



Love in a Flour Mill,  
OR,  
The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XVI.  
The girl of the mill on the moor. Ronald's first thought was that it was a case of extraordinary resemblance. It seemed so impossible that the girl confronting him in the moonlight could be the miller's daughter; but he knew by her crimson cheeks, by the flash of her eyes, the faint cry which rose to her lips and was stifled there, that she had recognized him.

He stood gazing at her in silence for a moment, and in that moment took in the change in her. It was not one of dress only, though that was marked enough, for she now wore the short blue skirt, the crimson kerchief, the laced bodice of the Sicilian women. But the alteration in the expression of her face was still more noticeable. The fearfulness, the almost childish candour, were there still; but there shone in the beautiful eyes a deeper and more reflective light. There was a note of refinement, an indication of intellectual culture, which had been absent from the face when he had first seen it on that far-away night.

These points of the alteration struck him instantly; so also did the fact that her hand had flown to something in the broad belt which encircled her waist; and he knew that she, also, possessed a revolver. He was the first to speak; and his words came so quickly, confusedly, as to tumble over each other.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible! You are the girl! We have met before—you remember?" Her hand, long and slim, and as brown as a berry, still rested on the revolver. She ignored his exclamatory speech; and, with her brows bent, her head erect, she said coldly: "Why have you come here? How—?"

Ronald jerked his head in the direction of the boat.

"I rowed over from Tricania," he said. "But you haven't answered my question; you know, remember me?"

"Yes," she responded calmly, in the sweet contralto, the echo of which had often rung in his ears since he had first heard it. "I remember you. What do you want? Why, have you come here?"

"I just paddled across out of curiosity," replied Ronald. "I did not expect to find any one here—thought the place was uninhabited. Are you living here—Miss Raven?" he added, recalling the name on the board over the mill-door.

"Yes," she replied curtly.

"What an extraordinary thing!" he said, his amazement still holding him. "Why is it extraordinary?" she inquired coldly. "This island is my father's; he rents it."

"Really! So he has given up the mill on the moor—you can't have a mill here, surely?"

"No, my father is a fisherman," she explained, by no means too readily. "The mill didn't pay, I suppose. I'm sorry. Why, this is even a lonelier spot than the moor! Are there any other persons on the island?"

"No one besides ourselves and Nita, the girl, who lives with us as servant; she looks after the poultry, which we sell at Messina on the Island." She meant Sicily. "Do you wish to ask any more questions?" Ronald coloured.

"I beg your pardon. Your presence here is so unexpected that I—by George!—I can scarcely get over it! I've often wanted to meet you again; but I little thought that I should meet you like this, and in such an out-of-the-way spot!"

There was a pause; then she said gravely, thoughtfully:

"Are you staying at Tricania?"

"Yes," he replied.

"There is no hotel there, no house, my father says," she remarked.

"There isn't. I came across from England in a yacht with a friend. He has some land on the island; we have put up a chalet, a little wooden house. The yacht is anchored in the bay."

"Then you are going to stay some time?" she said quickly. "What are you doing there?"

Ronald almost started. In the excitement of the strange meeting with her, he had actually forgotten all about the treasure; and her question brought it back to his memory with a shock.

"We are shooting—fishing," he said. "We may stay some time. But won't you tell me about yourself, how you happened to come here?"

He had seated himself beside her, but not too near. It seemed to him that she was like some beautiful wild bird; fearless enough, but likely to take flight at too close an approach. The moonlight fell upon her face; the soft breeze, laden with the faint perfume of the sea and the flowers, gently stirred the soft tendrils of the dark hair clustering on her forehead. Her beauty stole over his senses, held them captive, and set his pulses beating thickly.

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"It is simple," she said. "My father brought me here. We left the mill suddenly one evening. I do not know why. Perhaps he could not get a living there."

"But—surely it must be a poor kind of living to be got here?" he suggested.

She made a movement with her head.

"One does not want much," she said, as if the matter were of no importance.

"You have a house?"

"Yes. It was here when we came. My father built it a long while ago. I think he lived here before I was born."

"Will you let me go with you and see him?" asked Ronald.

The question seemed to rouse her from her reverie. She turned her face to him quickly, with a sudden gravity and earnestness.

"No," she said. "You must not



**RULES OF HEALTH**  
Daily Movement of the Bowels.

If every child in every school in this great country could be taught this one rule of health in such a way as to appreciate its value, and live up to it, health would abound, a multitude of pains and aches would disappear, and Canada would be known as a country where people live to a great age.

When you call the doctor his first question refers to the condition of the bowels, and his first medicine is intended to ensure the activity of these organs. Whether you have a cold or appendicitis, kidney disease or rheumatism, there are poisons in the system which must be removed, and which would not have lingered to cause trouble if the bowels had been healthful and active.

For this reason we claim that the First and Most Important Rule of Health is "Daily Movement of the Bowels."

If the bowels can be kept in healthful action at all times there is little need for either doctor or medicines, and about nine-tenths of the annoying and dangerous ills of life are avoided.

The ideal corrective treatment for the bowels is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Not only because of their promptness of action, but also because they immediately arouse the sluggish liver, and by so doing cure constipation.

The bile which is filtered from the blood by an active liver is Nature's cathartic, so if you can keep the liver right there will be no sluggishness in the action of the bowels. Keep the liver and kidneys healthy and active by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you will prevent

and cure constipation, and thereby avoid a multitude of ills.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**Dr. A.W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills**

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free, if you mention this paper.

come. He is not home yet; he has gone fishing. You must not come again."

"But—" began Ronald. She cut his remonstrance short.

"My father does not like trespassers," she said. "He would be angry if he found you here. You had better go before he returns."

Ronald regarded her with astonishment and disappointment.

"Do you mean to tell me that your father does not permit any one to land here—that you never see any one, never have a visitor?"

"No," she said. "Oh, yes! there is a man who helps my father sometimes; he is deaf and dumb. Sometimes a boat from one of the steamers will row in—the people do not come beyond the landing-place—and sometimes the market people will come over from Messina; but they do not come often, and my father does not like them to land."

"It's most extraordinary!" said Ronald, under his breath, and staring at her. "And you live here with only your father, and a servant-girl for company! Why, it is worse than the moor. How can you exist? What do you do to kill the time?"

She stretched out her arms, with the palms of her hands upwards, and made a little sweeping gesture.

"The time passes. I go in the boat to the fishing sometimes; and I help Nita—but you had better go."

"A minute—a moment or two longer!" he pleaded. "What else? You read?"

"Yes," she said wistfully; "but I have only a few books the captain of the ketch gave me, and I almost know them by heart."

"You like books?" he said, with suppressed eagerness.

She nodded.

"Yes; now. One time I didn't care. I didn't know anything about them; but a lady sent me some—"

"Here?" he put in; every detail of her life had a surprising interest for him.

"No; on the moor," said Cara, with a sigh. "She drove across the moor one day and stopped at the mill, and

was very kind to me. She was the great lady from the Hall, Miss Desborough."

Ronald was too amazed for speech. Evelyn! He took off his cap, and rubbed his head in a confused fashion.

"She was very, very kind to me," said Cara wistfully. "She took me to the Hall."

"Thorden!" ejaculated Ronald. "Yes. You know it?" she asked quickly.

"I've—I've heard of it," he said, as casually as he could. "Oh, yes! I've heard of it. You—you liked her?"

Cara did not reply; as if a response were unnecessary.

"I never thanked her," she said in a low voice, after a pause, during which Ronald stared before him vacantly. "I didn't know we were leaving; it was so sudden."

A voice, shrill and startlingly clear, rose from the direction of the house, calling:

"Signorina! Signorina! Cara!"

Cara rose quickly. "That is Nita!" she said. "I must go. She must not find you here."

Ronald, in his excitement, in his dread of losing her, perhaps for ever, ventured to lay his hand on her arm.

"One moment! Tell her you are coming! Tell her to go back to the house! Quick!"

She drew her arm away, but not violently, and looked at him with surprise; but she evidently hesitated, and a moment afterwards she called in her clear voice:

"I am here, Nita, and am coming! Go back to the house!"

"Thank you!" he said gratefully. "Oh, I say, give me another moment!" for she had by a gesture indicated his dismissal. "Is that your name—Cara? It's Italian, of course; Yes; but Raven—that's English."

"It means 'Corvo,'" said Cara. "We have that name here in Italy. What is your name, signor?"

(To be Continued.)

**Sunday Services**

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**  
Cathedral of St. John the Baptist—Sunday—Holy Communion at 8 a. m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 12.15. Other services at 11 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Thursdays—Holy Communion, 7.15 a. m. Other days—Matins 8 a. m.; Evensong 5.30 p. m. Fridays—7.30, with sermon.

