**INCREASE BABY'S STRENGTH**

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Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 18-15


# Love in the Abbey

OR,

# Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO HEARTS AS ONE.

Then she looks up into his face, moved by one of her impetuous impulses.

"How is Ethel?"

"Ethel?" he echoes, with evident surprise; "Lady Ethel? she is quite well, I presume. I have not seen her," he adds, with what Kitty fancies is a tone of apology or self-reproach.

"You have not seen her?" she says, with a slow elevation of her eyebrows.

"No," he says, watching her face, as if he gleaned his answer better from her expression than her words. "No; this is the first day the old gentleman would allow me to leave the Abbey, and——"

"You came here!" says Kitty, with a candor of surprise that is rather staggering.

"Yes," he says, in rather a lower key; "yes," and the little word sounds strangely, puzzlingly significant.

"I see," says Kitty, after studying the path for a moment; "you walked this way round to the Hall, and called in as you passed."

He looks at her for a moment, then nods.

"Yes," he says; "of course I am going to the Hall. You—you are not offended because I came here first?"

Kitty opens her eyes upon him, and shrugs her shoulders, as if the idea of her being offended at anything he does were really too absurd.

"I see," he says; "you are indifferent," and down came his brows with an anxious, doubtful look, that is quite out of place on his masterful face. Kitty looks up as if the matter were one of supreme indifference; but her heart! well, it throbs so much that she thinks he must see it or hear it.

"I think," she says, with intense gravity, as if she had been revolving the question all the time he had been by her side, "that we will have a tart, after all!"

"Let me help you," he says eagerly.

"What, with one hand?"

"With one hand," he says; "we shall see who can pick the fastest."

Kitty hesitates a moment, then goes in among the bushes. Well! if he comes to her first—on his way to Ethel, of course!—and if he chooses to remain and pick gooseberries, it is no affair or fault of hers. She has not asked him to stay, and she has not encouraged him; she hates him, she is quite sure of that, but he can stay.

So she thinks, and begins ferreting among the prickly bushes with a grave manner that looks as if she possessed but one object in life—to fill the basin.

Elliot Sterne pushes bravely into the thick of it, close by her side, and ferrets likewise.

There is a profound silence—a silence which tells upon Kitty more than the most embarrassing conversation. Her face grows red, her hands dash wildly, and scratches come upon the delicate pink and white of her fingers.

"Why does he not speak? Why does he not go away?" But Elliot Sterne, England's great man, works steadily on as if he, too, had but one object in life, and was in a fair way to attain it; yet every now and then his eyes, unseen by hers, seek her face and dwell there for a moment with a look of wrapt eagerness. He is an artist and not a detail of her fresh young beauty escapes him. He sees it all, too, through the rosiest of rosy spectacles. Once reaching for a particularly fine berry, touches her hair all rumpled and ruffled, and a thrill runs through him such as a month ago he had thought nothing on earth would have caused him.

Her supple form, how graceful it is! He thought he knew every, every line of it; he has been lying for two days thinking of nothing but her, recalling every look, every word of hers, and now he finds that she has charming tricks of movement that he had not dreamed of. He watches her hand—every scratch makes him wince!—watches the drooping of the long eyelashes—notices everything and treasures everything as only a lover, a passionate lover can; but he does not speak, he will not break the charm her matchless, her silent beauty, yields him. They come to the end of the run and Kitty gets out onto the path and straightens herself. He comes close beside her, and, without a word, she holds out the basin. By accident or intention his hand comes in contact with hers, and as he slowly drops the gooseberries his eyes scan her face, but though her heart is beating fast and furious under his gaze she keeps her eyes down and her countenance serene. But the silence is too terrible, she feels that she must speak.

"How do you like it?" she says suddenly.

"I enjoy it," he answers. "Shall we pick any more?"

Kitty shakes her head.

"No; I have changed my mind again—I won't have a tart after all!"

He nods cheerfully.

"Let us walk down to that old tree—there is a seat there—and rest; you must be tired."

"Which means that you are," says Kitty, smiling up at him.

He laughs; and in silence they go down to the tree and seat themselves.

"This is almost as pretty as the Abbey," he says, looking about him for a moment, his eyes, however, coming back like truants, to her face.

"I suppose it is pretty," assents Kitty doubtfully. "Familiarity breeds weariness. I have known these gooseberry bushes since I was a little girl."

