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THE SNARE

BY RAFAEL SABATINI.

The Master Tale-Teller, Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent." Another Stirring Story of Adventure and Love in a New Setting—The Peninsular War.

WHO'S WHO.

Lt. Richard Butler of the Irish dragoons, on a foraging expedition during Wellington's campaign against the French in Portugal, hears of a rare wine possessed by some monks. Drunk, he starts out to get some of it. He mistakes a nun for the monastery he seeks. When admittance is refused, believing the place is a "hotbed of treason," he forces his way in. Shocked and sobered when he realizes his sacrilege, he turns to go, but strikes his head on a pillar and falls unconscious.

Sergt. Flanagan, who with a few troops accompanied him, meanwhile is attacked by peasants enraged at what they supposed was a deliberate violation of the convent. Outnumbered ten to one, he manages to escape when the abbess appeals to the peasants.

Sir Robert Crauford, commander of the light division, hears Flanagan's report that Butler was left for dead. "It is just as well," he says, "for Lord Wellington would have had him shot."

Sir Terence O'Moy, adjutant-general of the Irish dragoons, learns that Butler, who is his young wife's brother, left the convent alive, but has not returned to his regiment.

Capt. Tremayne, O'Moy's secretary, reminds Sir Terence that Richard's death would break Lady O'Moy's heart. O'Moy has always been jealous of the strong friendship between Una, his wife, and the young captain.

Principal Souza of the council of regency is opposed to Lord Wellington's plan to devastate part of Portugal, and interferes with military operations until the British commander-in-chief has issued the ultimatum that unless Souza be removed from the government he, Wellington, will withdraw from the country.

Miguel Forjas, Portuguese secretary of state, warns O'Moy that Butler must be punished.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUNT'S PROMISE.

Lady O'Moy at the moment did not stand in such urgent need of Miss Armytage as Miss Armytage imagined. She had heard the appalling story of her brother's escapade, but she had been unable to perceive in what it was so terrible as it was declared. The whole thing appeared to her to be rather silly, and she refused seriously to consider that it could have any grave consequences for Dick. While she was still discussing the matter in terms of comparative calm, came an orderly to summon O'Moy away, so that he left her in company of Samoval.

The count, who was engaged on a certain deep intrigue, did not take his leave just yet. He sauntered with Lady O'Moy on the terrace and there discovered her mind to be even more frivolous and unstable than his perspicuity had hitherto suspected. However, he did not intend that the matter of her brother should be entirely forgotten, or lightly treated. Deliberately at last he revived it.

Fingering his snowy stock, he bent upon her eyes of glowing adoration. "Dear Lady O'Moy," his tenor voice was soft and soothing as a caress, "I sigh to think that one so adorable, so entirely made for life's sunshine and gladness, should have cause for a moment's uneasiness at the thought of the peril of your brother."

"Dick is not in peril," she answered. "He is foolish to remain so long in Portugal, and of course he will have to be punished when he is found."

"But why?"

just nonsense. Surely you don't think—"

"No, no." He looked down, then his dark eyes returned to meet her own. "I shall see to it that he is in no danger. You may depend upon me, who ask but the happy chance to serve you. I have influence with the government and I give you my word that so far as the Portuguese government is concerned your brother shall take no harm."

"I take this very kindly in you, sir. I have no thanks that are worthy," she said, her voice trembling a little. "You have made me very happy, count."

He bore her hand to his lips and held it to them a long moment. As he came erect again a movement under the archway caught his eye, and turning he found himself confronting Sir Terence and Miss Armytage, who were approaching.

O'Moy's frosty manner would have imposed constraint upon any man less master of himself than Samoval. But the count ignored it and delayed a moment to exchange amabilities politely with Miss Armytage before taking at last an unhurried and unperturbed departure.

"He has undertaken that if there should be any trouble with the Portuguese government about Dick's silly affair he will put it right," said Lady O'Moy to her husband.

"Oh!" said O'Moy, "that was it?" And out of his tender consideration for her he said no more.

But Sylvia Armytage was thinking of what Tremayne had told her of the attitude of the Portuguese government, and her clear-sighted mind perceived an obvious peril in permitting Count Samoval to become aware of Dick's whereabouts should they ever be discovered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUGITIVE.

It was about this time that a young Maj. Berkeley engaged in a duel with a Portuguese officer over the question of Butler's continued absence. The Portuguese officer was killed and Berkeley was broken and sent home. Thus the score against poor Richard Butler went on increasing.

The ship in which Maj. Berkeley went home to England was the frigate Telemachus, and the Telemachus had but dropped anchor in the Tagus at the date with which I am immediately concerned. Marcus Glennie, the captain of the frigate, an old friend of Tremayne's, was by virtue of that friendship an almost daily visitor at the adjutant's quarters.

But I am anticipating. The Telemachus came to her moorings in the Tagus, at which time the present we may leave her, on the morning of the day that was to close with Count Rondono's semi-official ball.

On the evening of that day, Lady O'Moy, having prepared for the ball, in advance of the rest of her household, sauntered out on to the terrace. She was leaning over the balustrade when a rustle in the bushes below drew her attention. Then the bushes parted and a limping figure that leaned heavily upon a stick disclosed itself, and this figure spoke her name sharply, warningly almost.

