

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

CHAPTER XXVI.
In great distress and uncertainty Nita returned to Cara, who received the news almost apathetically.

"We can't stop here, signorina," said Nita. "It is one of the first places the Count will come to when he misses us. We must go away from the docks and hide somewhere."

Cara rose, with a pain and a difficulty which she strove to conceal. They left the docks, and, striking the road to Monte Carlo, walked along it for some little distance before Nita noticed that Cara was limping. She stopped at once, crying:

"Oh, signorina, you are hurt! You are lame! What is it?"

"I think I have hurt my foot, Nita," said Cara, as casually and cheerfully as she could. "I must have slipped as I came down the road; but I am not in very much pain, and I can walk for some distance yet. Do not be alarmed. I am very sorry!"

They struggled on for another half a mile, and reached the outskirts of the town, before Cara was compelled to own herself vanquished by the pain which had become almost intolerable. She sank down on one of the seats, and set her teeth hard.

"I must wait a little while, Nita," she said; "it will be better directly."

Nita knelt down and examined the injured foot; it was badly sprained, and the ankle was swollen and inflamed. She saw at once that her mistress could walk no farther, and that at any moment the Count might overtake them! She rose, wringing her hands, and uttering little faint cries of pity and consternation, while Cara endeavored to soothe and encourage her.

"You shall leave me here, Nita," she said. "They can but take me back; they cannot do me any harm, force me to—do anything against my will."

"I will never leave you, signorina," the girl declared fervently, still wringing her hands, and with the tears running down her cheeks.

At this moment a carriage approached, coming from Monte Carlo. A small and extremely beautiful lady was its sole occupant; she leaned forward curiously and eyed the two girls, and, when she came abreast of them, she called to the coachman to stop, and alighted and went up to them.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

At the sound of an English voice Cara raised her pale face; and Nita exclaimed with relief and joy:

"Oh, madam, it is my young mistress! She is in danger—I mean, she has hurt her foot, is in great pain. Oh, pray help us!"

"Certainly I will," said the Princess, all sympathy, as she regarded with surprise and admiration Cara's beautiful pain-stricken face. "I suppose you came out for the fresh morning air, like myself?" she said. "What is it—a sprain? Ah, yes; and a bad

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Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. Two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes gives you as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2½ ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly 82. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

It takes hold of the usual cough or chest cold at once and conquers it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, bronchitis and winter coughs.

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Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiaac, and has been used for generations to heal inflamed membranes of the throat and chest.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of 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.



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Irresistible!

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

one, I fear! Have you far to go? Where are you going?"

"To Monte Carlo, madame," said Nita, quickly, before Cara could speak.

"Then I can help you quite easily," said the Princess to Cara. "Lean on both of us—take care not to put your foot to the ground!—and we will get you into the carriage."

They got her to the carriage, and Cara dropped back against the cushion, and her eyes closed.

"She has fainted," cried Nita. "And little wonder! Oh, madam, if you only knew! My dear mistress is in great trouble. She is flying from a very wicked man. She is an angel, an angel from heaven, and you must help me to save her!"

"Of course I will!" responded the Princess, much excited. "Tell me all about it—no, your mistress shall tell me later on. Have you any place to which to go?" Nita shook her head despairingly. "No matter! You shall come to my hotel; your mistress shall have every care. How beautiful she is—and how young! She is Italian? What is her name? Never mind!"

As Nita hesitated, "She will tell herself. She is recovering; do not speak to her; let her rest; raise her foot on the opposite seat; and be calm my girl. Nothing, no one, shall harm either of you."

She held Cara's hand, and murmured words of sympathy; and in this way they drove to the Eagle. The Princess had Cara taken up to the Princess's own room, a doctor was sent for, and Cara received every attention. She was still so weak, suffering so much from the reaction, that she was scarcely conscious.

The Princess sat beside her for some little time; then, thinking it well to seek the assistance of some one of the sterner and stronger sex, she went out, intending to cross to the Paris and inquire for Ronald.

She had got half across the square when a fly drove up at a rapid pace, and Ronald himself got out. Calling out his name, she hastened to him, then stopped aghast startled by his appearance; for he was as white as death, his clothes were torn and stained, there was a cut on his face, his hands were smeared with blood.

Before she could give expression to her consternation and terror, he seized her by the arm and said hoarsely: "Princess! Oh, I am glad! You must help me! I am in great trouble!"

He struggled for breath, and, in the pause, she led him aside, and, still holding him, gasped:

"Oh, Ronald! what is it? Are you hurt?—there is blood on your face and your hands—!" She shuddered, and looked as if she were going to faint, but she mastered herself.

"Tell me—tell me" quick, Ronald! You are wounded?"

"No, no!" he said impatiently. "I am not hurt in the least. But my man—poor Smithers—he is badly hurt, perhaps dying. It was at the Villa—the Count's. The girl—we went

to rescue her—I know her; she is the girl I love, the girl I want to marry!"

He did not notice that her hand had dropped from his arm, that she had shrunk back, her face white to the lips, her eyes filled with agony.

