



Love in a Flour Mill,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XVII.

She looked at him sideways, with a troubled expression in her eyes; and they fell under his grave but ardent gaze, as if she were uneasy and doubtful of her own mind.

"No," she said at last. "I do not dislike you, but—"

"Hold on!" he broke in; "don't spoil it. I'm glad you don't dislike me. If you don't particularly dislike me, why can't I bring you the books and see you? I know!"—as her lips opened and she looked away from him gravely. "Your father doesn't like visitors, doesn't like you to know people. But—oh, I'm not going to say anything against him, don't be afraid—but why should he object? I'm—he laughed, and Ronald's laugh was a pleasant one to hear—"I'm a gentleman, Miss Cara."

The "Miss Cara" did not escape her, and a touch of colour came to her face, a softer expression in the grey eyes; but she did not offer any objection to the unconscious familiarity.

"You must feel lonely here," he went on. "It's not good for a young girl to be shut away in a place like this, with no one to speak to; and you must let me come now and again to chat with you, and help spend the time. And when your father returns I'll come up to see him and introduce myself."

"And be shot!" she said almost inaudibly.

"I'll take my chance of that," he said, with a cheerful promptitude. "Though, why your father should think it necessary to shoot the friendly visitor, I can't imagine."

"He has no friends," she said.

"That's no reason why he shouldn't have one," he retorted. "And—and I want to be your friend very badly. Why, we are friends already, aren't we?"

She glanced at him but did not reply.

"And you can't turn your back on a friend," he said, "especially when he values your friendship above—as much as I do."

"You have other friends," she said uneasily. "Why do you—oh, I think you must go! I did not mean to stay longer than a minute."

"Of course I'll go if you insist upon it," he said ruefully. "I did not the other night, you know; but I cannot see why you should send me away. Oh, let us talk for a little longer; you would if you knew how much I enjoy being with you! We'll talk about Evelyn—you said Miss Desborough's name was Evelyn?"—he broke off hurriedly. "You were sorry to leave England. By George, so was I!"

"Why did you?" she asked suddenly, so interested as to forget to insist on his dismissal.

"Well, that's rather a long story," he said hesitatingly. "I'm poor, for one thing, and— But it wouldn't interest you. I've been a fool—all my life; and I don't deserve the luck"—"to have met you again!" he was going to blurt out, but checked himself in time—"to fall on my feet. I've come across a friend, and am helping him—keeping him company in a yachting

trip. He loved her, wanted her love, the heart as well as the sweet body of her; and he was acting with a desire to protect her against the perils with which, it seemed to him, her life was surrounded.

After dinner that night Vane locked the door and talked of the treasure.

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Ronald nodded.

"I'd trust him to dig it up alone," he said quietly.

Vane nodded.

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"And you will sail at once?" he said; and Vane was so absorbed in his plans that he did not see the sudden lack of enthusiasm in Ronald's voice and manner; he did not guess that Ronald's mind was wandering to a still greater treasure in a neighbouring island.

"At once, directly the stuff is on board," replied Vane promptly. "We had better make for London. I shall offer the treasure boldly to the Government, and tell them where we got it. Why not? It's any man's property. If they like to charge us a royalty, or whatever they call it, let 'em do so; but I don't think they will."

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"What will you do with your share?" asked Vane, after a pause, and with a laugh of suppressed exultation. "I've often wondered what I shall do with mine."

"You are well tiled in already," said Ronald. "I know what I shall do. I think I've told you that we are poor—I mean my family. I'm going to pay off the mortgages that have been crushing my governor and making his life a burden; I'm going to clear the estate, settle a decent sum on Evelyn—that's my sister, God bless her!—and—"

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Ronald approved this open course; with all his faults, he had always been perfectly straight.

"What will you do with your share?" asked Vane, after a pause, and with a laugh of suppressed exultation. "I've often wondered what I shall do with mine."

"You are well tiled in already," said Ronald. "I know what I shall do. I think I've told you that we are poor—I mean my family. I'm going to pay off the mortgages that have been crushing my governor and making his life a burden; I'm going to clear the estate, settle a decent sum on Evelyn—that's my sister, God bless her!—and—"

He paused, and Vane smiled.

"You'll want some for yourself, Carew; you'll marry, eh?" Ronald's face grew red under its tan; and Vane seeing that he had trodden on delicate ground, added quickly,

Twinges of Lumbago

Poisons left in the blood by deranged kidneys cause rheumatism, lumbago, backache and bodily pains.

