



The Web;
OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XVIII
A Strange Story.

"Any fool can be an earl, Jack," he went on, "but it isn't everybody who can write a good book or even paint a decent picture. There's my sentiments, and though I'm sorry I deceived you, I don't think you'll be hard upon me."

He stopped opposite his friend and held out his hand, looking down upon him with the frank smile that was full of a grateful tenderness.

Jack grinned, but took the hand. "Well, I suppose it's more your misfortune than your fault, your being a viscount," he said; "and I'll say I'll try to forgive you and get used to it; but the artist game's played out now, I imagine. You'll go down to the Earl What's-his-name, and, striking an attitude, exclaim, 'Behold your nephew, the viscount! I come to claim my cousin for my bride!'"

Cyril's face softened, and a rapt look came into his eyes, the look of a man when he hears the word "bride" and calls up the vision of his beloved but shook his head.

"No, Jack, not that. I didn't tell you that until the other day I had never seen the earl."

"No!"
"No. My father—his brother—and he quarrelled years ago. I don't think it was my father's fault, because the earl somehow has managed to quarrel with all his relatives. Why, his own wife—" He stopped. "You should see him, Jack. He's like a Lord Chesterfield made out of steel, and beautifully burnished."

He drew himself up and fingered an imaginary eyeglass, and looked so like the earl that Jack, though he had not seen his lordship, smiled.

"How such a sweet, angelic creature as Norah can be his daughter—" Jack smiled again.

"But she must take after her mother, poor woman. Jack, her father had kept her from him until the other day. Isn't he an amiable, tender-hearted party?"

There was silence for a moment, then Jack Wesley asked:

"And what do you mean to do, my lord?"

"Punch your head if you call me 'my lord' again, for one thing," said

Child Was Nervous, Irritable, Tired Out.

She Had No Appetite, and Her Complexion Was Pale and Sallow.

How many parents realize the strain which going to school means to the child who is naturally nervous and of delicate health? You see them come from the schools daily with pale faces, many wearing glasses, and looking tired and worn. At home they are irritable, do not sleep well at nights, and are upset by a little extra excitement. If they are to grow to healthy manhood and womanhood their systems must have attention now. Such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does wonders for children in this condition. We are constantly receiving letters from grateful parents telling what the Nerve Food has done for their children. This one is a fair sample:

Mrs. Stephen Hartman, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes: "My little sister at eleven years of age became nervous, irritable and seemed all tired out. She had no appetite, was

Cyril, promptly; then his face grew pale. "I mean to follow out my plan, Jack. I wooed my darling as plain Cyril Burne, the artist, and I mean to win her as such."

"That's rot!" remarked Jack, quietly.

"No," said Cyril, firmly. "If I went down and declared myself and asked for Norah—what music he made of the name!—my amiable uncle would show me the door with his most elegant smile, and shut my darling in her room. I know him! There is no love lost between us, and he'd take delight in kicking me out. No! I'll stick to my work, Jack. I'll paint this picture for Lord Newell, and if it makes a hit, I'll present myself at Santeleigh Court as Cyril Burne, and—"

"Get kicked a little harder," finished Jack, cynically, "and then—"

Cyril's face flushed.

"Why, then I will say to my darling, 'Norah, will you still forget the difference between us, and leave all this for a little cottage—'"

"And cold shoulder of mutton. And she'll say—"

"Yes!" exclaimed Cyril, his eyes glowing brightly with his trust and faith in the girl he loved.

Jack Wesley tilted his chair on its hind legs and smiled.

"It's pretty, very," he said, cynically. "It sounds like a popular poem, or the scene from a play; but mark my words, young 'un, you will come to grief. Something, or somebody will put a spoke in your wheel, and while you are fooling around, playing at being an artist and talking of your cottage by the stream, you will lose your beautiful Lady Norah."

Cyril laughed—actually laughed.

"Lose her!" he said; "ah, Jack, you don't know her. Wait until you've seen her, talked to her, listened to her, watched the smile on her face, the light in her dear eyes. You'll realize then how firm and true, how staunch she is, my angel!"

Jack Wesley shrugged his shoulders.

"Lord preserve me from this madness they call love!" he muttered. "But I've said my say. The words of wisdom have been uttered, and, as usual, have been scoffed at. So, young man, you must go your own Colney Hatch way. Though"—he paused, and a kindly light shone in his earnest eyes—"I'm idiot enough to feel a little proud of you—"

"Jack!"

"Yes, I'm proud of you. I thought when you sprang your viscountship upon me that there was an end of work for you, an end of an honest, self-respecting career. Yes, Cyril; though you are a fool for not taking my advice, I think all the better of you for declining it; and to prove it, I'll agree to forget that you are a lord, and treat you as if you were a respectable man."

Cyril laughed and shook him to and fro.

"Good old Jack!" he exclaimed. "I'd no idea you disliked a lord so much."

"Oh, I like 'em well enough—at a distance," said Jack Wesley, grimly.

"But now to business. If you mean all you say, the sooner you see Lord Newell's man and arrange about this picture, the better."

"Yes," assented Cyril, promptly. "I'll look him up at once, and then— and then I'll start for Brittany. But I must run down to Santeleigh first, old man; I've got to get my traps and—"

and, he blushed ingenuously.

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Knocks Obsolete Coughs in a Hurry

A Simple Home-Made Remedy that Gets at the Cause.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hacking-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist "2½ ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end perfectly.

It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiaac and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Oh, I understand, and to say 'good-by.'"

"Oh, and I've promised to go to a flare-up at a great friend of Norah's," said Cyril, remembering Lady Furdale's invitation for Wednesday week.

"All right," said Jack, "off with you now, then. I've wasted quite enough time upon you this morning."

Cyril laughingly made for the door, when a knock came, and Jack, already bending over his papers, called out, "Come in!"

Cyril stepped aside, the door opened, and a man entered. Cyril had never seen him before, and he looked at him with some curiosity. He was an elderly man, with a weather-beaten face and iron-gray hair, thick set and muscular; and his figure and the old and patched pea-jacket he wore gave him the appearance of a sea captain down on his luck, or a bargee, or perhaps a discharged coastguardman.

Cyril—artist like—thought he would make a capital model for a figure in a "ship piece," when the man, glancing at him from under a pair of shaggy brows, stopped short.

"Beg pardon," he said, in a rough voice. "Didn't know you weren't alone."

"All right, Furlong," said Jack. "A friend of mine, Mr. Cyril Burne. Wait a moment, Cyril, before you go," he added.

Cyril walked to the window and looked-out at the quiet thoroughfare, and the elderly man in the pea-jacket took a roll of paper from his pocket and laid it on the table.

Jack opened it and looked it over.

"All right, Furlong," he said, with a nod, and he took out some silver coins and handed them to the man, who took them and gruffly growled his thanks.

"Any more?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, and he took some papers from his desk and gave them to him. "Get them done as soon as you can. Can you let me have them back to-morrow?"

Furlong examined the papers.

"The day after," he said, shortly. Jack nodded.

"Very well, the day after, then. Did you find anything very wrong in the last lot?"

"No. There are no leopards in that part of the world."

Cyril stared, and Jack laughed.

"Oh, I didn't know. I'll be more careful in my zoology another time."

"You can't know everything," remarked the man, curtly.

"I beg your pardon, Furlong," retorted Jack, gravely, "an author does know everything. He's bound to; once he admits he doesn't, he can throw up the sponge."

The man smiled, glanced round the room, and at Cyril, and with a nod, walked out.

"Who on earth was that, Jack?" asked Cyril.

"An old fellow I picked up the other day," replied Jack Wesley. "He says his name is Furlong, and that he has been a mate on board a trading ship, a planter's foreman in Ceylon, a fur trader in Hudson's Bay territory, and several other things of a like or unlike character; I found him sitting on the doorstep the other night, and as he seemed hard up, I hunted out some work for him. Poor beggar, he was

regularly stranded; but," with a cynical smile, "he will probably turn out a duke in disguise."

Cyril laughed.

"That's one on me, old man, I suppose. Poor old chap. But what does he do for you? What were those papers he brought?"

"Well, it's strange—that is, if anything is strange in this rummyness of all rummy worlds—but Furlong, rough as he looks, appears to have been decently educated. Anyhow, he writes a goo enough hand for copying, and so I give him my awful scrawl to turn into legible calligraphy."

"But what was that about leopards?" said Cyril, with an amused smile.

Jack Wesley laughed.

"Oh, I make mistakes sometimes; put animals and flowers and all sorts of things in countries where they don't live or grow; and Furlong, who seems to have been in every quarter of the globe, spots the mistakes and sets me right."

"Well, of all the curious experiences," exclaimed Cyril, "why, who would guess that that rough-looking codger could set the great and learned Mr. John Wesley right in anything?"

"Yes, curious, isn't it?" assented Jack, "but appearances are deceitful. Who, for instance, would suppose that Mr. Cyril Burne was—"

"Now, Jack, shut up! I say, your friend has a remarkably striking exterior. Do you think he'd mind sitting to me as a model?"

"I should say he wouldn't have the slightest objection," said Jack. "To earning money in that or any other way, honest or dishonest. Oh, yes, he'd sit for a model well. You might call him 'The Returned Convict.'"

"What," said Cyril, "do you think—"

"No, no," said Jack, quickly. "I don't know anything about him, and have no reason to suppose that he was ever in Botany Bay. As I say, he will probably turn out to be a duke instead of a ticket-of-leave man."

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"The old fellow has a furtive way of looking about him," said Cyril, upon whom Mr. Furlong seemed to have made an impression.

"I dare say. So would you have if you had gone through half he says he has," remarked Jack. "But about Newell. You won't leave London until you have seen him and settled something definite? He is a slippery customer, and is worth sticking to."

"All right," assented Cyril. "I mean business, Jack, and will stick to his lordship like wax."

Jack grinned.

"How surprised he would look if you sent in your card—your proper one, I mean!" he said.

Cyril laughed and then frowned.

"That's a secret which I have only shared with you, Jack," he said, rather gravely.

"Confound you, yes, and I wish you'd kept it to yourself," growled Jack. "There, be off, now. 'What with you and that old ruffian, my morning's nearly gone.'"

Cyril went off laughing, and strode up the Strand with a light step and a lighter heart, thinking of his picture and of his sweetheart. What was she doing now? he wondered. Wandering in the park, and—thinking of him as he was thinking of her? Asking herself where he had gone, and why he had not sent her a message?

"You shall not wait long, my darling!" he murmured; "a few hours more!" and he strode on. But men propose, and Providence disposes, and the hours that stretched between Norah and him were many, instead of few.

(To be Continued.)

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What Shall I Send My Soldier Boy For Christmas?

Returned Officer Makes Suggestion on Suitable Gifts—"Candles" and "Candles" Two Things the Men in the Trenches Like—Avoid Sending Heavy Gifts—Matches and Smokes Always Welcome.

What shall I send to the brave boy who is representing me in the trenches in Northern France, fighting valiantly for Justice and liberty against the Hun?

This is a question that ought to be agitating the mind of every person in country to-day. Nearly every family has its representative on active service, and those who have not are friends, or perhaps chums of the lad whose name is now inscribed on the roll of honor.

What to send is a difficult question to answer satisfactorily, for conditions are so entirely different over there in the trenches to what they are at home. One at home cannot realize what it means to be on active service, away from all those comforts which go to make Christmas the one great feast of the year.

What is one thing most needed by the soldier? The question was put to an officer who has but recently come back from the front. And the answer he gave was "Candles." "Say," he said, "it was surprising and the questioner thought for a moment the officer was joking. But he wasn't. 'You know the parody, 'In my hut I've got home in the trench' he said. 'Well, just consider yourself there. You are in the front line trench or in the support trench, and when your spell of duty is done you crawl into a miserable little dug-out. What is it you want more than anything? Light. You haven't got electric switches to turn on, you want to write a letter home, or read the one that you have just received from your loved ones. Can't you imagine what a blessing a candle would be to you?'"

And so candles was put down slowly on the list the reporter was compiling. The officer noticed the hesitation, so he discharged another broadcast. "Why, man, there are lots of things a soldier can do with a candle. He can cut it into three pieces, light them and boil his mess tin on the top of them. He can boil water and make his tea, coffee or cocoa, he can put a soup tallet or a vegetable tablet in his mess tin with his bully beef, and make a real thing fine stew, and a score of other