

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

CHAPTER III.

"Supper's ready!" she said in a harsh voice.

They went into the room which served as dining and drawing-room, where the table was spread for supper; cold meat, cheese and a stony-looking pie. Neither of them at much. They were both thinking of the alluring prospect spread out before them. Presently Mordaunt pushed his plate away and rose.

"I'll take a turn," he said.

Mr. Sapley nodded and filled a long clay pipe, the long clay pipe which was always an eyer to his elegant son. Mr. Mordaunt crossed the Regna ground by a side path and went down to the pier, and descended by the stone steps to the beach. He was sheltered from observation from the village, and from everything excepting the boats at sea. He lit a cigarette and smoked for a few minutes, then he whistled sharply, and after a few minutes there came a sound like a bird, and presently a young girl tripped quickly down the steps of the pier and joined him.

It was Captain Hawker's daughter, Lucy.

Mordaunt Sapley went to meet her, and put his arm around her waist and kissed her.

"I thought you were never coming!" he said.

"And I thought the same of you," she said, breathlessly. "How late you are?"

"I have been engaged—on business," he said.

"You heard my whistle?"

"Yes," she said. "I have been waiting for it. It's as well I didn't hear it before, for I had to get our lodger's supper."

He drew her close to him and smoothed the soft brown hair from her forehead.

"Did you think I wasn't coming?" he said, "and was it frightened?"

"She thought closer to him."

"I thought you would come," she said; "but I mustn't stay long. Mordaunt. Father and the lodger are both outside the cottage and they may see us."

He kissed her, taking his cigarette out of his mouth to do so.

"Bother your father and your lodger!" he said.

There was a silence. The girl leaned her head on his shoulder, her eyes turned to his face.

"What a lovely night, Mordaunt," she murmured. "Have you—have you spoken to your father yet?"

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Gerald climbed the hill to St. Anne's Chapel. It was a lovely morning; the sky was bright, and the sea was blue, and a breeze coming direct from Labrador made the trees round the court musical.

Gerald had his sketch book in his pocket, and his pipe in his mouth, and having had a good breakfast, and being young and strong, and of a cheerful spirit, was in the best of humors.

The path up to the ruin wound in zigzag fashion until it came to a little lanlike space in front of the old iron gate which admitted to the second inclosure of the chapel itself. Gerald pulled out his key to unlock the gate.



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Into a 16oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.00.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough; lifts the phlegm; heals the membrane, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money returned. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

There was a faint tone of command in her voice as if she were still rather annoyed.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he said, "thank you. I am making a sketch of this mouth side."

"Do you mean you have nothing here to break it with?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" he responded, glancing at a piece of rock.

"Then, will you break it please!"

There was still more of command in her voice, and, without another word, he took up a piece of rock and, with a blow or two shattered the padlock.

"Thank you," she said. "You can go in now when you please."

"I will finish this sketch first." Then with a dread that she was going, and with a desire to keep her, "What a beautiful morning. That is a beautiful horse you are riding, Miss Sartoria."

She drew her gauntleted hand along the horse's glossy neck.

"She is a very good horse," she said.

"And a clever one. She came up that steep track splendidly. It is rather a dangerous ride."

"She is used to it, and I am used to her," said Claire.

"So I saw," he remarked. "There are very few ladies who would care to come up that break-neck place even on foot."

Claire looked over her shoulder at the giddy track.

"I have never noticed that there was any danger," she said.

She leaped a little forward, in so graceful an attitude that a sudden temptation assailed Gerald. He left the chapel, and began to make a rapid sketch of her on one side of his paper.

"Do you paint in oils?" asked Claire.

"Sometimes," said Gerald, "seizing the excuse to look at her."

"You are an artist as well as an architect then?" she said.

"Did I say I was an architect? Well, I suppose I am. I've been so many things."

Claire looked down at him with a veiled curiosity. She saw now, in the full morning light, how handsome he was. There was something in his face more interesting than regularity of features.

(To be continued.)

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THE AUTOCRAT.

