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ANYONE ONE NEEDING New Pumps, Pump Repairs, Cement Curbing or Culvert Tile, see . . . JNO. SCHULTZ or myself at the shop  
**George Whitmore**

**Every Woman**  
is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.



If we cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—valued. It gives full particulars and directions (available to ladies).  
**WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,**  
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

## BIG 4

Wishing All Our Customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year

## W. H. BEAN

### LET EVERYONE USE CHRISTMAS STAMPS

The little Christmas Stamp, issued on behalf of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, to help care for needy patients, serves, of course, a very practical purpose in providing a means of securing funds for this institution. But the educational value of these stamps being put in circulation must not be overlooked. For this reason we urge our readers to put a one cent stamp on every letter and package that they will be mailing between now and the new year. Scatter abroad the good news that there is hope for the poor consumptive. With the stamps costing only one cent each, the door is open to everyone to have some part in this great campaign of stamping out consumption. In a decade the mortality in the Province of Ontario from tuberculosis declined nearly forty per cent. Every letter of a Christmas Stamp can help to improve these conditions. A post to the Secretary of the National Tuberculosis Association, 347 King Street East, Toronto, will give all particulars. Write him to-day.

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Anyone suffering a cough, cold, or croup, or who has a hoarse voice, should use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a sure cure for all these troubles, and it is so gentle that it can be used by the most delicate. It is sold by all druggists.

**W. H. BEAN**  
361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 63 F St. Washington, D. C.

# THE SECRET OF PAUL FARLEY

— BY —  
**J. J. MARCH**  
Author of "A Child of Many Prayers" etc.  
Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

### CHAPTER III. An Affray

Some thunder and a shower of rain sent the ladies indoors sooner than their wont, and deprived Paul Farley of his quiet smoke under the copper beech. He went to his room instead, and searched in his letter case for Agnes Fleming's address. Yes, there it lay, neglected and unread—Miss Fleming, the Manor House, Weyberne.

"Come in," he said, in answer to a gentle, cautious tapping on his bedroom door, and repressing the small, square envelope.

"Anything the matter, Tom?" he asked, as a good-looking boy entered with a Greek grammar in his hand.

"I know that declension."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're not playing the old soldier, Tom?"

"I know it, sir, honor bright."

"There you are then!" he said, shutting the book with a bang. "Now be off and tell Harry."

"Mr. Farley," the boy said, taking the book and coming further into the room, "I'd like to tell you some thing if you won't be angry."

"Am I ever angry, Tom?"

"Not about lessons, but you might be about this."

"Well, as I have no conception of the awfulness you are about to unfold I cannot promise one way or the other. Come, out with it, my man, if you are going to tell."

"You left your hat in the hall, Mr. Farley, and it tumbled off the peg."

"That's not an uncommon occurrence, Master Tom."

"No, but I picked it up, and saw some lines of poetry stuck in the lining, and I read 'em."

"You saw some poetry inside my hat?" he said in astonishment. "What hat, which hat?"

"Your straw hat."

Paul stood with his hands in his trousers pockets, gazing down at the boy's fair face.

"Nip down stairs, Tom," he said at last, "and bring me that identical self-same hat."

The lad was gone in a moment, returning almost immediately, flushed and panting.

"Shut the door," he said, drawing a piece of paper from a break in the lining. "You've seen it before, Tom, and I can dispense with your head under my chin."

He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, That dares not put it to the touch To gain or lose it all.

He read out the doggerel in a drawing monotone.

"What rot," the boy said; "what does she mean?"

"She!" he repeated sharply; "how do you know a 'she' wrote it?"

"I know her spider writing. She wrote once and asked me to her little boy's birthday party."

"Put a name to the 'she,' Tom."

"Oh, you know it, Mr. Farley!"

"Are the initials R. W.?"

"Yes, Rowena Wycherly. She must be a rotten—"

"Fuch! So Mrs. Wycherly has a little boy?"

"Not now. He used to have dreadful fits, so two doctors went and took him away. She's a bad woman she—"

"Hist! Thomas Hargrave! That's a sweeping assertion!"

"I heard James tell cook that Beech-bub and Jezebel rolled into one were nothing to her."

"If I were a boy of twelve I should neither listen nor repeat kitchen gossip. Of course," he added, looking very grave, "no doubt wicked people used to exist, because there was once a kind of monster. I think his name was Chelchivache. He only lived on good women, and the result was he became all skin and bone; his food, poor thing, was so very scarce."

"Oh, Mr. Farley! You always put me off with something silly—"

"Come in," he said, in answer to a gentle, cautious tapping on his bedroom door, and repressing the small, square envelope.

"What a lovely evening, Tom!"

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what late. The soup was being served, and Lady Hargrave signed to him to take the vacant seat beside Agnes Fleming. Anthony Pelham and Judith were opposite. The latter's pretty, piquant face was clouded with annoyance and expressed disapproval at the dinner arrangement. She made it very plain to her patient companion that she was ill-pleased with the pairing and dissatisfied with herself, with him, and with those around the table.

Sir Thomas, more comfortable in his mind, and consequently happier than he had been for weeks, gave vent to his old hearty guffaws. He told stories which caused Miss Patricia Primrose to lean back in her chair, the tears in her eyes, and shake with suppressed laughter. Lady Hargrave, looking between the palm leaves at her husband's jovial face, was fondly and ponderingly eyed. She poked a fun at the middle-aged barrister, whose arrival they anticipated in the near future, in her sweet, satirically way, generating mirth without embarrassment. Once during the meal, when the conversation and laughter became general, Paul found an opportunity to whisper to Agnes.

"Tell me of a quiet, lonely spot, where I can talk to you undisturbed," he said, bending his dark head down to hers, and touching her wineglass significantly.

She shook her head in answer to his action. "There is an old unused thatched summer-house in our shrubbery," she said, after a moment's deliberation.

"Can't I see you there to-morrow night?"

"What time?" she murmured, meeting Judith Hargrave's jealous eyes.

"It must be after dark; say eight."

She smiled and stooped to pick up her serviette.

"I shall not come into the drawing-room this evening," he said, as the ladies rose from the table; "I am going to post a letter at East Weyberne."

"There won't be a moon to-night."

"Never mind, it's only a little over three miles, and I know every inch of the way."

He left Sir Thomas and Anthony Pelham over a bottle of old Madeira, and found James airing himself at the hall door.

"Going out, sir?" he asked, stepping into an ante-room and bringing forth a light overcoat and a checked tweed cap.

"To East Weyberne. It will be pretty dark when I get back."

"The evenings are drawing in, sir, but it's market day yonder, so as likely as not you'll have company home. Look here, sir," he added, with a detaining touch on his arm, "don't you go all round by the main avenue, out straight across to the main gate leading into a private road, which'll take you on to the turnpike."

He followed the man's directions, and in an incredible short space of time was on the main road. It was chilly after the rain, and he walked quickly with an easy swinging gait, and examining his watch later by the lamplight of the station lamp, he knew that he had made the journey in less than fifty minutes.

The little country town seemed full of farmers and farm laborers. The streets were badly lighted and coarse, drunken drovers loafed about the narrow pavements in front of the public-houses using obscene language, or roaring out snatches of ribald songs. A half-tipsy ruffian rolling out from a tavern, singing at the top of his voice, knocked against him as he passed.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, in idiotic amazement; "why, you're the bloke from Lunnun as sold me that their broken-winded mare! I allus said I'd break your head whinever I see yer."

Several of the man's comrades gathered round and strenuously advised him to set about redressing his wrongs without delay.

"Take that, yer bloomin' swell!" the man said, doubling his fist and hitting straight out from the elbow.

A sharp cry of pain and a hoarse cheer rang out of pain and a hoarse cheer rang out and echoed away behind the houses, but before the unusual chorus had quite finished re-echoing a tall, powerfully-built man in rough frieze knicker-bockers and wearing a Homburg hat, pushed his way through the jeering throng.

"What are you fellows doing there?" he demanded in a laconic, imperious tone. "Is that you, Denham, you drunken rascal?"

"It's all right, Squire," the man answered, partially sobered by his master's voice. "This here's a cap as swindled me over the mare. I allus said as how I'd do it."

"You always say exactly what you mean, Denham, but I say that you've got to get out of this once and for all, and see you back at work to-morrow."

