FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd)

Sinking down by the cosy fire, Nancy gave herself up for a moment to the sad train of her reflections. She allowed the skeleton to come that had elasped—for the first time since that cold, glooomy day, when, wandering through the cheerlers London streets, she had shudderingly realized life was false, hollow, cruel. Had not his own mother betrayed him, no one should have convinced her of Derrick Darnley's chameful treachery.

She arecalled all the misery of that time, the cold, the fatigue, the helplessness, then her return to the lodgings, and the news that freedom had come indeed—freedom not brought about by any doing of hers, but in an awful if natural way.

If it had not been for Janet, the girl would have probably sunk beneath the anxieties and trouble which followed on that day. The faithful woman took everything on her shoulders, and when she found that Nancy absolutely refused to go to the Hall, or, indeed, anywhere near to the scene of the horror she had gone through, she moved her young mistress to a good hotel, telegraphed to Fenton peremptorily to send the address of the dead man's trustees and lawyers, which Fenton, frightened and sobered, did at once; and when the lawyers came on the scene the rest was easy. For Dorothy Leicester, leaving her father in good hands, travelled up to be with her adopted sister in this time of trouble, and, shielded by loving care, Nancy was protected and tended as though she had been a child. But Dorothy's strenuous efforts, it was found unnecessary to have Nancy present at the inquest held on her husband's dead body, an inquest which gave forth the verdict of "suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind," and to the brave loyalty of the loving girl Nancy owed her escape from the hideous details which were dragged forth of the cunning way in which Thomas Crawshaw had eluded the watchful eye of his keepers—for the doctor so hastily called in had straightway set two men to guard him, having seen at once the homicidal taint that marked his delirium.

It was through Dorothy and Dr. Grantley together that Nancy was never told exactly what caused her husband's death, and the mental torture she had endured was so great that she asked no leading questions, and, indeed, shunned the subject as much as was possible. She was spared much worry with the lawyers, also, for Crawshaw had been master of his fortune too short a time to permit him to have made many complications; and, in fact, as has been shown, he was far more inclined to hoard his money than to squander it.

The young widow had at first astounded and annoyed the trustees and lawyers by her steadfast refusal to accept the fortune which had come to her; and it is very doubtful if they would ever have brought her to a reasonable frame of mind had not Dorothy stepped in at a good moment, and by simple common-sense argument, and an artful suggestion as to the amount of good Nancy could do her Uncle Henry and others, had induced the girl to change her mind.

All this bustle and work had been very good for Dorothy, it helped to heal the wound which had been inflicted on her gentle heart that morning in the Ripstone grounds. She was learning to forget Derrick Darnley, to grasp the wisdom of the words to her, and, all unknown and undeclared, a soft, warm feeling for poor Lord Merefield was creeping into her heart. It was, perhaps, because she was lonely without either of her cousins — for Darnley had started off suddenly a year ago to Canada, in connection with some large engineering scheme—and thrown back thus, without Merefield to tease and torment, and follow her about like a faithful dog, Dorothy gradually began to feel that she wanted him very much indeed. With the young man at home, too, it is not impossible that the girl would not have suffered such pain and hurt modesty as had followed upon that memorable interview with Darnley.

As it was, Nancy was quick to notice that the girl never, or very rarely, mentioned her cousin Derry's name now; and our heroine was not averse to this new arrangement, for, with the bitter disappointment and wrong that lived in her heart for this man, it would not have been easy to discuss him in a light, frivolous way, or to have listened, as heretofore, to a long and never-ending category of his good qualities from Dorothy's lips.

Once, and once only, had Miss Leicester spoken openly about him.

"Aunt Anne is broken-hearted about this Canadian business," she had said to Nancy, as they were drinking tea together in Mrs. Crawshaw's drawing-room, "and I can't understand it. I saw Derry just three days before he went, and he never said a word to me about going, only seemed brighter and more like himself than he had been for weeks past."

Nancy made no reply, but her hand trembled a little.

