

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
E.W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.  
WINDSOR MONTREAL

**The Earl's Son;**  
**TWO HEARTS UNITED;**

CHAPTER XXII.

A neat maid-servant let him in; and as he went to the drawing room the door opened and Fanny met him and threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, how late you are!" she complained, but with smiles in her eyes and on her full, weak lips. "I seem to have been waiting days, months! Will you always be so late? It's so lonely, and I seem to have been away from home years, years!"

He soothed her and drew her to the sofa.

"How fine you are—already, my dear!" he said.

She looked down at the ready-made dress she had bought—with the first money he had given her—and bridled with gratified vanity.

"Do you like it? I'm so glad! I want to look like a lady, to be a lady, like what I ought to be. Yes; it is pretty, isn't it? It's a pity some of the folks at home can't see me. What would Susan Parks at the Cross Corners say, and that stuck-up Goodwin at the Court, who thinks nobody's good enough for her, I wonder?"

He kissed her and drew her closer to him.

"And you're quite happy, eh, Fanny? That's right. And you won't feel so lonely after a time. I must take you about. You'll see London—London at last. And you'll forget the past."

"The stupid old past!" she said, half defiantly. "But it won't be easy. D'ye know I've had a letter from my mother—already?" She giggled and nestled closer to him. "She says she hopes I like my situation. Situation! She little thinks I've got a couple of servants to wait on me!"

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Chesterville, Ont.—"I heard your medicines highly praised, and a year ago I began taking them for falling of womb and ovarian trouble.

"My left side pained me all the time and just before my periods which were irregular and painful it would be worse. To sit down caused me pain and suffering and I would not bear to see any one or hear any one speak. Little specks would float before my eyes and I was always constipated.

"I cannot say too much for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, for there are no medicines like them. I have taken them and I recommend them to all women. You may publish this testimonial."—Mrs. STEPHEN J. MARTIN, Chesterville, Ontario, Canada.

"They are not more than you deserve. You shall have four, if you like," he said, stroking her hair, but stifling a yawn—already! "You must write a nice, long, dutiful letter. We mustn't let her guess the truth, you know, Fanny. And what else does she say?"

"Oh, there's a lot of news!" she replied. "Miss Veronica's still away, and the earl doesn't seem well. Dr. Thorne has been up to the Court to see him. That's all, I think—Oh, I'd nearly forgot! Mr. Groser, the landlord of the Dog and Owl—you know the Dog and Owl, that low, little public house, you know," she explained, with a contemptuous toss of her head.

Talbot nodded.

"I know. Well?"

"He met mother yesterday and asked her if she'd happened to see a man as had been staying at the Dog and Owl. A man called—I can't remember—oh, yes, Oatway—a man with a bandaged hand."

Talbot's hand stopped in its caressing stroking of her hair, then went on again, but mechanically. She could not see his face, but it had grown white, and his eyes had worn the expression which they had worn in the middle of his speech in the House.

"Well?" he said, and his voice sounded so dry that Fanny moved her head so that she might look at his face, but he pressed her head closer to him, and she sank down again with a little cooling murmur.

"Groser—that's the landlord—told mother the man owed him some money for lodgings and some he'd lent him, and had gone off suddenly, and he wanted to know if mother or any of us had seen him. As if we should know anything about such a low person!"

"As if, indeed!" murmured Talbot.

"But it's rather strange that I should know something," she continued, "for I happened to see him the night before he disappeared; and it was the night before—Ralph Farrington went."

She paused a moment before she spoke Ralph's name.

"Oh!" said Talbot, in a dry voice. Fanny nodded.

"Yes, I happened to be at the cross-road, and I saw Ralph Farrington and this man Oatway. He'd stopped Ralph, or Ralph had stopped him, and they were quarrelling. I heard the man swear and Mr. Ralph speaking angrily, like as he was threatening, and I thought they were going to fight. So I ran home."

"Quite right," said Talbot. "Always run away when men are going to fight. Did you—did you tell anyone of what you'd seen?"

Fanny thought for a moment.

"Yes, I told mother, and I think I told Mr. Burchett. "Yes, I did; and I mentioned it to Goodwin when she came for the lace."

Talbot smiled grimly.

"In fact you told all the village," he remarked.

She threw her head back and looked at him curiously.

"What's the matter, Talbot?" she asked, with surprise. "You're quite white and your voice is hoarse, as if you'd got a cold. Oh, you aren't going to be ill! Let me get you something—it's brandy and some of that fizzy stuff you like, isn't it?"

"Nothing is the matter," he said, smiling. "I'm rather tired, that's all; I've been speaking in the House of Commons—oh, you wouldn't understand! Thanks! But put your lips to it first, Fanny; it will sweeten it!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ralph reached London "in due course," as they say in commercial circles, and put up for the night at a small hotel near the station in the Waterloo Road. He had had plenty of time for reflection during the journey, and his reflections had brought him small comfort.

To be parted from the woman you love, with the prospect of meeting her again and making her your own, is bad enough, but it is worse than bad when the chance of ever seeing her again, to say nothing of getting her for your wife, is so small as was Fanny's.

He was well-nigh driven to despair when he thought of Veronica—and when did he, not think of her?—but he refused to give way to despair, and the next morning he went down to the docks to seek a ship for Aus-

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tralia.

