they'll never catch them -no, not till the moon's made of cream cheese."

With this avowal of his settled opinion he took himself off, and left me sitting on the hatch, hoping with all my heart and soul that, if in this in getting out of England would puz- lay my chance of safety, the world might long retain its present opinion. While I was ruminating on what he Unfortunately, the Fiji Princess had had said, and feeling that I would been the only vessel of importance give five years of my life to know exactly how matters stood ashore, chanced to look up at the little covered way on the hurricane deck below the bridge. My heart seemed to stand still. For the moment I thought I must be asleep and dreaming, for there, gazing across the sea, was the same woman's face I had seen suspended in mid-air above my cab on the previous night. Astonishing as it may seem, there could be no possible doubt about it-I recognized the expressive eyes, the sweet mouth, and the soft, wavy hair as plainly as if I had known her all my life long. Thinking it was still only a creation

> ment it would fade away as before, stared hadr at it, resolved, while had the chance, to still further impress every feature upon my memory. But it did not vanish as I expected. I rubbed my eyes in an endeavor to find out if I were awake or asleep, but that made no difference. She still remained. I was quite convinced by this time, however, that she was flesh and blood. But who could she be, where had I really seen her face before? For something like five minutes I watched her, and then for the first time she looked down at the deck where I sat. Suddenly she caught sight of me, and almost at the same instant I saw her give a little star of astonishmen. Evidently she also seen me in some other place, but could no more recall it than myself. As soon as she had recovered from her astonishment she glanced roun

of my own fancy, and that in a mo-

the waste of water again and the moved away. But even when she ha left me I could not for the life of me rid myself of my feeling of astonish ment. I reviewed my past life in : attempt to remember where I have met her, but still without While I was wondering, my from the chief steward came along the doc again. I accosted him, and asked he could tell me the name of the with the wavy brown hair whom could see talking to the captain the door of the chart house. He le ed in the direction indicated, and then

"Her name is Maybourne-Miss A nes Maybourne. Her father is a mine owner at the Cape, so I'm told. Her mother died about a year ago. heard the skipper telling a lady aft this morning, and it seems the poor young thing felt the loss terribly She's been home for a trip with an

old uncle to try and cheer her up a

bit, and now they are on their way back home again. "Thank you very much," I said. "I have been puzzling over her face for some time. She's exactly like someone I've met some time or other, but

where, I can't remember." On this introduction the steward favored me with a long account of a cousin of his-a steward on board an Atlantic liner-who, it would appear, was always being mistaken for other people; to such a length did this misfortune carry him that he was once arrested in Liverpool on suspicion of being a famous forger who was then at large. Wheteer he was sentenced and served a term of penal servitude. or whether the mistake was discovered and he was acquitted, I cannot now remember; but I have a faint recollection that my friend described it as a case that baffled the ingenuity of Scotland Yard, and raised more than one new point of law, which he, of course, was alone able to set right in a satisfactory manner.

Needless to say, Miss Maybourne's face continued to excite my wonder and curiosity for the remainder of the afternoon; and when I saw her the following morning promenading the hurricane deck in the company of a dignified grey-haired gentleman, with a clean-shaven, shrewd face, who I set down to be her uncle, I discovered that my interest had in no way abated. This wonderment and mystification kept me company for longer than I liked, and it was not until we were bidding "good-bye" to the Channel that I determined to give up brooding over it and think about something the black bosom of the ocean, with

Once Old England was properly behind us, and we were out on the open ocean, experiencing the beauties of a true Atlantic swell, and wondering what our portion was to be in the Bay of Biscay, my old nervousness returned upon me. This will be scarcely of a wave, I caught a glimpse of her, a matter for wonder when you reflect that every day we were drawing near- swam towards her. Eternities elapsed This was plainly a question to his er our first port of call, and at Tener- before I reached her. When I did taste, and it soon became evident that iffe I should know whether or not the came carefully up alongside, and put he had discussed the subject in all its police had discovered the route I had my left arm under her shoulders to taken, if they had, I should certainly sustain her. She was quite sensible, "Do you want to know what I be arrested as soon as the vessel and, strangely enough, not in the came to anchor, and be detained in least frightened. with an eye that he seemed to imagine | the Portuguese prison until an officer

Taken promptly and faithfully according to direc. tions will not only invariably prevent Consumption but will never fail to cure any of these lesser diseases which are always the forerunners of Consumption.

CONSECON, May 30th, 1904.



