

ROYAL
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SUBSTITUTES
YEAST CAKES

The Earl's Son;
TWO HEARTS UNITED.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"No, no, thank you. It was good of you to stay with me." The voice and tone were strangely gentle for the once stern and cynical earl. "You know that I quite appreciate your position, your disappointment. But my son, my son, Talbot! My own son!"

"Yes, yes, sir; very natural," assented Talbot soothingly. "But you must not agitate, excite yourself. Will you not come?"

"No, no. There is something I want to do. Come for me in half an hour. You need not be afraid to leave me. Go, please, Talbot."

There was the old tone of command in the voice, and Talbot could not disobey.

When he had gone the earl rose with difficulty and, steadying himself by the furniture, went to the safe. He noticed the disordered condition of the deeds and frowned thoughtfully, and presently he found one will.

He laid it on the table and searched for the other; but it was not there. Had Talbot taken it? No; he remembered seeing him replace them both. With the other will in his hand he moved back to the fire and stared at it ruminating, and suddenly he saw a fluttering ember of parchment.

None of the Denbys were fools. In an instant he had leapt to the right conclusion. The keys had been in the safe, Talbot had been kneeling by the fire—

The old man shrank as if he had been struck. That a Denby, the man who had so nearly become his heir and successor, should be guilty of an act of felony overwhelmed him with grief and shame.

The perspiration stood out in big drops on his forehead and he trembled like a leaf. Then his lips moved.

"Be it so!" he muttered. "He has digged a pit and fallen into it. He, a Denby, a common criminal! He has digged the pit, there let him lie!"

Certainly Mr. Talbot Denby's unlucky star was in the ascendant, for the will the earl held in his hand was that he had made in Veronica's favor. Talbot had destroyed the wrong one!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Viscount Denby! The son and heir of the earl!"

It seemed incredible, and Ralph's friends, as they sat in conference in

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Toronto.

the old-fashioned room of the Inn—only quite recently raised to the dignity of an "hotel"—held an excited conference.

Veronica sat at the table, her beautiful face flushed, her eyes sparkling with a pardonable pride.

"I noticed the first time I saw him," she said in a low voice, "that he was different to the men of the class to which he was supposed to belong; he looked like a gentleman in disguise, and spoke— The earl's son! Does he know it?"

Mr. Selby shook his head. He had just left Ralph.

"No. He had been removed from the court before the earl spoke," he said, "and I have not told him yet. Why agitate him with this fresh issue? Of course, Mr. Sainsbury, one can rely on your statement, there is the miniature, and the earl has acknowledged him; but I need scarcely point out that if Mr. Talbot Denby chooses to fight—" he shrugged his shoulders. "And, mind you, he has by no means a bad case; at any rate he could keep the law courts employed for a considerable period—"

"When his own father recognizes him!" said Veronica.

Mr. Selby smiled grimly.

"There is a famous case in which the mother 'recognized' an imposter, Miss Gresham," he said. "But isn't there a more important question for us? Mr. Farrington—"

"—Lord Denby," murmured Mr. Sainsbury.

"I beg his pardon. Lord Denby, if you prefer it, is remanded on a charge of willful murder!"

Veronica looked up quickly, and with a catch of her breath.

"But you yourself said he ought to be discharged?"

Mr. Selby smiled again.

"So I should have said if the evidence had been twice as strong, Miss Gresham. If I am to speak plainly—"

She was pale now, and her lovely eyes met his bravely.

"Yes, yes; oh, yes, speak plainly, please!" she murmured.

"Well, then, it is absolutely necessary, if we are to clear him of the charge, that we should find the man who committed the crime."

"Some one may have killed him in robbing him," suggested Mr. Sainsbury.

Mr. Selby shook his head.

"The man was too poor for that theory to be of any service. No; he was killed by some person who had a stronger motive for getting rid of him—"

"Ralph had none!" put in Veronica, quickly.

"True; but he was known to have quarrelled with the man—had been heard quarrelling with him on the night that Farrington left Lynne suddenly and without apparent cause."

The blood flew to Veronica's face.

"No; not without cause," she said, and, in faltering accents, and with downcast eyes, she told them something, but not all, of the scene in the armoury.

