

# The Earl's Son;

## TWO HEARTS UNITED.

### CHAPTER XI.

"Ah, yes, res, I daresay," said Veronica, breaking in upon the glib and fluent words, every one of which seemed to jar upon her inexplicably. "There's a dress I put aside for you, Fanny. Goodwin has it; it's too slight for her. I am glad," stemming Fanny's torrent of gratitude, "I am glad Ralph Farrington comes and sees you. He must feel lonely sometimes. And it's very nice of you to be kind to him. Good-bye. I hope the dress will not want much altering; it won't, I think, for you and I are about the same size."

"And they call you proud, miss!" broke, apparently involuntarily, from Fanny's lips. Veronica turned away her face, suddenly scarlet. "Proud!" She laughed bitterly. "Oh, that's a mistake, Fanny, isn't it? Good-bye!" She lay for hours on the sofa, trying not to think of Ralph, or, if she must think of him, trying to couple him in her thoughts with Fanny Mason; but at last she could bear the silence and solitude of the room no longer, and insisted upon being carried down-stairs and onto the terrace.

But alas! it was the very worst thing she could have done if she wanted to escape from thinking of Ralph, for she had not been reclining in the deck chair many minutes before the earl came out, leaning upon his stick, and looking down at her considerably, said:

"The young fellow has brought up your boots and wants to know how you are, Veronica."

She made a peevish little movement with the shoulder nearest him.

"Oh, well! Tell him I am all right," she said. "What on earth was the use of bringing the boot? It is of no use!"

The earl was a just man though a proud and stern.

"He did right to bring it," he said, laconically. "I'll thank him and send him away."

"Yes—but please don't offer him money," said Veronica.

The earl smiled grimly.

"If you can't trust to my discretion, you'd better thank him yourself. Send Farrington here," he said to the footman in attendance.

Veronica opened her lips to stop him, but with a sense of helplessness turned over on her side and lay with her cheek in her hand, fighting to keep the color from her face.

She did not raise her eyes as she heard Ralph's step, but she was obliged to do so when the earl said:

"Farrington, Miss Gresham desires to thank you for your services this morning. I understand that but for your promptitude and resource her accident might have been more serious even than it is."

Veronica looked up. The earl had seated himself on one of the stone benches and was leaning forward with both hands on his gold-headed stick, his keen eyes fixed on Ralph's face as he stood with his accustomed ease and unconscious grace; one hand held his gun, but the other clutched his cap rather tightly.

"Thanks—thanks!" he said, harshly, as he moved away. "You may go now."

"Wait," said Veronica in a low voice, and she motioned to Ralph to stay.

He moved a step nearer to her and stood looking down at her expectantly. Her eyes were downcast, her lips curved proudly.

"You have brought my boot," she said, carelessly. "I left my handkerchief in the hut; did you happen to see it? Is it there?"

He was taken unawares, and his hand went towards his breast-pocket; but he hesitated and let the hand fall to his side.

"No," he said. "No, it is not there." Veronica's eyes opened fully and



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"Miss Gresham has already thanked me, my lord," he said in a low voice, with his head erect, but his eyes on the ground.

"No doubt—no doubt," assented the earl, graciously; "but she wished to do so more fully. I myself add my thanks."

Ralph inclined his head; Veronica had raised her eyes, and his seemed drawn to them, though he evidently tried to avoid them.

"I did very little, my lord," he said. "The accident would not have occurred if the mare had been more strongly bitted and double reined."

"Eh, what?" said the earl. "Eh, Veronica, is that so?"

"I daresay," Veronica replied, with careful indifference. "I will ask Brown to see to it. Thank you—Farrington, for your care of me."

It was the first time she had addressed him by name, and all unconsciously she pronounced it in her sweetest tones; and Veronica's tone could be deadly, fatally sweet when she chose. The blood rushed to Ralph's face, and he looked aside as he bowed his acknowledgment.

The earl gazed at him abstractedly. "No news—respecting the game, Farrington?" he said.

"No, my lord," said Ralph, turning from the violet eyes with something like relief. "The young birds are doing very well—if the poachers would leave the covers alone."

The earl frowned, and a spot of red came into his bloodless cheeks.

"Poachers? Where are they? I thought there were none on the estate."

"Well, there are none, or only one or two," said Ralph, quite unembarrassed now that the conversation had shifted on to professional grounds; "and we know who they are; but there are some strangers who came from the neighboring estates, and from London, even. They put up at the Dog and Owl; it's a nest of them."

The Dog and Owl was a low-browed, evil little pub on the high road just off the Lynne lands.

"We must close it," said the earl, easily.

Ralph shook his head.

