

# One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XIX.  
TWO MONTHS.

It is four o'clock before we leave the table for the drawing room, and, as we talk, I can see Theo's eyes steal now and then to the timepiece, as if she were growing sadly impatient. I cannot help enjoying her discomfiture. She evidently finds chatting a great nuisance, and at half-past five I take pity on her, and order some tea.

"Adrian is very late," I say, going to the window and looking down the avenue. "I have never known him so late before."

The petulant tapping of Theo's foot on the fender tells me that she is growing cross. I come back to my seat, and ask her if she will have anything with her tea. She says: "No; it is not very long since lunch-noon," and thus another half hour slips away.

"Adrian is late," she says, fretfully.

"Oh, he will turn up in time for dinner!" I answer. "Very likely he's gone in to see Loys; he often does on his way home, you know."

"You think there's nothing wrong—no accident?"

At this I laugh outright.

"You think nothing short of an accident would keep him away from me so long?" I cry. "Oh, don't make yourself uneasy! I should have heard of it long ago if that were the case. I think I hear him coming. Yes; can you not hear the sound of the hoofs on the road? I must tell him how anxious you have been about him."

"Oh, pray do not!" she says, coldly.

She need not be alarmed, for I have not the very smallest intention of carrying my words into action. Even when Adrian reaches the door, he does not hurry in; he stops to tell the groom who comes for his horse something about "that off fore leg." That much I hear, but I didn't catch any more.

"Well," he says, when at last he makes his appearance. "I suppose you are quite tired out?"

"Oh, no!" in the gentlest of gentle voices.

"And"—looking round the room—"where is the boy?"

"I have not brought him," says Theo, quietly.

"Not brought him?" repeats my husband, blankly. "And why not?"

"I thought he would be such a trouble," she answers.

"But didn't Audrey give you my message?"

"Oh, yes; but I knew you didn't really mean it!"

"Of course I meant it! Well, we must send for him."

"I don't think you can do that," answers Theo, sweetly, "because he has gone down to Park Royal with his grandmother."

"Well, I am disappointed!" says Adrian, in an aggrieved tone. "I'd got a steady little pony for him, and everything."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" cries Theo.

"And he would have liked it so much, poor little fellow; but, really, I thought you were joking."

"Have you had a very hard day, Adrian?" I ask. "You look very tired."

"Yes, my baby, terribly so."

"And what has brought Col. Cardy-lion back so soon? You did not ex-



pect him, did you?"

"Oh, no! But the old duke's got a bad attack of gout, and they fear it will go to the heart. I dare say he'll be Duke of Ideminstre before many weeks are over—perhaps only days."

"And then he will be more eligible than ever," I say.

"Yes; and probably more impracticable," rejoins Adrian.

"I should think he will not remain in the regiment after he succeeds to the title?" I observe.

"Oh, no—be far too great a swell!"

"Or perhaps he may go into the Guards," puts in Theo.

I look at Adrian, who is intensely disgusted, though he is too polite to say so.

"Have you any chance of it?" I ask, alluding to the colonelcy.

He shakes his head.

"I'm afraid not. I've been major such a short time—and, of course, it wouldn't be fair to the host of other men who are my seniors."

"Have you seen Loys to-day?" I ask, presently.

"Yes; I went in for five minutes. They are coming up to dinner to-morrow," he answers. "And Teddy's got his troop."

"Oh, that is good news!" I cry.

"How delighted Loys will be! No more orderly duty!"

"How long is it to dinner?" he demands.

"Nearly an hour and a half," I say, glancing at the clock.

"Oh, I am so hungry and so thirsty!" he cries. "And you never offer a man anything!"

"Poor, ill-used thing!" I cry; "it shall have some tea."

"Wine would be better," says Theo.

"Oh, I didn't allow him wine between meals!" I say, calmly.

"Why?" with evident surprise.

"Because I consider it a most pernicious habit," I answer; "and I set my face against 'pernicious habits' on principle."

"She bullies me tremendously," affirms Adrian.

