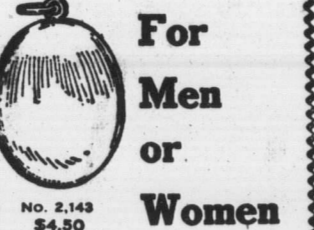


HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

CHAPTER 2. It was a pretty and picturesque scene upon which the June sunbeams fell one bright summer morning some few years ago. Out upon the lawn of Severnook Castle stood a young girl just in the first spring-tide of youth. There was something in the brightness of her face that harmonized with the beauty of the day. It was a picture that an artist would have immortalized—the variety of flowers of every color that diversified the green grass of the lawn, and the golden sunbeams that lit up the scene. The centre figure, which seemed to concentrate the light and brightness, was that of the young girl, Florence, the only child of Lord Wyverne. A plain morning-dress of white muslin showed to advantage the slender, girlish figure. The rippling golden hair was simply tied with a blue ribbon; the lovely, half-childish face was a poem completed in itself. It was a face that changed with every thought—one moment gay and bright, in another thoughtful and sad. There was passion and deep feeling, and, withal, a quaint kind of imperious, half-wild look that charmed even the most regular features or the violet eyes.

Lady Florence was wilful. The friends who admired her most and loved her best admitted that she had spoiled all her life—had known no law, no will, save her own, no well-medicated rebuke, no lecture, ever fell to the lot of Lady Wyverne's daughter. Her very faults were smiled at as being part of her prettiness, and she was allowed to do as she pleased. The young man sat down to watch the process of feeding the peacock and the pretty tame white doves; and then it was that the picture became beautiful. There was the slightest and prettiest air of embarrassment in the young girl's face as his eyes followed her every movement, although she affected to be quite unaware of his close observation. She reverted herself, however, by making many little speeches to the birds which were in front of her. "These little symptoms were not unnoted, for at the window of the breakfast-room, which opened upon the lawn, stood Lord Wyverne himself, watching, with an eager and scrutinizing glance, the faces of his guests. With one look at Lord Wyverne's face his history was told. Years of wild disorder, unbridled indulgence in vice and folly, had left unmistakable traces. The bent figure, the dimmed eyes, the furrowed brow, the trembling hands, told him that the man before him was not much above fifty, yet he was an old man. He was wont to boast that he had seen more of life in his fifty years than other men had in a hundred. Most probably that was true. He had spent a noble fortune. The man had all gone when he died an heirless, and in the course of a few years he spent her fortune also. Lady Wyverne died, the doctor said, of heart disease, her friends said of despair, leaving one only child, Florence. Ruined in fortune, shattered in health, sated and tired of the world, in which he could no longer play his favorite part, Lord Wyverne gave up his town house and came to live upon the estate he had so long neglected.



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in the midst of her grief, that anxiety had shortened his life; and he knew no other man who was of money, and meant sufficient for keeping up the position he thought himself entitled to. His life had been a struggle, and when his son gazed upon his dead face, and heard his mother's words, it was the wonder that it had happened. He had tried and value of money crept into his heart. He tried not to think of that now, but to remember the errand he was upon, the dying man who wished to see him, and the two fair young daughters, who would be left orphans if the worst happened and his uncle died. He remembered the last time he was at Lynnewalde—Lord Lynne was well and healthy then, and his cousin Agatha had talked to him of nothing else but her sister Inez, that half-Spanish sister, who had never seen her English home. She had never seen her English home, and she was expected there daily, and Philip felt some curiosity as to what she would be like. If she were only one-half as beautiful as her mother, he knew she would create a sensation, even in this rare. He had never seen her, his strange cousin, this Inez Lynne, who had telegraphed for him. Then his thoughts flew back to Florence Wyverne, whom twice that morning he had been on the point of asking to be his wife.

COLD BROUGHT ON BY KIDNEY DISEASE

Brantford Lady Suffered Tired by Dodds' Kidney Pills. Mrs. A. H. Thomson had Heart Disease, Lumbago and Rheumatism, and Tells How She Was Restored to Health. Brantford, Ont., Oct. 12.—(Special.)—How Colds, La Grippe and other minor ills settle on the Kidneys and develop Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bright's Disease and other terribly dangerous ailments; and how any and all of them are cured by Dodds' Kidney Pills is fully shown in the case of Mrs. A. H. Thomson, whose home is at 43 Ailbion street, this city.



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Rome, in the course of 40 years, has doubled its population without doubling its space. The central quarters of the city, which were the scene of the most aristocratic and fashionable residences, are now occupied by the middle and lower classes. The houses are now built in a more compact and less attractive manner. The streets are narrower and more crowded. The air is more stagnant and less healthy.

Repeat it:—'Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.'

WHY HE QUIT. Even the Older Man Admitted That the Youth Had Cause. 'You, Jim!' called the man with the hoe to the young fellow with the shambling gait, who was making for the street exit, putting on his coat as he went. The young man stopped hesitatingly and turned about. 'What you goin' with your coat on? Where you goin'?' 'I've quit the job,' replied the young man.

Repeat it:—'Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.'

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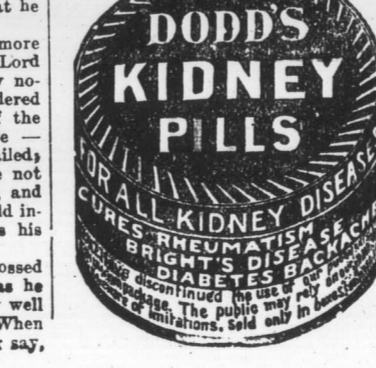
"He told me I wasn't worth my salt and that I moved around like I was going to sleep. He said I was so slow that I made a small look like it was exceeding the speed limit." "What of it?" said the man with the hoe. "You don't think he's fool enough to pay you wages if he don't think you earn 'em, do you? If you do you're fool. Mac ain't that kind of a man. He wants you to move a little quicker, that's all. The more work he can get out of us the better he'll satisfy his boss. That's all there is to it. Humor him, my son; humor him. Step around lively; it won't do you no harm. I tell you you've got to get your hide toughened up. Just let Mac see you laughin'. You'll get along all right as soon as you realize that the bosses ain't got time to be polite."

Repeat it:—'Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.'

WHERE W. WRIGHT FLIES. Le Mans a Fine Old French City With a Long History. Le Mans, where Wilbur Wright is performing aerial marvels, is about 125 miles southwest of Paris and thirty miles north of Tours. It is a fine old French city of about 60,000 inhabitants.

Repeat it:—'Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.'

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. THE POLICE ON DUTY IN THE PIAZZA COLONNA.

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