It affords me pleasure to speak of the merits of Psychine, which I found to be a marvelous tonic and tissue builder. I was taken down with a bad cold which settled on my lungs. In fact, I believe I was never free from colds for months previous, and tried many of the common cure-alls and cheap nostrums von see advertised, but obtained no relief. I had then learned that such remedies are merely palliative and not curative preparations. Friends advised Psychine, and after taking several bottles I became sound and strong again. Scores of my friends have been saved much suffering with Psychine, and I voluntarily give permission for the publication of this statement. C. W. MORRISON.

Psychine

(Pronounced Si-keen.)

For sale at all drug stores, \$1.00 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't Psychine in stock call at Dr. S.ocum Limited, 179 King street, west, Toronto, and a large sample bottle will be given you free as a test, To persons living outside of Toronto a sample mailed the request.

should arrive from England to charge of me and conduct me home for trial. Again and again I pictured that return, the mortification of my relatives, and the excitement of the Press; and several times I calmly deliberated with myself as to whether the best course for me to pursue would not | boat in a few moments, and pick us be to drop quietly overboard some dark night, and thus prevent the degradation that would be my portion if I were taken home and placed upon my trial. However, had I but known it. I might have spared myself all this anxiety, for the future had something in store for me which I had never taken into consideration, and which was destined to upset all my calculations in a most unexpected fashion. How strange a thing is Fate, and

by what small circumstances are the currents of our lives diverted! If I had not had my match-box in my pocket on the occasion I am about to describe, what a very different tale I should have had to tell. You must bear with me if I dwell upon it, for it is the one little bit of that portion of my life that I love to remember. It all came about in this way: On the evening in question I was standing smoking against the port bulwarks between the fore rigging and the steps leading to the hurricane deck. What the exact time was I cannot remember. It may have been eight, and it might possibly have been half-past; one thing, at any rate, is certain: dinner was over in the saloon, for some of the passengers were promenading the hurricane deck. My pipe was very nearly done, and, having nothing bet- but the question was whether I could ter to do, I was beginning to think of | hold out so long. A minute contained turning in, when the second officer came out of the alley way and asked me for a match. He was a civil young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, and when I had furnished him with what he wanted, we fell into conversation. In the course of our yarning he mentioned the name of the ship upon which he had served his apprentice- bows. ship. Then, for the first time for many years, I remembered that I had a cousin who had also spent some years aboard her. I mentioned his name, and to my surprise he remembered

"Charley Blakeley, do you mean? Why, I knew him as well as I knew any man! As and then the boat seemed to fade fine a fellow as ever stepped. We made three voyages to China and back together. I've got a photograph of him down, down, down, calmly and quietly in my berth now. Come along and see

On this invitation I followed him from my own part of the vessel, down the alley way, past the engine-room, to his quarters, which were situated at the end, and looked over the after spar deck that separated the poop from the hurricane deck. When I had seen the picture I stood at the door talking to him for some minutes, and while thus engaged saw two ladies and a gentleman come out of the saloon and go up the ladder to the deck above our heads. From where I stood I could hear their voices distinctly, and could not help envying them their happiness. How different was it to my miserable lot!

Suddenly there rang out a woman's scream, followed by another, and then a man's voice shouting frantically, "Help, help! Miss Maybourne has fallen overboard."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before I had left the alley way, crossed the well, and was climbing the ladder that led to the poop. second or two later I was at the taffrail, had thrown off my coat, mounted the rail, and, catching sight of a figure struggling among the cream of the wake astern, had plunged in after her. The whole thing, from the time the first shrick was uttered until I had risen to the surface, and was blowing the water from my mouth and looking about me for the girl, could not have taken more than twenty seconds, and yet in it I seemed to live a lifetime. Ahead of me the great ship towered

up to the heavens: all around me was the stars looking down at it in their winking grandeur. For some moments after I had come to the surface I could see nothing of

the girl I had jumped overboard to rescue. She seemed to have quite disappeared. Then, while on the summit and, putting forth all my strength,

"Can you swim?" I asked, anxiously, as I began to tread water. "A little, but not very well." she answered. "I'm afraid I am getting rather tired."

"Lean upon me," I answered. "Try not to be afraid; they will lower a She said no more, but fought hard

to keep herself afloat. The weight upon my arm was almost more than l could bear, and I began to fear that if the rescue boat did not soon pick us up the might have their row for nothing. Then my ears caught the chirp of oars, and the voice of the second officer encouraging his men in their search for us.

"If you can hold on for another three or four minutes," I said in gasps to my companion, "all will be well." "I will try," she answered, bravely; "but I fear I shall Wot be able to. My strength is quite gone."

