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LORD WHARTON'S NIECE
— AND —
THE HEIR TO REGNA COURT.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" he said, gratefully, as he took it from her, and placed it on his finger.

"You should have kept it until a reward was offered, Claire," said Mrs. Lexton, laughing.

"Had you not better put it into your pocket; you may lose it again?" said Claire, gravely.

He put it in his pocket at once. If she had said, "Had you not better hang it round your neck by a string?" he would have obeyed.

"If we rebuild the interior we must take care of these panels," he said, indicating the oak that covered the walls. "They could be put up again just as they are, for they are in capital condition; at least, nearly all of them. Some of them are rather shabby." He went round the room tapping the dark, worm-eaten oak. "They did their work thoroughly in those days," he said; "they are as firm as the day they were put up."

As he spoke he struck one of the panels with the soft side of his closed hand, and, as if in mockery of his assertion, a panel just above his head sprang loose and hung by a nail on the wall.

Mrs. Lexton laughed.

"You were too flattering, Mr. Wayne," she said. "They did not build as strongly—" She stopped in mid-sentence. "Why, what is that behind the panel?" she asked, timidly.

Claire and Gerald had already seen it. It was a portrait of a lady.

"That is strange!" he said. "Did you not know it was there, Miss Sartoris?"

"No," said Claire, not taking her eyes from the picture.

It was the portrait of a young woman, the face one of extreme beauty, but of a type unlike that of the family pictures in the hall.

Gerald got a chair, and wiped the dust from the painting.

"One can see it better now," he said, and, unconsciously, his voice grew lower. "It is a very beautiful face. Do you know who it is, Miss Sartoris?"

Claire shook her head. She seemed unable to withdraw her eyes from the picture.

"No. I do not think it is a Wharton. It is not like any of them."

"I wonder why it was hidden in this way?" Mrs. Lexton said, in almost a hushed voice. "We seem fated to meet with the mysterious in this room, Claire."

"I will send it to London," said Claire.

"It is not necessary to do that, if you will intrust it to me, Miss Sartoris," he said.

"Thank you," she said, simply.

"We may find out something about it, Claire," remarked Mrs. Lexton.

Claire looked down silently, and Gerald understood her feelings in an instant.

"Lord Wharton would like his secret kept—if it was his," he said. "We could replace the picture as we found it—if you wished, Miss Sartoris," he added, as he took the picture from its place, and stood it with its face to the wall.

Claire had moved to the window.

"Yes; tea is ready," she said. "Let us go down. There is the key, Mr. Wayne."

She handed him the key quite naturally, and Gerald's face flushed at this fresh proof of her calm confidence.

The servants had set the tea on a table under a tree, and it looked particularly inviting to Gerald, who was beginning to discover that he was hungry.

"I must wash my hands," he said.

"No, thank you, I won't go into the house; there is a pump in the stable," Mrs. Lexton looked after him with an approving smile.

"I think you have discovered a treasure, Claire," she said, in her kind fashion.

Claire looked into the teapot before answering.

"Yes! Mr. Sapley does not think so," she said.

"I daresay not," said Mrs. Lexton. "Mr. Sapley did not find him! How I do dislike the look of that old man, Claire. And how handsome he is!"

"Mr. Sapley?"

Mrs. Lexton laughed.

"How impressive you are, Claire! You are quite right to be. Of course, he is only a kind of a servant, and you are his employer; but I must say that he never for a moment seems to forget it. Nothing could be nicer than his manner."

Gerald, with his nice manner, came back at this moment and Claire gave him a cup of tea. There was no chair for him, and, after handing round the bread and butter, he sat down on the grass.

"You must be famished, Mr. Wayne," said Mrs. Lexton.

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Elixer from any drugstore, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and add three granulated sugar syrup to make 10 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic cough, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

This is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointments by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Elixer" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Finax Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Not famished, only hungry," he said, laughing.

Claire extended a cake.

"You shall have all that and the toast," she said. Gerald leaned on his elbow and looked at the two ladies, and round about him, with his happiness quite plainly portrayed in his countenance.

"They used to say in the bush that I had the devil's own luck and I began to think that I have!" he thought. "If any one had told me three days ago that I should be sitting here drinking tea with the mistress of Court Regna, and engaged as her architect, I should have laughed him to scorn."

He turned over his sketches.

"I shall work at them to-night," he said, almost to himself. "Fortunately, there is a good lamp at the inn."

"You are staying at the Hawkers?" said Claire.

"Yes," he said; "they are comfortable diggings, the captain is a remarkably pleasant old man, and the cooking is an agreeable surprise, while Miss Lucy makes a model waiting maid, and is attention itself. I have fallen in love."

Claire glanced at him, then looked straight before her thoughtfully. He had spoken Lucy's name quite naturally, and without the least hesitation. Why had the girl blushed and been so confused when she referred to her lodger?

"There are some very interesting characters among the fishermen in Regna," Gerald went on. "I fancy an author would find them worth studying. Oh, by the way, speaking of characters, I have just seen an extremely interesting old lady. She came out of a tiny cottage round there. She was in charge of a little girl, and they were sitting in the garden, like two figures out of an Academy picture. A most delightful old lady, with snow-white hair and a shrewd old face!"

"You must mean Mrs. Burdon—Nurse Burdon, as she is always called."

"Yes, naturally," he said. "It is rather a mysterious find. It is well painted, and it is a pity it has been neglected. There are mold spots—do you see? It ought to be carefully cleaned."

"I will send it to London," said Claire.

"It is not necessary to do that, if you will intrust it to me, Miss Sartoris," he said.

"Thank you," she said, simply.

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Influence of Britain is Noted World Over

Australia Presents Almost Puzzling Spectacle of Prosperity Despite Isolation.

After five months of journeying that carried him over twenty thousand miles by sea and took him through five continents, T. P. Loblaw, president of Loblaw Groceries, arrived back in Toronto laden with purchases and filled with impressions from the ten different countries he had visited.

Mr. Loblaw left Vancouver last July aboard the new motor ship Aorangi for New Zealand, with some of the delegates to the imperial press conference at Melbourne as his companions. From New Zealand his itinerary included Australia, Ceylon, India, Aden, Palestine, Egypt, France, England and Scotland, and the souvenirs he has yielded vary from a charming print of Rheims Cathedral to a huge leopard skin purchased from the Cingalese native who shot it in the jungle north of Candy. The sum of Mr. Loblaw's impressions is that the greatest economic efficiency and prosperity in the world to-day are to be found on this continent, but that the greatest among the nations is Britain, whose moral influence and power for good among mankind was visible wherever he went in the course of his long journey.

"There is no doubt that she has a prodigious problem on her hands in India," he said, "but that I hesitate to speak. One thing that struck me very forcibly was that if Britain were to withdraw from that country inevitable chaos would ensue."

Australia presented an almost puzzling spectacle of prosperity, despite her isolation.—Toronto Star.

The only thing that will get Tommy up in the morning—**WILSON'S CERTIFIED BACON**—dec2,13, eod

Words that Bewilder

Difficulties of Learning our Language

Why is it that very few Chinamen can ever learn to pronounce English words containing the letter "R"? And why is it, too, that the people of nearly all foreign countries have difficulty with our "th," while we have trouble with the nasal and guttural sounds present in many other languages?

It is because certain parts of the mouth and throat—the larynx and the palate, to be exact—differ slightly in shape in people of different nations.

These differences have arisen in the passing of time almost entirely from two causes—use and habitation. First, the "speaking apparatus" has grown accustomed to the pronunciation of certain sounds; and it finds difficulty in forming sounds of an unusual nature.

Secondly, the habituation of the articulators of the present races is the chief cause of the differences in shape. The races that are descended from tribes which dwell in the cold parts of the world always speak with as little opening of the mouth as possible. But the people of warmer climes, such as Spain and Italy, always give their words a fuller, more open-mouthed pronunciation.

Although the matter has never been definitely settled, it is quite likely that there are very minor differences in the shape of the "speaking apparatus" among the people of our own race and country. And it is as a result of these differences that we have the various dialects and brogues met with in different parts of the kingdom.

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CONFEDERATION LIFE—nov23, 1f

GEORGE'S ERROR

George Meredith was pledged to Art; he thought a little lowbrows should be shot; he looked on books accounted smart as being chiefly tommyrot. He had no patience with cheap stuff, with sunshinestories strangely sweet, with he-men tales so wild and rough that please the coarse men on the street. A publisher of London's Strand engaged this George to sit in, state and read all manuscripts on hand, and

like a king, decreed their fate. So George turned down tale after tale that gave his artist soul a pain; they seemed so profitless and stale, so frivolous and cheap and vain. And he indorsed some noble things that fairly throbbled with living fire, the tales in which you hear the strings of some great master's deathless lyre. Now all the books that George indorsed fell flat as pancakes over his head; the publisher was quite unhorsed, so tough a run of luck had he. And divers of the books George cannot by other publishers were sprung; "East Lynne" was one, and all the land, to buy it, to the bookstalls swung. And there were others on the list that made a killing with the mob; and George could only wot and wist that he had botched his reader job. The publisher, a gloomy wreck, was biting pieces from his chair, but paused to seize George by the neck, and drop him down nine flights of stairs. We read such stories and behold that verdict of the great and wise should no struggle's feet grow cold; fight on, fight on, and swat the flies.

Having put into the test, shouts Wilson's Certified is best. dec2,13, eod

Preserving One of Nelson's Battleships

London, Dec. (By Canadian Press).—It was announced recently that Earl Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet, had received £15,000 from an anonymous donor towards the proposed fund of £25,000 for the restoration of the Implacable, one of the war-

ships in the Battle of Trafalgar. In this connection it is interesting to recall something of the history of H.M.S. Implacable, which originally was not in the British service. She was not called the Implacable when she took part in the Battle of Trafalgar, but was known then as the French Battleship "Duguay-Trouin."

This vessel is rich in honor and inspiration. She was built for the French Royal Navy before the Revolution and was launched in 1789. Later on she carried the flag of the Revolution; she was incorporated in the Battle Fleet of Napoleon, and so 120 years ago came to Trafalgar, where she exchanged shots with Nelson's flagship, the Victory. At that time she was called the Duguay-Trouin; later, when she had been taken after a most gallant action, she preserved her present name.

In 1855 she began a new career as a training-ship for boys at Devonport. To sail in such a vessel in these days, when the wars in which she took part are no more, than a memory, glorious alike to both combatants must surely exercise a profound influence on the minds of the boys in training.

The ship, if sufficient funds are obtained to save her from destruction, is to remain at Falmouth on loan to Whitley Cobb, who has maintained her at his own cost for the last fifteen years. She will be used under his direction as a holiday training vessel for Sea Scouts, Sea Cadets, and other boys' organizations.

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oct8, eod, 1f

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