Public Catechising—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p. m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street—Holy Communion at 8 a. m. on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a. m. and 6.30 p. m.

Sunday Schools—Cathedral, at 2.45 p. m. Mission Church at 2.45 p. m. Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 3 p. m. All men invited to attend.

**PARISH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, ST. JOHN'S WEST.**

Hours of Service in the Parish Church Sundays—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a. m.; also, on the first and third Sundays in each month at noon.

Wednesdays—Holy Communion and Intercessions on behalf of the War, at 10.30 a. m.

Fridays—Evensong and Intercessions on behalf of the War at 7.30 p. m. Holy Baptism—Every Sunday at 3.30 p. m.

Public Catechising—The third Sunday in each month at 3 p. m. Churching of Women—Before any Service.

Sunday School—At 2.30 p. m., in the Parish Hall.

Young Women's Bible Class—Every Sunday at 2.45 p. m., in the Parish Room.

**BROOKFIELD SCHOOL CHAPEL.**  
Evensong—Every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School—Every Sunday at 4 p. m.

**ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, THE GOULDS.**  
Evensong—Every Sunday at 3 p. m. ASYLUM FOR THE POOR.

Holy Communion—The first Sunday in each month at 9 a. m. Matins—Every Sunday at 9 a. m.

**ST. THOMAS'S.**  
Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a. m.; Holy Communion on Saturdays' Days at 7.30 a. m.

To-morrow, Dec. 12.—Holy Communion 8 a. m.; Morning Prayer and sermon, 11; Preacher, The Rector; subject: "The Four Voices of God."

Children's Service, 3.45 p. m.; Evensong and Sermon, 6.30; Preacher, Rev. A. Clayton.

Christ Church (Quid Vidit)—1st Sunday in month, Matins at 11 a. m.; 2nd Sunday in month, Holy Communion 8 a. m.; 3rd Sunday in month, Evensong at 6.30 p. m.; 4th Sunday in month, Matins at 11 a. m. Evensong at 3.30 p. m. on the 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month.

Sunday Schools.—At Parish Church at 2.45 p. m.; at Christ Church, Quid Vidit at 2.30 p. m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p. m.

Virginia School Chapel.—Evening Prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p. m.; Public Catechising third Sunday in each month.

**METHODIST.**  
Gower St.—11, Rev. J. W. McConnel, B.A.; 6.30, Platform Missionary Service.

George St.—11, Rev. H. Royle; 6.30, Rev. N. M. Guy.

Cochrane St.—11, Rev. N. M. Guy; 5.30, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh.

Wesley—11, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh; 5.30, Rev. H. Royle.

Congregational—11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland.

**Here and There.**  
**SMELTING PLANT.**—Work on the MacKak Smelting Plant is progressing favorably.

**There never was an engine that could beat the FERRO.**

**HERRING CARGO.**—The schr. Ambition left Moreton's Harbor, yesterday, with a herring cargo.

**Riverside Blankets are made from selected wools.**—dec8,61

**INVESTIGATING ASSAULT.**—The police authorities are investigating an assault case on the West Coast.

**LOADING HERRING.**—The schr. J. D. Hazen is now at Bonne Bay loading herring for the Gordon Pew Co. of Gloucester.

**Ask your Grocer for Mapleton's Peanut Butter. Made in England.**—jlv8,eod,tf

**SALMON AND COD CARGO.**—The schr. Lavengro left Fogo yesterday for Naples with 5760 qtls. of codfish and 45 tierces of salmon.

**PIANOS and ORGANS.**—The famous Kohler and Tonk Pianos, The Needham, Godrich and Mason & Hamlin Organs. CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth Street.—aug.7,14

**AN Ill Wind that blows nobody good frequently appears and causes many attacks of coughs, colds and bronchitis. Allen's Cough Balm is the best remedy for these ailments. 25c. bottles.**

**Some firms handle engines only exclusive dealers in Engines and Supplies in Newfoundland. We specialize**

**BONAVENTURE UNREPORTED.**—The S.S. Bonaventure, which left here over a fortnight ago for the Mediterranean has not yet been reported at Gibraltar and must have met with stormy weather.