Her clothes were sodden with water, and added greatly to the weight I had to support. Not once, but half-a-dozen times, seas, cold as ice, broke over us: and once I was compelled to let go my hold of her. When I rose to the surface again some seconds elapsed before I could find her. She had sunk, and by the time I had dived and got my arm round her again she was quite unconscious. The boat was now about thirty yards distant from us, and already the men in her had sighted us and were pulling with all their strength to our assistance. In another minute or so they would be alongside, sixty seconds, and each second was an eternity of waiting.

When they were near enough to hear my voice I called to them with all my strength to make haste. I saw the bows of the boat come closer and closer, and could distinctly distinguish the hissing of the water under her

"If you can hold on for a few seconds longer," shouted the officer in command, "we'll get you aboard." I heard the men on the starboard side throw in their cars. I saw the man in the bows lean forward to catch hold of us, and I remember say. ing, "Lift the lady; I can hold on," away, the icy cold water rose higher and higher, and I felt myself sinking into the black sea, just fading out of life as happily as a little child falls

When I came to my senses again I found myself lying in a bunk in & cabin which was certainly not my own. The appointments were decidedly comfortable, if not luxurious; a neat against the bulkhead, with a large mirror suspended above it. Under the porthole, which was shaded with a small red curtain, was a cushioned locker, and at one end of this locker a handy contrivance for hanging clothes. Two men-one a young fellow about my own age, and the other the elderly gentleman with whom I had often seen Miss Maybourne walkingwere standing beside me watching me eagerly. When they saw that I had recovered consciousness they seemed to consider it a matter for congratu-"So you know us again, do you?

said the younger man, whom I now recognized as the ship's doctor. "How do you feel in yourself!

"Not very bright just at present, I answered truthfully, "But I doubt I shall be all right in an hour what had occasioned my illness came over me, I said, "How is Miss May bourne? I hope they got her on board "Thanks to you, my dear sir, they

did," said the old gentleman, who discovered later was her uncle. as had suspected. "I am glad to be able to tell you that she is now making rapid progress towards recovery. must get well too, and hear what the entire ship has to say about your "I hope they'll say nothing," I anbravery.

swered. "Anybody could have done tt. And now, how long have I lying here?"

"Since they brought you on a last night-about twelve hours. were unconscious for such a long time that we were beginning to grow uneasy about you. But, thank goodness, our clever doctor here has brought The young medico resolved to stop you round at last."

(Continued on page two)

Carres Grip To Cure a Cold in One Day in Two Days Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. 6. 7. Grove box. 25c. Seven Million bosse sold in past 12 months.

The

Covers Li

and Surr

District.

Volume

190

We wa year. We Fancy Go be cleared the bright for you. FRIDAY

1-Ladies 2-Ladies A. 3-Ladies 4-Persiam 5-Coney Cap 6-Electric a

7-Seal and 8-Sable rulls 9-Sable Rull 10-Sable St 11-Sable Ma 12-Sable M 13-Ladies 14-Coney Gar 16-Persian La 17-Grey Lam

19-Men's Otto 20-Men's to 21-Silk Bisho 22-Men's Asin 25-Opal good 27-20 percent

28-Ladies lat

18-Persian D

29-Faucy Coll 30-Ladas th 31-Ladies tall 32-Misses far 33-Ladies blk 34-Ladies Na 35-Lados' pia 3c-Children 37-Ladier her 38-Ladies int 39-Men - holis 40- Merch - Merch 41-Mon's bear

-43-20 percent

DEATH IN

Christmas Ska HIS BODY FO

at Beamsville D of Water-Got Was Held Do Extinct -Hamilton, Dec.

Intyre, the nine-Intyre, the G. T. ville, was drown morning he put that had been Christmas preset tle pool that has side. When the dinner about 1 o ing. A search dead body was fo water was only but he got under down until he d

Going Home; Sarnia, Dec. 2 home to spend C ily here. William of age, who has nearly all his l and was run ove life was crushed widow and three Woman Toronto, Dec.

of burns receive ing of a lamp. in her 83rd yes geny Hospital o'clock, twelve h Man and Fort Wayne, attached to a t

Pennsylvania 18 phos. Ohio, y Honorst and da ed, and Mrs. Ba a daughter of Couple Thr London, Dec. wife of Elmwoo ing in the coul

were thrown fro horse balking. Jured, being und from severe wor Buried Ur

Ironwood, Mic were killed Satt tons of iron ore Toot level of the Escapes L Tororto, Dec

from a train at day night at 1 of London was engine and sus Both upper and en, and his hes not notice the l Instant death b