It must have been that very time that a few simple, tender words, full of apparent deep and unalterable love, had come to her, which, after reading swiftly, she had deliberately torn in two and returned to Derrick Darnley with the following curt words:

"Mrs. Crawshaw begs to inform Mr. Darnley that henceforth she desires to hold no communication with him, either by word or letter."

Had Dorothy known this, any perplexity which had arisen respecting her cousin's strange emigration to Canada might possibly have been explained, and another drop of bitterness added to the cup of reproach and remorse which was Mrs. Darnley's daily portion now-a-days.

But Dorothy did not know—and, as far as Nancy was concerned, was never likely to. All the latter asked was that she might never meet this dear, cruel, treacherous man again, and that she might be at peace.

Ripstone Hall was very gay on this Christmas Eve.

"We must all hang our stockings up, you know," Dorothy cried "and Duncan will put in some rich and regal jewel he has brought from the East; won't you, Duncan?"

Lord Merefield, who had made his appearance two hours after they had arrived, made no reply to this, but only glared at poor, innocent Darcy Hamilton, round whom Dorothy was flitting lightly, for the sheer purpose of teasing her cousin, who had returned, looking bronzed and older and very attractive to the dainty, golden-haired Dolly.

"Well, then, if you won't give us any of your Eastern spoils, you must wake up, sir, and dance—yes, dance. You must open the servants' ball with the cook — you hear, sir?—and Nancy, you must take Foster."

Dorothy was like the proverbial fairy to-night; her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks flushed, her whole face full of new and old happiness mixed.

"Daddy, you must take Mrs Starr. Oh, nonsense! Of course, you can dance. You are not so lame as all that. Mr. Hamilton had better take Baines. And now there is Janet. Oh, Nancy, who shall dance with Janet?" And Dorothy stopped still, with a comical look of dismay on her face.

They were all standing round the big fire in the hall.

Nancy laughed.

"What an awful thing, Dolly!" she replied. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Suposing the lady herself has no objections, what do you say to my dancing with Janet?" said a voice, quietly, from the background; and turning, they saw Derrick Darnley's tall form, still enveloped in his overcoat, with his hat in hand.

Nancy turned deadly white, and for a moment all sense left her; but Dolly ran forward with her old frankness, and with outstretched hands to welcome her cousin back again.

"Well, this is a surprise!" cried Sir Humphrey, as he clasped his nephew's hand. "Where do you spring from?"

"It is a long journey, uncle, but I can give it you in a few words. I arrived in Liverpool this morning, and suddenly felt a longing to see the old place once again; so, without changing a garment—yes, I am very dirty, Dolly; I really must cleanse myself before I dance with Janet—I got into the train to come here. I must have missed you at Euston, Merefield, old fellow, for it was not until I was standing on the frozen platform at Stainer, where I got out by mistake for Ripstone, that I saw your face pass me like a flash of lightning."

"Got out at Stainer!" exclaimed Sir Humphrey. "Made a mistake! Why, Derry, lad, that's not like you. And how have you come from there, eh?"

"Walked," was Mr. Darnley's laconic reply.

Dorothy was busy taking his scarf and hat, and helping him to remove his coat, while his eyes were fixed on that slender figure in the long, black velvet gown, turned so resolutely from him, with the magnificent hair coiled low on the white neck.

Sir Humphrey was soon shouting for some one to bring Mr. Dornley something to eat, and Miss Leicester drew her cousin to the fire.

"Nancy, here is Derry come to join us. Haven't you a word for him?"

Nancy, who was laughing and talking with Darcy Hamilton, turned round quietly.

"How do you do?" she asked, in cold, languid tones. "You must be frozen, I am sure, and we are monopolizing all the fire. Come along, Darcy, we will go and have a look at the ball-room, and prepare ourselves for the festivity. Dolly, if you want me, dear, you know where I am."

And gathering up her velvet train, Mrs. Crawshaw put her small hand on her cousin's arm, and walked away, laughing, with what sounded like good merriment to the others, but which rang in her ears as a hollow mockery.

Darnley stood staring after her as she went.