Lasting cure is only obtainable when the activity of the kidneys is restored.

This is best accomplished by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because of their combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels. The system is cleansed, the blood purified and the pains and aches disappear.

One pill a dose, 25 six, a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

There'll be enough and more than enough left, I should say. If my calculations prove correct— Oh, dash it, let's drop it and turn in! In eight days from now—say the seventeenth, eh—? Yes, for goodness sake, let's drop it for to-night! You had better not let your man into the secret until the last moment. We shall leave the picks and shovels and other tools when we sail, as if we were coming back; which we very likely shall do. Where the treasure was, the heart is also, eh?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

With a lover's impatience Ronald started for Cara's island much earlier than was necessary, and he rested on his oars in the bay until the moon had risen above the hill; then he pulled in softly and lay down at the foot of the tree to wait.

The minutes, which seemed hours, slid slowly by, but Cara did not come; and after awhile he grew apprehensive. Had she been prevented—perhaps by her father's return—had she repented her half-given promise, and decided not to come? The fever of doubt, of longing, of impatience, was torturing him, when, quite noiselessly, she came round the tree.

He was about to spring to his feet, with her name on his lips, but she stretched out her hand warningly and whispered:

"Do not rise! You may be seen."

With the natural fearlessness which was one of her charms for him, she slid gracefully to the ground beside him, her eyes searching the bay and the open sea.

"What is it?" he asked, not very curiously, for he was absorbed in gazing at her.

She turned her eyes to him gravely.

"There is a boat near the island," she said.

"Your father? I'm glad. I should like to see him; I want to."

In Milady's Boudoir.

LEARN HOW TO REST.

Many women are tired because they do not know how to rest. How to relax when weary is one of the secrets of beauty and a long life. What I mean by rest is not a long period devoted to idleness, but an intelligent use of spare time. Those who wish to preserve their beauty must study their lives and learn how to economize the moments, and in this way they will be able to take at least a dozen short periods of rest each day.

For instance, the eyes quickly show traces of fatigue. If you are sewing, embroidering or writing, pause for a few minutes at your work and close your eyes. In fact, whatever you are doing, there will be an opportunity for a brief eye rest, and it is your duty to take it.

An excellent movement that sets the blood coursing through the veins and prevents the sluggishness which arises from inactivity, is to stand erect and take a position as if you were about to box with a friend; stand firmly and strike out boldly with the arms, one after the other without any unnecessary violence. Continue this movement for ten or fifteen minutes.

Besides using this method to overcome dullness one should go through a routine of exercises for fifteen minutes in the morning and at night before retiring. This will greatly enhance your bodily strength and in a short time the chest will begin to expand and the arms become plump and muscular.

One often becomes drowsy, for lack of fresh air. Air not only represents life to the individual, but it has long been recognized by scientists as a food. It is just as much food to the system—in its own way as meat, bread, fruit and vegetables. Oxygen is the chief sustaining element in air, and without oxygen no animal or vegetable life can exist. Therefore the importance of plenty of fresh air must be obvious to all. We do not need it at certain intervals only, but every moment, both day and night.

STOP THAT cough right now by taking a few doses of the old reliable "Call's Safe and Sure Cough Cure." Contains no harmful drugs. Post paid, 30c. G. J. BROCKLEHURST, Carbonara—box 23, 151.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Nov. 27th, 1915.

