FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd)

Mrs. Darnley put out her hand, and offered her cheek to her son.

"You are a tardy traveller, Derrick," she said, with a cold smile.

He just touched her fingers, but did not bend his head to kiss her cheek.

"A tardy traveller on a useless journey. I suppose you had some good reason for sending me to transact your imaginary business, mother; but I confess I don't see it so clearly."

"I don't understand you, Derrick."

Mrs. Darnley's voice was surprise and hauteur combined.

He gave her a sharp look, then, without another word, turned aside.

"I will sit here for a little while, Dolly," he said, wearily, as he saw that he could not, must not, try to escape indoors yet, if he would prevent awakward speculation about him. "And then, dear, after I have been refreshed by the night air, and your sweet company, I think I will go to bed."

"You shall do exactly as you like," Dorothy answered, of course, drawing up a tiny chair, and sitting close to him. "But tell me, Derry, what did you mean just now by saying that there was no real business to take you away?"

"I meant that I had been made a fool!"

He spoke so hotly, so bitterly, that Dorothy started. She had never seen him in such a mood before, and she was a little frightened; but the young man seemed to have forgotten her very presence; he was gazing to his right hand, at that other man who had robbed him of all that made life dear and sweet; for whose sake he had been pushed aside, jilted, despised! For whom his whole love had been trampled under foot as the dead leaves of autumn are crushed into the mire.

For an hour he had been wandering about the grounds, trying to school himself to meet the others, to grow calm, and act as though this horrible thing had never been.

Had he but known! If she had sent him one line, one word of warning, he would never have come back! But now he was here, and he must go through the ordeal, at least, this evening. On the morrow he would go. But the morrow was not yet born, and the night was only new.

What he had suffered no one but himself could ever know. The blow had a double effect; it struck at his heart and at his pride.

Love, that levels all things, had erased from his generous mind all question of inequality between himself and Nancy. It was nothing to him that she had passed years of her childhood in a common home, that her surroundings had been vulgar, her connections plebeian.

He had loved her, that was enough; against all the world he would have upheld her; she was pure, good, a true gentlewoman; it was sufficient for him, and he loved her. It seemed to him, looking back now, that he had loved her from the very first—from the moment when she had clung to his arm that bygone January night, and he had struck her cowardly tormentor to the mud. Had not her sweet eyes haunted him, and could he ever forget the quick rush of pleasure that filled him when she had put her small hand in his that celebrated evening in Sir Humphrey's "den," and whispered she would be his friend. Friend! ah! how could her lips have been so false—so cruel?

Darnley ground his nails into his clinched palms. What act of friendship was it that broke his loyal heart and cast aside his tenderness and love! He could not believe it at first.

He recalled every trait in the girl's character, he had watched so closely he thought he knew it well; how pure, how gentle, how full of womanly swmpathy; yet what a treasure of human passion had seemed to him there!

And now she was giving herself willingly, nay, eagerly, to be the wife of such a man as Thomas Crawshaw! His wife! Derrick Darnley bit his lips to keep back the groan that would have escaped them. Never more would her lips meet his—never more should he clasp her slender form to his heart—never more would her eyes smile up at him—she was no longer his, she belonged to Thomas Crawshaw—to that vulgar brute, whose very presence near her seemed a desecration.

The sight of the men sauntering to and fro, with the glow of triumphant possession shining over his swarthy face, was more than the younger man could bear.

With a smothered oath he started to his feet, forgetful, heedless that Dorothy was gazing at him in startled surprise, and without another word he strode away to the house.

"If I stay longer I shall kill him! I shall not be able to restrain myself," he muttered, fiercely, madly.

He reached the Hall and made his way to Sir Humphrey's "den," he knew he would be safe here from intrusion; but, nevertheless, he took the precaution of carefully locking the door, and once alone, he flung himself in a chair, and buried his face in his folded arms on the table.

He felt faint and sick from the violence of the anger he had experienced, and now came the dull, dead ache of despair to take its place.

Strong man as he was, he trembled in every limb; love, that had been so sweet, had turned to such bitterness as he had never dreamed of. He recalled the brief ectasy that had come to nim. As he sat there alone in the empty room and the gray dusk, he remembered with a wild throb at his heart the indescribable joy that had run through his veins as his arms first enfolded her, and he caught her whispered love on her sweet, fresh lips. Love! no, no, it had never been love. He flung out his arms suddenly, and started to his feet.

"I can't stay here," he said to himself, hoarsely. "I must go at once—where? What does it matter where? One place is as good as another now my hope is gone—my ambition dead. Why need I work for the future—why struggle? Everything is base and false and miserable!" Then his mood changed.