"You can't, sir—my lord, I mean."

"Oh, can I not?" remarked the all-powerful earl, drily.

"No, my lord. They keep a quiet house and well within the law. There are no complaints, so the police say; though the men who use it are the men who give us most trouble."

"Well, watch it, watch it!" retorted his lordship, laconically.

"I will," responded Ralph in a tone so similar that Veronica started. The earl also seemed to be struck with the resemblance, and he gazed at the young fellow with a contemplative frown, then rose. In doing so he dropped his stick, and Ralph stooped quickly and, picking it up, handed it to him. The earl took it and scanned Ralph's features closely.

rested on his until they fell beneath her direct gaze.

"Ah, thanks!" she drawled, slowly. "If you find it please give it to my maid."

CHAPTER XII.

Ralph left the terrace in a rage with himself. Why hadn't he returned the handkerchief with the boot? Why had he been such an ass as to tell a kind of lie? Surely nothing would have been easier than to have taken the thing from his pocket and given it to her; and yet he had felt—and still felt—that he could not part with it. Why on earth should she care whether she got it back or not? Surely she must have too many handkerchiefs to miss one; to care whether it were lost or not!

He felt strangely disturbed and restless, the incidents of the morning pestered him; he could not forget Veronica's face or her voice, though he tried to do so and was full of scorn for himself because he could not succeed.

He tramped for many a mile over the estate, walking quickly as a man will when he is trying to get away from his thoughts; and on his round, as he passed the Dog and Owl, he stopped and went in for a glass of ale and a general survey. The tramp with the bandaged hand was sitting in the bar as Ralph approached, and, as he entered, the man got up quickly and dived into the back of the premises. The house seemed perfectly

quiet, and the landlord, an ex-prize fighter, though he eyed Ralph with a kind of sullen dislike, answered his questions civilly but with a reserve and suggestion of suspicion which did not escape Ralph.

"Many strangers about, Groser?" he asked.

"Not as I've seen," replied Groser; "but we don't have many visitors in these parts. Was you askin' for any reason?"

"Not particularly," said Ralph; "though, by the way, I came across rather a rough specimen of a tramp this morning."

"Oh!" said Groser, indifferently. "I ain't seen no tramp, and don't know as I want to."

Ralph resumed his tramp and did not reach the hut until nearly dark. Burchett was getting the supper and looked up with a nod as Ralph entered wearily and went to his room for a wash.

Burchett was particularly quiet during supper and afterwards as he sat smoking as if he were lost in thought, and Ralph seemed equally disinclined to talk; but presently he spoke of the building of the weir and

of the cutting down of the trees on the boundary.

"I hope you don't think I've been taking too much on myself. As I told Mr. Whetstone, it's your business."

Burchett accepted the apology with a wave of his hand.

"Rather a singular man, Mr. Whetstone," said Ralph, musingly. "So absent-minded and preoccupied. He was extremely kind to me, however. He looked as if he had had trouble of some kind, and as if it had agitated him."

Burchett nodded and frowned over his pipe.

"You're right, lad; he has," he said, gravely. "Sydney Whetstone was one of the brightest and cheeriest of men—one time. Trouble, yes!" He was silent for a moment or two, during which Ralph's thoughts, much to his annoyance, strayed back to Veronica; then Burchett went on in a low, gruff voice: "It all came of a girl; it generally does."

"Yes," said Ralph. "The French say, whenever there is anything wrong, 'Find the woman!'"

"Ah!" Burchett drew a long breath. "Yes, it's always the woman. Sydney Whetstone fell in love with a girl. She was the belle of the place, and most of the young fellows were after her—it's hot to-night, lad!" he broke off, wiping his brow.

Ralph rose and set the door open, and the scent of the roses in the rough little garden poured in. He stood for a moment looking into the darkness of the night; and a lovely face with violet eyes and soft, dark hair floated before him. With a movement of impatience he went back to his seat. Burchett was leaning heavily on the arms of his chair, his brows drawn with sime memory.

(To be Continued.)



