

## The Earl's Mistake

"I was thinking how happy you have been."

"Happy?" curiously. "Well, yes."

"For all that constitutes a woman's idea of happiness has been yours to-night—music, lights, dancing, and unlimited admiration."

"Unlucky!" She laughs, incredulously.

"To be the prettiest—no, the most beautiful girl in the room, the best dressed—"

She turns to him swiftly, and, looking at her with a half-smile on his lips, he sees that her face has paled.

"Why do you make fun of me, Lord Cecil?" she says, and her voice falters with mingled reproach and indignation.

He grows serious in a moment, and "Make fun of you?" On my honor I was serious. You were the most beautiful girl in the room—you wore the most tasteful dress—"

Something in her eyes stops him again; it is not pleasure, it is rather a vague pain.

"I beg your pardon," he says, half-startled. "I have offended you. I did not mean—"

She turns her head aside.

"Is it—it is usual in the society you frequent, Lord Cecil, to tell a lady that she is beautiful, I think you said?"

He does not color, but he looks at her still curiously.

"Would you venture to speak to some titled lady as you have spoken to me?"

He does not answer.

"No? Why do you speak so to me, then?" and her voice quivers slightly.

"Forgive me!" he says.

"Forgive! Ah, it is so easy to say," she says, "so easy to answer. I know that you think me vain—idle, a mere butterfly; but I do not wish you to tell me so. Can you not hide it from me? I do not care—I do not care what you think, of course."

She stops and turns her head away.

Lord Cecil raises the whip, but lets it fall without striking the horse.

"Forgive me," he says again. "I did not mean to wound you, far less to insult. I thought that you were, like most other women, fond of admiration and conquest, and I meant to—"

"Congratulate me! Thank you," she says, with a bitterness that has something of sadness in it. "You need not tell me what you think of me. I know it so well. I have learned it from every look and word since—since you came."

Her voice breaks, but instantly, with an effort, she forces a laugh. "I do not care, of course I do not care; but I wish you would, not pay me compliments, Lord Cecil."

He does not speak for a moment. The horse trots steadily on, the moon gazes down on them with placid indifference.

Within Lord Cecil's breast aches a pang of self-reproach and remorse. With a struggle he crushes it out.

"Let us talk of the ball!" he says. "It was a great success!"

"Yes!" is his low voice.

"And you—but there, I forgot! I must not speak of you!"

"No, please. Talk of the duchess."

"But if I speak of her, I must speak of you, who made so great a conquest over her," he says, with a smile.

She laughs.

"Are all duchesses like her? What a fearful infection to society they must be! I thought a duchess was the pink of politeness and good form."

He laughs absently, his eyes straying to her face, his heart still smiting him at the sight of the moisture which shines suspiciously in her eyes.

"On the contrary, they are generally rude and overbearing," he says. "But they don't all happen to be deaf like this duchess. I know one duchess—she is a cousin of mine—who is the pink of politeness, as you say, but she is the exception."

"Yes?" she says.

Silence falls upon the magnan, and presently the windows of Howells shine out grandly against the moonlight.

"Is that the farm?" he says. "So soon! It is a shame to go to bed on such a night, or morning. Do you feel tired?"

"No," she says, leaning back against the broad leather strap which serves as a rail.

"Nor do I, and the horse is fresh. I wonder—would you care to go on a little further? Just for a quarter of an hour?" he asks, looking at her earnestly.

"I do not mind," she says, then she laughs. "You will have to make peace with Papa and Philippa."

"Agreed," he says, lightly. "A quarter of an hour will not make much difference. Are you sure you are warm enough? Let me draw the coat over your chest."

He turns and deftly arranges the coat across her bosom.

"Thanks," she says in a low voice.

"I wish you would let me return it to you."

"By no means! I am quite warm," and as he speaks he turns the horse up a lane, and loosening the reins allows it to walk.

"What a lovely night," he says, "and what a pretty lady. Your sister and father are right; there is no county I have seen as beautiful as this Devonshire of yours. I shall carry the remembrance of it with me when I go, and wherever I go."

Carrie, who has fallen into a fit of abstraction, comes down from the stars with sudden precipitation.

