

Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XXII.

He pitied her so much as he looked down at the piteous little face, that he patted her hand as one pats the hand of a child in trouble, and his voice was gentle, unusually gentle, as he said:

"It's all right, Princess. Of course, you're startled. I didn't see you. How is Lydstone?"

"I-I don't know," she answered quaveringly. "We—we have separated."

"I'm sorry," he murmured.

"Are you?" she said wistfully. "It was the best, the only, thing to do. He—he would have killed me. I should have died if I had remained with him. We parted soon after that—that night you quarrelled, and he struck you. Ronnie, I have felt that blow ever since, as I have never felt any he gave me. If you had killed him I—I should have been glad, but for the consequences to you. I will never go back to him—never! But don't let us talk, think, of him." She scanned his face with passionate intensity. "You have been ill!"

"Just a little off colour," he admitted casually. "But I'm all right now. You are staying here—not alone?"

"Yes; with my maid," she said. "You are—shocked? What does it matter? All the world knows how he has treated me—that I have left him. I am at the Eagle Hotel. You—you will come and see me, Ronald? Oh, but I must not call you 'Ronald.' I—I forgot. It is the name by which I think of you. Forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive," he said, still unwisely, still in ignorance of the reason for her agitation; he attributed it to the suddenness of their meeting, to the painful memories his presence recalled. "Of course, I'll come and see you. But—I'm afraid you'll think me presumptuous—but is Monte Carlo exactly the place?—I mean, wouldn't you be, better, more comfortable in England? You don't play, I suppose?"

She hung her head and sighed wearily; her hands plucked at each other. "No; I tried England; but it was too quiet. I could do nothing but think, think. I came here for the excitement, the gaiety. I play in the hope of distraction; it does not amuse me—I don't care whether I win or lose—but I manage to forget myself for a time, and that is something gained; it keeps me from going mad. But I'm shocking you again. How thin you've got—almost as thin as I am. Look!" She drew the costly cloak from her arm, and held it out with a shy, nervous laugh.

"Poor little woman!" he muttered under his breath; but she heard him, and her face flushed.

"I like to hear you say that," she said. "And yet another man's pity would be intolerable. You are at the Paris?"

Ronald nodded. "Mr. Brandon and Mr. Clemson are there."

"And are you going to stay?" she put in, with a quick breath. "That will be nice! Have you just come from England? Tell me all the news."

"CONVALESCENTS" WHO DON'T GET WELL.

After a severe illness lots of people convalesce so slowly that they run the danger of becoming chronic invalids. The habit of ill-health is an easy one to acquire.

Yet it is an entirely unnatural habit and ninety-nine times out of a hundred an easy one to avoid. Avoid drugs as though they were poison—(so they are)—live naturally, drink lots of pure water—take some exercise every day in the open air—and with the help of *Zoe-tic*—nature will work its wonders in your health. For *Zoe-tic* feeds your hungry-over-drained nervous system like raw roast beef soothes the anguish of a famished stomach. Its action is just as natural—just as beneficial.

Start taking *Zoe-tic* to-day—follow faithfully the directions and if in 2 weeks' time you can't report real progress toward natural health, return the unused portion of the bottle of *Zoe-tic* and we will refund your money without question.

Everywhere in Canada at the same price. One Dollar for a Generous Bottle. Compounded from food and tonic essences by The *Zoe-tic* Company, Montreal.



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The value of OXO CUBES to all branches of His Majesty's Forces has received remarkable endorsement in numerous letters received by OXO Ltd., and the Press, from those on active service and in training.

OXO CUBES exactly meet their needs. They take up little space; are easily carried and can be converted quickly into a hot nourishing drink which, with bread or biscuits, will sustain for hours.

In the home, OXO CUBES are handy and good for many purposes—ready in a moment as a warming, strengthening and sustaining beverage. For Soups, Stews and Gravies they are an economical substitute for fresh beef. OXO CUBES save time, trouble and expense.

"Oxo is comforting, it is sustaining, and it is palatable, three constituents which make for popularity. In addition, it is pure and wholesome, and also of the greatest use as a stimulant. To the fighting man exposed to all kinds of weather it is an admirable remover of chills. It enjoys enormous popularity with the troops, and we cannot imagine a more acceptable gift, for Oxo is thoroughly appreciated by soldiers and officers alike. Oxo Cubes are just the thing the soldier wants. With a little hot water he can turn Oxo into nourishing soup of a warmth and piquancy that will drive away the effects of the most bitterly cold night or day, whether on guard, in the trenches, or in dug-outs."

"Daily News," London, England, September 9th, 1915.

A CUBE TO A CUP.

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.