Mr. Selby listened intently, nodding at intervals.

"Good!" he said; "and you would tell them this in the witness-box?"

She looked up with a proud smile.

"Yes! I—I am proud of it!"

"I should like to have that girl, that Fanny Mason, in the witness-box," he said, musingly.

"The evidence is against us," remarked Mr. Sainsbury.

"I know; but if she were about that night, so near to the time of the murder, she may have seen someone else. What is the matter?" he broke off, for Veronica had started and a faint cry had escaped her.

"No-thing!" she said, but her lips trembled and her hands closed spasmodically.

There had been someone else near the place that night, and she had seen him: it was Talbot!

Mr. Selby's sharp eyes watched her sideways, but he said nothing.

"Who is to tell Ralph that he is the son of Lord Lynborough?" asked Mr. Sainsbury, presently.

"You had better leave that to the earl. He wishes to see him, is anxious to do so the moment his doctor will permit, and I should not be surprised if he refuses to wait for the permission," said Mr. Selby.

His surmise was a correct one, for the next morning the earl came down early, and Welford followed with his lordship's hat and fur coat.

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"Surely you are not going out, sir?" said Talbot, with grave remonstrance.

"Yes," replied Lord Lynborough, eyeing him sternly. "I am going to the prison—to see my son."

"You will let me go with you, sir—as far as the town?" said Talbot.

It would make a favorable impression if he were seen accompanying the earl.

The earl declined with a gesture.

"Thank you; but I prefer to be alone," he said, and his eyes rested on Talbot's piercingly and with almost open contempt.

The old man's heart was full of bitterness towards the man—the Denby—who had stooped to rifle a safe and destroy a will; but he kept silence. The act had wrought its own punishment, as Talbot would discover later.

As the great barouche was passing the Roebuck, Veronica chanced to be coming out. She stopped and the color rose to her face then left it pale, and she looked sadly at the frail figure lying back in the carriage. He saw her and he started, as if he had forgotten her—indeed, there was little room in his mind for anyone but the son whom he had so strangely found—then he stopped the carriage and signed to her.

She flew to him with outstretched hands, and he took them and gazed at her sadly, remorsefully.

"Will you get in? I am going—"

he said in a low voice.

She entered and sat beside him, and they were both silent for a minute; then he said:

"You were wiser than I, Veronica—and yet they say that blood will speak, that the voice of Nature will make itself heard; but I was deaf and blind! And yet, the first time I saw him there was something in his face, in his manner of speech that struck me."

"I remember, my lord," she said, her heart full of pity and sympathy.

"I remember how keenly you looked at him."

"Yes; and on other occasions something in his face raised haunting memories; every time I saw him I was oppressed by the vague resemblance to—"

"He has your voice, is like you; I see it now," murmured Veronica.

"You think so?" he responded, eagerly. "Yes—yes, he is! And to think that I sent my son away from me! But you were true to him, Veronica! I am grateful to you for that. You—you love him?"

"With all my heart and soul!" she responded, her eyes glowing. "Oh, my lord, you do not know how good, how brave, how noble he is!"

"He saved the child," he murmured.

"At the risk of his life. I was there—I saw it." Her voice was low, but rang with pride and love. "He nearly died—"

"And you nursed him?"

She bowed her head.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE FOR GANGET IN COWS.

"Yes; God was good to me and spared him to me."

"I must see the child," he said.

"She is at the hotel staying with us."

"You must all come to the Court, Veronica!"

She was silent; then shook her head.

"No, my lord, not until—until—"

He started.

"You don't think—there cannot be any doubt of his innocence in the minds of anyone. He is my son, my son, Veronica! How could my son be guilty of—of murder?"

"He is not guilty!" she said, very gently, "but—but we must find the one who is."

He began to tremble.

"There cannot be any difficulty! Veronica, no stone must be left unturned, no expense spared—"

"No expense is being spared, my lord," she said.

He winced, though she implied no rebuke.

"Bolton shall see to it," he said.

"I—I—ah, what can I do!"

They had reached the prison by this time, and he looked up at the building. My son is in there!" he muttered.