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Anthony, Miss Eliza, South Side  
Abbott, Miss Ida, Floyer Hill  
Adams, Annie, New Gower St.  
Andrews, Miss Clara, card.  
New Gower Street  
Alcock, Patrick, Stevedore  
Arnold, G. H.
- B**  
Bartlett, George, Job's St.  
Barrett, H.  
Barnes, J.  
Barnes, Joseph K., card, Gower St.  
Barnes, H. J., Forest Road  
Butt, Miss Kessie, Pennywell Road  
Bergin, John, care Gen'l Delivery  
(Telegram).  
Miss B., retd., 156 Casey St.  
Byrne, Miss S.  
Brien, Kitty, card  
Boit, Thomas J., care Gen'l Post Office  
Brown, W.  
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio  
Burton, J. J.  
Dutton, Joseph, card.  
Gen'l Delivery  
Brushett, Miss Minnie, Pleasant St.  
Baker, John, Coronation St.  
Bradley, John J.  
Barnes, Samuel, Pennywell Road  
Brentnell, Robert, New Gower St.  
Brushett, Miss Minnie, card.  
Pleasant St., care Gen'l Delivery  
Ballard, Peter, 16 Simms' St.
- C**  
Carew, Mrs. Sarah, Barter's Hill  
Cake, Mrs. Joseph  
care Gen'l Post Office  
Carter, Robert, He Gen'l Hospital.  
Chafe, G. G.  
Carrey, Mrs. James, Allandale Road  
Clarke, Mrs. Leah, card, Walsh's Sq.  
Clemmens, Miss May  
Courish, Phillip, Cookstown Road  
Connors, Annie, care G. P. O.  
Coomes, Harry  
Colford, Mrs., Pennywell Road  
Crowley, Miss Mary, New Gower St.  
Cole, Wm., Freshwater Road  
Comford, Peter, Water St.  
Clarke, L. B.  
Curren, Miss Minnie, Barnes' Road  
Cleary, Miss Bride, retd.  
Curren, Mrs. F., care J. Molloy
- D**  
Daley, Mrs. Jas., care Gen'l Delivery  
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill  
Dove, David, Georgetown  
Downing, H. R., Clifford St.  
Doherty, Mrs. John, card.  
Signal Hill Road  
Duke, Miss Margaret, New Gower St.
- E**  
Earle, Robt., retd.  
Earle, Mrs. Samuel, Duckworth St.  
Exley, Miss Emma, St. John's  
Elsworth, E. S., late Englee  
Earle, Florence
- F**  
Fitzpatrick, Miss Myra, 30 — St.  
care Mrs. Cole  
Fitzpatrick, Miss Kate, City  
Flight, Mrs., Lucas Street  
Finn, Miss Lizzie, care Mrs. McCarthy  
Springdale Street  
Foresey, Alex.  
Forde, Miss Florence.  
Four Cross Roads
- G**  
Froude, Wm. J.  
Purlong, Denis, Carnell Street  
Prost, Miss Violet, Charlton St.
- H**  
Gayne, John, care Albert Gayne,  
Barter's Hill  
Greene, Wm., care Post Office  
Greene, Lawrence, Allandale Road  
Gilmore, A., card  
Gordon, George, 35 — Street  
Gordon, Gilbert T.  
Godden, Miss E.
- I**  
Hansen, Nils, care Gen'l Delivery
- J**  
Harris, Miss Elsie, Duckworth St.  
Harris, H. J.  
Harvey, Mrs. Ann, George's St.  
Hand, Rex A.  
Harley, Stephen,  
care Gen'l Post Office  
Hamilton, Mrs. Phillip,  
late Walter's Cove, Notre D. Bay  
Haynes, Arthur, care Gen'l Post Office  
Hayes, Wm.  
Hallett, John, Clifford Street  
Hann, Capt. Albert  
Haines, Augustus,  
care Gen'l Post Office  
Hiscock, Miss Jennie, Bulley St.  
Hunt, Joseph, late Montreal.  
Hopgood, Wm.  
Harvey, Mrs., card, Cornwall Ave.  
Hussey, Wm., Cornwall St.  
Halfyard, Hilda May,  
late Gen'l Hospital  
Hennebury, Thos. Richard, King's Rd.  
Hiscock, Annie, card  
Hynes, E. H.  
Hopkins, Mr., care Post Office  
Hiscock, Miss Minnie,  
late Hodge's Cove
- K**  
Kennedy, James, Springdale St.  
Kelley, Miss P., Spencer Street  
Kennedy, Master Uriah, Brine St.  
Kane, Miss Minnie, Queen's Road  
Kearsey, Wallace, Pennywell Road  
King, Mrs. Albert, New Gower St.  
King, Miss Gertrude, Freshwater Rd.  
King, Miss Fanny, Livingstone St.  
King, J. J., Brazil's Square  
Knight, A. E.
- L**  
Lavender, Charles, St. John's  
Lyncham, Miss Sarah, Rennie's Mill Rd  
Lewis, Caleb, Mullock St.  
Lundrigan, Francis, card.  
Water St. West
- M**  
Layton, Miss Elsie  
Liston, Mrs. E., card
- N**  
Martin, Uriah, Tank Lane  
Manning, George, card.  
General Hospital  
Marsh, Miss P., Brazil's Square  
Meyers, Mrs. C., Holloway St.  
Mercer, Mark, George's St.  
Mercer, Lizzie, retd.  
Moulton, John T.  
Moore, Miss Mary  
Molloy, Miss Minnie  
Murray, James, Plank Road  
Murphy, T. B.  
Murphy, J. G.  
McDonald, K., Mullock St.  
Doherty, Mrs. John, card.  
Signal Hill Road  
Duke, Miss Margaret, New Gower St.
- O**  
O'Rourke, Mrs. Wm., New Gower St.  
Olive, James, Waterford B. Road
- P**  
Pearcey, A., Allandale Road  
Parsons, Miss, Gear St.  
Parsons, Theodore  
Parsons, Emanuel, care Gen'l Delivery  
Parsons, J. P., Osbourne Road  
Parsons, Miss T. B.  
Pike, Arthur  
Pinsent, Sophie, Pleasant Street  
Pittment, Ellie, Clifton St.  
Piercy, Wm., card, Hayward Avenue  
Power, Mrs. James, Bannerman St.
- Q**  
Quigley, John, New Town Road
- R**  
Reardon, Patrick, Bambrick Street  
Reid, Wm., Battery Road  
Ring, Adam, retd.  
Rose, Wm.  
Robins, James S.  
Rowell, Bessie G. M.,  
LeMarchant Road  
Roberts, George, Allandale Road
- S**  
Rowe, Albert, care Mrs. Martin,  
Casey Street  
Ryan, Miss, Monkstown Road  
Shaw, W. H.  
St. George, Miss Annie, Queen's Rd.  
Saint, Miss Gertrude, Pleasant St.  
Stagg, Miss Lizzie, No. 1 — Street  
Sneigrove, Arthur, care Gen'l Delivery  
Smith, Catherine  
Smith, Miss May, 3 — Street  
Smith, Jacob H., late Trepassy  
Simmons, Mrs. J., care Gen'l P. Office  
Snow, Miss E.  
Snow, J., Allandale Road  
Spurrell, James  
Squires, Sarah, retd., Water St.  
Sullivan, Patrick
- T**  
Taylor, P., late Boot Hr.  
Taylor, Jacob, care Gen'l P. Office  
Taylor, F. R.  
Trenholm, James L.  
Thomas, Charles, care G. P. O.  
Thompson, H. C.  
Thompson, Jas. E.  
Tobin, George, care Gen'l Post Office  
Thomson, Wm., Duckworth St.  
Tucker, Reuben, care Mrs. Kennedy  
Patrick Street
- W**  
Walsh, Martin, Signal Hill  
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road  
Wall, Miss Mary, Clacker Road  
Watson, Miss Lucy, Water St.  
Way, Miss Lucy, Tremont Hotel  
Walsh, Mrs. James, Fleming Street  
Wheeler, Miss Barbara  
Weir, James, slip, Newtown Road  
White, Mrs. L., New Gower St.  
Whinston, G. S., Young St.  
Wright, George, late s.s. Glencoe  
Williams, Miss D., card  
Whitman, Sally, Riverview  
White, Miss Minnie, Bambrick St.  
White, Miss May, care Gen'l Delivery  
Wiseman, Mrs. J., Pilot's Hill