"I were more under his breath, Squire," he said, moving towards the Squire Fleming stood and tried to best him of two paces.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
Paul Farley Makes a Friend

Squire Fleming placed Paul's arm within his own.

"You're a bit blazed, my man," he said, as he led him across the street to a fresh, quiet, comfortable-looking inn. "I'll get you put up at the 'Popinjay' and I'll be waiting in the

yard now; it's the only respectable horse in the place. Just come into the front parlor and let's see what mischief that brute has done."

"I saw Mrs. Radley," he said to the butler, and they encountered in the second passage, "just bring a brandy and soda, and a bowl of warm water; this gentleman has met with an accident."

"Why, it's Mr. Farley!" she cried in surprise. "Oh, my. Well I won't be a minute, sir."

Paul sat down on the horsehair couch feeling sick and giddy. Squire Fleming turned up the light and set the lamp on the edge of the table near the sofa.

"By Jove! That's an ugly cut," he said, removing the hand pressed over the wounded eye. "That scoundrel's knuckle must be made of flint to lay a cheek open in that manner. No, don't touch it, bathe it gently with the warm water."

"Thank you," he continued, relieving the landlady of a basin and towel. "Now, Mrs. Radley, if you could oblige me with an old soft handkerchief, instead of this huckaback towel, a small piece of lint, and some plaster, I shouldn't need to give you further trouble."

"No trouble at all, sir," she said, briskly. "I have some lint left of the piece you gave my husband when he cut his wrist a week or two since, and plaster, too."

"Capital! We are in luck's way."

"You are Sir Thomas Hargrave's secretary, I take it," the Squire resumed, uncorking the soda water. "My sister is dining at the Hall this evening."

"I had the pleasure of sitting next to her at dinner," Paul answered, rousing himself with an effort.

"Oh, Mrs. Radley," the Squire exclaimed apologetically, as the good creature again appeared. "I am afraid I shall run you off your legs, but I really must have a pair of sharp scissors."

"I've brought a pair, sir," she said with a breathless laugh. "I knew you'd want them for the plaster."

"You're a treasure, Mrs. Radley! I suppose a leash of partridges won't come amiss?"

Mrs. Radley vanished smiling and curtseying.

"Dry that gently, Mr. Farley," he said, placing the brandy and soda at the young man's elbow, and catching his wrist in a firm clasp as he spoke.

Paul looked up at the sunburnt face bending over him. He noted the square jaw, and the bronze moustache and the keen, steady eyes now smiling kindly into his. He saw, too, that the broad forehead was blue-veined and almost white, where the hat had protected and sheltered it from the summer's sun. The man's whole personality expressed powerful energy of mind, a welding together of severity and tenderness, and an open honest fearlessness, bred and fostered, perchance by the simplicity of his pastoral life.

"Why, you are as tremulous as the leaves of a tree," he said, with some concern, "drink that stuff and let me plaster the wound, and you'll begin to feel yourself again."

"I ought to be extremely grateful to you, Mr. Fleming," the patient said, with quivering lips, taking another glance at the face, which began to have a strange fascination for him.

"Why, for not leaving you to Denham to pound to a jelly?"

"Yes, and for the trouble you are taking now."

"Virtue brings its own reward, Mr. Farley, and one handsome brown eye has amply rewarded me, I assure you. I am congratulating myself upon not being a 'weak woman,' otherwise that wanton orb might entangle itself in the mechanism of my heart and cause a deal of mischief. Keep still. Don't move for an instant, and I shall have fixed you up very presentably. There! Now lie down while I go and see what has become of my trap."

As the door closed upon the Squire's stalwart form Paul lifted the lamp and walked unsteadily to the old-fashioned mirror. The left cheek immediately below the eye was neatly strapped with fine strips of pale yellow plaster. The eyelid was swollen and discolored, and an unbecoming puffiness thickened one side of the nose. He set the lamp back on the table, and finished his brandy, and felt in his waistcoat pocket for his eye-glasses. Coming along, the humid atmosphere had blurred the glass, and he remembered taking them off and slipping them in along with his watch, a fortunate circumstance when seen in the light of after events. He was endeavoring to replace them, trying to find a spot where they would sit with the least discomfort, and to fix the rims accordingly, when the Squire returned.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Farley?" he asked, drawing on his doeskin gloves.

"I feel quite equal to the walk back," he said, stroking his inflamed nose.

"Nonsense, I am going to drive you."

"Don't wear those glasses for a day or so," he said, as they went out together and climbed into the dogcart. "They might worry and set up an irritation. Better let the swelling subside with first intentions. Now, my girl," he added, shaking the reins, "take us to Weyberne Hall like a lady."

A north-west wind had swept the sky clear. A great golden moon hung above the plantation trees, and little gusts of wind sighed and murmured among the firs as the dogcart bowled through the town and out along the moist brown road.

"How long have you been at Weyberne Hall?" the Squire asked, as he mare sobered down into an easy regular motion.

"Five weeks. I wonder I have not met you of Miss Fleming before."

"We've been away for a couple of months. It was like this. My sister has been at school near Brussels. She came home this July, and I met her at Harwich, with the idea of giving her a taste of gaiety before she settled down to prosy housekeeping duties. However, we found London rather dull. All the fashionable folk seemed to have flown, so I said to my sister one night at table d'hôte, 'Agnes, to-morrow we'll dine in Paris.' Well, from Paris we went to the Riviera, Monte Carlo, and several other places, and have only just arrived home."

"Miss Fleming is going to keep

house for you?"

"Yes. It's been pretty lonesome for me waiting for Agnes to grow up. Now, however, I hope to have some life and merriment about the old Manor."

"I presume Miss Fleming is several years your junior?"

"Fifteen. Agnes is my half-sister. Have you been there, Mr. Farley?" he asked, pointing with his whip to an oblong grey stone house nestling among a clump of trees.

"It's the Larches?"

"Yes, the ornate home of the Widow Wycherly."

"She has a beautiful face, has she not, sir?"

"Very; it's a beautiful mask to a hideous soul."

"You don't like her."

"I don't know of anything in her to like. I admire her gowns, though."

"What is wrong with her boy? Tom Hargrave told me he had fits, and was sent away for medical treatment."

"Poor little Guy! Some of the more imaginative folk about the village say he is under lock and key at The Larches. That the little fellow is an inmate of a private lunatic asylum is the more feasible and generally accredited version of his disappearance."

"What caused the brain trouble?"

"Frigid, whether excited intentionally or not I must leave."

"How? By whom?"

"His mother."

"Oh, Mr. Fleming! Do you think a lovely, childish, shrinking little woman like Mrs. Wycherly could be capable of such superhuman villainess?"

"What I know and have seen of the woman I dislike immensely; therefore, perhaps, I judge her harshly. However, I'll give you my experience, and you can form your own opinion."

"My old housekeeper's niece, Rose Pilgrim, was the child's nursemaid. She used to bring the boy to my place two or three times a week to have tea with her aunt. I gradually slid the habit of ringing the bell for the child to be brought to me in the parlor. He was a quaint, charming little chap, with his mother's great hazel eyes and apple-blossom complexion. After a while I discovered that Rose came alone and my little friend's visits had entirely ceased. One evening I went into the kitchen and questioned her. She said the child was constantly being punished for the most trivial offences, and was always, more or less, crying and miserable. I promised the first evening I had I would call at The Larches and endeavor to persuade Mrs. Wycherly to let him spend a day with me now and again. Harvest was in full swing, and I forgot Gey's troubles, but one night I had occasion to ride into East Weyberne, and as I was passing The Larches I thought of the child. I turned in at the white gate, rode up to the house, gave my horse to a stable lad who was hanging about, and rang the bell. Rose Pilgrim answered it, and when she saw me she came out and pulled the door to behind her."

"Mr. Fleming," she said, laying an impressive hand on my arm, that woman either intends to murder or freeze the child. He is locked in a closet under the stairs and is shrieking himself mad."

"Have you the key, or do you know where it is?" I asked.

"I DO not know much about the tariff, but I do know this much: when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; when we buy goods made at home, we get both the goods and the money."

—Abraham Lincoln.

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Give it a trial and the will surprise you.

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Continued on page 7.