"Well, really," she says, disdainfully, "it would never occur to me to interfere in such a matter as that."

"There—you hear, Audrey?" cries he.

"Oh, yes, I hear! There is a cup of tea for you."

"Just look at Theo's horrified face!" he laughs. "Now you know what other people think of your tyranny."

I think of the way Theo used to tyrannize over poor Lasselles—in the matter of smoking, for instance.

When Theo makes her appearance in the breakfast room on the following morning, she looks round for Adrian, but in vain.

"Where is Adrian?" she says. "Not down yet?"

"Oh, yes," I answer; "gone long since! He has a field day again."

"Again!" I think from the way she speaks she doubts me. "I thought they had one yesterday."

"So they had—a commanding officers' field day; but this is a brigade affair, a much more dresome one."

"Oh! What are you going to do?"

"I should think he will not remain in the regiment after he succeeds to the title?" I observe.

"Oh, no—be far too great a swell!"

"Or perhaps he may go into the Guards," puts in Theo.

I look at Adrian, who is intensely disgusted, though he is too polite to say so.

"Have you any chance of it?" I ask, alluding to the colonelcy.

He shakes his head.

"I'm afraid not. I've been major such a short time—and, of course, it wouldn't be fair to the host of other men who are my seniors."

"Have you seen Loys to-day?" I ask, presently.

"Yes; I went in for five minutes. They are coming up to dinner to-morrow," he answers. "And Teddy's got his troop."

"Oh, that is good news!" I cry.

"How delighted Loys will be! No more orderly duty!"

"How long is it to dinner?" he demands.

"Nearly an hour and a half," I say, glancing at the clock.

"Oh, I am so hungry and so thirsty!" he cries. "And you never offer a man anything!"

"Poor, ill-used thing!" I cry; "it shall have some tea."

"Wine would be better," says Theo.

"Oh, I didn't allow him wine between meals!" I say, calmly.

"Why?" with evident surprise.

"Because I consider it a most pernicious habit," I answer; "and I set my face against 'pernicious habits' on principle."

"She bullies me tremendously," affirms Adrian.

"Well, really," she says, disdainfully, "it would never occur to me to interfere in such a matter as that."

"There—you hear, Audrey?" cries he.

"Oh, yes, I hear! There is a cup of tea for you."

"Just look at Theo's horrified face!" he laughs. "Now you know what other people think of your tyranny."

"Anything you like this morning. I must go into Ideminstre this afternoon to fetch Miss Dare. You will go with me?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"We might go for a walk this morning," I suggest.

Theo shudders.

"I thank you," she says, with chill politeness; "but walking is not much in my way."

So she sits the whole morning by the fire, pretending to do a little lace work. I wonder what she will use it for. I am sure she will not wear a dress trimmed with lace of her own making.

At the last moment she finds out that she does not care to go with me that her throat is rather sore, and that she is afraid to face the wind. I marvel not a little as to what new freak this is, but I drive away without her. I go round to the close for Miss Dare, and stay a little time, chatting; then Dawson finds out that he has a message for the game shop, if I do not mind stopping there; and at last we are on our way home.

To my surprise, when I enter the drawing room, Adrian is there with Theo; and so engrossed have they been by their conversation that they have not heard the carriage wheels, and I am just in time to see Theo snatch her hand out of his ere she turns, with a guilty flush, to confront me. Adrian, on the contrary, has not at all the "caught" expression which Theo's face wears. He turns round, coolly, and says:

"Well, baby, so you are back? How are you, Miss Dare?"

I feel sick and faint, for all my jealous doubts and fears have come back to me with tenfold force. However, for the sake of this strange girl, whose eyes are taking in every detail, I force myself to answer lightly. I cannot let any stories of our domestic unhappiness go the round of the regiment. Even in my pain, I love Adrian too truly to touch his honor by any word or action of mine!