"Who is the man?" he asked Dorothy, sharply; and, as she told him, he relapsed into silence again, until a servant came to lead him to his room, when, with a forced smile, he said:

"I shall be down directly, Dolly," and he went quickly away.

Once alone in his room, he stood with clinched hands and compressed lips.

Incredible as it seemed, he could find no solution to the extraordinary change in Nancy except that her wealth had brought this change. Money must have hardened her heart and set her for ever away from him.

Going up to the broad mantleshelf, he buried his face on his folded arms.

"What use to try and get at any other reason?" he asked himself, bitterly, as the moments passed, and then he roused himself. "She has told me plainly she doesn't want to have anything more to do with me. Well, that ought to be clear enough. I'm a fool to torture myself any more. After all, I'm not the first man to have made a big mistake about a woman!"

With a shrug of his shoulders, therefore, he roused himself and dressed rapidly, and as he stood for a moment before joining the others, he came to the dtermination that he would leave again as soon as he could get away.

(To be continued.)

STRONGER THAN MEAT.

A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State, writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Graps-Nuts as food. He says:

"For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The passing of the loose peasant blouse is promised; also the combination of red, white, and blue.

Not many changeable taffeta garments are seen, but they are expected to have a great run a little later on.

WITH YOU.

Matthew 28:20.

To Thee we look, our risen Lord;
We triumph in Thy faithful word;
To Thee we give all praise.
Upon Thy statement we rely;
For Thou hast plainly said, "Lo, I
Am with you all the days."

Our every need shall be supplied;
For Thou dost with each one abide
Who Thy command obeys;
Forth at Thy bidding we shall go;
For Thou, we do most surely know,
Art with us all the days.

We will Thy precious word proclaim;
Baptize disciples in Thy name,
And walk in all Thy ways;
May we rejoice Thy will to do;
For in this work we know that Thou
Art with us all the days.

With us in the darkest days Thou art—
With us when dearest friends depart
And grief its sceptre sways;
No more have we to walk alone;
For Thou whose love is freely shown
Art with us all the days.

Thy glorious Gospel we will preach,
To Thy disciples we will teach
All that Thy word conveys;
Upon Thy presence we depend;
For Thou, as Saviour, Leader, Friend,
Art with us all the days.

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

WHERE PROTECTION HELPS THE FARMER.

Keeps Out Meats and Butter From the Antipodes.

An instance of how a Protective Tariff protects the farmer of Canada is seen now and then, when the Customs Officers hold up for duty some shipment from far-off Australia or China.

On March 18th last, 750 carcasses of frozen lamb from Australia were landed at St. John, N. B. 250 carcasses were sent to the William Davies Co., Limited, Toronto. The greater part of the remainder were shipped to Montreal. This lamb was purchased at nine cents per pound delivered in bond at Toronto.

Under existing conditions the duty was three cents per pound. This made the lamb cost twelve cents per pound laid down in Toronto.

Fresh dressed lambs were selling in Toronto at that time at 12½c. to 13c. per pound.

Hence, after paying this duty there was not much difference between the prices of the Australian and Canadian lamb.

The duty protected the Canadian farmer against the Australian product.

But under Reciprocity the duty on this frozen lamb will be only 1¼c. per pound, so that similar shipments could be laid down in Toronto at 10¼c. per pound, two or three cents per pound cheaper than the price for the home raised products.

Referring to the lambs which were sent to Montreal. When they reached Montreal. Canadian lamb was selling at 10½c. The Australian lambs were sold at 9½c. delivered ex cars Montreal duty paid, the owners apparently being contented to undersell the Canadian market by one cent per pound.

Now, if you wish to see the effect upon the live stock market of the receipt of this Australian lamb in Montreal, turn up the Montreal papers of March 20th, in one of which, for example, the headline was, "Sheep Sold Lower in Local Markets."

If, with the three cent duty on every pound, frozen lamb can be profitably imported from Australia, it seems almost conclusive that reducing the duty will also reduce the price of Canadian lamb accordingly.

And not only does Australia export frozen meat, but it exports butter as well. It exports annually between fifty and seventy-five million pounds of butter.