"It's too long a story to tell you; I can't wait; every moment is precious! She had escaped, she and her maid, before we got to the Villa. The Count—I mean, Raven, her father—stabbed Smithers and got away. I don't know where Cara has gone. I had hoped that she had gone to the yacht; but I cannot find her! I am going to the hotel—to get Brandon and Clemson to help me. The police may be here any moment—I may be arrested; she will be helpless; no one to protect her! If I find her, will you be her friend? For God's sake, take woman's pity on her—and on me, Princess! If I lose her—!"

He turned away with a groan.

The Princess had sunk upon a seat; her clasped hands writhed in her lap; her head was bent, so that he could not see her face. A terrible struggle was going on within her. The girl she had befriended was the sweetest heart of the man she herself loved, with a love, a passion, which tore at her heart-strings. What should she do? It would be easy to send him on a false scent, to hide the girl, perhaps to separate them. She was sorely tempted, her love cried out to her to yield; she raised her eyes, dim with anguish, and glanced at him; and love—the higher, purer, truer love—conquered.

She rose, and, with averted face, said slowly, as if every word cost her pain:

"I will help you, Ronald. I have, all unconsciously, helped you already. You have no need to express in words; and she met his gaze with a look which, though she tried to mask it, would have told him all, would have revealed her secret, if he had not been too absorbed in thinking of Cara to heed it.

He wrung her hand, looking into her eyes with the gratitude which men find it so hard to express in words; and she met his gaze with a look which, though she tried to mask it, would have told him all, would have revealed her secret, if he had not been too absorbed in thinking of Cara to heed it.

In less than half an hour Cara was carried down by him to the carriage. They had already taken leave of each other alone; but Cara clung to him for a moment; and the Princess had to look on with a white face while the lovers kissed each other. Immediately the carriage had started, Ronald drove to the Villa. He found the police there.

Now, as is well known, there is nothing Monte Carlo detests so much as a row of any kind, and, when one occurs, the first thing the authorities do is to hush it up. It is popularly supposed that a certain number of suicides take place every year in this earthly paradise of the weak, the foolish, the vicious; but the authorities of Monte Carlo strenuously deny the truth of such rumors. If a man is found lying dead in the gardens outside the gambling-saloon, with a pistol in his hand, it is officially stated that the revolver had gone off by accident while the unfortunate owner was casually examining it. If a ruined gamester is found dead in one of the rooms of an hotel, with a bottle of poison beside him, the authorities are able to prove that he died from taking an overdose of a sleeping-draught.

(To be continued.)

With a cry, a sob of joy, of passionate love, she raised herself on her elbow, her arm stretched out to him. He caught her to his breast and held him there, murmuring soft broken words of pity, of love, of reassurance.

When, after awhile, he went into the next room, he found the Princess waiting for him. She had recovered from the cruellest blow that Fate had ever dealt her; or, if not recovered, had called to her aid all a woman's powers of endurance, and infinite capacity of suffering in secret and in silence. The face she turned to him was pale enough and set; she even forced a smile, though no pen can tell what that smile cost her. The man she had loved, worshipped, was lost to her for ever, beloved heart and soul to another woman.

"She is better, stronger already,"

How you roar your wild oration! How splendid is your curse! How you shriek and foam damnation— Words the winds at once disperse!

Must we stifle blood by reason? Germans in an alien strand, Must we meekly count it treason To assail the Fatherland?

German souls you seek to bride In the shackles that we spurn, You would hold us mute and idle Fiddling while our camp fires burn.

Ruddy shame would flood our faces Did we suffer all such slurs, Fools may talk in "neutral" places; Were we silent, we were curs.

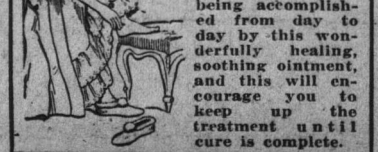
Bright-colored silk fringed sashes are a pretty and dainty finish to many light tulle and lace dancing frocks. The paradise plume is sometimes used as the crown of a hat which has practically nothing otherwise except a turban brim.

Minard's Linctus Cures Diphtheria.

ECZEMA

Pimples form, run watery matter which turns to crust, itching becomes painfully intense, and the disease spreads over the body. There are many variations of eczema, but all are cured by the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Relief from itching is obtained at once, and gradually and naturally the sores are healed. You can see with your own eyes just what is being accomplished from day to day by this wonderfully healing, soothing ointment, and this will encourage you to keep up the treatment, until cure is complete.



Dr. Chase's Ointment

he said, still agitatedly. "Her heart is full of gratitude to you, Princess. As for me—ah, well! I can't tell you, never shall be able to tell you—! And now what is to be done? I seem scarcely able to think—"

"I have been thinking for you, Ronald," she said very quietly. "She must be taken away to England—"

"Yes," he broke in eagerly, but despairingly. "But how?"

"By the yacht," she said.

"But I can't go!" he exclaimed. "I can't leave poor Smithers. She can't go alone—"

"I know," said the Princess, with a quiver of her lips, a droop of her eyelids. "I will take her. No; don't thank me," she went on quickly, breathlessly, as he strove to break in with words of gratitude. "It is very little to do for you, I would do much more, much more, for you—and for her—than this, Ronnie."

He gave up the idea of attempting to thank her.

"I will have a closed carriage for you; you shall go to the yacht at once. I will write an order to the captain to sail immediately. If possible, I will join you at Marseilles, but I can say nothing about that; all depends on Smithers—if we can move him!"

"I know," she said. "I will go up to her and get her ready."

He nodded.

"I have said good-bye," he said in a low voice, his face averted. "You will take care of her? But I know you will. You have proved yourself a true friend to me, Princess; we shall never forget it. Good-bye! I must go to that poor fellow, and face the music, whatever it may be."

He wrung her hand, looking into her eyes with the gratitude which men find it so hard to express in words; and she met his gaze with a look which, though she tried to mask it, would have told him all, would have revealed her secret, if he had not been too absorbed in thinking of Cara to heed it.

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Telegram 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.

1819.—A MOST ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR HOUSE OR PORCH WEAR.



Ladies' House Dress with or Without Yoke, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

Checked gingham in gray and white is here portrayed, with white linens for trimming. For a cool and becoming morning dress, rose or light green linen with self or white trimming would be nice. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length. The style is also suitable for grenadine, serge, taffeta, percale, batiste, embroidered or plain voiles and crepes. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge.

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

1507.—AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL FOR HOME OR BUSINESS WEAR.



Simple becoming lines mark this stylish design. It is good for taffeta, dotted or figured voiles, checked or novelty suiting, serge, gingham, chambray, linen or percale. For a morning dress linen or gingham would be very serviceable. For business wear, serge, taffeta, or voile would be suitable. The waist is cut low and outlined with shaped revers that form a rolled collar over the back. The chemisette has a standing collar which may be omitted. The sleeve is close fitting below the elbow and finished with a smart pointed cuff, in wrist length. In short length a turn back cuff forms a neat finish. The skirt has plaited fullness in back and front, which may be stitched in tuck effect. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches measure. It requires 7¼ yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at the foot.

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

Size -----

Address in full-----

Name -----

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Jan. 3. The Governor, Newfoundland, has been notified that the American Consul at Aden is among the missing. The Glen Line steamer Glenlyne, which also sunk; about ten lives were lost.

Headquarters in France report that a small party seized a position on the German front line at Armentieres, inflicted several casualties and withdrew. There is mining activity on both sides. Artillery activity at Hartmannswillerkopf, as a result of which the French withdrew on a front of one furlong.

Pierce fighting continued south of Priepet on the Sty, where the Russians crossed to the left, captured and captured Khurdsand on the Stopped. Near Chartorisk the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss; seventy prisoners were captured. Near Cernovitz the Russians have occupied several heights, capturing about nine hundred prisoners and three machine guns.

BONAR LAW.

MARTIAL LAW.

LONDON, Jan. 3. An Athens newspaper states that martial law will be declared on Jan. 15th and the Chamber of Deputies has been summoned to meet on the 17th, to ratify the proclamation thereof, according to a despatch received here.

FRENCH VICE-CONSUL ARRESTED.

BERLIN, by wireless. The Bulgarian Government has arrested the French Vice-Consul at Sofia, in retaliation for the arrest of the Bulgarian Consul at Salonika, according to the Over Seas News Agency, which adds that the Vice-Consul had remained at Sofia with the permission of the Bulgarian Government in order to assist the Dutch War Office, charged with the care of French internees.

GERMAN CAVALRY NORTH OF GREEK FRONTIER.

PARIS, Jan. 3. A report that German cavalry has been sent just north of the Greek frontier is forwarded in a despatch to the Havas Agency, filed yesterday at Athens. The Serbian Minister to Greece has left Athens for Salonika to confer with King Peter.

SAILED FROM SALONIKA.

LONDON, Jan. 3. A message from Athens to Reuters Telegram Company says that the French battleship Patrie, captured from Salonika, having on board the German, Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian Consuls at Salonika, who were arrested last week by order of General Sarrail, the French Commander. The protest made by Greece to the Entente Powers against the arrest of the Consuls dwells on the fact that even the Greek Government was not advised in advance of the decision to take such a drastic step. At a meeting of the Council in Athens, on Friday, Premier Skoufoulis laid before his colleagues the protest made collectively by the Austrian, German, Turkish and Bulgarian Ministers, and

T. J. Edens

California Tinned Fruits!

150 cases just in by S. S. Stephens.

PEACHES, 2½ lb. tins.

PEARS, 2½ lb. tins.

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Tinned Fruits are very cheap this year.

25 cases Campbell's Soup, 12c. tin.

20 cases Fresh Eggs.

100 lbs. Apples—Kings, Wagners, Bon Daves.

100 bags CRUSHED CORN.

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ALMERIA GRAPES, WINE SAPP APPLES, PEARS, GRAPE FRUIT, CALIFORNIA ORANGES, FLORIDA ORANGES, VALENCIA ORANGES.

20 lbs. Holyrood CABBAGE, FRESH OYSTERS, FINNAN HADDIES, KIPPERED HERRING.

500 bbls No. 1 Hay

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