

MOIR'S
Chocolates

THE CHOICE OF THE MAN
WHO IS PARTICULAR
ABOUT THE KIND HE GIVES

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX, CANADA

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St. John's, Newfoundland,
Representative.**

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XV.

Their hands dropped apart, then stole together again, to drop apart reluctantly and for good as they went up the Towers drive.

Carrie and Ricky were on the terrace, and Ricky waved his hand and shouted to Maida, then checked himself as he saw Heroncourt, and raised his hat.

"Who's that swell with her? Why, it's Lord Heroncourt!"

Carrie ran down the steps to meet them.

"Ricky's come, Maida—our friend has come, Lord Heroncourt. Why—she broke out and looked from one to the other and caught Maida by the arm—"why—what has happened? Why are you looking like that?"

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Carrington, who was hovering about the hall, came out and stood on the top step. Carrie took Maida in her arms and laid her face on the loving bosom. "Carrie!" she breathed.

But Heroncourt took her hand and quietly led her forward to Mr. Carrington.

"Maida—Miss Carrington—has promised to be my wife—if you will consent, sir," he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was rather a dramatic announcement; but Heroncourt had obeyed the impulse of the moment, and to Carrie, at least, his way of doing it seemed simply splendid. She pounced on Maida and threw her arms round her, murmuring inarticulate endearments. Ricky stood gazing from one to the other. Mr. Carrington stared open-mouthed at Heroncourt, his round face red with astonishment and pleasure.

"You—you don't say so! You take me by surprise, Lord Heroncourt," he gasped. "Better come with me into the library."

With a look of infinite love and pride at Maida, Heroncourt followed him.

"I'm afraid I've been guilty of a breach of etiquette, and have seemed rather disrespectful, Mr. Carrington. I ought to have spoken to you first, but—"

"That's all right, my lord," said Mr. Carrington, waving him to a seat and sinking into an arm-chair, and his eyes wandered round the room—far too brilliant in color for a library, and with all the books gaudily bound in many-colored calf and morocco. "I'm surprised, as I said—not that any man mightn't fall in love with my girl; she's one of the best, Lord Heroncourt—a perfect treasure—she's never—neither of 'em has ever given me half an hour's uneasiness; and Maida—well, you know

what she is!"

"Indeed I do!" said Heroncourt, in a low voice, and with a tender light in his dark eyes. "She is the sweetest, noblest, most perfect type of womanhood; but I love her, sir, and you will know how precious she is to me. That she should return my love—ah, well, it is one of those mysteries which one cannot hope to solve."

Mr. Carrington wagged his head. He was slowly realising that this man who had won Maida was a peer of the realm; that he—Carrington—would probably be the grandfather of a peer. Oh, how right he had been to secure the Roaring Jane! How wisely he had used the wealth which might have fallen into the useless hands of Josiah Parley!

"Of course I give my consent, Lord Heroncourt. I shouldn't stand in the way of my girl's happiness in any event, whoever she had chosen; but it gives me very great pleasure that she should have chosen as she has done. I couldn't have picked out a man more after my own heart than yourself, Lord Heroncourt."

Heroncourt bowed.

"And yet I am afraid you don't know very much about me, Mr. Carrington," he said, gravely; "and I am still more afraid that your approval will be qualified when I tell you that I—I am not a very eligible suitor."

Black as Dirt About the Eyes

Liver Was All Upset and There Was Pain Under the Shoulder-blade—Two Interesting Letters.

Toronto, Ont., July 2nd.—So many people suffer from derangements of the liver that we feel sure these two reports, just recently received, will prove interesting reading and valuable information to many readers of this paper.

Mrs. F. L. Harris, Keatley P. O., Sask., writes: "I was suffering from liver trouble—had a heavy pain under one shoulder blade all the time, and was nearly as black as dirt around the eyes, so I concluded to try some of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and before I had taken one 25c. box the pain had left me and I commenced to gain in flesh, and by the time I had taken two boxes I was completely cured and felt like a new person. My trouble was caused by heavy work out-of-doors, and, of course, heavy eating and constipation. I would advise anyone suffering from kidney or liver trouble to give Dr. Chase's Pills a trial."