"How white she was," he said, hurriedly, to himself; "her face was drawn as if with pain. Did she really suffer? or—— Pshaw! it was acting. If she felt anything, it must have been shame—shame at her wrong, her cruel deception." He passed his hand over his brow, it was wet with perspiration. "Yet," he mused, as he paced on, "there is something in the whole affair I do not understand. Why should my mother have sent me on that useless journey Is there some mystery here?" Unconsciously his heart beat quicker. "Can there be any connection between this and—"

He paused, then shook his head.

How could his mother have anything to do with Nancy's affairs? She had spoken the truth with her own lips; she had told him she did not love him!

In his excitement he forgot that poor Nancy had never uttered such a falsehood.

"Ah!" he cried, passionately, "I am rightly punished for humbling my pride to the dust that bygone night in this very room, and entreating her to forgive me and remain at the Hall; had I been firm, she would have gone, and I should have been spared this misery."

The vision of her face rose before him; he saw her as she had stood under the rose-hued umbrella in the early morn; he felt again the fascination steal over him as his eyes met the fancied gaze of her marvellous blue ones. Even in imagination he could hear her soft breathing, and see the delicate color come and go in her face

Then, with a gesture of passionate despair and defiance, he started upright again.

"I will be strong," he said; "she shall see that I can laugh and bear it. She is no longer the woman I love—she is my enemy—I hate her—I hate her!"

He unlocked the door and walked steadily into the garden, knowing nothing, seeing nothing, only wrapped about in a hot flood of passion that was born of his recklessness and despair!

CHAPTER XIV.

The summer moon was at its full height as the young man emerged from the house and went slowly on to the lawn.

"What, not gone to bed, Derry?" cried Dorothy, rising alertly and going to meet him. "I thought you were in dreamland by this time!"

"I suddenly remembered an important letter I had to write," he replied, with a faint smile playing over his face for an instant.

"Could you not have done that in the morning, eh, sir?"

"I did not want to risk losing any of the delicious moments I shall indulge myself in to-morrow."

Darnley laughed shortly; his eyes went slowly round the lawn, but she was not there—he felt it, rather than saw it.

"What a lovely night," he said, abruptly; he must say something, and this came mechanically to his lips. Dorothy gave a soft little sigh. The beauty of the night had certainly been lost on her up to now; but now she mentally agreed that he was right; it was lovely. He turned to her suddenly.

"Why are you sitting alone?" he asked.

"I prefer to," Dorothy answered, truthfully; "there is no one here, except you, now, that I care to talk to. Nancy has disappeared; I can't find her high and low; I should not be the least surprised if I suddenly discovered she had walked to see Mrs. Wortley all alone—she has been so strange all day—but then she has been ill, poor dear."

"Has she been very ill?"

Derry's voice was only faintly interested.

"Very. I saw her just before luncheon, and she looked awful. I really was alarmed, but she must be better, or she would not be out of her room, would she?"

"I—I should imagine not."

Derry passed his hand over his hot eyes. His sore heart felt a pang pass through it as he heard of her suffering; and once again came that curious doubt—a doubt that was mingled with strange hope and pain; but it was so vague, so unsatisfactory, he dismissed it almost immediately from his mind.

"Shall we go for a stroll?" Dorothy said, laughingly.

"Merefield will slay me," Mr. Darnley replied, echoing her laugh, in a hollow, forced way.

Her face flushed:

"Merefield is so foolish."

"Take care; he has a title."

Despite his efforts, Derrick could not yet be quite natural.

Dorothy looked at him nervously.

"I think, after all, you had better go to bed; you seem thoroughly knocked out, Derry."

But the man made no answer, for at that moment he saw a slender, white-robed form coming toward them in the moonlight.

"It is Nancy," cried Dorothy; "let us go and scold her, naughty girl!"

She ran away swiftly, and Derrick Darnley set his teeth and clinched his strong hands.

So she had come to brave him, and she? The comedy was about to begin! Well, with all his heart! She would play her part to perfection, of course, but if she thought to see him flinch and falter she was mistaken.

How pale she was; and were those deep, black marks beneath her exquisite eyes, or did the moon throw queer shadows across her face and bring them there?

How strange it seemed; here she stood, the woman who had filled his dreams with such unspeakable beauty: he had but to stretch out his arms and he could touch her, yet she was lounging there quietly, to all appearances as indifferent as though she were a block of stone; it was very strange; she had clung to him, nestled in his arms, and now a chasm stretched between them, and to clasp hands across the gulf was impossible—to murmur his love-vows a dishonor.

How fair and girlish she looked in the moonlight! The power of her beauty stole into his brain and awoke his passion.

"She is mine—she belongs to me!" clamored his heart. "I will not give her up!"

He heard Dorothy's voice gently chiding her, and he listened hungrily for her reply.