I announce that it is very cold for the time of year, and ring for tea to warm us a little. Then, when my husband is carrying on a bantering conversation with Stewart Dare, thus occupying her attention, I glance at Theo. I cannot help being utterly astonished at the change this afternoon has made in her. As yet I had been shocked to see her looking so pale and wan, in her crumpled dress, with its white weepers. She almost gave me the impression that she might go off at any moment, so fragile and transparent was she; but now she is simply the Theo who flung herself down upon the hearth rug at Mrs. Dickenson's with a cry of, "Oh, he is splendid—he is splendid!" The coldness and the polished, courteous bearing which she has acquired during the years of her marriage have vanished, and I cannot but own to myself that she is now more lovely than ever. I glance into the glass above the chimney piece, and think bitterly how plain I look beside her, how faint a likeness I bear to her. In my sealskin coat and plain, black hat, I see no charm, only a haggard, tired, rather sickly-looking girl, as unlike Theo, with her brilliant eyes and quickly changing blushes, as possible. With eager eyes, I take in every detail of her beauty—the daintily waved hair beneath her Marie Stuart cap; the gleam of the even, pearly teeth between her rosy lips; the dimples coming and going in chin and cheek; and the quick rise and fall of the locket on her bosom. I see them all, though each fresh charm makes my heart grow sick with pain.

"You look very tired, Audrey," says Adrian, presently. "Won't you sit down?"

He brings me a chair, and I take off my hat, or try to do so, for the button which fastens the elastic catches in my hair, and I fumble in vain to extricate it.

"Now, what is the matter?" he cries, cheerily. "Oh, it's that troublesome elastic, is it? I wonder you have one with a hat like that, because it will keep on perfectly well without it."

Having, with some trouble, released the button, he proceeds, with awkward, if willing, fingers to unfasten my coat.

"She always makes me act as a maid," he announces to Theo and Miss Dare.

"You ought not to want any mak-

**Neave's Food**  
FOR INFANTS  
What a Mother who has raised two fine boys on it says.  
131 Boniface Ave.,  
Toronto, 25 March, 1913.  
In addition to our two sturdy boys, we have a dear little baby girl aged months. Her name is Eva Marie, and of course we are bringing her up on Neave's Food, as we believe that to be the very best food in the world for babies. She is getting along fine and is strong and healthy and so bright and contented. She has been fed on Neave's Food since she was two days old and it suits her admirably, and she is properly made. That little "Jack" spoke of is such a sturdy little boy now. Neave's Food certainly saved his life. Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN.  
Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain free trial of Neave's Food and a valuable book, "Hints About Baby" by writing Miss M. Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto, Agent for Canada. Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all Druggists in Canada.

ing," says Theo, with a laugh, which cuts me like a knife or a keen east wind.

"Perhaps not," he says, calmly. To my surprise, when I enter the drawing room, Adrian is there with Theo; and so engrossed have they been by their conversation that they have not heard the carriage wheels, and I am just in time to see Theo snatch her hand out of his ere she turns, with a guilty flush, to confront me. Adrian, on the contrary, has not at all the "caught" expression which Theo's face wears. He turns round, coolly, and says:

"Well, baby, so you are back? How are you, Miss Dare?"

I feel sick and faint, for all my jealous doubts and fears have come back to me with tenfold force. However, for the sake of this strange girl, whose eyes are taking in every detail, I force myself to answer lightly. I cannot let any stories of our domestic unhappiness go the round of the regiment. Even in my pain, I love Adrian too truly to touch his honor by any word or action of mine!

