FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd)

Dinner progressed very well, notwithstanding that the little hostess was rather quiet and somewhat engrossed in her own thoughts. The Hon. Maude was seated next to Mr. Crawshaw, and improved her opportunities in a manner worthy of her mother's daughter.

Mrs. Fairfax sat beside Lord Merefield and yawned audibly, but every now and then her face brightened as the clock chimed the quarters, and she remembered that Darnley would be with them directly.

Dorothy, too, began to awaken as the hour of nine approached.

"Derry should be here by this time; but then Derry was not like any one else; perhaps, for aught they knew, he might have come in quietly, without saying a word, and was now sitting comfortably in his own room."

Dorothy said this to herself, half pettishly, little thinking how near the truth she had guessed, for Derrick Darnley was at that very moment passing outside the dining-room window, from when, carefully hidden himself by the shrubs and terrace, he had a good view into the room.

He laughed softly to himself as he quickly scanned them all, but his laugh soon died away.

"Old Williams at the lodge must be right, and she is ill," he thought to himself; "my poor darling. I must find out and satisfy myself; perhaps she will grow better when I am near."

He smiled tenderly to himself as he went very noiselessly into the hall, and fortunately met Baines, who at that moment was coming downstairs.

"Miss Dorothy is anxious about Miss Hamilton; is she in her room, Baines?" he asked, careful not to arouse any curiosity by inquiring for her on his own account.

"Lor', no, sir; Miss Nancy went downstairs hours ago. I've just bin in her room, sir, and I know she ain't there. I see her go into the garden, but I thought she was at dinner now, sir."

Mr. Darnley muttered his thanks, and, waiting until Baines had disappeared, then strode into the garden, and turned off resolutely in the direction of the lower lake.

"She will be there—there, where our love-dream was born — my darling!—my darling!—my eyes hunger to see your face again!"

The soft, tender look crept over his features, his heart was thrilling and beating with his love; all nature seemed to harmonize with his feelings; there was music in the soft rush of the night air, the burr of the insect world seeking its rest; there was balm and powerful fascination in the fragrance wafted to him by the nodding flowers; it was the very place, the very night, for love's witchery. And there, just before, lay the corner which he knew by intuition sheltered the woman whose heaven-blue eyes made the world his world, whose sweet lips were his own, whose love surrounded him with peace, happiness and delight, such as rarely comes to man.

The pale summer moon had just broken through the dusk as Derrick Darnley reached the well-remembered spot by the lower lake.

His quick, eager eye had caught the gleam of a white gown through the trees, and his heart beat quicker in triumph and glad array.

He saw the slender figure but dimly, for the light was dying fast, and her silent attitude, born of suppressed agony, did not strike on him as it would have done at another time. He had walked fleetly—he had almost run—now he paused.

She had not moved; she had not turned; perhaps she had not heard, he crept so softly.

"Nancy."

He called it gently, but she started back, started like a frightened deer that saw its doom approach and no aid near.

"My darling! my dearest heart, did I frighten you?"—he was beside her in an instant, and had clasped her in his arms. "Nancy, it has seemed a century since I left you; has it been long to you, sweet? Ah! I need not ask—I need not ask," he laughed joyously, and his hold tightened on her trembling form, "for you have faded and drooped away from me; you have been ill, my darling—ill—what ill dare come to you, my own, my sweet?"

Ah! if he could but have guessed—if he could only have known!

"They do not know I am here; I stole off at once to find you; am I not clever, eh, little one?" He stopped suddenly. "Kiss me," he whispered, tenderly, passionately; "kiss me, dearest, and welcome me back again."

With a sobbing cry she drew abruptly from him, just as his lips touched hers.

"No, no," she muttered, hoarsely, "no, you must not."

The words died away in a moan as she covered her face in her hands.

Darnley stood rooted to the spot.

"What is it?" he asked, hurriedly; "have I really frightened you?—forgive me, darling, I forgot you had been ill. I am a brute; come to me again, Nancy, and I will soothe you, dearest."

She made no sign, only stood with her face covered up.

A sudden cold pain struck at his heart.

"Nancy!—Nancy!" he cried, huskily, "what is it, what has happened; tell me quickly, what has come to you, dear one?"

She put her hand as if to ward off a blow.

"I am your—dear one—no longer!"