He ordered the coachman to take her back to the hotel, and she was alighting when Talbot drove up in a dog cart. He could not rest at the Court and had driven in on the chance of hearing something further of "the case." He came forward with outstretched hands.

"Veronica! I am so glad to have met you! What a terrible business this is!"

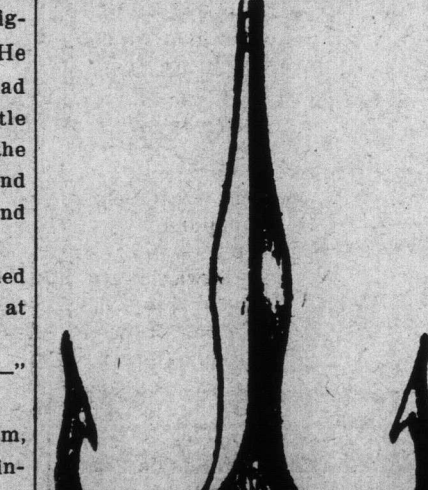
She just touched his hand and stood silent and downcast.

"Terrible to all of us, but more than all to you!" he murmured, significantly. "I need not assure you of my sympathy, Veronica, or that I wish you every happiness. Of course, Mr. Farrington's—Ralph Denby, as we must now call him—his lips twisted with a grave smile—"Innocence will soon be proved. Everything is being done, and the truth will soon be discovered."

(To be continued.)

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Fishermen should use these Jiggers and rig them with various same style as in Norway, then the Jigger acts like a minnow and when spinning attracts the fish, so that instead of jiggering they really snap the Jigger and in this manner you never fail to catch them. Ordinary leads can be used, but the Norwegian style seems more simple and easily made. Our fishermen should try this great Norwegian fish killer.

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Evening 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.

9994.—A MOST DESIRABLE MODEL. Ladies' "Over All" Apron.



This style covers the dress so well and practically, it may serve in place of a work or house dress. The waist and sleeve portion are cut in one. The skirt has five sections, slightly gored, and is joined to the waist under a belt. The round neck will be cool and comfortable. Gingham, percale, drill, chambray, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

1020.—A NEAT FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



Girl's Dress.
Brown linen with trimming of red and white striped percale is here shown. The dress closes at the left side front. The body and sleeve is cut in one. The skirt is joined to the waist under a broad belt. The model is desirable for any of this season's pretty dress materials, for percale, gingham, chambray, crepe, lawn, dimity, voile or silk. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 6 year size.

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

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to July 20th, 1914.

- A**
Adams, R. D.
Allan, J. C., card
- B**
Bailey, James N.
Barnes, A., Prescott Street
Barnes, Prof., Prescott St.
Barter, George, Gower St.
Barrett, Herbert, card, care Royal Stores
- C**
Cahill, John, Newtown Road
Campbell, M., Water Street
Clarke, Mrs. Maggie, West End
Clarke, Miss Flora, Hotel Royal
Cullen, J., card, care Gen'l Delivery
Chipman, T., Merrymeeting Road
Codgell, Mrs. Chas. H., care Mrs. John White, Bond St.
Crowley, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Conroy, J. P.
Cooney, Mrs. Field St.
Crummey, Miss Amelia, Riverhead
Culder, John, Moulder
Cunningham, Mrs. John, Sheehan St.
- D**
Dalton, J.
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Djckens, Miss Susie
Driscoll, Thomas, card, Cornwall Avenue
Downey, Patrick, Water Street
Dodd, Mrs. L., ret'd.
Doyle, Miss Katie, card, Catherine St.
Dicks, Charles
- E**
Emberley, Miss Annie
Evans, Miss Lizzie, Prescott St.
Edgecombe, Arthur, LeMarchant Rd.
Earle, Arthur, 15 Street
- F**
Fitzgerald, M. P.
Flynn, John J., care Thomas Lannon
Foley, Daniel, late Tilton
Frost, Mary, card
Ford, James, Ford's Lane
Furlong, Mr. or Mrs., Freshwater Rd.
Fennell, Roy, late Digby, N.S.
- G**
Gasparo, Signor
Garland, Miss B., Water St. West
Good, H., care Post Office
Gwilm, Mrs.
Greene, Matthew
- H**
Hall, A., Long Pond Road
Hall, Annie, care Gen'l Delivery
Hayden, Timothy, care Mrs. Hurley, King's Beach
Hackett, Mrs. F.
Hemmon, Rev. D. B.
Healey, George J., Water St. West
Henebury, Wm., Duckworth St.
Hynes, E. H., care Gen'l Delivery
Hill, Miss Fannie, Theatre Hill
Hynes, Michael, late of Edward
Hines, Miss A.
Hiscock, H. B.
Hillyer, Thomas
Hippich, Lucy, ret'd.
Holmes, Const. H., Western Station
Hopkins, Mrs., care Post Office
Hodder, George
Holmes, A. H.
Howard, C. D.
Hutton, A. M., Queen's Road
Halleran, Miss Annie, Bannerman St.
Hollohan, James
Hawes, George
Humphries, T., Barnes' Road
- I**
Irving, Wm. Ewart
- J**
Joseph, Abraham, late Spaniard's Bay
Jones, C. T.
Jackson, George, Coronation St.
Joy, J. J., card, Water St.
- K**
Jackson, Lottie, card
Jarvis, E. L.
Jones, Ernest, Carew St.
Johnston, Mrs. Thomas, Water St. West
- L**
Kemp, W. J., late Pilley's Island
King, Alfred, late s.s. Glencoe
Knight, Miss Minnie, Victoria St.
King, W. S., care Gen'l Delivery
- M**
Leary, Miss Bride, LeMarchant Rd.
Little, Robert, late Brooklyn, B.B.
Linten, T. A., Duckworth St.
Lockhart, Miss
- N**
Martin, Mrs., New Gower St.
Malone, Mrs. Michael
Maidment, Miss Elsie, Water St.
MacNamara, H. J.
Mathieson, W. D., Water St.
Martin, Sarah, card, York Street
Mercer, Mrs. Lydia
Mosworth, Wm., Pope St.
Mitchell, J. W.
Miles, Miss M.
Miller, Mrs. Mary S.
Murphy, Edward, care G. P. O.
Maynard, D., Williams' Lane
- O**
McLund, W. A., slip, Lime St.
McNally, Dan, care Post Office
McKnight, F. J., care Post Office
McGrath, Miss Annie
McDonald, Kenneth M., Mullock St.
McGrath, K. M.
McPherson, Miss Isabella, late Burtin
- P**
Neville, M.
- Q**
Oldford, Wm., care Gen'l P. Office
O'Brien, Mrs. Richard, William St.
Owens, P.
Oliver, W. S.
O'Brien, C. M., care P. Joyce
O'Toole, Martin, Queen's St.
O'Donnell, Richard
- R**
Parrell, Wm. M., care G. J. Carter
Parsons, Miss L., card, Leslie St.
Parsons, Miss L., Leslie St.
Pratt, S. S.
Parsons, W. R.
Parsons, James
Parsons, John, care Gen'l P. Office
Pittman, Jas. (or Jos.)
Pittman, C. C., slip
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.
- S**
Ryan, Miss Mary, card
Reid, Forst
Reid, Mrs. M.
Russell, Miss Bessie,
Rogers, Mrs. James, Forest Road
- T**
Sparks, John
Stamp, John
Spracklin, Mrs. Hagerty's Lane
Stacey, Edward, Collins' Lane
Smith, Clifford, King's Road
Sunder, Alex.
Scott, Walter
Stockley, Miss Sarah, slip
Steed, Frederick, Waterford Bridge
- U**
Taylor, Maxwell, Cabot St.
Tanner, Miss, card, Pleasant St.
Temple, Mrs. B. H., Portugal Cove Rd.
Thomas, M. C., care G. P. O.
- V**
Way, Miss E. F.
Waters, J. W., Park Beach
Walsh, Thomas, Nagle's Hill
Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill
Wakely, Miss Lilly, George's St.
West, Laurence
Wells, Mrs. Alfred, care Gen'l Delivery
White, Mrs. Wm., 11 Street
Whiteway, Jas.
White, Mrs. Ernest, Hamilton St.
Wilson, Michael, Convent Square
Wall, George
- Y**
Young, Henry
Young, E., late Balsam
Young, W. P.

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