"Not so long ago," he says, with a tone of satisfaction. "You have spent your whole life here," he continues, in a lower voice, leaning forward toward her—"yes, I think I should know that if you had not told me; it all seems to speak of you, Kitty."

She gives him a surprised, startled glance from her eloquent eyes, and her hands wander nervously among the gooseberries. It is all a puzzle to her; his words, his looks, his very presence. Why is he here? Why does he not go to Ethel?

Perhaps this wonder is reflected on her face, for he seems to answer it when he next speaks.

"Kitty—Miss Trevelyan, you seemed surprised to see me this morning?"

Kitty lifts her long lashes.

"Yes," she says.

"You thought I should go without coming to say one word?" he asks reproachfully.

Kitty shakes her head.

"I did not know—I did not think." Then she hesitates. "Why should you come?" she says honestly.

A flush of pain crosses his handsome face.

"You did think that I should go without seeing you!"

Then, stretching out his hand, and laying it gently yet firmly in her own, he adds:

"And I have been looking forward to seeing you so anxiously! Kitty, can you guess why I have come to see you this morning?"

Something in his voice or the pressure of his hand sends a thrill through her and makes her feel that a heavy weight hangs on each eyelid; she cannot lift them. She shakes her head.

"No. May I tell you?" he says, and his voice rings in her ears like music—not of a soft, weakly kind, but of that kind which best becomes the man. "Kitty," how sweetly the word sounds!—"Kitty, I came to tell you that I love you——" He pauses a moment, compelled to do so by the start—the visible thrill that runs through her. She lifts her eyes, large, luminous as a child's, and gazes at him for a moment, then droops her head. "I love you!" he murmurs, sliding his hand downward until it reaches hers, which he holds tightly. Everything else seemed to slip away from Kitty at that supreme moment of her existence; the trees open round, the sky seems to whisk past in commotion, but she feels the clasp of his hand on hers, and her own hand warms under it. "I love you, Kitty," he says, bending close to her, "and I have come to hear if you can learn to love me—if you will try!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SIMPLE CONFESSION.

LEARN to love him! Like a scroll the last few days, the hours since she first saw him, unroll before her, and the truth stands clear out in the mental page. Learn to love him! Why does she tremble? What is it moving within her like a mighty power, impelling her toward him? Why does his voice make the blood dance in her veins, the touch of his hand thrill her? Kitty—madcap Kitty—does not need to know what love is; she has learned, all in a moment, as it seems, and the discovery overwhelms her like a huge sea wave. She sits motionless, beautiful as the morning, a maiden dipping her bare feet in the brook that divides her from womanhood.

Her beauty, the bewitching beauty of a fresh, unsullied soul, moves the world-worn young man beside her beyond all description. He trembles likewise, and the grasp of his hand grows tighter.

"Kitty," he says hoarsely, "I love you. Good Heavens! tell me that—that I may hope to win your love! Oh my darling, your silence tortures me! Are you going to tell me that there is no hope for me? Think! Think! I come to you a restless, dissatisfied man. I have set the hope of my life on winning your love! Kitty, speak to me! Tell me that you will try to love me—to give me back even a shadow of the love I feel for you. Oh, my darling, let me call you that, if only for once! Do not turn from me!" for Kitty, dazed by the storm of emotion, turns her head away to give her young soul breath.

But, at that passionate appeal, she turns her head slowly, and looks at him for a moment's space, her glorious eyes moist with tears of maidenly joy and alarm.

"Do you really love me?" she whispers, as if it were too wonderful to be believed.

"I love you with all my heart, soul!" he answers, gently drawing her hand nearer to him. "Why do you look so doubtful? Ah, is it because you, so fresh and pure and beautiful, cannot bring yourself to love me."

And a spasm of pain crosses his handsome face.

"No, no!" says Kitty, with a sob, "not that! Why—oh, why do you love me"—incessantly she dwells on the last two sweet words—"I, who am only a stupid, awkward, untaught girl, while you——"

"You are the most beautiful creature on God's earth to me!" he says, drawing her to him passionately. "Kitty, do not mistake! If you give me your love, you give all and take nothing for your pure, virgin heart, but the love of a jaded, though a true man. Look at me, Kitty," he pleads passionately—"look at me! Can you love me?"

She raises her eyes, and looks at him as he requests, and knows that she is looking to the one man who is the god of her young idolatry.

It is but an instantaenous glance, but hi seager eyes read it aright, and he draws her to him.

"My darling, is it true? Let me hear you say it! Tell me that you love me!"