Each word was uttered sharply, keenly; then rang on his ear with exquisite and horrible pain, so curt and hard did they sound. He passed one hand over his brow.

"I—I do not understand," he said, vaguely, then, seizing her by the two arms, "Speak!—speak!" he cried, "do not torment me; you are not the same Nancy I left; something has changed you, I do not know what; tell me, am I wrong?"

Her breath was coming short and fast, like that of a person in acute pain, yet she knew she must not fail now; she had to act, and it was not a moment to deliberate, or her strength would go, and she would have told all and betrayed her uncle, her guardian, her relative, her friend.

She dared not lift her eyes to his face as she answered, curtly:

"You—you are not wrong."

"You are changed," he repeated it over and over again, his gaze burning her palid face. "Nancy, for God's sake, don't trifle with me, tell me the worst! You—you don't love me? it was a mistake?"

She paused, his fingers were clenching her fair young arms, but she did not heed the pain. What was it to the agony that lived in her heart

"It was a mistake," she said, deliberately, in a dry, choked voice.

His breath came in a panting sob from his lips.

"You do not love me!" he cried, brokenly. "You do not love me!"

She made no answer. She checked the moan that rose from her tortured heart. She could not bear much more.

"You do not love me!—you, my darling!—my promised wife!"

She raised her eyes to his; the moon's pale light shone placidly down on them.

"I can never be your wife."

He bent forward to look at her, but did not release his hold.

"Go on," he muttered, hoarsely; "go on, there is more to know and I am not good at waiting."

Nancy bent her head as a flower droops under the hot heat of the sun.

"I—I have been very wrong. I—deceived you. I was not—not free to listen to you."

"Not free?" The man repeated the words three times, then he bent nearer to her. "His name? Give me his name, I say!" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

She paused only an instant.

Then two faint words passed her lips:

"Thomas Crawshaw!"

Derrick Darnley gripped her till he forced a cry of pain from her; then, with a short, hard laugh, he flung her from him and stood alone.

"You hypocrite! God forgive you, you have done an awful thing, for you have ruined my life!"

He stood silent for a moment, then he strode forward and drew up her trembling form from the ground, where she had fallen when she staggered back.

He clasped her in his arms, and strained her to his heart; then, bending his head, kissed her passionately—fiercely.

"Oh! sweet, false, cruel lips!" [illegible] he cried, his voice hoarse and altered. "You may smile on happily, for you have spoken my doom!"

Once more he kissed her, then, releasing her suddenly, he turned aside and strode away.

The girl's form faltered, her two hands went out feebly towards him.

"Derry—Derry, my love!" she moaned, but as the sound of his dying footsteps reached her ear she fell prone to the earth, lost for a time to remembrance in merciful oblivion.

CURED OF CONSTIPATON

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many illnesses that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box. 2

CHAPTER XIII.

"It is very odd," Dorothy Leicester said to herself.

Dinner was over, and every one was scattered about the grounds and lawn. She could just catch a glimpse of her father lying back serenely asleep in his cosy chair. Mrs. Fairfax was chatting to Lady Burton, deep in some fresh and delightful bit of scandal. Over to her right strolled Mr. Crawshaw with Maud Chester in persistent attendance; while her sister endeavored, without much success, however, to follow her example with Lord Merefield, who was all eager to join his dainty cousin's side, and was, therefore, not a very interested listener to the Hon. Ella's loud-declaimed accounts of her own and her sister's prowess with the tennis bat.

Dorothy was alone; she might have joined her aunt, Mrs. Darnley, who was sweeping to and fro majestically in her long black satin robe, her diamonds glistening in the moonlight, and an air of undisguised pleasure sitting on her handsome face, but Dorothy infinitely preferred to be alone.

"It is very odd," she said again. She was thinking about Darnley and his non-appearance.

And where was Nancy — what could be keeping her all this time—it was so unlike Nancy to hide herself in this way?

Dorothy bit her pretty lip, and tapped her foot impatiently on the ground.

Her aunt sailed up to her at this moment.

"Something has detained Derrick, I suppose," she observed, slowly, "it is too late for him to come now."

Her cold eyes were fixed on a form emerging in the distance as she spoke—a form which moved slowly and languidly as that of a man weakened by illness and suffering, and at the sight a tinge of color crept into her cheeks.

