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Better a Peasant
Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOY WITH THE DAWNING.

"Let me beg of you to honor me by making the castle your home for the present. You are such a host in yourself that Maud and Georgina Lambton will not miss us if you remain."

The count, only too quick to take the hint, bows again, and they go in arm-in-arm.

It is spring again, early summer, indeed, and the breeze that blows across the rocky little bay of Newton Regis is so gentle and zephyr-like that it sends the tide rippling in with scarcely a foam head on the distant waves, and at a little distance a handsome yacht, that rides at anchor, looks like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

On the beach is gathered, as usual, a little group of fisher folk, looking at the yacht with admiration.

Presently a couple of sailors, in the neatest of nautical attire, come down to the beach, bearing a huge picnic hamper. There is the Ferndale crest on the lid, and on the caps of the men, gleaming brightly in the sun, is the name of the yacht—Nancy Bell.

A few minutes afterward there comes the sound of happy voices and laughter, and presently a young man bounds from a boulder on to the beach, and makes his way down to the boat, in which a couple of the yachtsmen are waiting.

If you did not recognize him by his short, curly hair, sun-burned face and generally happy-go-lucky air, you would do so on the moment his blithe, cheery voice rings out in friendly response to the affectionate greetings of the fishermen.

It is Hal.

"Halloo, Griffin!" he says to that worthy salt. "All ready? That's right. Just enough wind, eh? What a glorious day! Come on, you lads! don't waste a minute!" and he puts his hands to his mouth and shouts in sailor fashion:

"All hands aboard!"

Applaud of laughter greets this summons, and in answer to it a party of ladies and gentlemen turn around the corner and come clambering down the beach.

To see them—so light-hearted, so like a pack of schoolboys and girls bent out for a holiday—you would never guess that there was a marquis and marchioness, and a count and countess, to say nothing of an earl and a clergyman.

But so it is; for here, back at Newton Regis, are Vane and Jeanne, and the count and the marchioness, whom we know as Maud Lambton, and here also are Charles Nugent and dear old Bell, the last smiling through his spectacles as if life were one perpetual holiday; and here also is Verona—Verona, as beautiful as we knew her, but no longer pale and wistful-eyed, but with roses growing on her cheeks, that the English soil and happiness have plucked.

"Come along," says Hal, who seems unable to keep still, but insists upon arranging the hamper and tossing up the cushions that have been placed in the boat for the ladies, and generally

LETTER FROM
MRS. WAKELINTells Remarkable Story of
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Toronto, Ont.—"I suffered greatly from weakness, seemed to be tired all the time, and had no ambition to do anything or go any place. My nerves were in bad shape, I could not sleep at night, and then came a breakdown. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and several of my friends advised me to use it, and it surely put new life into me. Now I am quite able to do all my own work, and I would strongly advise every suffering woman to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial."

Mrs. CHARLES WAKELIN, 272 Christie St., Toronto, Ont.

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

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

getting in the way of the sailboats. "Come along—don't let's waste a minute. Look, Verona, isn't she a beauty?" and he nods enthusiastically at the yacht, which is Vane's present to Jeanne on her last birthday. "Isn't she a clipper! Come along—we shall have a glorious sail! What a jolly party we make. I wish Georgina and that foreign swell, her husband—I never can remember his name—were here; we should be complete then. And I say, have you got a watch on, darling? The last words Aunt Jane said to me were: 'Don't be late for dinner!' I shall make you responsible. Vane has no idea of time, neither has Jeanne, when she is once on board; and as for me, I never could get a watch to go properly in my life. You'll have to keep the time when we're married!"

Verona blushes; he has spoken quite loud enough for the men to hear, and she looks at him with loving rebuke, but Hal only laughs as he makes her comfortable, and looks around all impatiently.

"What on earth are we waiting for? It is Jeanne and Vane. Hi—come along!"

Yes, it is Jeanne and Vane; they have lingered behind the rest, and are standing looking at an old boat that lies high and dry upon the beach. Though old, every plank is sound, every rope in its place; for does not old Griffin keep her with jealous care? It is the old Nancy Bell.

For a moment or two they look down at her in silence, and Hal's summons is disregarded. Jeanne looks up, and though her lips smile, there is a suspicious moisture in her eloquent eyes.

"Dear old boat," she says. "Do you remember that picnic—long—long ago, Vane?"

"When a certain Jeanne could not steer her own boat home. Shall I ever forget, Jeanne?" and his voice thrills with a love that grows stronger every day. "Jeanne, I dream sometimes that I am lying at your feet, with the spray beating across my face, and my hand grasping yours, as it grasped it that afternoon when our hearts went out toward each other in that first hour of our love. Jeanne, all my life I shall remember and love the Nancy Bell."

And as he speaks, he lifts her hand to his lips and kisses it.

Then, roused at last by Hal's frantic shouts, they go hand in hand to the boat, and five minutes afterward there comes from the yacht a musical "Heave ho, yo! Heave ho!" The anchor is weighed, and like a swan, the vessel spreads her wings and sails out of the bay, leaving on her trail the faint sound of Hal's cheery voice and hearty laugh.

Farwell, Jeanne! happy at last. We would rather part from you thus than in the crowded salon of Castle Ferndale, where, though you reign supreme, beloved and admired, you are not so perfectly happy as when, with your husband-lover by your side, and your chosen friends around you, you are once again the light-hearted Nelly Bell!

THE END.

THE
Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER I.

"I don't believe in a man's friendship for a woman," she said. "But I'll say it, if you like," and she took the glass from his hand.

"And to-morrow," said Micky presently, "I'm going to take you out to tea or something—if I may," he added hurriedly.

He waited, but she did not speak. "May I?" he asked.

She was twisting the stem of her winglass nervously, after a moment she began to speak forcibly.

"When I came out to-night I didn't mean to go back any more," she said. Her voice was low and full of a weary bitterness. "I was so unhappy I didn't want to live." She caught her breath. "If it hadn't been for you"—she was looking at him now with shame in her eyes. "If it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have gone back—ever."

She added, "But now..."

"But now," said Micky as she paused, "you're going back, and we're going to start the new year—friends, you and I! Is that a bargain?" he asked.

"Yes..."

Outside Micky hailed a taxicab. "You're much too tired to walk," he said when she protested. "And it will be a new experience for Charlie," he added with a twinkle. "He's stood the test for more than forty years."

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It is unnecessary. We have saved the lives of hundreds of our fellow-townsmen and will save yours if you come to us in time. Our "Phonograph" and "Crescent" Cough Mixtures seldom fail to give immediate and permanent relief. Use one bottle and you will give up the hack business. A cough if not stopped in its first stage often leads to consumption. We have two kinds of Cough Mixtures: "PHONOGRAPH" which is specially recommended for children and aged persons. Price 35c. Postage 10c. "CRESCENT COUGH CURE" highly recommended for Lung Troubles and deep-seated coughs. Price 70c. Postage 10c. extra.

DR. P. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale & Retail
CHEMISTS and DRUGGISTS,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

him; then suddenly she told him. "It's Brixton Road—it's—it's a very horrid boarding-house," she added with a half-sigh.

"Boarding-houses are all horrid," said Micky cheerily. "But I'll come down myself to-morrow and see how bad it really is."

He tried to see her face. "Shall you be in if I come in the afternoon?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes."

"About four, then," said Micky. He groped for her hand, found it, and pressed it. "Good-night," he said.

"Good-night."

And the next moment Micky was alone in the starlight.

He stood looking after the taxi with a queer sense of unreality. Had he just dreamt it all, and was there really no such girl as Esther Shepstone? No Charlie? He shook himself together with a laugh. Of course it was real, all of it! He walked on soberly through the cold night.

To-morrow he would go to the very horrid boarding-house in the Brixton Road and see her again.

Esther! He liked her name; there was something quaint and old-world about it. It seemed impossible that they had only met a few hours ago.

His headache had quite vanished. He was whistling a snatch of song when he let himself into the house and went upstairs.

He opened the door of his sitting-room, and then stopped dead on the threshold. The lights were burning fully, and a man was ensconced in his favourite armchair by the fire—Ashton. Lord! he had forgotten all about Ashton.

Micky looked guiltily at the clock—nearly eleven—he began a half-apology.

"Awfully sorry, old man—I was kept... Been waiting long?"

"I got here at ten."

Ashton climbed out of the chair and looked at Micky with a sort of shame-facedness.

"Don't take your coat off," he said suddenly. "I want you to come out again."

"Out! Now! Look at the time, man!"

"I know—it's only eleven... I'm catching the midnight to Dover..." Micky stared.

"Dover! What in the world..."

Ashton turned round and looked down at the fire with a sort of embarrassment.

"It's the matter," he said perkily. "She's found out..."

"Micky looked puzzled.

"Found out! What on earth..."

Ashton made an impatient gesture. He was a good-looking man, with dark eyes that could look all manner of things without in the least meaning them.

"About that girl at Eldred's," he said in a strangled voice. "You know! I told you about her. Lord, man don't look so confoundedly ignorant! I told you about her," he broke off. "Well, some one's told the matter, and this morning..." he shrugged his shoulders. "There's been old Harry to pay! She told me if I didn't give her up she'd cut me out of her will. She would, too!" he added, in savage parenthesis.

"Well! and what did you say?"

Ashton looked round.

"Hang it all! what could I say? Told her I would of course."

There was a sharp silence.

"I thought you liked the girl," said Micky bluntly.

The other man winced.

"So I did—so I did... It's a rotten shame. If you'd ever seen her... you never have, have you?"

"No."

"Neither has the matter..." Women are all the same; because the girl has to work for her living they think she isn't fit for me to marry... It's all a lot of rot... However—beginners can't be choosers—and so I'm



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"Miss Esther Shepstone," and below it, the number of the very horrid boarding-house in the Brixton Road. (To be continued.)

Fashion
Plates.

A POPULAR "COVER ALL" APRON.



Pattern 3361 was employed to make this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42 and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 6 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Striped seersucker with facings of white pique would be good for this, or one could have percale, gingham, drill or lawn.

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Pattern 3514 is here illustrated. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is about 2 1/2 yards.

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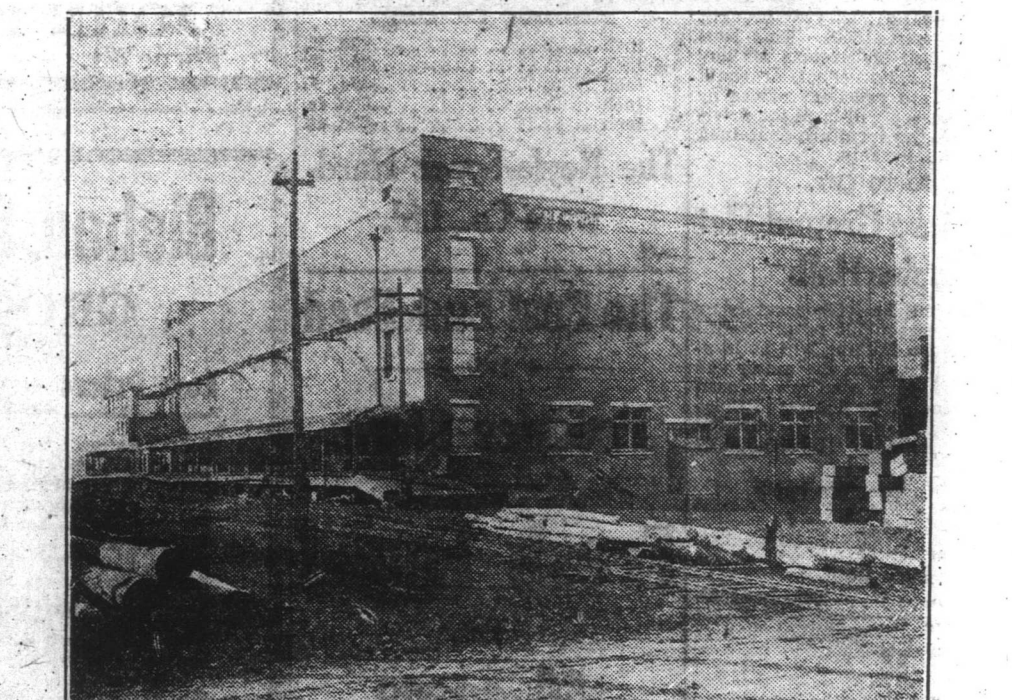
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Fashions and Fads.

Cape wraps are fur-trimmed.
Suits feature short box jackets.
The unfitted effect is prevailing.
Narrow silk fringe is used on net.
The pointed tunic will be much worn.
Sleeves are wide from elbow to wrist.
A few dresses in black moire are shown.
Serge dresses are trimmed with wax voile.
The waistline is normal, and is rather loose.
Shrimp pink lace and chiffon is greatly used.
A great deal of flared fullness is seen in skirts.
Seven-eight-length coats are without belts.
Sponged chiffons are used to trim serge dresses.
Colored flit and colored lace are largely shown.
Jeweled motifs are used on crepe evening gowns.
Printed chiffons and taffetas are much in vogue.
Smart slipover blouses are made of novelty piques.
Taffeta dancing frocks have bouffant draperies.
Jettied colored nets and waxed taffeta are favored.
Draped afternoon gowns are trimmed with fringe.
Buff foulard with printed design in black is a favorite.
Roman and peasant stripes are favored in gingham.
The rounded neck line is a feature of spring dresses.
Silver embroidery is used on serge and crepe dresses.
Evening models have flat hips and trailing side panels.
Tailored gowns are trimmed with narrow, tinted Val lace.
Attractive gumpies and gilets are made of colored organdie.
Green is extremely smart for street and evening wear.
Silver lace is still greatly in vogue for evening gowns.

Please keep St. Patrick's Night open for the Concert and Social to be held in Wesley Church Sunday School Room by the "Star" Mission Circle of Wesley Church. An attractive programme has been prepared and an enjoyable evening is assured all who attend. In addition to the Concert and Social there will be Dainty Fancy Work for sale, also Candy and good things for your pantry. Admission 40c. Please don't forget the date, March 17th, 1921.—mar12,31

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