I announce that it is very cold for the time of year, and ring for tea to warm us a little. Then, when my husband is carrying on a bantering conversation with Stewart Dare, thus occupying her attention, I glance at Theo. I cannot help being utterly astonished at the change this afternoon has made in her. As yet I had been shocked to see her looking so pale and wan, in her crumpled dress, with its white weepers. She almost gave me the impression that she might go off at any moment, so fragile and transparent was she; but now she is simply the Theo who flung herself down upon the hearth rug at Mrs. Dickenson's with a cry of, "Oh, he is splendid—he is splendid!" The coldness and the polished, courteous bearing which she has acquired during the years of her marriage have vanished, and I cannot but own to myself that she is now more lovely than ever. I glance into the glass above the chimney piece, and think bitterly how plain I look beside her, how faint a likeness I bear to her. In my sealskin coat and plain, black hat, I see no charm, only a haggard, tired, rather sickly-looking girl, as unlike Theo, with her brilliant eyes and quickly changing blushes, as possible. With eager eyes, I take in every detail of her beauty—the daintily waved hair beneath her Marie Stuart cap; the gleam of the even, pearly teeth between her rosy lips; the dimples coming and going in chin and cheek; and the quick rise and fall of the locket on her bosom. I see them all, though each fresh charm makes my heart grow sick with pain.

"You look very tired, Audrey," says Adrian, presently. "Won't you sit down?"

He brings me a chair, and I take off my hat, or try to do so, for the button which fastens the elastic catches in my hair, and I fumble in vain to extricate it.

"Now, what is the matter?" he cries, cheerily. "Oh, it's that troublesome elastic, is it? I wonder you have one with a hat like that, because it will keep on perfectly well without it."

Having, with some trouble, released the button, he proceeds, with awkward, if willing, fingers to unfasten my coat.

"She always makes me act as a maid," he announces to Theo and Miss Dare.

"You ought not to want any mak-

ing," says Theo, with a laugh, which cuts me like a knife or a keen east wind.

"Perhaps not," he says, calmly. To my surprise, when I enter the drawing room, Adrian is there with Theo; and so engrossed have they been by their conversation that they have not heard the carriage wheels, and I am just in time to see Theo snatch her hand out of his ere she turns, with a guilty flush, to confront me. Adrian, on the contrary, has not at all the "caught" expression which Theo's face wears. He turns round, coolly, and says:

"Well, baby, so you are back? How are you, Miss Dare?"

I feel sick and faint, for all my jealous doubts and fears have come back to me with tenfold force. However, for the sake of this strange girl, whose eyes are taking in every detail, I force myself to answer lightly. I cannot let any stories of our domestic unhappiness go the round of the regiment. Even in my pain, I love Adrian too truly to touch his honor by any word or action of mine!

I announce that it is very cold for the time of year, and ring for tea to warm us a little. Then, when my husband is carrying on a bantering conversation with Stewart Dare, thus occupying her attention, I glance at Theo. I cannot help being utterly astonished at the change this afternoon has made in her. As yet I had been shocked to see her looking so pale and wan, in her crumpled dress, with its white weepers. She almost gave me the impression that she might go off at any moment, so fragile and transparent was she; but now she is simply the Theo who flung herself down upon the hearth rug at Mrs. Dickenson's with a cry of, "Oh, he is splendid—he is splendid!" The coldness and the polished, courteous bearing which she has acquired during the years of her marriage have vanished, and I cannot but own to myself that she is now more lovely than ever. I glance into the glass above the chimney piece, and think bitterly how plain I look beside her, how faint a likeness I bear to her. In my sealskin coat and plain, black hat, I see no charm, only a haggard, tired, rather sickly-looking girl, as unlike Theo, with her brilliant eyes and quickly changing blushes, as possible. With eager eyes, I take in every detail of her beauty—the daintily waved hair beneath her Marie Stuart cap; the gleam of the even, pearly teeth between her rosy lips; the dimples coming and going in chin and cheek; and the quick rise and fall of the locket on her bosom. I see them all, though each fresh charm makes my heart grow sick with pain.

"You look very tired, Audrey," says Adrian, presently. "Won't you sit down?"

He brings me a chair, and I take off my hat, or try to do so, for the button which fastens the elastic catches in my hair, and I fumble in vain to extricate it.

"Now, what is the matter?" he cries, cheerily. "Oh, it's that troublesome elastic, is it? I wonder you have one with a hat like that, because it will keep on perfectly well without it."

Having, with some trouble, released the button, he proceeds, with awkward, if willing, fingers to unfasten my coat.

"She always makes me act as a maid," he announces to Theo and Miss Dare.