She stopped short, and glanced at him with a sudden fear; but she was reassured; no man who was happy in his love could look as he did.

Ronald said that he had not been to England, that he had been yachting since they had last seen each other; and she was still more greatly reassured. She leant back so that her eyes dwelt on him, and a peaceful and restful expression stole into her face. They listened to the music for a time; then she murmured regretfully: "It is getting late, isn't it? I must be going."

"I'll see you to the hotel," he said, and he drew the cloak round her. She leant towards him, almost against him, and her lips trembled as her hand touched his.

They passed through the gambling-salon, and Ronald saw that the man with the awful countenance was still there.

"Dreadful kind of person that," he observed involuntarily.

She looked at the Count, and nodded absently.

"Yes; he makes me shudder. He is here every night. They say he is mad, with the gambling madness. He loses and wins immense sums; generally loses—well, of course, loses in the end, as all of them do!"

"And a precious good thing, too!" said Ronald, in his downright way. "If it wasn't so, the place would be crammed with idiots like that fellow.

cerning him—at least, they say so. There are all sorts of stories, rumors, about him; it is said that he has a woman, a wife or a daughter, shut up in a villa at San Remo. No one has seen her—I mean, in the streets; but some persons have caught a glimpse of her in the grounds or at one of the windows. You know the house? The grounds are large, and the Count has built a lodge and put up great iron gates at the entrance; they are always kept locked; and the gate-keeper will not admit any one. But you know how little reliance can be placed upon the gossip of Monte Carlo?"

"I know," he said, with a smile.

They passed out into a soft, languorous air, laden with the scent of the palms and the tropical flowers. Now and again they met and exchanged greetings with friends of hers; and some of these friends smiled as they noticed the expression in her eyes; they were too eloquent of the happiness which Ronald's presence caused her. As they were leaving the Hotel of the Golden Eagle the Count's carriage dashed up; he was an object of such general interest that the people sitting or standing about the verdant, lamp-lit place turned to look at him; and Ronald and the Princess looked with the rest.

The man had evidently finished for he might as well have been a statue of gold had left his face, and it was masked by a complacency which offered a striking contrast to its former disquiet; but, though the lips were smiling, the dark eyes glanced from side to side as he stepped into his carriage, attended obsequiously by his own and the Casino servants. He had paused a moment to light a cigar, and in that moment a gentleman with a sharply cut face and keen eyes was passing. He stopped suddenly, as if he had been checked by some physical obstacle in his path—topped and stared hard at the pallid face; his own went almost as white, and the keen eyes flashed with the lash of steel on steel. The next moment he had turned swiftly aside. The Count had not noticed him, and was driven off with much state and ceremony.

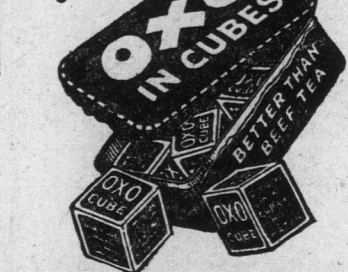
OXO in the Trenches.

"In the trenches we specialise on hot drinks, ranging from tea to OXO, and I think to really appreciate a hot drink you should have a spell here."

"Daily Telegraph" (St. John N.B.), March 26th, 1915.

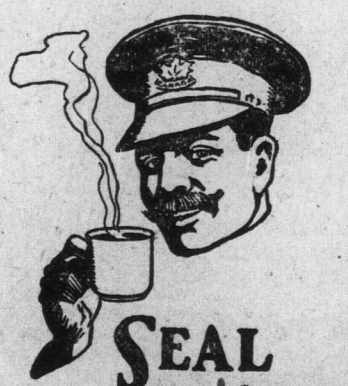
From No. 3 Field Ambulance, 1st Contingent, Canadian Expeditionary Force.

"During recent night manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain we found OXO invaluable as a very sustaining hot drink, and is considered by all to be the real good."



He's a Count, I'm told.

"Yes. There is some mystery con-

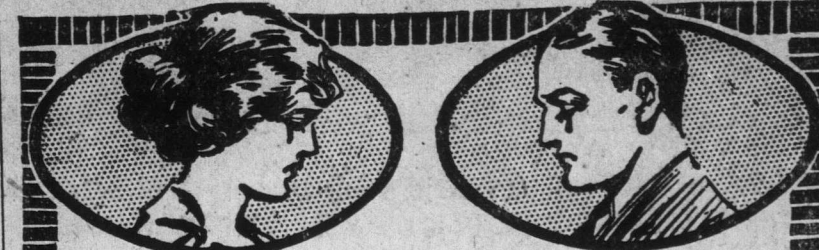


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Agents for Newfoundland: Messrs. MARSHALL, 1905, W. A. Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

stinctively that Raven must be approached with a caution, a cunning, that should overmatch his own. The pallid, haggard face, the dark eyes, revealed the desperate, unscrupulous nature of the man; he would not hesitate to commit a second murder to retain possession of the ruby, to save himself from the gallows.

Late as it was, Dexter Reece hired a carriage, dismissing it on the outskirts of San Remo, and, following the coachman's directions, walked to the Count's famous villa. But a contemplation of the great iron gates, which he guessed were closely guarded, would not help him; and, in a state of feverish excitement, he returned to the quiet hotel at Monte Carlo at which he had put up.

He was trembling with excitement and weariness, and, with shaking hands, he undressed and went to bed. It was hours before he slept, and, when he did, it was to dream that Lemuel Raven was driving furiously away through a mountain pass, and that he, Dexter Reece, was in pursuit, but hampered and fettered by chains, which scarcely permitted him to move. He cursed himself for his needless fear; the man had made his personality too conspicuous; it would be easy enough to track him. The ruby—if it were still in Raven's possession—was almost within Dexter Reece's grasp.

Ronald slept as well as usual, which of late was nothing to boast of, as usual, woke early. The morning in its first blush at Monte Carlo, is too good to be resisted; and Ronald had his bath while the rest of the hotel was wrapped in a more or less sound repose. The place, as admirably kept and "groomed" as the grounds of an English nobleman, looked innocent enough in the pure sunlight; and as he knew that it would be some hours before Brandon and Clemson would breakfast, he took the tram to Monaco, and was pulled out to the yacht.

Smithers was on the gangway to receive him and greet him with his habitual respect and affection.

"Well, Smithers," said Ronald, "did you have a good time last night?" "Tolerable, sir," replied Smithers gravely, but with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "Lively little place, sir; reminds me of Barnet fair, only a bit more classy, as you may say; though, for my part, I missed the Aunt Sallies and the shootin' galleries; and, if you'll believe me, sir, I'd the hardest job in the world to get a glass o' decent beer. Champagne seems to be

kept on draught, an' to be the reg'lar tippin' o' the natives. Lot o' money here, sir; to see it lyin' on them green tables, just as if it was dirt—my! I'd a bit of an adventure last night, sir," he added, as he hung about the saloon in the hope of being able to do something for his master.

(To be Continued.)

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Seven hundred and fifty Bulgarian, German and Austro-Hungarian officers taken prisoners by the Serbians, and forty thousand soldiers captured in Serbia, arrived at Marseilles on Dec. 17th, on their way to a concentration camp.

According to the Sporting Life of London, George Carpenter will return to the ring in the near future. Arrangements are progressing for the matching of Carpenter with Voyles, a private in the Irish Guards, who is the heavy weight champion of the British army and navy. The principals will continue to fight for France and England, and the bout will be merely for the edification of the soldiers—that is, if the opportunity offers.

"Hatred will nourish and sustain us," says a writer in the Frankfurter Zeitung, apropos of the food shortage in Germany. Perhaps, for the dyestically inclined, there will be palatable brands of Predigested Hatred.

Salvia Will Grow Hair.

SALVIA, the Great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from dandruff, use SALVIA and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Tonic known.

Watch your hair if it is falling out. If you don't, you will sooner or later be bald.

SALVIA prevents baldness by fastening the hair to the roots.

A daily bath, into which a little bicarbonate of soda is put, will allay the burning of the feet.

Pale, Sallow Cheeks

show that the blood is impoverished and that the stomach is not properly assimilating its food. In fact a woman's physical condition always shows in her face. Paleness, blotches, pimples, sallowness or dull eyes all

Tell the Need Of

Beecham's Pills. Women who are subject to these conditions should not fail to avail themselves of their prompt and beneficial effect. Beecham's Pills are Prepared to furnish the necessary relief. They clear the system of impurities, gently stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and tone the system. Their mild and thorough action quickly rid the skin of blemishes, improve the circulation and help the digestion. Every woman should know the comfort, and experience the help of

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MOIR'S CHOCOLATES and CAKES. WALLACE'S CHOCOLATES, ½ lb., 1 lb., 2 lb. boxes. TOM SMITH'S FIREWORK CRACKERS. PASCAL'S ENG. TOFFEE and BUTTER SCOTCH. FRY'S MILK CHOCOLATE BISCUITS, ½ lb. box. 5 lb. box ACME MIXTURE, \$1.20. 5 lb. box ROYAL CHOCOLATE Drops, \$1.20. 5 lb. box SIGHT CHOCOLATE Drops, \$1.20.

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