**THE GIANT JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR.** 50 cents with 7 blades; a great favorite. For cheapness, simplicity, and despatch, beats all others. Sold at the National Stores, The Central Pharmacy, J. M. Devine's and Geo. Langmead's. Outport orders add 5 cents for mailing. CHESLEY WOODS, 282 Duckworth Street, Sole Distributor.—nov20,14

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP**

The proof of Mother Seigel's Syrup is in the taking. That is why former sufferers, whose vitality was being sapped by indigestion, say it is just excellent for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, they are now strong and well.

**IS EXCELLENT FOR**  
If you are afflicted by indigestion or other disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels take Mother Seigel's Syrup regularly for a few days; long enough to give it a fair chance to make its beneficial influence felt. Then note the improvement in your appetite, your strength, your general condition. 3015

**HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION.**  
The 100-bottle of Syrup contains three times as much as the 50c size.

**Here and There.**

**Anemic Women and Children** will derive great benefit from the use of Ferrovin, the invigorating tonic made from iron, beef and wine. Large bottles \$1.00. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

**REMOVAL NOTICE.**—Mr. F. A. MEWS, Barrister, Solicitor & Notary. Address: City Chambers, Water Street (over Royal Bank of Canada—1st floor). dec4,61,stu,th

**MEETING IT ROUGH.**—The S.S. Prospero is encountering rough weather on her way south and is being delayed in consequence. She left Little Bay at 5 a. m. to-day. She was unable to touch at Tilt Cove owing to the big sea running.

**The Horwood Lumber Co. beg to acknowledge the receipt of \$1.00 conscience money, per anonymous letter dated December 8th.—dec11,11**

**POLICE COURT.** (Before Mr. Hutchings, J.P.)—Two boys were convicted of stealing \$4 worth of lumber. Owing to it being their first offence, they were each fined \$2 or 7 days. One drunk was discharged and another \$1 or 3 days.

**STOP THAT cough right now** by taking a few doses of the old reliable "Call's Safe and Sure Cough Cure." Contains no harmful drugs. Post paid, 30c. G. J. BROCKLEHURST, Carbonne.—nov23,151.

**TOURNAMENT.**—The Star R. R. and B. Committee begins their card tournaments on Monday night next. The first one to begin at nine o'clock so as to give those working in the stores an opportunity of taking part. The prizes we understand are in keeping with the season.

**L. M. TRASK & CO. are the only exclusive dealers in Engines and Supplies in Newfoundland. We specialize.**

**FLORIZEL SAILS.**—The s.s. Florizel sails this midnight for Halifax and New York. The following saloon passengers are booked to go: Miss Smith, Miss Summers, Miss Cunningham, Capt. M. Smelsoer, Mrs. J. Shortall, Miss McDonald, Miss Schwing, Mrs. E. Alexander and three second class.



**Too Late!**

Don't wait until that Cough or Cold develops into the Cough that you are not able to throw off.

If you have contracted a Cough or Cold don't keep on saying—"Oh, it's only a Cold, that will wear off after a few days. This is just where you are making one of the biggest mistakes in your life. Try a bottle of Stafford's Phoratoxine Cough and Cold Cure and watch results. Price 25c. Postage 5c. extra.

If you have an impression or tightness on your chest, use equal parts of Camphorated Oil and Stafford's Liniment and apply to the chest on a piece of thick flannel.

Prepared only by **DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld.** Manufacturers of "3 Specialties" Stafford's Liniment. Stafford's Prescription "A" Stafford's Phoratoxine Cough Cure.

Says Percy Pot, "I now am not as black as I've been painted, I know as much because Old Dutch And I've become acquainted."

**Old Dutch Cleanser**  
MADE IN CANADA

**Are you "Nervy"?**

Do you "jump" at a sudden sound? Do you have headaches or neuralgia? Are you irritable? Are you depressed? Are you troubled with sleeplessness? If so, you need a short course of Wingarnis (the Wine of Life). There is nothing so good as 'W' carnis' for re-vitalising the nerves—nothing so prompt in giving them new life. 'Wingarnis' possesses the great advantage of getting right to the root of nerve troubles, and by means of an enriched blood supply to give new vitality and new life to the whole nervous system. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wingarnis.'

Will you try just one bottle?

**Begin to get well FREE.**

'Wingarnis' is made in England, and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle not a mere trial, but enough to do you good, by sending 6 cents stamps to pay, post, to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Norwich, England. Return supplies can be obtained from all leading Grocers, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

**WINGARNIS**

Agents for Newfoundland—Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's Newfoundland.