THE famous critic, Gilbert Gudgeon, he seldom says a pleasant word, he swats poor authors with his bludgeon, and says their efforts are absurd; poor writing stirs him up to adudgeon whose fulminations are heard. He has a gift for red hot phrases, his adjectives leave trails of smoke, and he shows insolence that dazes mild-mannered, gentle-hearted folk; and now he ranks among the graces—we read him, surging till we choke. We like to hear the critic's bel-lows if we are safe from his attacks; we like to see the other fellows go limping home with beaten backs, and nothing softens, nothing mellow this Gilbert Gudgeon's mighty whacks. We marvel much and we admire him, as he denounces mutt and skate, and hope that night will ever fire him, that nothing may his zeal abate; may wrath unmeasured over fire him, we're glad to see the others compelled to sip avenged juice; we have small sympathy for brothers whom some poor author smother in Gilbert's flow of rank abuse. And then some day we open the paper, to see whom Gilbert deigns to swat; he says our brain's a tallow taper, and all we write is seedy rot; oh, then, behold us sweat and caper, and swear that Gudgeon should be shot!

Shark Tows a Boat

FOUR FISHERS IN CRAPE

LONDON—Four Brighton fishermen caught a big bottle-nosed shark about 8 feet long, and weighing about a quarter of a ton.

The fishermen, who were in the Ellen Maud, a 6-ton motor-crawler, were 5 miles from shore when the shark became entangled in their nets. It stopped the motor-crawler and dragged it towards the shore for nearly a mile.

When the shark was finally got on board it knocked one of the crew down with its tail.

If you want good Ginger Wine ask for Stafford's—dec.13

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(To be continued.)

Our Longer Lives

Man is a longer-lived animal to-day than his great-grandfather—vastly more so than his remote ancestors. The evidence in favor of this view is briefly marshaled by a contributor to *Le Matin* (Paris), who says:

It is generally believed that men do not live so long in our own day as formerly; this, however, is not true. The average of human life at Rome under the Caesars was eighteen years. In France before 1789 it was 28 to 29 years; in 1800, 32 years; in 1850, 37 years; in 1880, 40 years. Just before the war, this average was estimated at 46 years.

The crisis of 1914-18 dislocated our statistics, all our averages—and for good reason. To get these averages the death-rate at all ages is taken into account. The mortality from birth to one year explains the low average of eighteen years in ancient Rome. But if we consider the duration of life according to age we shall get approximately the same results.

It is only within about fifty years that we have had statistics of mortality by age, disease and profession. But there is a way of getting an idea of this, by taking the length of life of celebrated men; we thus arrive at a curve that is absolutely demonstrative.

The average longevity increases very regularly from century to century, starting from 62 1/2 years in the Middle Ages, 63 1/2 in the sixteenth century, 64 1/2 in the seventeenth, 67 1/2 in the eighteenth, 68 1/2 in the nineteenth, it reaches 71 in the twentieth. There must be more than mere coincidence in this.

Another proof of this increase of length of life is found in the records of life insurance companies. Finally, the French Government finds another proof in the congestion of its old people's homes, where there are fewer deaths than formerly and where vacancies are becoming more and more rare.

It is evident that all this is a consequence of greater conditions of comfort in life and of the introduction of hygienic measures into all sorts of environments.

Literature brings its support to these figures. Moliere gives the name of "old bearded man" to a man of forty years, and the noble fathers of medieval comedy or of the Spanish theatre are depicted as being in general about forty-five years. Balzac tells us of the lamentations of a woman of thirty.

These things have all changed since those times. Is it not so, ladies?

Scotland Saved by a Thistle

Billy, a bright-eyed boy, in his eagerness after flowers, had wounded his hand on the sharp, prickly thistle. "I do wish there was no such thing in the world as a thistle," he said in hot temper.

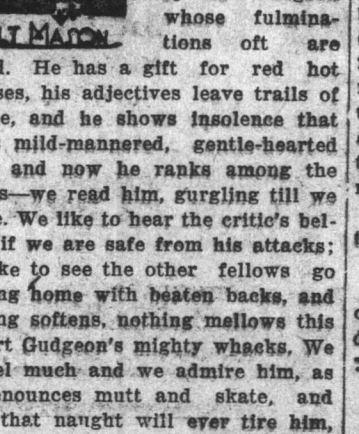
But his father said calmly: "And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave the thistle on the national arms."

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Billy. "I am sure they could have found many nicer ones even among the weeds."

"But once this thistle did them such good service," said the father, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make an attack upon a sleeping garrison. So the Danes crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted Dane stepped on a great thistle, and the noise made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound in the still night awoke the sleeping Scotch soldiers, and each man sprang to arms. They fought with very great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with great slaughter. So you see this thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their shields and emblems as their national flower."

"Well," said Billy, "I would never suspect that so small and ugly a thing could save a nation."

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