How dull and heavy her tones were! She whose voice had been as light and joyous as a bird's notes! But he was forgetting! Of course this was acting; she had seen him on the terrace, and she was playing for his benefit. He was roused suddenly from his troubled thoughts.

"What are you staring at, Mr. Darnley?" laughed the Hon. Maude from below.

He looked down, and his brow darkened; he had not noticed that any one was near, far less that Crawshaw was at hand.

"Looks as if he had seen a ghost, don't he?" observed that gentleman, without troubling to remove his cigar from his mouth.

His head was adorned with a soft slouched hat, his hands were plunged in his trousers pockets; he looked even more vulgar and pretentious in his spick-and-span evening dress than in his rough riding attire.

Darnley's right hand clinched itself, but he made no reply to this, though Miss Chester evidently found it so witty that she laughed immoderately.

"Oh! but there are no ghosts here, are there, Mr. Darnley?" she cried.

"There's some one who looks like one, anyhow."

(To be continued.)

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents.

The Old Folks
find advancing years bring an increasing tendency to constipation. The corrective they need is
"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives
Entirely different from common laxatives Pleasant to take, mild and painless. A tablet (or less) at bed-time regulates the bowels perfectly. Increasing doses never needed. Compounded, like all the 125 NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. Money back if not satisfactory.
25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.
NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL. 22

Shipping Fever
Influenza, pink eye, epizootic, distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "exposed," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One 50-cent bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for brood mares. Acts on the blood. 50c and $1 a bottle. $6 and $11 a dozen bottles. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.

IT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

Everybody is astonished at the marvellous gain that comes to their home and to themselves by the use of
RAMSAYS PAINTS
Don't you think it would be better for you to enquire about these paints? Don't use poor paints—they cost too much. Don't use dear paints—they cost too much. Use Ramsay's Paints, sold at just the right price for correct painting. We issue a handsome booklet on house painting. You should have it. Write us for Booklet . B D We will mail it free.
A. RAMSAY & SON CO.,
THE PAINT MAKERS, - - Montreal.
Est'd. 1842

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.

SMALLEST HONEY BEES.

In some of the East Indian Islands and on the mainland of Hindustan are found the smallest honey bees in the world. Their honey combs are no larger than a child's hand, and the cells are about the size of a small pinhead. In the same land there is a race of giant bees as large as field crickets. These bees build honey combs that are from six to seven feet in length, four or more feet in width and weighing from 300 to 400 pounds each.

Here's a Home Dye That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been mere or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use
DYO LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS
Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet 96 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.

$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

ARE you one of the thousands of Canadian farmers who have used or intend using Canada Cement for the construction of some farm utility? If you contemplate building anything whatsoever of concrete, make up your mind right now to build it with a view to winning one of the prizes we are offering. Read the rest of this announcement and you will learn how you may try for a share in the $3,600 we are giving away, to encourage the use of cement upon the farm. Throughout Canada the farmers have taken such a keen interest in our campaign that it has inspired us to go further along these educational lines. We have decided, therefore, to offer a series of four $100.00 prizes to each of the nine Provinces, to be awarded as follows:

PRIZE "A"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of bags of "CANADA" Cement for actual work done on his farm.

PRIZE "B"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement on his farm in 1911 for the greatest number of purposes.

PRIZE "C"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement.

PRIZE "D"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work shown by photograph sent in, was done.

In this contest no farmer should refrain from competing, because of any feeling that he may have little chance against his neighbor who he thinks might use more cement than he does.

For it will be noted that Prizes "C" and "D" have no bearing whatever on quantity of cement used. The man who sends us the best photograph of so small a thing as a watering trough or a hitching post, has as much chance for Prize "C" as a man who sends a photograph of a house built of cement—and the same with Prize "D" as to best description.

Canada Cement is handled by dealers in almost every town in Canada. Should there not happen to be a dealer in your locality, let us know and we will try to appoint one.

Contest will close on November 15th, 1911, and all photos and descriptions must be in our office by that date. Awards will be made as soon as possible thereafter. The jury of award will consist of: Prof. Peter Gillespie, Lecturer in Theory of Construction, University of Toronto; W. H. Day, Professor of Physics, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; and Ivan S. Macdonald, Editor of "Construction."

Now, you cannot hope to do concrete work to the best advantage unless you have a copy of our free book, entitled, "*What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete.*" This book tells how to construct well-nigh anything on the farm, from hitching post to silo. Whether you enter the contest or not, you'll find this book most helpful. A post-card asking for the book will bring it to you promptly. Send for your copy to-night. From your cement dealer or from us, you can obtain a folder containing full particulars of contest. If you send to us for it, use the coupon provided in this announcement.

The Canada Cement Co.
LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUE.

Please send me full particulars of Prize Contest. Also a copy of "*What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete.*"

Name.....

Address.....

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents.