

bade the Indian good-bye and hastened after Sybil.

"Who was the strange man you spoke to at the hotel door?" she asked.

"An Indian named Abdallah, I believe. He was a servant of Lord Sternholt's, who dismissed him, I fear, on account of the picture I stole. He is staying in Rome for some days and then returns to India."

"We should do something for him, Hugh. We must do something for him. I never saw such a splendid figure of a man. I should love to paint him standing in the Coliseum. He seems to me a type of the gladiator of the old days."

"The East is East, and the West is West," quoted Hugh, "and never the twain shall meet." I wonder what thoughts are passing behind those inscrutable eyes of his as he stalks through the ruins of the fallen Mistress of the World, himself a type of civilization as old and proud as her own."

"I will make friends with him and paint him," Sybil persisted. "I am so glad he is staying at our hotel. You mustn't be jealous if I make love to Abdallah."

Conscious or unconscious there was a note of challenge in her voice and smile that set Hugh's blood on flame, and almost melted his hard resolve.

Never had he seen her so gay or so beautiful. She was as one inspired to give and take delight, though she herself but vaguely guessed the source of the inspiration. Full of unreasoning joy, her heart opened to love, as a flower to the sunshine, lavish of its beauty and perfume. The love light in her shining eyes made Hugh giddy and faint with rapture, all unconsciously wooing him to woo. His heart warmed to the mere whisper of her voice. Yet behind the delicious forgetfulness he was vaguely conscious of a dark foreboding, hidden away in some dim recess of his soul, that forced itself at times close to the surface, and then sank again out of sight, but was never wholly lost.

Even while his soul revelled in Sybil's smiles of love, he felt the dull ache of the presentiment of evil, as a black cloud low down on the horizon's edge threatens the glory of a summer's day. The old fear that had haunted him when he first came to Rome had revived—he felt that he was spied upon by some hidden enemy, that some horrible danger lurked close at hand. That shadowy fear followed him through the warm sunshiny streets, it followed him through the cool and spacious galleries of the Vatican. It came like a shadow between his eyes and the radiant masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It dimmed the smile in the eyes and lips of the girl he loved.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Death Struggle.

MORE than once during the day Sybil rallied her companion on his fits of gloom, which even her smiles could not wholly dispel.

"Are you afraid we are too happy, Hugh?" she said softly at last. "I have that feeling sometimes myself, that our joy is too great to last or to return. It will burn itself away into darkness. I have heard that the old Romans believed that when mortals were too happy the gods were jealous; that it was good to suffer something, or to lose something, to coax the gods back again to good humour. Well, I'm not afraid, let them do their worst. I won't give up one scrap of my happiness to please them."

That evening she came down to dinner in radiant good humour, and they sat in the open air under a velvety, blue black sky, in which a full moon—a globe of pure white fire—hung serene and calm amid the quivering stars.

"It's all right, Hugh," the girl whispered, "the gods are appeased. I have lost the key of my bedroom door."

"Oh, Sybil," said her mother, "how careless!"

"Don't scold, mummy. It's for the best. I told Hugh to-day that when you are too happy it is well to lose something lest the gods should grow jealous."

"What nonsense you talk, my dear."

"It is not nonsense; it is ancient wisdom which we are bound to respect, especially in Rome, which is

Every puff of P. A. is a wallop!

Get *that* punched into
your system!

Never was such jimmy pipe
tobacco, because no other
tobacco but P. A. ever was
made by the patented pro-
cess that *cuts out* the bite
and the parch!

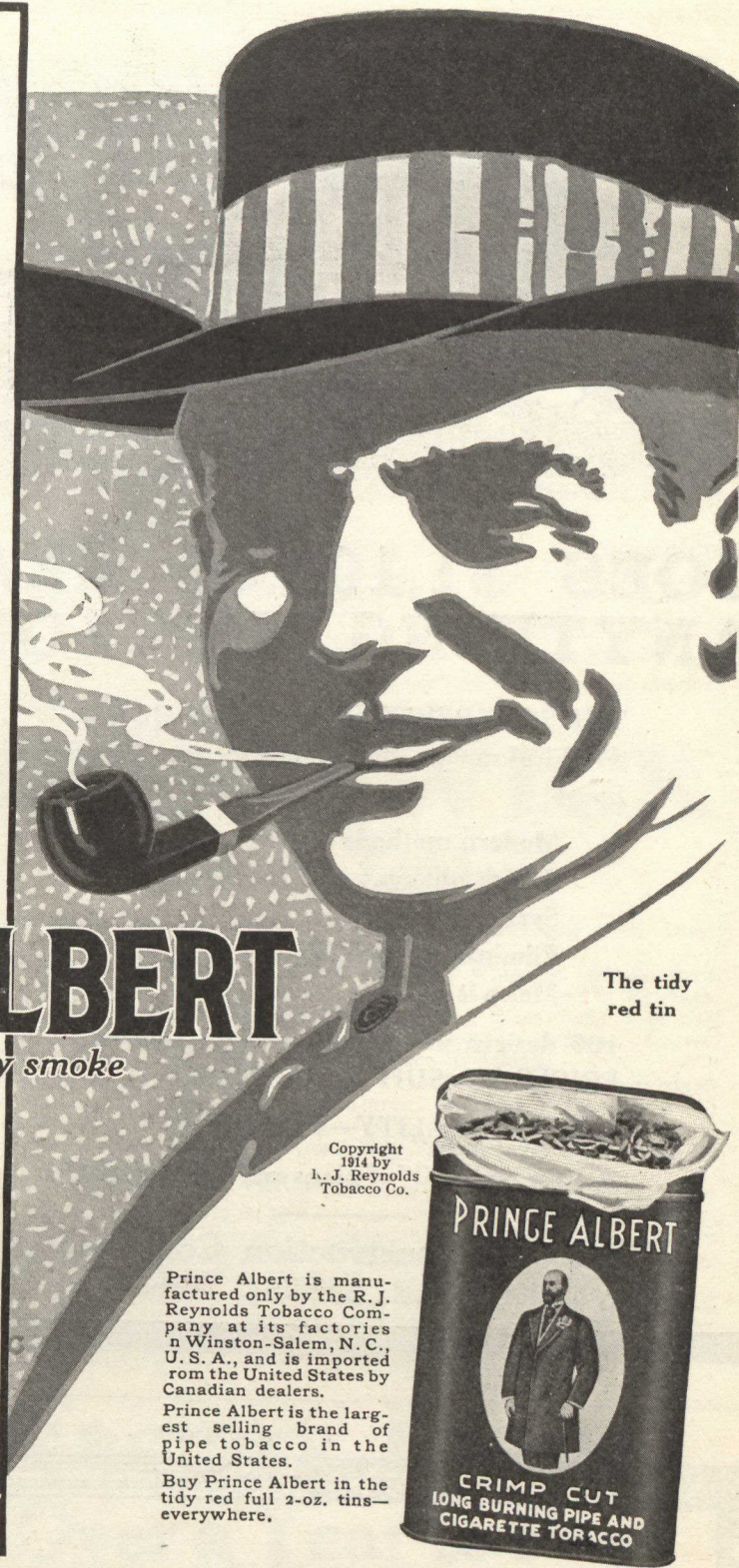
You, and every other man,
can smoke a pipe all you
want if you'll only get wise
and stick to

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

It's true blue sport to open the
A. M. with a jimmy pipe packed
full of P. A. So fresh and pleas-
ing and so fragrant that the
songs of little birds and puffs of
joy smoke just put the music of
the early sunshine right into
your system! *Get the idea?*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.



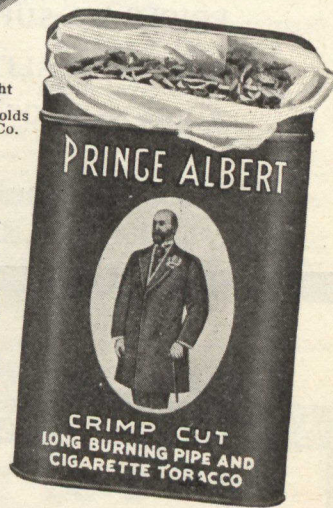
The tidy
red tin

Copyright
1914 by
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

Prince Albert is manu-
factured only by the R. J.
Reynolds Tobacco Com-
pany at its factories
in Winston-Salem, N. C.,
U. S. A., and is imported
from the United States by
Canadian dealers.

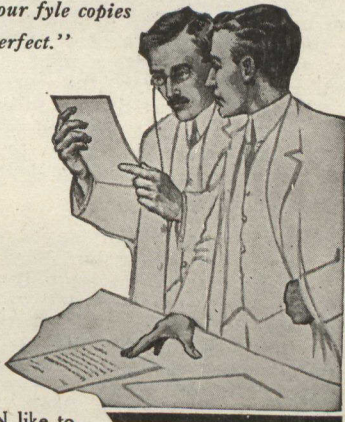
Prince Albert is the larg-
est selling brand of
pipe tobacco in the
United States.

Buy Prince Albert in the
tidy red full 2-oz. tins—
everywhere.



"Yes! We're sending out clean cut-letters.

And our fyle copies
are perfect."



MEN like to
sign clean, neatly-typed letters. Men like
to read them. Letters that look bright and
easy-to-read make friends even before they
are read.
PEERLESS Typewriter Ribbons give life
and snap to business letters. They make the
type show clear and strong on a clean page.
PEERLESS Carbon Papers make copies
as sharp and clean as originals: every copy
a perfect record, free from blurs and clear
beyond argument.

62

PEERLESS

CARBON
PAPERS.

TYPEWRITER
RIBBONS.

Try them out.

Peerless Carbon & Ribbon Mfg Co., Limited.
176-178 Richmond Street, West, - Toronto



Don't remain Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy' 'Run-Down'

Don't let your life be clouded by indifferent health — don't suffer needlessly — don't remain Weak, Anaemic, "Nervy," "Run-Down." Let 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) give you new health, new strength, new blood, new nerves, and new life. 'Wincarnis' is a tonic, a restorative, a blood-maker, and a nerve food—all combined in one clear, delicious beverage. It strengthens the weak, gives new rich blood to the Anaemic, new nerves to the "Nervy," sleep to the Sleepless, new vitality to the "Run-Down," and new life to the Ailing. And it is the only Wine Tonic of any repute that does not contain drugs.

Begin to get well FREE.

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose 6 cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life

Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors