

Love in a Flour Mill,
OR,
The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XI.
Cara shrugged her shoulders slightly. "It was nothing," she said carelessly; "the horses were not very frightened; they stopped at once."
"Ah, but it was quite an adventure," he remarked. "And who is this great lady?"
"Her name is Desborough, and she lives at Thorden Hall," replied Cara, still intent on her books; so intent that she did not see her father stop or the sudden pallor which overspread his face, as he turned quickly away again.

Accepting Smithers' suggestion, Ronald made his way to the park, his devoted but eccentric companion walking just a trifle behind him, as if to indicate their relative positions. Avoiding the fashionable drives and walks, Ronald found a seat in a quiet, unfrequented part, and, seating himself, motioned Smithers to do likewise.

Smithers took the other end of the bench, and gazed hard at nothing, with the air of a man who had resigned his future to another person, and was absolutely indifferent to the direction which that future might take; indeed, such perfect complacent gravity could only have been matched by that which is displayed by some of the monkeys at the Zoo.

Ronald lit a cigarette and also looked before him, but with not quite so profound an indifference; for, though he was not insensible to the humour of his position, and, in his reckless way, was amused by the fact that he had acquired a comical and eccentric retainer, he was not blind to the gravity of the situation. As he had informed Smithers, he had not the least idea what to do or where to go, nor did any ideas come to him as the minutes sped by; and at last he turned, with a short laugh, to his silent and motionless companion.

"I don't know what to do. I can't go back to my flat; I can't go and stay with any friends, for I must not be seen by them. I should like to go abroad at once; but I don't know where to go, and I shouldn't know what to do when I got there. And, by the way, Smithers, I shall have to turn to and work for my living. I suppose you are under the impression—at least, I hope you are not under the impression—that you have attached yourself to a man of means? I

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

had better tell you at once that I've just got enough to carry on for a week or two—for both of us, I mean, of course; and when the money's gone—and it goes precious soon, I find—I shall have to earn some more."

"If you've got enough to last for a fortnight, sir," said Smithers, encouragingly, "you're what I should call a capitalist. Lor' bless you, sir, I've never had more than a couple of days to look about me in; long before a fortnight we shall turn up something. The question is, sir, what's your particular fancy?"

"You mean, what can I do?" said Ronald, with a smile. "Well, I can ride a bit; I am by way of being a decent shot; I held the cue at Oxford; I won the mile race of my year; I was also champion light-weight; but I'm afraid there's no money in any of these things, Smithers," he broke off impatiently.

"Oh, yes, there is, sir," Smithers assured him, with a mixture of confidence and admiration. "For instance, we could start a circus; you could do the high school riding—you know, sir, a gentleman in a frock coat and a tall hat, with white gloves, on the top of a black horse walking about on its hind legs; and I could be the clown; I've often cast an eye that way. Or we could run a shooting-gallery; six shots a penny, with a mugful of nuts if you hit the figger, which you never do, 'cause the barrels is bent o' purpose; or we might open a billiard saloon—not here, in London, there's too many at it, but in the country, where the flats grow; or we might have a boxing-tent at some of the fairs. But, of course, I'm only chaffing, sir, and I beg your pardon! These sort of things are all very well for the likes o' me, but a gentleman like you couldn't stoop to them, as the very fat gentleman said when he dropped his halpence. Is there anything else that you can think of, sir?"

"I'm very much afraid there isn't," Smithers, replied Ronald. "I seem to have spent my life acquiring a lot of painfully useless accomplishments."
"It's the way with most of us," remarked Smithers philosophically. "I'd been taught a trade, carpentering, plumbing—no, not plumbing, for I come of a respectable family—instead of readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, at the Board School, I shouldn't be where I am now, I was going to say, sir; but, to tell you the truth, I don't know as ever I felt so happy and comfortable in my life as I do at this minute."

"You're a good fellow, Smithers," said Ronald.
"Thank you, sir," said Smithers. He eyed Ronald's athletic figure, respectfully. "I've often wished myself a gentleman, sir, such as you; but I've often noticed there's a disadvantage in every line of business, as a chemist said when he swallowed a dose of his own poison, which he had intended for his mother-in-law. If you wasn't a gentleman you could enlist for a soldier; you can always turn it up and desert when you're tired of it."

"I've done some soldiering," said Ronald absently.
"I thought so, sir, from the way you carried yourself," observed Smithers, with increased admiration. "And I know something of sailing," said Ronald purposelessly. "I sailed my own yacht, and I got a certificate."

"Why, it's the very thing, sir!" exclaimed Smithers jubilantly. "I was sure there was something useful you could do, sir—begging your pardon. It's the very thing!" he repeated.
"You can get a berth aboard a ship, as mate or something of the sort; there's always an opening for steady men like you, sir." He hesitated slightly at the "steady"; and Ronald laughed as he said:

"It's not a bad idea, Smithers!"
"Yes, sir," said Smithers, but in a rueful voice and with a lengthening of his expressive countenance; "though I don't quite see exactly where I come in. But don't mind me, sir. I shall manage to stick to you somehow or other. I can sneak aboard as a stowaway, or ship as odd man. It's a capital idea, sir, and we will set about lookin' for a ship at once."

"That's all very well," said Ronald, in his easy way; "but where are we to go now? You don't propose that

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Mr. John E. Puffer, Farmer, Victoria, Sask., was twice operated on in an English hospital for kidney disease. Urinary troubles grew worse and caused excruciating pain. He now states positively that he has been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and is enjoying excellent health.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

we shall spend the night here, Smithers"

"Well, it's a bigish room, and the decorations ain't bad," observed Smithers, glancing round him critically. "But the situation's a bit too airy, not to say public, for a gentleman like you, sir." He pondered for a moment, then he looked up, alert and cheerful, as if something had occurred to him. "I've just remembered a little place, a kind of boarding-house, down in the East End, near the Decks. It's kept by a respectable woman by the name of Podford; the only thing against her being that she squints against her being that she squints awful bad, and you don't know when she's lookin' at you; but you get used to it in time, especially if you squints back at her. The house is comfortable and clean; it's as to be, because it's used by sea captains, who are always swabbing the decks, aren't they, sir? I was once waiter there; at least, I was called waiter because I waited sometimes—for my wages; but I also cleaned the windows, did a bit of scrubbin', ran errands, took a turn at the cookin' when the reg'lar cook was on the dazle, which was generally three days a week—gin, unswetened, was her particular fancy—and filled up my spare time nursin' the baby, and washin' the other children. Now, how would it be, sir, if we was to go down there at once? We could get a room for you, and I could help in the house, in the little ways I've mentioned, while we was lookin' for a ship."

"You're a natural genius, Smithers," Ronald said admiringly.

"Yes, sir," responded Smithers, but doubtfully. "There's only one thing, sir," glancing at Ronald; "you ain't dressed for the part. The sight of you in those swell clothes would give Mrs. Podford a fit, and make her as suspicious as a pliceman; for, though the house is respectable enough, they don't have swell visitors of your sort, sir, naturally enough."

"Well, I haven't any other clothes,"

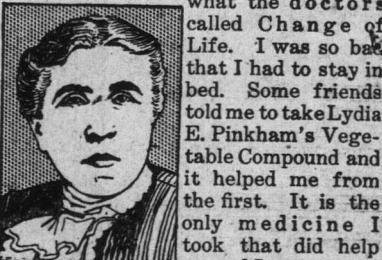
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AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Doucette Tells of her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

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said Ronald, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Lor' bless you, sir, there ain't no difficulty in that!" said Smithers. "I could soon pervide you with a rig-out suitable to the occasion. If you don't mind roughin' it a bit, sir, and lookin' a little less like a gentleman, not to say nobleman, why come along with me."

"Willingly!" exclaimed Ronald, with his keen relish of an adventure. "I'm your man, Smithers!"