Kitty's head droops until it rests upon his breast, and then, with her hot face hidden against him, she murmurs, with a sob:

"Yes, I do love you!"

It is almost inaudible, that simple confession of Kitty's first love, but it penetrates Elliot Sterne's innermost soul, and moves him very strangely.

Passionately he bends his head and kisses the soft, silky hair that hides her face—so passionately that Kitty, half intoxicated, half alarmed, draws back slightly, with parted lips and heaving bosom.

"My darling!" he whispers, "do I frighten you? Ah, Kitty, you do not know what such a love as mine is! Think! I have been lying for ten weary days longing to see you, and to hear you, to tell you of my love for you, and to hear my fate! And you love me!" he exclaims, in an amazed whisper.

"Is it so wonderful?" she whispers back, daring to cast a glance up at him.

"Wonderful, aye, that it is!" drinking in the beauty of her face, more beautiful this moment than he had ever dreamed that it could be. "It is almost too wonderful that I—who thought that I had done with love, should win such a love as yours!"

"You—done with it!" she says, looking up at him incredulously. "You!" then musingly, her eyes still upon him: "you are not old."

"In years, no," he says.

She shakes her head and smiles with faint archness.

"You are not—ugly!"

He smiles down upon her.

"I am content for you to think so," he says.

"You are noble—rich—famous—and you—you—you—love me!" she says, with deep wonder.

(To be Continued.)


**DOCTOR COULD NOT HELP HER**

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Operations upon women in our hospitals are constantly on the increase, but before submitting to an operation for ailments peculiar to their sex every woman owes it to herself to give that famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

If complications exist write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice.



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**Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.**

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap to make, but it really has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.


**See If the Child's Tongue is Coated.**

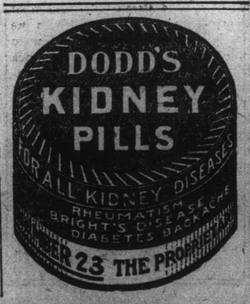
**Mothers! Don't hesitate! If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."**

Look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarhœa, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.



## Fashion Plates.

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2624—[illegible] net, dotted swiss or batiste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or, the free edges of bolero and sleeve, and the tucks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for the dress and ⅞ yard for the bolero.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

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# Freedom

## BRITAIN WILL NO

### Brother of Kaiser P Trouble for German Big Reception for

ROYALIST PARTY IN GERMANY.

PARIS, Dec. 9.

(Havas.)—Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the former Emperor, has proclaimed the establishment of a Royalist Party in Germany, according to reports from Holland.

SUPREMACY WILL NOT BE SURRENDERED.

CAMBRIDGE, Eng., Dec. 10.

The establishment of a League of Nations will not result in the development of a world in which no wars will occur. Armament will be unnecessary and reason supplant violence, is the opinion of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, expressed in an address here last night. Under the most favorable conditions, declared Sir Eric, it was to be expected that a police force would be required on the seas. He added the British navy had performed that function faithfully and impartially, preventing the free nations from being crushed by Germany. He regarded it as inconceivable that the supremacy of the British navy would ever be surrendered.

QUIET IN COLOGNE.

COLOGNE, Dec. 7.

(By the A.P.)—Order has been established in Cologne as the result of the arrival of an advance guard of British troops. There has been several days of the keenest anxiety in the city, caused by extensive riots and pillaging on the part of the mobs of the classes with bloodshed when the turbulent element clashed with hastily organized guards of responsible citizens armed with rifles and machine guns. The disorders began on Wednesday night after the withdrawal of the German troops from the city. They continued the next night in various quarters on a large scale. Much damage was done to property and a large quantity of goods was stolen from the stores. According to Burgomaster Adenauer, the rising was due to the inability of the poor to obtain food and clothing owing to the scarcity of these necessities. He thought there was little reason to doubt, however, that the trouble was also due in part to the freshly inculcated Bolshevism among the populace that it was needless to work any longer. Cologne is accepting the occupation as a real friendship, although the British are being treated courteously. When the Burgomaster's attention was directed to the harsh treatment of the people in the areas the German forces had been occupying, he declared that Cologne had insistently opposed the German doings on Belgium and France. "We expect the English will be better," he added. Concerning the food situation in Cologne, he said, "as far as I have been able to gather from the newspapers, England did not believe that Germany was starving, but the outside world cannot imagine what


The sme of a cup INS PO is one of its Much like c and aroma free from And besid venience, e usefulness *all-meal dri* "Ther