"When you go? Are you going?" she asks, with seeming carelessness enough, but with a little air of surprise in her voice which makes him smile.

"Yes," he says. "Did you think that I had taken root like one of your pretty stone lichen? I am off for the Castle in a day or two."

Carrie is silent for a moment, then feeling that some expression of regret is called for, she says—

"I am sorry."

He looks at her curiously, then turns his eyes away from the beautiful, and laughs rather mournfully.

"It is kind of you to say so," he says. "I am afraid—I know that I have been a great nuisance, and awfully in the way, and it is a convincing proof of your famous character for hospitality and long-suffering that you have borne with me so well."

Carrie does not answer, but looks up at the stars again.

"There is no reason why I should trespass on your good nature any longer," he goes on, as if he were arguing the matter himself with some inward monitor. "Not in the least; I am quite well and strong again, as strong and robust as a man could wish to be, and there is no excuse for further idling."

"No," says Carrie, and she looks straight at the horse's ears. The words

seem to come from a distance, to fall upon her senses like the voice of one speaking in a dream.

"I ought to have fled before now," he says, still half to himself, and flicking the harness with the whip in a meditative, abstracted fashion. "My father is anxious that I should enter Parliament, and wishes me to stand for Harwood—that is the borough which I suppose is still ours, for all the ballot. He would have liked me to have gone to him some few days ago, but I could not tear myself away."

Carrie says nothing. What is there to say?

"I have been extremely happy here," he goes on, "in exactly the same tone of voice. 'I shall never forget the place, much less your father and sister, and—'"

Carrie tries to speak, to utter a nonchalant, cold, polite "thank you," but she cannot, so merely smiles in acknowledgment of his courtesy.

"I was a miserable beggar enough when I came," he continues, with a sigh; "a fellow to whom no place on the earth seemed worth living in, to whom no people on earth seemed worth living for. I must have been a little mad—"

He pauses for a moment, and there flashes vividly across his mind the scene in the room of the villa at Lucerne; the fair, false woman at the piano; the very look in her treacherous eyes.

"Yes, mad," he says, moodily; then he starts slightly and gathers the reins together. "Yes, I am sorry, very sorry to go! I quite envy my friend Fairfield, and he glances at the face beside him, so demure and constrained. "I can't imagine a happier lot than his."

No care excepting that which will in a short time be a care no longer—"

He pauses and glances at her again; he means, and she knows it, that she will accept Willie Fairfield as a husband, and her face reddens deeply, then turns pale again.

He takes it as a sign that he is right, and strangely enough sighs.

"A happy fellow!" he says, moodily. "But he deserves his good fortune, for he is a good or a bad fellow as a lucky one. I hope that we shall see a great deal of each other in the future. I shall ask my people to furnish up the house at Thorpe Hampstead, and lend it to me. Fairfield and I could get some shooting together then; he is a good shot, of course."

Carrie looks straight in front of her, her lips set.

"Why do you ask me?" she says. "I am not his gamekeeper."

He laughs, without much merriment, however.

"I don't think I ever knew any one so ready as you at repartee and that happy twisting of a phrase which makes true wit; 'game keeper.' Yes."

Carrie's face twitches.

"I meant that it is of no consequence to me whether Willie—Mr. Fairfield—is a good or a bad shot," she says, in a cold, constrained voice.

"Well—no, I suppose not," he says with a sigh. "A bad shot may make a good husband—"

With an inarticulate cry she turns to him, her face aflame, her eyes flashing.

"Husband! Lord Cecil! What do you mean? Who told you—?" She can get no further; the color flies from her cheeks, the tears into her eyes, and after one great ineffectual effort to keep the tempest back she gives in and drops her face upon her hands to hide it.

Lord Cecil sits and stares for a moment as if thunder-struck. What has he said, to cause this sudden storm of grief and passion? What—like a flash of lightning—what truth comes upon him, and as if indeed the consciousness had smitten him, he sits white and motionless, staring at her with eyes that do not see her, but look beyond her into the vista of possibilities. It is only for a moment that he sits thus overwhelmed; then he rouses himself and bends over her.

