

The Earl's Son;

TWO HEARTS UNITED

CHAPTER XXI.

Without waiting for Goodwin she undressed herself and went to bed. But she could not sleep, for there was a kind of fever, the fever of self-dissatisfaction, of self-reproach, added to her heartache at the loss of Ralph, and she tossed to and fro restlessly. Suddenly she smelt the smell of fire, as if clothes were burning. She sat up and listened, and heard a door stealthily opened. Was the house on fire? She rose and opened her own door slightly, and heard the few words that passed between Talbot and his man. As before, when she had seen Talbot in the grounds, it did not seem to her extraordinary that he should be burning things at that time of night. He was fond of hard work, and when at the Court, often sat up late writing or reading. She went back to her bed satisfied with Talbot's explanation, and lay with wide-open eyes recalling Ralph's face, Ralph's voice. The dawn came, and as the birds began to sing, her misery, accentuated by her sleepless night, became unendurable without some action. She would go down to breakfast presently—the breakfast with its numerous dishes, its elaborate service, the stately attendance of the butler and footman—would have to live through the day—ah, Heaven, how many days!—in hopeless waiting, with no news of Ralph, no assurance that he was even alive.

"I cannot—I cannot!" she said to herself, between her clenched teeth. "I should die of shame, of the ignominy of such a life. Why, the old one would be better!"

She stopped, her heart suddenly arrested by a thought born of her words. Why not cast off this existence of dependence, of slavish luxury, and go back to the old life? Better still, why not follow Ralph and join him? The idea sent the blood rushing through her veins, and the light to her eyes, aching with unshed tears. The chill grey vista opened, and hope shone like a star at the end of it. To find Ralph, to see him again!

She sprang out of bed and began to dress herself. In one of the wardrobes still hung the plain, ready-made serge costume in which she had come to the Court. She found it and put it on. Then she went to the Sherraton bureau and wrote a letter, and addressing it to the earl, laid it on the dressing-table, and beside it her jewel case, in which she placed all the costly gems and trinkets which he had given her. She emptied her purse and counted the contents.

She had, fortunately, just drawn her quarterly allowance, and she had several pounds left from her last quarter; so that she was fairly well supplied—better off, she thought, winning, than Ralph! She pondered over the question as to whether she could retain the money; but as it was paid her as a kind of salary, she concluded that she could do so conscientiously. In a small bag she packed a few necessary articles, put on her plainest hat and jacket, and drawing a veil over her face, opened the door and listened.

Goodwin was moving in the next room; there was no other sound in the great house. With her bag in her

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hand she stole down the stairs, and noiselessly opened the great door. She paused for a moment and looked round the vast, dim hall. She had been proud of it, proud of every inch of the stately old house; but that kind of pride had died. The place had assumed the likeness of a prison, a gilded, but a shameful one; and she left it without a pang.

The cool air met her and lent her fresh courage. She went down the broad steps and was crossing the lawn for the high road when she remembered her horse. She loved the faithful, devoted animal, and knew that it would fret after her. It would only take her a minute or two to say "Good-bye."

She went to the stables and to the loose box where Sally was luxuriously housed, and the mare pricked up its ears and "breathed" as he heard her mistress's footsteps. Veronica put her arm around the proudly arched neck and lovingly stroked the satin nose. Sally nibbled playfully at her mistress's sleeve and Veronica drew the seek head down and whispered a "Good-bye." "I'm sorry to leave you, Sally," she murmured; "but I am going to one who loves me better than even you do."

The thought gave a fillip to her resolution, and she left the stable and walked boldly across the park towards the station. There was, as she knew, an early market train that morning; and when she ascended to the platform there were half a dozen or so farmers and farmers' wives, with their baskets, covered by a snowy cloth, on their arms. They were far too well bred to show any surprise at the presence, at that early hour, of the young mistress of the Court, and Veronica nodded to them generally and spoke to one or two quite easily, as if it were not at all extraordinary for her to be travelling by so early a train.

Without thinking of the cost, she took a first class carriage and, of course, had it to herself. Not until the train had started did she realize that she had left her life of luxury for ever, and that once more she had engaged in the old struggle for her daily bread. But not for was she not going to join Ralph, going to help him in the struggle! And how different, how very different a thing that was! She laughed softly and blushed as she thought of how he would look, what he would say when she found him, when she put her hands in his and said:

"I have followed you, Ralph, because I find that I cannot live without you. Please take me!"

Talbot rose as the dressing-bell rang. He had lain awake staring at the wall on which, as if they were painted by a relentless hand, had passed lurid pictures of the incidents in the wood. The face of the murdered man glared at him from that wall, the echo of his death-cry sounded in the tick of the ormolu clock on the mantel-shelf.

He would like to have kept to his

room, to have avoided, for a space, the eyes of his fellow-men; but he knew that any divergence from his usual habits might excite remark, and therefore he was dangerous; so he put on his dressing-gown and rang for Gibbon. Gibbon came in, noiseless, respectfully as usual, and just glanced momentarily at his master's white face.

"The bath is ready, sir." It was the ordinary formula, but he pronounced it more meekly, tonelessly than ever.

"Thanks," said Talbot. He looked round as Gibbon collected the evening things. "I'm afraid you will find my clothes and boots in rather a bad state, Gibbon. I got into a rough bit of the woods last night and stumbled. You may keep them for yourself and get me some new ones."

Gibbon eyed the still earth-stained clothes under his lids with a gleam of satisfaction.

"Thank you, sir," he said, gratefully. "Am I to go up to town this morning?"

"No, sir," he replied. "Not yet. She may breakfast in her room."

"Eh? Oh, I don't know," replied Talbot. "Better stay, perhaps. May go up myself sometime to-day and may need you."

"Yes, sir," said Gibbon, with profound respect; and he carried out the clothes, and packed them, unbrushed and exactly as they were, in the bottom of his own box.

Talbot went down to breakfast. Veronica was not in the room.

"Miss Veronica not down yet?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the butler. "Not yet. She may breakfast in her room. I'll send to enquire."

Talbot helped himself to the dish offered, and endeavored to eat; but his throat was so parched and sore that every morsel of food he tried to swallow threatened to choke him. He drank half a cup of tea and made another effort; but presently he pushed his plate aside and began to open his letters.

While he was doing so Gibbon came into the room.

"His lordship would like to see you, sir," he said.

Talbot started and looked up at the man's pale, impassive face.

"Like to see—what is it—what—I mean, certainly, certainly!"

Gibbon, with respectfully bent head and lowered eyes, opened the door, and Talbot went up the stairs to the earl's room. The earl was sitting up in bed, an open letter in his hand.

"Good-morning, Talbot," he said in a dry voice. "I am sorry to disturb you at breakfast; but something has happened."

Talbot's face went from a death-white to a livid hue.

"Something—something happened!" he echoed, hoarsely.

The earl eyed him with cold surprise.

"Yes, you seem agitated. Do you know anything about it, may I ask?"

"I—! How should I?" said Talbot, quickly and with an attempt at dignity. "I went to bed quite early last night—Gibbon could tell you the hour—no, I sent him to bed, I remember. I—I—What is it, sir?"

The earl's eyes were fixed on him with a cold scrutiny.

"It is not very important," he said, calmly. "It is only that Veronica has left the Court."

Talbot stared at him in a stupefied

way, and yet with a kind of relief in his face.

"Veronica—left—the Court!"

"For God's sake don't repeat my words like a parrot!" said the earl, not angrily, but with icy contempt. "It is as I state. She has gone. She left this morning—or last night—I do not know; this morning, I should say. This letter, with her jewel-case, the presents I gave her, were on the dressing-table."

He glanced at the letter.

"She expresses herself plainly. It is an admirably composed letter. I will not read it to you: I am a bad reader, and should not do it justice. To summarize it, she says that she is tired of a life of dependence, and has resigned it in favour of one of—I think she says honest and self-respecting toil."

"Why did she go?" asked Talbot, who had recovered his presence of mind by this time.

The earl shrugged his shoulders.

"Does it matter? Women's reasons are seldom of much importance. She has gone, and that is sufficient. Of course, I alter my will. It is only fair to you that, Veronica having left the Court—and me—you should have Wayneford and my fortune."

Talbot's face flushed and his eyes gleamed.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"Oh, no thanks, please!" said the earl, coldly, as he sank on to the pillows. "At least, if you feel grateful to anyone, let it be to Veronica, who has, so to speak, resigned them to you. May I ask you to be so good as to send my man to me?"

Talbot went outside, the blood surging through his veins. Surely life was in the ascendant. That vile wretch Outway was gone, Veronica dethroned, and he, Talbot, was master of the situation! He laughed noiselessly, but the laugh died on his lips as he met Gibbon on the stairs.

"Send his lordship's man to him," he said.

And Gibbon, drawing close to the wall to allow his master to pass, lowered his eyes and murmured, as usual, quite as usual:

"Yes, sir."

(To be Continued.)

Telegram Fashion Plates.



The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9972.—A PRETTY GOWN FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES.

Dress for Misses and Small Women (With or Without Chemise and with Long or Short Sleeve).

Figured dimity in white and blue is here shown. The waist is simple, and becoming. It is made with long shoulder effect and has a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The three piece skirt is gathered at the top and finished with a deep tucked full in front. The panicle may be omitted. Silk, crepe, lawn, gingham, ratine, eponge, duvetyn, tafeta and linen are also appropriate for this style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size. The skirt measures 1 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9973.—A POPULAR SEASONABLE STYLE.



Ladies' Dress, with Long or Short Sleeve, and with or without Chemise.

Blue ratine embroidered in self color, was used in this instance. The waist fronts are crossed diagonally. The sleeves may be in wrist or elbow length. The skirt has simple lines, and is finished with a hem tucked at the centre back. The right front is shaped over the left. This model is easy to develop. It is finished with slightly raised waistline. Eponge, tafeta, striped or figured vicuña, crepe, gingham, lawn, dimity, batiste and tub silk, are all desirable materials for its development. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

The Skirt measures 1 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to July 4th, 1914.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>A
Adams, R. D.
Allan, J. C., card
Andrews, R., Duckworth St.</p> <p>B
Barnes, Mrs. retd. (Mother of Harvey Barnes)
Ballez, James N.
Barnes, A., Prescott Street
Bassett, Mrs. George
Barnes, Prof., Prescott St.
Barter, George, Gower St.
Barnes, W. J., care Gen'l Post Office
Barrett, Herbert, card, care Royal Stores</p> <p>Barnes, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Ball, Miss Sarah
Batstone, Miss P.
Beaumont, Pennywell Road
Barnes, Thomas, New Town Road
Bishop, Samuel, Lime Street
Brine, Thomas, care Lester's.
Bursell, Miss B., Cochrane Street
Bond, R., Water St. E.
Buchanan, Miss Barbara, retd.
Burton, G. A. J.
Buck, James, care Bowling Park
Burns, Mrs. M., care Mrs. H. Baird
Bush, Miss E., card
Butler, Miss Maud, Gower Street
Blunden, John J., King's Road
Cullen, J., care Gen'l Delivery
Chipman, T., Merrymount Road
Codgell, Mrs. Chas. H., care Mrs. John White, Bond St.</p> <p>Cousins, Wm., Hamilton St.
Crowley, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Conroy, J. P.
Cooney, Mrs., Field St.
Crummey, Miss Amelia, Riverhead
Caldor, John
Cahill, John, Newtown Road
Campbell, M., Water Street
Clarke, Mrs. Maggie, West End
Clarke, Miss Flora, Hotel Royal
Cullen, J., care Gen'l Delivery
Chipman, T., Merrymount Road
Codgell, Mrs. Chas. H., care Mrs. John White, Bond St.</p> <p>Cousins, Wm., Hamilton St.
Crowley, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Conroy, J. P.
Cooney, Mrs., Field St.
Crummey, Miss Amelia, Riverhead
Caldor, John
Cahill, John, Newtown Road
Campbell, M., Water Street
Clarke, Mrs. Maggie, West End
Clarke, Miss Flora, Hotel Royal
Cullen, J., care Gen'l Delivery
Chipman, T., Merrymount Road
Codgell, Mrs. Chas. H., care Mrs. John White, Bond St.</p> | <p>K
Kemp, W. J., late Pilley's Island
Kelly, Miss Minnie E.
King, Alfred, late s.s. Glencoe
Knight, M. J., late Jackson's Cove
Knight, Miss Minnie, Victoria St.
King, W. S., care Gen'l Delivery</p> <p>L
Leary, Miss Bride, LeMarchant Rd.
Lindstrom, John, New Gower St.
Little, Robert, late Brooklyn, B.B.
Linton, T. A., Duckworth St.
Lovesy, Master B., care Post Office
Lockhart, Miss</p> <p>M
Masters, Wm., New Gower St.
Martin, Mrs., New Gower St.
Malone, Mrs. Michael
Malden, Miss Elsie, Water St.
MacNamara, H. J.
Mathieson, W. D., Water St.
Martin, Jesse, late Gen'l Hospital
Martin, Sarah, card, York Street
Morrer, Mrs. Lydia
Mosworth, Wm., Pope St.
Mitchell, J. W.
Miles, Miss M.
Murphy, Edward, care G. P. O.
Miller, Mrs. Mary S.
Mootey, Mrs. Albert, Water St. West
Mare, Miss Emilie, Military Road
Maynard, D., Williams' Lane</p> <p>Mc
McLard, W. A., slip, Lime St.
McLeod, Elmer
McNally, Dan, care Post Office
McKnight, F. J., care Post Office
McGray, Miss Annie
McDonald, Kenneth M., Mullock St.
McGrath, K. M.
McPherson, Miss Isabella, late Burin</p> <p>N
Nash, Miss Katie, Bond Street
Newhook, Arthur, George's St.
Newble, M.
Newns, Mrs. A., New Gower St.
Newell, Mildred, card, Cabot St.</p> <p>O
Oldford, Mrs. Lilly, care R. Templeton, LeMarchant Road
Oldford, Wm., care Gen'l P. Office
O'Brien, Mrs. Richard, William St.
Owens, P.
O'Brien, Leo
O'Reilly, J. Bertram
O'Reilly, Miss Stella, LeMarchant Rd.
O'Brien, C. M., care P. Joyce
O'Toole, Martin, Queen's St.
O'Donnell, Richard</p> <p>P
Parrell, Wm. M., care G. J. Carter
Parsons, Miss L., card, Leslie St.
Parsons, Mrs. L., Leslie St.
Pratt, S. S.
Parsons, W. R.
Parsons, James
Parsons, John, care Gen'l P. Office
Phalen, Miss Minnie
Pittman, Jas. (or Joe)
Pike, Mrs. Nelson, care Mrs. Bugden, Cookstown Rd.
Pittman, C. C., slip
Pike, Mrs. R.
Power, E.
Power, M., Nagle's Hill
Power, John
Power, Miss Mary, Water St.
Power, Mrs. Mary E., Long Pond Rd.
Percey, Wm., Water St.</p> <p>R
Ryan, Miss Mary, card
Read, Forst
Reid, Mrs. M.
Rowshell, Miss Bessie, late Leading Tickle</p> <p>Rogers, Mrs. James, Forest Road
Rogers, Miss Maggie, Coronation St.
Ridout, Miss Beatrice, Military Road</p> <p>S
Sparks, John
Stamp, John
Spracklin, Mrs. Hagerty's Lane
Stacey, Edward, Collins' Lane
Smith, Clifton, King's Road
Smith, J., Central Street
Smith, Louis D., Williams' Lane
Smith, Clifton, King's Road
Snider, Alex.
Skiffington, Gordon, 16 — Street
Scott, Walter
Spurrill, Miss Jane, King's Road
Stockley, Miss Sarah, slip
Steed, Frederick, Waterford Bridge</p> <p>T
Taylor, H. J., Hamilton St.
Taylor, Miss Gertrude
Taylor, Maxwell, Cabot St.
Tanner, Miss, card, Pleasant St.
Treholin, Jas. P.
Temple, Mrs. B. H., Portugal Cove Rd.
Thomas, M. C., care G. P. O.
Thomas, Hazel, card, Brad's Square
Tilley, A. P., McFarlane's St.</p> <p>W
Wales, Miss Maggie, Bond St.
Watkins, Wm., George's St.
Way, Miss E. F.
Waters, J. W., Park Beach
Walsh, Thomas, Nagle's Hill
Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill
Wakeley, Miss Lilly, George's St.
West, Laurence
Wells, Mrs. Alfred, care Gen'l Delivery
White, Mrs. Wm., 11 — Street
Whiteway, Jas.
Williams, Thos. A., James' St.
White, Mrs. Ernest, Hamilton St.
Wilson, Michael, Convent Square
Wall, George</p> <p>Y
Young, Henry
Young, E., late Balsam
Young, W. T.
Young, W. P.</p> <p>H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.</p> |
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