"They have met—we have won!" was the quick thought in her mind—a thought full of triumphant delight, ignorant of either a woman's pity or a mother's sympathetic love.

She put her long, slender hand on Dorothy's shoulder.

"I think we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that he will not come to-night," she said; and then she gave a start of surprise. It was marvellously done, and deceived Dorothy immediately. "Talk of the angels, etc, etc.," Mrs. Darnley said, hurriedly: "here is Derry at last! He must have walked from the station."

Dorothy jumped up at once, all annoyance gone.

"Here you are," she cried, extending both her hands in greeting. "You naughty man you! We have been imagining you lost or drowned, or attacked by brigands."

"While all the time it was only a common, everyday headache that made such a furious onslaught on me."

The man spoke languidly. His hands felt hot and feverish to Dorothy's touch; his face was strangely haggard in the moonlight.

She looked at him anxiously.

"I hope you are not going to be ill, too, Derry."

He passed his hand over his aching eyes.

"Why? Have you other invalids, Dorothy?"

"Nancy has been very ill all day. I have been quite alarmed about her. But come in and have some food; you must be hungry and tired. Whatever induced you to walk such a hot night as this?"

"A whim—a mere whim, pretty cousin."

The man let his hand linger in Dorothy's. Her simple, unaffected delight at seeing him vaguely soothed and pleased, even while it pained him. There was such a difference in this greeting from the one that he had just experienced under the trees by the lake edge.

"Don't you see Aunt Anne?" whispered Dorothy.

Derrick Darnley had seen his mother plainly enough, but he shrank from speaking to her then. He felt that her keen, cold eyes would pierce into his heart, and read the sorrow written there. Besides, he had a grievance against her—a grievance that was augmented by strange doubt.

(To be continued.)

OF THE "OLD SCHOOL."

Examples of Discipline in the British Navy of Long Ago.

A little incident related in the "Reminiscences of Admiral Montagu," of the British Navy, gives one a vivid notion of what discipline must once have been. The strict old gentleman of the story was esteemed and loved by all,—says his son-in-law,—despite the fact that he commanded his ship and his household in much the same fashion.

Writing about my father-in-law, Lord Hardwicke, has reminded me of what was told me by one of my coast-guard men attached to a station I once commanded on the south coast.

I had driven my wife out with me to inspect this division, and soon after the inspection was over a gray-haired old man, one of the crew, asked to be allowed to speak to me.

"Certainly," I said, "but what about?"

"Please, sir," he replied, "that 'ere lady as was along with you this morning—I am sure I knows her face. They tells me, sir, as she is your good lady."

"Yes," I said, "what about her?"

"Well, sir," he went on, "as sure as my name is Johnson, I was bowman of Lord Hardwick's galley when he commanded the Vengeance up the straits. One day, sir, when we was a-lying off Genoa, the ship was ready for sea, and the accommodation ladder was hoisted in.

"Well, sir, you knows Lord Hardwicks was a very strict officer, and very particular that all hands was to knock off everything, come what may, whenever the bell struck twelve o'clock, when the ship's company went to dinner. He always wore a pipe in his coat, and used to pipe to dinner himself along with the boatswain's mates.

"Well, we were going to take the family to Malta, and had hoisted all the other ladies and children in out of the galley, and had got the lady as was along with you this morning, sir, up the main yard-arm, when eight bells went.

"The lord, he was piping to dinner, with the boatswain's mates, so they catches a turn with the whip, and leaves the lady a-hanging at the yard-arm!

"I thought it cruel, sir, to see the child left hanging there, sixty feet in the air, and I was immediately under her in the boat. God forgive me, but it was a cruel sight!

"But after a bit the commander, the officer of the watch and the boatswain's mate eased her in, and lowered her on the deck, when, Lor' bless you, sir, she was all of a cry!"

I thought this such a delightful story that I asked my wife about it, and she verified it, remembering it all quite clearly, although it had happened a matter of forty years before.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents

SETTLERS' LOW RATES TO CANADIAN NORTHWEST VIA CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

April 4, 11, 18 and 25 from points in Canada. Excellent train service via St. Paul or Duluth to Winnipeg. For full particulars address B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

NO FRENZIED FINANCIER.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"

"No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."