"You ought not to want any mak-

ing," says Theo, with a laugh, which cuts me like a knife or a keen east wind.

"Perhaps not," he says, calmly. To my surprise, when I enter the drawing room, Adrian is there with Theo; and so engrossed have they been by their conversation that they have not heard the carriage wheels, and I am just in time to see Theo snatch her hand out of his ere she turns, with a guilty flush, to confront me. Adrian, on the contrary, has not at all the "caught" expression which Theo's face wears. He turns round, coolly, and says:

"Well, baby, so you are back? How are you, Miss Dare?"

I feel sick and faint, for all my jealous doubts and fears have come back to me with tenfold force. However, for the sake of this strange girl, whose eyes are taking in every detail, I force myself to answer lightly. I cannot let any stories of our domestic unhappiness go the round of the regiment. Even in my pain, I love Adrian too truly to touch his honor by any word or action of mine!

I announce that it is very cold for the time of year, and ring for tea to warm us a little. Then, when my husband is carrying on a bantering conversation with Stewart Dare, thus occupying her attention, I glance at Theo. I cannot help being utterly astonished at the change this afternoon has made in her. As yet I had been shocked to see her looking so pale and wan, in her crumpled dress, with its white weepers. She almost gave me the impression that she might go off at any moment, so fragile and transparent was she; but now she is simply the Theo who flung herself down upon the hearth rug at Mrs. Dickenson's with a cry of, "Oh, he is splendid—he is splendid!" The coldness and the polished, courteous bearing which she has acquired during the years of her marriage have vanished, and I cannot but own to myself that she is now more lovely than ever. I glance into the glass above the chimney piece, and think bitterly how plain I look beside her, how faint a likeness I bear to her. In my sealskin coat and plain, black hat, I see no charm, only a haggard, tired, rather sickly-looking girl, as unlike Theo, with her brilliant eyes and quickly changing blushes, as possible. With eager eyes, I take in every detail of her beauty—the daintily waved hair beneath her Marie Stuart cap; the gleam of the even, pearly teeth between her rosy lips; the dimples coming and going in chin and cheek; and the quick rise and fall of the locket on her bosom. I see them all, though each fresh charm makes my heart grow sick with pain.

## KANSAS WOMAN WHO SUFFERED

From Headache, Backache, Dizziness and Nervousness, Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lawrence, Kans.: "A year ago I was suffering from a number of ailments. I always had pain and was irregular. During the day I suffered a great deal with headache, backache, dizziness, nervousness and bloating. I had been married nearly three years. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I feel better than I have for years. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all who suffer as I did."—Mrs. M. ZEUNER, 1045 New Jersey Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Montana Woman's Case.

Burns, Mont.: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of awful backache which I had suffered with for months. I was so weak I could hardly do my work and my head and eyes ached all the time. Your Compound helped me in many ways and is a great strengthener. I always recommend it to my friends and tell them what a grand medicine it is for women. You may use my name for the good of others."—Mrs. JOHN FRANCHI, Burns, Montana.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

Now Landing

A Small Cargo

North Sydney Coal

Old Mines.

Also, in Store:

Best Am. Anthracite COAL.

We solicit your orders.

Our Coal is Good Coal.

M. MOREY & CO.

Office: Queen St.

tu th s

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9626—AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE.



Ladies' Dressing or House Sack.

Figured Japanese crepe in blue tones, with trimming of obline is here depicted. The design is equally appropriate for lawn, dimity, percale, nainsook, batiste, or flannel. The fronts have groups of tucks that may be stitched to any desired depth. The back is plain. The neck edge is finished with a deep collar cut in points over the shoulders and square at the back. The sleeve in short or full length has a neat cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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

9628—A SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



Girls' Dress with Body and Sleeve Combined.

White linen embroidered in blue, was used for this design. It is easy to develop, and cool and comfortable for warm weather. The design would look well in tan-colored gingham piped with red, or in red or blue chambray piped with white. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for a 4 year size. A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Size.....

Name.....

Address in full:—

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....