Mrs. Charles Terry, Tweed, Ont., writes: "Before I was married I was troubled with enlargement of the liver. My liver became so enlarged that you could detect the swellings on either side, and it was only with difficulty that I could get my clothes on. A friend advised me to get Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and take them. I commenced this treatment, and under nine boxes, which cured me at that time. Then, about two or three years afterward I was troubled again with the swelling, but only on my right side. I secured some more Kidney-Liver Pills, and took them, which finally cured me. I have not been troubled in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone having kidney or liver trouble."

"We have also found Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine excellent for coughs and cold. In fact, any of Dr. Chase's medicines which we have used have been good." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

cy an earl of such an old family, with a place like the Court, talking of being ineligible! But it was very nice and modest of him.

"I ought to have told you, before I asked Maida—Miss Carrington—to be my wife, that I am anything but a desirable son-in-law."

"Nothing wrong against you. You haven't got a 'past,' as they call it, I hope?" said Carrington.

Heroncourt shook his head.

"I've not much to confess in the way you mean," he said. "Maida is the only woman I have ever cared for, and I have no—entanglements." Carrington's face cleared.

"Well, then, that's all right," he said.

"No; my past has been a useless and foolish one enough. Heaven knows! But there is nothing—no other woman—"

Mr. Carrington nodded with evident satisfaction.

"But I am terribly poor, Mr. Carrington. Everything that can be mortgaged is mortgaged, and I am heavily in debt. I had intended remaining a bachelor and letting the title and estate go to a young cousin who is still a kid—"

Carrington shook his head with decided disapproval.

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all!" he said, as if he were a man of an old family himself and realized the responsibilities of a man of Heroncourt's position. "Of course it's your duty to marry. Lord Heroncourt, you must keep the title and the estates, you know."

"Well, I propose to do my duty, with your consent," said Heroncourt, with a grave smile. "But it is only right that you should know my position exactly. I have only an income of a few hundred. We should not be able to live at the Court; indeed, it is probable that we might have to live on the Continent."

Mr. Carrington leant back and smiled with a kind of genial self-satisfaction and pomposity.

"I don't know about that," he said. "Look here, Lord Heroncourt, I happen to be a rich man. You may not know how rich I am."

"I have never given the matter a thought. It would have made no difference to me if you had been quite poor," said Heroncourt. And he spoke the truth. "When I told Maida that I loved her—had loved her the first time I saw her—I should have asked you to give her to me if you had been as poor as I am myself."

"Very noble and—staunch—quite English and manly," said Mr. Carrington approvingly. "Well, Lord Heroncourt, I happen to be the owner—or very nearly the sole owner—of one of the richest mines in Klondike. It's worth a million—millions; in fact, I don't know and I can't quite make out what it's worth. Anyway, there's enough money to make your poverty of no consequence whatever—"

Heroncourt winced, but managed to conceal the fact from the self-satisfied parent.

"In short, there's enough money for all of us, to go all round. I've no son—worse luck!—and my girls will inherit it all. Now, I might keep it till I'd gone off the hooks; but I'm not going to do that. I thoroughly approve of you; in fact, I'm proud of having you for a son-in-law. I'm not a snob, I hope, but I've an Englishman's respect for a title and an old family, and I'm going to make it easy for you and Maida. Yes, that's what I'm going to do. Made up my mind when you announced it out there on the terrace—and very nicely and manly you did it. I said, 'Here's a gentleman, a nobleman, who wants to marry my daughter, and he will want money to do it on. It's no fault of his that he's poor, and it's a bit of good luck that you're rich.' So look here, Lord Heroncourt, let your lawyers state what they think would be a proper settlement for me to make on my daughter, and I'll settle it. What's more, I'll take over the mortgages and leave 'em to you when I die. And that isn't all; I'll pay your debts—yes, every one of them, even to the tailors' and boot-makers'—oh, I know that you gentlemen of birth and rank have to live up to it—and I'll hand you a lump sum on your wedding-day, say—say forty thousand pounds."

Heroncourt, still inwardly wincing,

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Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work."

"I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."

Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

coloured as if he were overwhelmed, as indeed he was, by this lavish liberality.

"You—you are treating me with extraordinary generosity, sir," he said in a low voice.

