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E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER V.
A Trespasser.

"Yes, my lady," said Harman, and she fetched it, together with her gloves. She seemed to have taken complete charge of Nora's wardrobe, and almost, as it seemed to Nora, of herself included, and she half expected to hear her say, "Don't get your feet wet, my lady, and don't forget to keep the sun off your face."

It was almost with a sigh of relief that she found herself out in the garden, and she made her way across the lawn toward the park, looking about her as she went, and stopping to look back at the house, which appeared larger than ever in the bright morning light.

Presently she came to a large archway, and, looking through it, saw a paved courtyard with a number of doors opening onto it. These were the stables, and Nora was wondering whether she might pay a visit to them without committing some impropriety or breach of etiquette, when a huge deerhound came bounding out of the stables toward her with a deep bay.

A groom called him back, and the dog stopped short, but eyed Nora inquiringly and critically.

Nora was passionately fond of dogs, and, indeed, of all animals, and perfectly fearless. She called to the dog, and he came up to her slowly at first; then, wagging his tail, he rubbed his nose against her hand.

The groom came forward, and touched his cap.

"Shall I send him in, my lady?" he asked, in the tone of subdued respect which Nora noticed distinguished all the servants at the court.

"Oh, no," she said. "He is a very fine dog. What is his name?"

"Casper, my lady," replied the groom.

"He seems very quiet and good-tempered," said Nora, and she took the dog's head in her small hands, and looked into his large brown eyes.

"Yes, my lady, he's quiet enough, and good-tempered, too, with most people."

"I think he is very friendly indeed," she said. "I wonder"—wistfully—"whether he would come with me."

"After the big dog's evident desire to make friends had won her heart."

"Yes, my lady, I think so; and he's very obedient and tractable—least-ways, where he takes a fancy."

"I hope he has taken a fancy to me," said Nora, and she moved a few steps and called the dog by his name. To her delight he sprang after her with a deep bay of satisfaction, and Nora, looking over her shoulder, and forgetting for the moment that she was not a mere visitor to Santicleigh Court, said to the groom:

"I suppose I may take him?"

The man touched his cap with a slight look of surprise.

"Yes, my lady, if your ladyship pleases."

"At any rate," thought Nora, "I shall not be quite alone. Casper, shall we be great friends, you and I?" And she patted his head. "Let us see whether you are really a good and obedient dog. Come along."

Evidently perfectly prepared to strike up a profound friendship, Casper trotted along close beside her, and Nora, fearing lest he should suddenly take it into his head to break away and tear over some of the elaborate flower beds, struck off into the park. It was deliciously cool and shady under the great oaks, and with all a young girl's delight in the beauty of a summer morning, she wandered on, speaking to and patting the big dog, who still kept close beside her, as if he had undertaken to guard and protect her.

After a time the park grew more dense and more wild, and the ground broken into little hills and dales, and Nora climbed one of these, and, seating herself at the foot of a tree, took off her hat, and called the dog to lie down at her feet.

He coiled himself up obediently, and laid his head in her lap, when suddenly he sprang up and uttered a low growl.

At the same moment Nora heard the dull thud of a horse's hoofs upon the soft turf in the little glade below her.

She looked down, telling the dog to be quiet, and saw, not a horseman as she expected, but a young man seated before an easel. He was almost immediately below her, and she could see him without being seen herself. He was evidently unconscious of her nearness, for he was painting with rapt absorption. It was also evident that it was not at him Casper had barked, for he glanced at him with perfect equanimity, and then kept his eyes fixed watchfully in the direction from whence the sound of the horse had proceeded.

Nora had just time to observe that the artist was young and handsome, and was wondering who he was, when Guildford Berton, mounted on a powerful black horse, came riding into the glade, and Casper rose erect, with a low, deep growl.

"No, sir!" replied Guildford Berton. "His lordship's son, perhaps?" suggested Cyril. "Or nephew?"

"Neither, sir." And Guildford Berton's face darkened.

Chained to the spot by her interest, Nora looked down at them, with a sudden dawning of fear, for with all his self-possession there was something about the young artist that indicated a high spirit little used to brook the kind of treatment Guildford Berton was dealing out to him.

"No relation?" said Cyril, arranging his paint-box. "An intimate friend?"

"I am a friend of the earl's, sir, if you insist upon an answer," retorted Guildford Berton.

"Oh, I don't insist," said Cyril Burne; "but I was curious to know who it was, if you were not the earl himself, that he had authorized to treat the 'stranger within his gates' with discourtesy. Lord Arrowdale is not fortunate in his choice of friends."

The thrust was delivered so calmly, with such perfect ease, that for the moment Guildford Berton seemed too overwhelmed to resent it; then, either he must have touched his horse with his spur, or the animal had grown impatient, for he sprang forward, and was almost upon Cyril's back.

Cyril turned aside with the swiftness of a practical athlete, and, seizing the bridle, looked up at Guildford Berton's dark face.

"Take care, sir," he said. "Take your hand from my bridle!" exclaimed Guildford Berton in a low voice, and he bent forward with his whip raised.

Without doubt it would have fallen on Cyril Burne's head or shoulders, but at that moment Casper, with a loud growl, broke loose from Nora's hand, and sprang at one bound toward the two men.

The horse rose on his haunches so suddenly that Guildford Berton was thrown, and Nora, with a cry of alarm, ran down the hill.

Guildford Berton sprang to his feet, clutching his whip, then stopped suddenly, and both men stood as if turned to stone, and stared at her.

CHAPTER VI.
The Artist's Model.

It was an awkward moment. Nora had descended upon them like an apparition, and there was no time to conceal the fury on the face of the one man, or the anger and indignation on that of the other.

It was especially an awkward moment for Nora; for, when you come to think of it, what can a lady do under such circumstances? She can scarcely strike an attitude and exclaim, after the manner of old-fashioned heroines of romance, "Hold, forbear!"

What Nora did was to look from one to the other, and then, as the blood slowly returned to her beautiful face, to murmur:

"For shame!"

Cyril Burne's face crimsoned, and, being the manlier of the two men, he hung his head for a moment as he stood without his hat, which he had just presence of mind to remove at her appearance; but Guildford Berton's face seemed to grow paler and sallow, and his nostrils contracted as he breathed hard and quickly, and tried to quiet the dog, which still continued to threaten him.

Nora stooped down and caught Casper by the collar, and her movement broke the spell which seemed to have fallen upon Cyril and Berton.

"I'm afraid my horse startled you, Lady Nora," the latter said, without raising his eyes to her face after the first glance. "But—but this—dog," he paused slightly before the word, and it was evident that he only succeeded in smothering "cursed"—"always frightened me. It is a savage, ill-tempered brute that ought to have been shot long ago, and—and I don't think you ought to have placed him with you."

Nora patted Casper's head admonishingly.

"I don't think he is so savage," she said. "And I am not afraid of him."

"He always flies at me," said Guildford Berton, eyeing Casper sideways; "I'm sure I don't know why."

"There was a moment's silence. Cyril resumed his packing up. Guildford Berton stood awkwardly twitching at the bridle, then he said:

"It is a fine morning for a walk. I have to go over to a distant part of the estate for the earl. Good-morning, Lady Nora," and, raising his hat, he got into the saddle, and, with a swift glance out of the corners of his eyes at Cyril, rode off.

Nora had gone down on one knee the better to hold and restrain Casper while Berton was present, but she rose now, and Cyril quietly came forward and picked up her hat.

She took it from him with a slight inclination of the head and a "Thank you," and was turning from him, when Cyril said in a low and earnest voice:

"May I venture to apologize for my share—the larger, I am afraid—in the scene which I fear you witnessed?"

(To be Continued.)

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A glass every day drives ill health away

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the voice again.

"Are you aware, sir, that you are trespassing?" demanded Guildford Berton, and with so overbearing and unpleasant a manner that, as Nora saw, the young painter looked up with surprise. She saw his handsome face flush, as if with resentment, at the other man's tone; but his voice was perfectly calm and self-possessed as he replied:

"No, I was not aware of it. I understood that this was the public wood."

"Nothing of the kind, sir," said Guildford Berton, haughtily. "The public wood ends down at the gate there," and he pointed with his whip. "This is private property."

"Then I have to apologize, which I do at once and sincerely," said Cyril Burne. "It is a mistake that only a stranger could make, and I am a stranger. All the same," and he laughed, "I am sorry you did not come up to warn me half-an-hour later, for I should have finished my sketch."

He spoke with perfect good humor, and a graceful ease which charmed Nora, but it seemed in some way to incense Guildford Berton.

"Having informed you that you are trespassing, I shall be obliged if you will retire, sir," he said.

Cyril Burne looked at him with mingled surprise at his discourtesy, and amusement at his peremptoriness.

"Certainly," he said; then, as he slowly wiped his brush, quietly he said, "To whom does this property upon which I am trespassing belong, may I ask?"

Guildford Berton looked down at him very much as Nora had seen him look down at the carpet on the preceding evening.

"To the Earl of Arrowdale," he replied, curtly.

Cyril Burne glanced at him.

"Am I addressing the Earl of Arrowdale?" he asked, in the same quiet, easy tone.

"No, sir!" replied Guildford Berton. "His lordship's son, perhaps?" suggested Cyril. "Or nephew?"

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Equalling nearly
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Undergo Great Mediterranean

This morning Secretary Board of Trade received the following letter from Colonel Bennett:

Sir—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst., for the information of the Board of Trade, that His Excellency the Governor is in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, which conveys the information that the Admiralty intend the sending of sailing vessels to the Mediterranean, east of Africa, which involves great risk to the crews. It is, consequently, requested by the Secretary of State that communications from Major Whiting respecting the licensing of shipping and fishery products to be sent should be read subject to the

Police Court

(Before Mr. Hutchings.)
A 42 year old blacksmith, charged with the theft of a horse, was released on bail, and posted \$5.
A number of truckmen were summoned by Mayor Gosling to pay their licenses. The court fined \$5 or 14 days, which fines the taxes were paid.
Three butchers of Kelligwas, summoned by Inspector O'Brien for breach of the slaughter regulations. Each defendant was fined 7 days.
Another butcher was also summoned for killing without a license. The case was dismissed.

Train Notes

Thursday's outgoing express for Port aux Basques at 8.20 p.m. today.
The incoming express reaches city at noon to-day.
The local from Carboneau in the city shortly after noon.
The Tracadis train reaches city at 11.30 a.m. to-day.

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After once using Nerviline you'll swear by it for all time to come.

You'll say it's more like a miracle than anything else to feel its warm soothing action upon your tight chest. You'll be amazed at the quick way it cured your cough and broke up your bad cold.

It's safe for even a child to rub on Nerviline. Although five times more powerful than most other liniments, yet Nerviline has never yet burned or blistered the tender skin of even a child.

It's worth while to remember that wherever there is an ache or pain Nerviline will cure it.

Try it on your sore muscles, on a stiff joint, on the worst possible case of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, or lumbago. These are ailments Nerviline is guaranteed to cure mighty quick.

The mother of a large family can save heaps of work and worry, can cure little ills before they grow big, can keep the whole family well by always having Nerviline handy on the shelf. The large 50c. bottle is the most economical.

H.P. SAUCE

has a flavour, a distinctiveness, and an excellence all its own.

Try it for yourself.

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