"No, sir, beggin' your pardon, that would be reversin' the order of things, as the horse said when his master, who was took suddenly ill, passing a brewery, tried to harness him back to the cart."

They left the park, got into the Underground, and in an incredibly short time were carried to the farther end of the town. Emerging from the station, Ronald found himself in a world as utterly strange to him as Fiji would have been; but his guide, mentor, and friend was evidently quite familiar with the narrow and crowded streets through which he led Ronald, stopping at last outside a ready-made clothes shop.

At the door stood the proprietor, a gentleman obviously a member of the Hebraic race, who at once darted, at them, exclaiming, in nasal and persuasive accents:

"Wot yer lookin' for, gents? Ish it a coat, a pair of knickses, a vest-ki? Shtep inside. I've got the best selection in the Minories; I don't care where the next is. Come inside; just come and look; you ain't obliged to buy, mind yer; I'm only askin' yer to shtep in and cast yer eye around. If the goods and the price don't shuit you, you can shtep out again and no 'arm done. I've got a coat as was made for either of you. I'll sell you a complete turn-out, fit for a Marks!"

Utterly disregarding this torrential invitation, Smithers drew Ronald aside.

"Better let me tackle this key mo, sir," he said. "I'm up to their moves and dodges."

They entered the low-browed shop, the Jew, who had been literally dawning on the pavement with anxiety, hovering about them and still talking nineteen to the dozen. Smithers looked about him in a casual fashion, and at last espying a suit such as is worn by the mate of a merchant vessel, and which seemed about Ronald's size, inquired the price. With feverish eagerness the Jew tore at the suit and displayed it, expatiating on its beauty and its quality; and at length replied to Smithers' question; but though the price seemed absurdly low to Ronald, Smithers, with an indignant glance at the proprietor, made for the door. The Jew pounced on him and caught him by the arm, screaming shrilly:

"Vere are you goin'? Vhot's the matter? Ain't it good goods; ain't I asked you low enough? Oh, Moses! And I nearly offered to give it to you. Vell, name yer own price, and I'll take it, if I lose by it!"

(To be Continued.)

20,000,000 Russians.

The Russian army drawn from an empire with a population of over 170,000,000, is naturally a very large one, and includes in it a number of different nationalities. From men dwelling within the Arctic circle to the swarthy Orientals of the Caucasus, all serve under a flag which to many of them conveys but little, so remote is all that it stands for from their own distant corner of the world. Nearly all the peoples constituting the Russian Empire come under the law of conscription. There are, however, strange as it may seem, some who are so uncivilized that they are not even pressed into service.

The permanent Russian army does not appear very great in comparison to the population; but the real fighting strength of Russia lies not only in her standing army, but also in her reserve forces, which are immense. These are so vast that to many they appear almost limitless, and it is said she can put 20,000,000 in the field, if necessary.

Fashion Plates.

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

1532—AN IDEAL AUTUMN FROCK FOR THE YOUNG MISS.



Juniors Dress.

Striped novelty suiting in a new shade of green with trimming of matched velvet, was used in this instance. This design is also good for serge, wool, poplin, corduroy, velvet and taffeta. The waist is in semi-fitted coat blouse style, with pockets on the belt, and a choice of a long sleeve, with straight cuff, or a short sleeve trimmed with a smart turn-back cuff. The skirt is gored and has the fulness laid in deep plaits. This model has simple stylish lines, and will make a smart dress, suitable for many occasions. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material for a 14 years size.

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

1513—1512. WAIST—1513. SKIRT—1512.



A Trim and Up to Date Costume.

Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern, 1513 and Ladies' Skirt, 1512. Striped wool poplin, in gray with facings of matched taffeta is here shown. Serge, wool mixtures, plaid and checked suitings are also appropriate. The waist is made with convertible collar, the most popular style feature of the season. The sleeve may be finished with a deep, new, cuff in wrist length, or comfortable and short with a turn back cuff. The skirt is a "yoke" model, lengthened by plaited gores. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 25, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 10 yards of 36 inch material for the entire costume for a medium size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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Size

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days.

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