He had very little money and it was his intention to work his passage out; but he was met with the difficulty which is, alas! not an uncommon one in England—the supply of men just then exceeded the demand. He could not afford to remain idle while he waited for a ship, so the next morning he took his place amongst the dock laborers and he was soon engaged. It seemed to him as he toiled at the bales and kegs that Lynne Court and all that had happened there were but the baseless fabric of a dream; but the face and voice of Veronica stood out real enough in the vision, and all day long he thought of her and of the marvellous, incredible fact that she loved him.

His hotel was some way from the docks, but as his room cost but little he decided to remain there until he was fortunate enough to find a berth on one of the outgoing ships.

The days passed in a green and grey monotony, intensified by the terrible loneliness and solitude which oppress every man who lives in London with no friends. But presently he made at least one friend. In the room adjoining his at the hotel were a middle-aged woman and a little girl; a nurse and her charge, as Ralph rightly guessed. The child was a pretty little thing with all the charming ways of childhood; and once or twice Ralph had met her on the stairs and smiled at her, receiving a nod and a bright smile in return.

One evening when he was going out to stroll about the crowded streets in the hope of forgetting himself and his lost love, the woman came out of the room with a basket on her arm, and stopped, with the door in her hand, to soothe the child who evidently did not like being left.

"I sha'n't be long, Ada," she said; "and now you be a good girl and play with your doll till nurse comes back; and perhaps nurse will bring you some sweeties!"

She closed the door but stood listening, and Ralph heard a stifled little sob from within the room.

The woman uttered a click of annoyance and distress.

"My little one don't like being left," she said to Ralph, as if in explanation. "And I must go out and get some things."

"It's natural," said Ralph, sympathetically. "Solitude is not pleasant, and it's harder for children to bear than grown-up people. Is she an orphan?"

"Oh, no, dear, no!" replied the nurse, still listening to the sounds of grief from within. "She's got a father, and he's coming by the next ship. Ada and me had to leave before him through an accident—and, oh, dear, I wish she wouldn't cry! I can't bear to leave her, and I can't take her with me, because she's got a slight cold, and I wouldn't have her ill when her father comes for anything."

"See here," said Ralph. "I've got nothing whatever to do, and was only going for an aimless stroll; suppose I take your place while you're away?"

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CHAPTER XXIV.

He was well-nigh driven to despair when he thought of Veronica—and when did he, not think of her?—but he refused to give way to despair, and the next morning he went down to the docks to seek a ship for Aus-

She and I have met on the stairs now and again, and I'll try and keep her amused until you come back."

"Oh, I couldn't think of troubling you, sir," she said; "not that she's a troublesome child, and she have took quite a fancy to you—the big man she calls you; but—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Ralph. "I'm fond of children; you can leave her in my charge safely enough. You won't be gone long, I daresay."

The nurse hesitated for a moment only as she glanced at the handsome, bronzed face, then nodded gratefully, and opening the door, said:

"Ada, here is someone who will keep you company."

"I don't want no company," sobbed Ada; but she came to the door, and when she saw Ralph her pretty little face brightened.

"Oh, it's the Big Man!" she said, with sudden cheerfulness.

"Come along, little woman, let's keep each other company," said Ralph, with his infectious smile; and before the nurse had left them the child was sitting on Ralph's knee and completely engrossed in a wonderful rabbit, which, though composed only of his handkerchief, actually pricked up its ears, cleaned itself with its paws, and nibbled at her frock. It was not only a wonderful rabbit, but it had apparently a most romantic history, which Ralph told in a manner so captivating that Ada leant her head against his breast and gazed up at him with all her little soul enthralled.

When the nurse returned she found Ralph seated on the stairs with the child asleep in his arms.

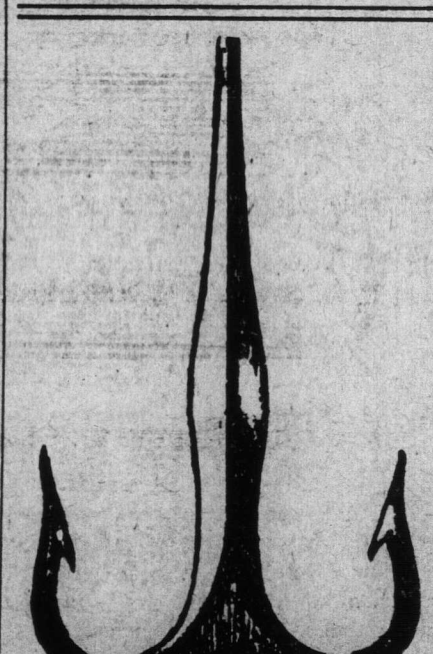
"She's just gone off," he whispered, stopping her profuse thanks. "I'll carry her in, if you'll let me; it's a pity to wake her."

He carried her into the room and laid her down on the cot, and the nurse followed him out to express her gratitude.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, sir," she said. "And I'm sure her father will thank you when he arrives. It's wonderful how she's took to you, for Miss Ada is rather a particular in her likes and dislikes."

(To be Continued.)

In Formosa there is a tree between 2,500 and 3,000 years old, with a circumference of 65 feet, and the lowest branch is 45 feet from the ground. The tree is a species of cypress, the Japanese "beniki."



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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 tuck fold in front. The pattern may be omitted. Silk, crepe, lawn, gingham, ratine, pongee, duvety, taffeta 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 19c. in silver or stamps.

9979.—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 sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The skirt has simple lines, and is finished with a hem tuck 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, taffeta, striped or figured voile, 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, 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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

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