Australian butter can be laid down now in bond at Montreal at 23c. per pound. A duty of four cents per pound keeps it out of competition with the Canadian butter now selling at 26c. per pound.

Under Reciprocity, which would do away with the duty of four cents per pound, the Eastern Townships butter would have to compete during the winter months with Australian butter which cost only 23c. per pound in Montreal

SEEN IN PARIS SHOPS.

Hatpin heads are embroidered in beads in flowers of natural colors.

Bead embroidery on sheer linen in flower forms is used to a great extent.

The silk suit is one of the accepted types of summer costume. It is seen everywhere.

This is the season for softening the face and neck with lace collars and fichus worn over coats or dresses, and the effect is undoubtedly good.

Boleros are oriental in style—the Greek, Byzantine, Egyptian embroideries—are used to stimulate the bolero line in many dresses.

Hair "swirls" have come in again, held in place by tortoise and amber combs, sometimes studden and again of metal set with mock gems.

There is a growing tendency toward the Norfolk jacket style of coat, which means extra length and a belt that slips well down below the waist.

Fringes and galloons are used to weight down tunics.

A large pale rose straw hat seen in the shops had a crown of eyelet embroidery draped to form a bow at the back.

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less. Absolutely harmless. 25 cents a box at all druggists'.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED 34

RECIPROCITY YES OR NO?

The Weekly Sun, the farmers' business paper, is giving unbiased and reliable information regarding this great question, such as is not given in any other Journal.

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10 WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS

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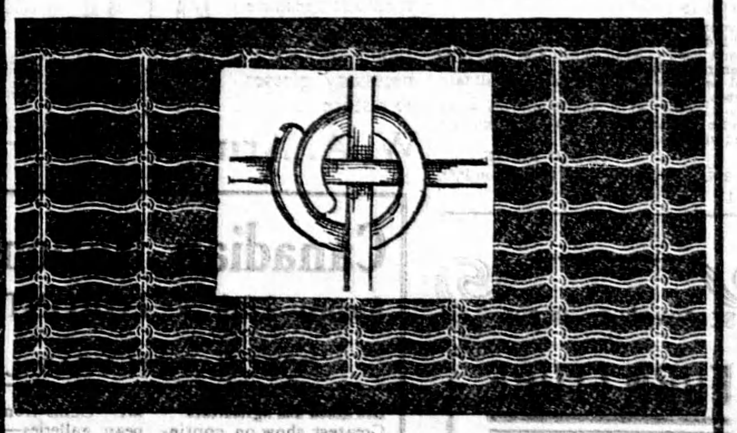

ROYAL FENCE is made of the best all No. 9 hard steel wire, heavily galvanized and perfectly woven. The farmers of Ontario have purchased over 200 carloads of Royal Fence this season. Your money back and we pay freight both ways if not satisfied.

The following styles we carry in stock and can make prompt shipment of any amount. All fence put up in 20, 30 and 40 rod rolls only.

6-40-9 Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod. All No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9. Price per rod, freight prepaid 21½c

7-40-9 Has 7 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Price per rod, freight prepaid 24c

8-40 Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. price per rod, freight prepaid 29c

7-48-9 Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Price per rod, freight prepaid 25c

8-48 Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 9. Price per rod, freight prepaid 30c

9-48-9 Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Price per rod, freight prepaid 30c

9-48 Same as 9-48-9, with 12 stays to the rod. Price per rod, freight prepaid 32½c

10-50 10-line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire. Spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 3¾, 5½, 6, 8, 8, 8. Price per rod, freight prepaid 35c

We sell the best all iron double stretcher made, freight prepaid $7.50

The above prices include freight prepaid to any railroad station west of Toronto in Old Ontario. To points beyond Toronto and south of North Bay add 1c per rod and we pay freight. To points in New Ontario, Quebec, and Maritime Provinces, add 6c per rod and we pay freight. Remit cash with your order by money order or draft to the

The Sarnia Fence Co. Sarnia, Ont.

TWO IMAGES ON ORIGINAL