"Miss Carrie—Carrie! Do not cry! Forgive me! forgive me! Cry, listen to me. Your sobs go to my very heart! Forgive me! Listen to me, Carrie! I was an idiot—"

"Idiot!" Carrie—he takes her arm and presses it pleadingly—"Carrie, I love you!"

The words are so sudden that they startle her; the faint breeze seems to take them up and echo them; the nightingale sings them; the very horse's hoofs beat them out upon the road; and they sound like a chord of music in Carrie's heart.

"I love you!" he says, swiftly, sweetly, hurrying his hand travelling from her arm to her waist, his face close to her ear. "Ah, Carrie, forgive me! I did not know—I did not dare to believe the truth until this moment. But it is the truth. I love you, dear Carrie—I love you very dearly!"

Her sobs cease; slowly, wonderingly she raises her pale face and looks at him with startled, almost incredulous eyes, that gaze, wide open, wet and lustrous, as diamonds washed in dew.

"You—love—me!" she says, in a little frightened, half-audible whisper. "Are you—mocking me? Is this—a jest, Lord Cecil?" and she lays her hand upon his bosom as if to still its panting.

"A jest! It is no jest! Mocking you! Carrie, look at me! Do I look in jest or downright earnest?"

She does look at him, and as she looks, gazing long and eagerly, as a condemned man might scan the face of his judge, her eyes drop and grow heavy under the weight of a sudden, overwhelming joy.

Instinctively she draws a little away from him; but the strong arm and hand held her tightly.

"It is no jest," he says, in a low voice. "I love you dearly—yes, as deeply as a man can love. Carrie, will you—do you love me a little in return?"

She raises her heavy eyes and looks away from him. Not because she does not know what to answer, but that she may linger over his words, may linger over the sweetest music that has ever fallen on her ears.

(To be Continued.)

A popular idea used to prevail that all teas were pretty much alike, but "Salada" Tea is proving a pleasant surprise to thousands of particular tea drinkers. Sold by grocers everywhere.



### The Luckiest Day of My Life.

Mr. Thomas Wylie (Box 384), Galt, says:—"It was the luckiest day of my life when I struck PSYCHINE, for I truly believe I shouldn't be alive now but for that."

"A neglected cold was the beginning of my trouble, and what seemed to be a simple ailment, soon developed into a serious and dangerous condition. I got so low that it was scarcely possible for me to walk around, and I lost so much flesh that I looked like a skeleton. I was just about ready to 'hand in my checks,' although only 20 years of age. The medicine the doctor gave me made me worse and I got disgusted and hopeless. Then I struck PSYCHINE."

"PSYCHINE did miracles for me. The first bottle gave me new life and courage, and in less than a time I began to put on flesh rapidly, and felt I was on the high road to recovery. My appetite returned and I 'eat like a hunter,' as the saying goes. My friends were surprised, and hardly knew me. In three months I was as strong and well as ever, and returned to work in the mill. I have not had a day's illness since. Nobody could wish for better health than I enjoy, and it is all owing to PSYCHINE. It should be in everybody's hands."

USE PSYCHINE EARLY. Doctors have failed to relieve or cure, and frequently when they have abandoned all hope. Under these unfavorable conditions, however, he not abandoned. PSYCHINE will prove an unfailing friend. How much better and more reliable than any other medicine. CHINE was used in the early stages of the illness!

PSYCHINE FOR COLIC, COLDS, WEAK LINGS, LOSS OF APPETITE, WEARINESS, and that TERRIBLE RUN DOWN FEELING. All druggists and stores sell at 50c, \$1.00, and \$2.00 Bottle.

PSYCHINE FREE. Send this coupon to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, TORONTO. We will mail you a liberal sample of PSYCHINE absolutely FREE. Don't wait till you are worse.

PSYCHINE (THE GREATEST OF TONICS FOR HEALTH AND ENERGY)

SAW WRIGHT FLY. King Edward an Interested Spectator at Pau.

Pau, March 17.—King Edward witnessed two flights by Wilbur Wright this afternoon, and showed an equal amount of enthusiasm with the other spectators in the remarkable accomplishments of the aviator.

The King motored to the aviation grounds about 3:30 o'clock. The weather conditions were highly favorable; the sky was unclouded and there was very little breeze. Wilbur and Orville Wright and their sister, Miss Wright, were presented to His Majesty. Wilbur Wright then conducted the King to the aeroplane shed, where the latter minutely examined the mechanism of the machine which was decorated with British, American and French flags. His Majesty watched the preparations for the ascent with great interest, taking a position with a group for a photograph.

Mr. Wright made the first ascension alone. He remained in the air for seven minutes, performing marvellous evolutions with the utmost precision around the King and his party, and coming to the ground without difficulty. On the second flight, Miss Wright was a passenger. They soared to a great height and then skimmed along the ground and disappeared in the direction of Pau. They reappeared after an interval of six minutes, descending amid applause from the King and his visitors. His Majesty warmly congratulated Mr. Wright on his success and then returned to his hotel.

MAIL CLERK ON TRIAL. E. T. Vandusen, of Trenton, Charged With Robbing Mails.

Belleville, March 17.—E. T. Vandusen, mail clerk of Trenton, was tried by Magistrate O'Rourke, charged with robbing the mails. It was alleged that there had been thefts and that a knife sent as a decoy to a party in Trenton had been found in Vandusen's possession. He said the trapper came off the parcel containing the knife, and was going to hand it to the proper official. Magistrate O'Rourke deferred judgment for ten days.

Must Call a Halt To Pneumonia. It often cannot be cured but it can be prevented.

Every cold must be taken seriously, and care taken in selecting effective treatment such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

While consumptives are being taken care of, and tuberculosis is being conquered who is going to fight pneumonia, which seems each year to claim more and more victims.

It is the children and older people who yield most readily to this disease, but with the system run down or from undue exposure it is to be looked for as the result of any severe cold on the chest and lungs.

While the doctors are experimenting with cures why not do all we can to prevent this dreadful ailment by taking every cold seriously and using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to allay the inflammation of the bronchial tubes, to aid expectoration and to keep the cough free and loose.

This great medicine has a thorough end far-reaching action, which is not obtained from ordinary cough medicines, and this is why three bottles of it are sold for one of any similar treatment. It has proven its extraordinary value in the cure of coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and asthma and people have learned to trust it implicitly and to keep it constantly at hand.

Mrs. E. Davis, Chesterville, Ont., writes: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave this world, as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. After the first two doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine the child began to get better and we are thankful to say is now well again after seven weeks' illness." 25 cents a bottle at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co.

PLUMBERS WILL APPEAL. Winnipeg, March 17.—The Plumbers' Union, which lost in the appeal of the case awarding damages against them for striking and picketing the premises of their employers, contemplate carrying the case to the Supreme Court and eventually to the Privy Council. The total amount of damages assessed against the local union is \$25,000, while a perpetual injunction against picketing has been granted.

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AT R. McKAY & CO'S. FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1909  
HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

## Second Day of Our GRAND SPRING OPENING DISPLAY

### A Gorgeous, Glorious Display at Hamilton's Great Fashion Centre

Thousands of eager and enthusiastic women attended our grand opening display to-day and thousands will again to-morrow and Saturday, for without a doubt this great opening event eclipses any former opening display ever attempted in Hamilton. The store decorations in itself is of such a high class nature that every man, woman and child should not miss. But you must come and see for yourself. Come to-morrow.

### Springtime Millinery—A Grand Display

Our grand millinery showroom, situated on the third floor, was one of the centres of attraction for spring millinery authorities. Our showcases display millinery to suit almost every taste. Fashion turning to the gladness of Spring brings forth the most fetching styles. THOSE Dainty Bonnets, THE LARGE PICTURE HATS, THE FLOWER TURBANS, THE BOWL SHAPE AND LAMP SHADE HATS all are favorites. Be sure and see the display to-morrow. Popular prices is the keynote again this season.

### Winsome Suits, Skirts & Blouses

Showing by all odds the largest and best assortments ever displayed in any store in Hamilton. Don't miss the display of Paris and New York Suits. The first thing that will appeal to you is the exclusiveness