An excellent household remedy for burns is olive oil or vaseline. The great thing is to exclude the air from the burned surface, and this the oil will do.

Afraid to Eat?

Does the fear of indigestion spoil the enjoyment of your meals? It needn't. Just take

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

and you won't know you have a stomach. They will see to it that your food is properly digested. They are among the best of the NA-DRU-CO preparations, compounded by expert chemists and guaranteed by the largest wholesale druggists in Canada. **50c. a box.** If your druggist has not stocked them yet, send us 50c. and we will mail you a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED. MONTREAL. 36

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever, and Catarrhal Fever.

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep, and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show it to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U.S.A.

SHOWING THE PAINT.

Are you going to take any old paint this spring when you paint up? Don't you do it! You can get good paint easily, and get it at the proper price. You can get

Ramsays Paints

the oldest brand of Mixed Paints in Canada, guaranteed for purity, known for quality and unchallenged in all house painting today. Drop us a card and ask for our Booklet B D the handsomest Booklet on house painting ever issued. It is free. You should have it.

A. RAMSAY & SON CO.,

THE PAINT MAKERS, - MONTREAL

Est'd. 1842.

BRITISH MARMALADE,

Something About This Familiar Part of John Bull's Breakfast.

The manufacture of marmalade and other jams and preserved fruits is an important industry in the United Kingdom. Fruit jams, and especially marmalade, are found upon every British table, private and public, and are always served with breakfast and afternoon tea. In addition to the vast home consumption, considerable quantities are exported. Preserved fruits are imported into the United States to the value of about $2,000,000 per annum.

British marmalade is produced from sour oranges and sugar. The best known firms use almost exclusively the Seville (Spain) bitter orange, which has comparatively little pulp and consists mainly of rind, the substance most desirable for the making of good marmalade. Messina and Pelermo bitter oranges, although not considered as good as those of Seville, are also used, but command a much lower price.

Oranges being perishable and their attractiveness and freshness continuing for so short a time, the brokers accept the highest bids made on the day of sale and never reserve the fruit for future offerings. The sales are held regularly on what are known as market days. The character, quantities, qualities and nativity of the fruit are made known to the trade by catalogue several days in advance, consequently the auctions are always well attended and the bidding is spirited.

The London Fruit Exchange is located in the eastern section of the city in a large structure known as the Monument Building. More than $12,000,000 per annum is the amount required to pay for the oranges sold in the English market, the great bulk of the sale being by public auction.

Apples are sold in like manner, the aggregate annual sales averaging in value $10,000,000. The great Covent Garden market, in the heart of London, buys its supplies of fruits at the regular auction sales held at the London exchange, and in turn the retail dealers are supplied from Covent Garden.

Here's a Home Dye That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet 90 The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

JUST THINK OF IT! With DY-O-LA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

Corks are rarely if ever used now by English jam manufacturers. The jars are invariably covered with a vegetable parchment, which not only is considered more cleanly but keeps the preserve in a better condition. This refers to both jam and marmalade.

Preservers employ their regular staffs continuously during the year and pay them the prevailing price for labor, which 5 to 15 shillings (1.22 to $3.65) a week for lads and girls and 3 to 7 shillings (73 cents to $1.70) a day for men. Preservers generally make their own packing cases. Preserving is taken in turn by season. When the orange season is finished the fruit whose season follows is taken up, and so on till the orange season is again reached. Pears and similar fruits are not preserved nor packed in England, such preserved fruits coming almost exclusively from America.

Grind a handful of sunflower seeds and give them to the canary. The birds relish the little tender pieces that are found among the seeds.

A delicious salad is made of bananas cut in slices, dipped in mayonnaise, rolled in minced nuts and served on white lettuce heart leaves.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents

BOND OFFERINGS

A list of investments has just been prepared in which we include a a range of securities acceptable for all requirements.

GOVERNMENT BONDS	to yield	4%
MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES	to yield	4% to 5%
PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS	to yield	5%
RAILROAD BONDS	to yield	5% to 6%
PROVEN INDUSTRIAL BONDS	to yield	5½% to 6%

Write for this list and circulars descriptive of special current issues.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED.

26 KING ST EAST TORONTO. LONDON, ENG. CANADA LIFE BLDG., MONTREAL.