"Well, perhaps I am," admitted Mr. Carrington. "But I'm doing it of my own free will; and—I like doing it. You let me know how the sum figures out, and I'll pay it into your bank. There's no cause for gratitude. I've no son, as I said, and I regard you from this moment as standing in the place of one. Not live at the Court! Why, it's the proper place for you. And, of course, you'll want a house in town—"

"There is one—it is let," said Heroncourt.

"Oh, well, it will fall vacant. And there isn't going to be any more lettings, Lord Heroncourt. Are there any other places?"

"There is the castle in Scotland and a villa in Florence. They're all let, thank goodness!"

"Oh, we'll soon have 'em empty," said Mr. Carrington. "Perhaps you think I'm talking rather big, Lord Heroncourt; but I don't think I am. I'm not one of the city mushrooms, springing up to-day and cut down to-morrow. No, my lord. You or your lawyers are welcome to see my bank-book and go over my investments—"

Heroncourt rose, horror at the suggestion fighting with his sense of the man's liberality.

"Good Lord, Mr. Carrington!" he could not help ejaculating. "I've not the least desire of taking such a liberty. I am very grateful to you for your generosity; but I'm still more grateful to you for giving Maida to me, and I should have been just as grateful if you had given her to me without a penny, now or to come—"

Mr. Carrington rose and held out his hand.

"Spoken like a man and a nobleman, Lord Heroncourt," he cried. "You're a man after my own heart, and I trust my daughter to you with every confidence. I like you, my lord, I like you!"

(To be Continued.)

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(Published Annually)

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"One usually wears mourning for one year for a brother. Deep mourning at first and lighter mourning afterward. This is just a matter that one may adjust to one's own satisfaction, since deep mourning is not worn now as much as formerly," said her friend.

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Closing the

(By J. Edward Walker in the Scientific American.)

It would be the height of folly to conclude that the reduction in the losses of ships during the past two or three weeks indicates that the German submarine warfare is on the wane, and that the curve of losses will drop steadily from now on until the vanishing point is reached. As we go to press, indeed, the present week shows a rise of over 100 per cent above the week preceding. Of all the leading powers concerned in this tremendous problem—Great Britain, France, Italy, ourselves and Germany—the last-named power only can explain these fluctuations, and for obvious reasons Germany keeps the truth to herself.

What is the meaning of this reduction in losses? Have the Allies themselves included, devised some together new and very effective means which are sinking the U-boats faster than Germany can build them? Is it a fact that the multiplication of hostile surface craft has so completely dominated the infested waters that the submarines must stay below and hesitate even to show their periscopes when they hear the throbbing propellers of an approaching ship? Is it that Germany has been working her submarine fleet and the crews which man it with such furious persistence that the submarines are being run down and the crews are exhausted?

Or is it that Germany is seeking to develop a sense of false security, so that she may gain the moral effect of another sudden and portentous outburst of activity which will make the Allies hopeless of ever successfully meeting the problem? As to the truth of these surmises we are utterly in the dark.

Thus much, however, we do know. That every dictate of military, political and economic prudence demands that we prosecute the anti-submarine war, not with relaxed but with redoubled energy, and leaving no stone unturned to meet it.

Losses Are Still Very Serious.

The goal at which the Allies should aim and short of which they should not cease their efforts, is the absolute defeat and wiping out of German submarine activity. There is a danger lest we be that terrible wreck over which ships were lost, as our thinking point, and fall into the habit of thinking that a weekly record of losses something less than that is cause for satisfaction and good reason for easing up in the submarine fight. We must realize that the recent seawater mark of a loss of fifteen ships of over 1,600 tons is in itself a really appalling and irreparable disaster—a rate of loss, which, if continued, must place the Allies' cause at a most serious disadvantage.

If we assume an average displacement for these ships of 3,500 tons, we reach a total loss for the week of 52,500 tons, and if this rate were continued, and the ships under 1,600 tons were included this would mean a loss of not less than 3,000,000 tons per annum.

Existing Methods Are Inadequate.

Now, if the Germans go on sinking 3,000,000 tons of shipping a year, it will be because the recent defensive and offensive methods against the U-boats are a failure. Only a foolish optimism can lead us to any other conclusion. The Germans are getting too many ships; altogether too many; and there is something wrong either with the means and instruments employed against them or in the general principles upon which the warfare is being conducted. Now, that is nothing wrong with the instruments. They are ingenious and multifarious.

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