## Seamen's List.

- A**  
Fowler, W. S., schr. Annie C. Warren  
Evans, Fred, schr. Angolia Marie
- E**  
McDonald, Errol, s.s. Easington
- F**  
Laing, A., card, schr. Freedom
- G**  
Way, Alexander, s.s. Glencoe  
Fair, Capt. A., schr. General Gordon
- H**  
Butler, C., s.s. Hardanger  
Jackson, Edward, s.s. Hardanger  
Yetman, Capt. Wm., card.  
schr. Hilda R.
- I**  
Palmer, C., s.s. Istington
- J**  
Arseneault, Capt. Dominick
- L**  
Flaherty, Robert J., schr. Laddie  
Bright, Moses, schr. Lila D. Young  
Snow, Capt. Wm., schr. Luetta
- N**  
Antsey, Walter, schr. M. P. Cashin  
Sorenson, Robert S., s.s. Marie Robert  
Hobbs, Thomas, schr. Mary Duff
- R**  
Haines, Alfred, schr. Novelty  
Benson, Capt., schr. Novelty
- S**  
Grealey, S., s.s. Ramore Head  
Richardson, Capt., s.s. Riverdale
- T**  
Faulkner, Roy, s.s. Sindbad  
Maldine, Isaac, schr. S. E. Inkpen  
Gover, Germaine, schr. Success.
- T**  
Gooley, E., schr. Togo  
Persey, George, schr. Togo.
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