"Una! Una! Don't move!"

The voice was certainly the voice of Mr. Butler. But how came that voice into the body of this creature?

"Richard!" The name broke from her in a scream.

"Sh!" He waved his hands in wild alarm to repress her. "For God's sake, be quiet! It's a ruined man I am if they find me here. Is there anywhere you can hide me? Can you get me into the house without being seen? I am almost starving, and I don't know on fire."

ing shot one fine morning before long."

"Why do you talk of being shot? You have done nothing to deserve that. Why should you fear it?"

Mr. Butler, in common with others, was actuated by the desire to spare his sister unnecessary pain or anxiety.

"It's not myself I will take any risks," he said. "We are at war, and when men are at war killing becomes a sort of habit, and one life more or less is neither here nor there." And upon that he renewed his plea that she should hide him if she could and that on no account should she tell a single soul—and Sir Terence least of any—of his presence.

"Go back to the bushes there," she bade him, "and wait until I come for you. I will make sure that the coast is clear."

Contiguous to her dressing-room, which overlooked the quadrangle, there was a small alcove which had been converted into a storeroom. A door opening directly from her dressing-room communicated with this alcove, and of that door she was in possession of the key.

No one saw Lady O'Moy and the limping fugitive slip into the house. They gained the dressing-room and thence the alcove in complete safety. There, after Una had washed his wound and brought him food, Richard, allowing his exhaustion at last to conquer him, sank heavily down upon one of his sister's many trunks.

"We'll talk to-morrow, Una," he promised her, as he stretched himself luxuriously upon that hard couch. "But meanwhile, on your life, not a word to anyone. You understand?"

"Of course I understand, my poor Dick."

CHAPTER X.

SYLVIA'S ADVICE.

Lady O'Moy and Miss Armytage drove along together into Lisbon. As they sat side by side in the well-upholstered carriage Miss Armytage became aware that her companion was trembling.

"Una, dear, whatever is the matter?"

"I—I have been so troubled about Richard," Lady O'Moy faltered. "It is preying upon my mind. I have been imagining that if Dick is hiding, a fugitive, he might naturally come to me for help."

"Time enough to consider it when it happens, Una. After all—"

"I know," her ladyship interrupted, "but I think I should be easier in my mind if I knew what to do, to whom to appeal for assistance, for I am afraid that I should be very helpless myself. There is Terence, of course."

"No," said Sylvia gravely. "I shouldn't go to Terence."

"There is Count Samoval. He promised that if ever any such thing happened he would help me."

"I should go to Sir Terence before I went to Count Samoval. By which I mean that I should not go to Count Samoval at all under any circumstances. I do not trust him. Count Samoval is the intimate friend of the Marquis of Minas, who remains a member of the government, and who next to the Principal Souza was, and no doubt is, the most bitter opponent of the British policy in Portugal."

Sylvia went on to explain that it was from the Portuguese government that the demand for justice upon the violator of the monastery of Tavora emanated, and that Samoval's offer might be calculated to obtain him information of Butler's whereabouts when they became known, so that he might surrender him to the government.

"My dear!" Lady O'Moy was shocked almost beyond expression. "How you must dislike the man to suggest that he could be such a—such a Judas."

"I do not suggest that he could be. I warn you never to run the risk of trusting him."

"To whom then should I go?" Una demanded plaintively.

And Sylvia, remembering the promise that Tremayne had given her, answered readily: "There is but one man who could assist you could safely seek—Ned Tremayne. Indeed I wonder you should not have thought of him in the first instance, since he is your own, as well as Dick's lifelong friend."

"You like Ned, don't you, dear?"

"I think everybody likes him." Sylvia's voice was now studiously cold.

"Yes; but I don't mean quite in that way." And then before the subject could be further pursued the carriage rolled to a standstill. The carriage door was flung open and a brace of footmen assisted the ladies to alight.

(To be continued.)

Kilreggan Fields.

Kilreggan Fields are patterned plain with green and brown and green again;

The little dykes are patterned plain with green and brown and green again;

Press On.

The road to success is no pathway of flowers,

It will test well your grit and persistence;

There are rough tracks to traverse, thro' long weary hours,

Ere the goal comes in sight in the distance.

It matters but little what art you employ—

What tangled skein seek to unravel;

To succeed, time will show, all the same price must pay—

To "Get There" all the same road must travel.

Should Music her subtle spell o'er you have cast,

And you straightway resolve for to woo her,

Altho' coy, you will find, ere a few moons have passed,

She rewards those who boldly pursue her.

If at times she's cold, and on you seems to frown,

Yet her manners withal is beguiling;

Tho' to-day seeming failure makes you feel cast-down,

At to-morrow's success you'll be smiling.

Undaunted press on and the prize you will gain—

That rich guerdon for which you have striven—

The key to pure rapture, by which you'll obtain,

While on earth, a sweet fortaste of Heaven.

—Richard Hartley, in "Music."

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.



He—"Anyone can see a lot of grace in this step."

She—"Beg pardon! My name is Maude."

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