- A**
Adey, Charles, Mundy Pond Road
Anderson, Robert
Anderson, Mrs. Allen, card
Ames, Dr.
Anthony, Joseph, George's St.
Aylward, Miss May E., Cochrane St.
- B**
Brace, Miss Minnie, card, West End
Brown, Mrs. John, Barter's Hill
Bryce, Miss Ellen, Power St.
Barnes, Miss Ada, card, Allendale Road
- Benson, Mrs. George**
Biddercombe, Rd., Allendale Rd.
Biddercombe, John
Brown, Mrs. John, Pilot's Hill
Boone, Mrs. Wesley
Burnett, Capt. A.
Butler, Mrs. Agnes, Pennywell Rd.
Butler, Mrs. 11 Pennywell Road
Boggan, Miss Alice J.
- C**
Carew, John
Cahill, John, Newtown Road
Clark, Patrick, Barter's Hill
Cahill, Mrs. Thomas, Duckworth St.
Clark, Lawrence J.
Carson, W. J.
Chaulas, Miss M., Water St.
Campbell, Mrs. Peter, late Bay of Islands
- Clarke, Isaac, Convent Lane**
Candow, Mrs. D., New Gower St.
Campbell, H.
Cullen, Miss G., Queen's Road
Cusick, Miss Sadie, Barnes' Road
Curtis, Peter, card, Adelaide St.
Campbell, Mrs. J. D.
Curtis, Eleazar
Corbett, Miss Kittie, card, Tessier Place
- D**
Dawe, W. H., care Gen'l Post Office
Dawe, Albert, care Gen'l Post Office
Devereaux, Mrs. P., New Gower St.
Devereaux, Matthew, card, Prescott St.
Devereaux, Miss Angela, New Gower Street
- Doran, Miss Annie,** care General Delivery
- Dowden, Mrs. Maggie, Quidi Vidi**
Duffy, F. M.
Doody, M. A., Water St. West
- E**
Eagan, Wm.
Evans, Mrs., card, Water St.
Earle, Miss Bride, care Royal Stores
- F**
Fever, Mrs. R.
Fever, T. V.
Flemming, Mrs. Benjamin.
- Fliffel, Miss B., Water Street West**
Farrell, Miss May, card, Barter's Hill
Flight, Willis, George's St.
Fancey, Miss Lizzie, LeMarchant Rd.
- G**
Grace, Miss Mary, Cochrane St.
Grant, W. T., care Reid Co.
Griffen, Mrs. Thomas, William St.
Gardiner, Miss C., Flower Hill
Getheral, Michael, George's St.
Greene, Miss Bride, Bond St.
Gaskell, Mrs. E. H., Belvidere St.
- H**
Halfyard, Mrs. Hannah
Halligan, C., card
Hannah, J.
Hewitt, Stephen, Allendale Road
Higdon, Edmund, Lower Battery Rd.
Higgins, L. R., Water St.
Holmes, A. G.
Hollett, Allen, Gower St.
Horwood, Wm.
- Hutchings, Alfred, Spencer St.**
Hennessey, Mrs., care Mrs. Powers
Hanlin, Charles, Prescott St.
- I**
Ivany, Miss Flossie, Monroe St.
- J**
Johns, M. A.
Johnson, Miss Mary
Jones, M. H.
Jacob, Neal, Water St.
James, Mrs. Samuel, 49 — St. James, Wesley, care General Post Office
- K**
Kean, Wm.
Kelland, George, Water St.
King, Edward A., Monkstown Road
King, John J.
King, Mrs. Bertha
Kennedy, Mrs. P. T.
King, Henry
Kelly, Fred, Chapel St.
Kendell, Geo. A.
- L**
LeDrew, Wm., LeMarchant Road
Liskem, John, care Gen. Delivery
Lynch, Andrew
Linnen, Miss M. F., Long's Hill
Luby, Mrs. Wm., Barnes' Road
- M**
Martin, Wm.
Manning, Thomas
Marsh, Miss Maud, Queen's Road
Matthews, Miss Annie J., Cochrane Street
- Mason, Miss Mary, Parade St.**
Martin (Est.), H. E.
Manard, Mrs. P., Queen's Road
Meadus, Mrs. card, Adelaide St.
Meehan, Miss C.
Miller, Leonard, Bond St.
Milley, F., Pennywell Road
Milley, Harry
Milley, P.
Moore, Miss Janet
Moakler, Mrs. M. A.
Morgan, Harold, St. John's East
Moore, Albert, Gower St.
Moore, Miss Mary, Gower St. East
Murphy, Mrs. Emily
Murphy, Edward
Murphy, Mrs. Wm.
Mercer, C., Chapel St.
Mercer Ida, care Mrs. J. Sparkes, McFarlane St.
- McGillivray, J. M.**
McDonald, Nellie, retd.
McNeill, H. F.
McGrath, John
McDonald, Belle
McDonald, Gerlie, Nagle's Hill
McMillan, Len, care Gen. Delivery
McDonald, Miss May, Hayward Ave.
McKnight, Jas., care Jas. Foote, Queen's St.
McCarthy, Mrs. James, South Side
- N**
Noseworthy, Mrs. John S.
Norman, John T., South Side
Noseworthy, Mrs. Wm., LeMarchant Road
- O**
O'Neill, Miss Ethel, care General Post Office
- O'Neill, Miss S., Queen's Road**
Oliver, Miss Violet
O'Brien, John, Lime Street
Orford, Mrs. John, Water Street
- P**
Parrott, Miss M., care Mrs. P. J. Shea
Parsons, Wm. G., Colonial Street
Patrick, S., Job's St.
Par