

Are You Drinking Pure Cocoa or Cocoa Mixed with Starch?

Cocoa is made by grinding cocoa beans and pressing out some of their fat or "cocoa butter". The removal of the excess fat leaves the cocoa more perfectly digestible.

A common way to cheapen cocoa is by adding starch.

A leading English physician says that starch added to cocoa reduces the "nutritious gluten and stimulating theobromine."

Lowney's contains no starch. It is as pure as cocoa can be made.

It is produced in our spic-and-span factory at Montreal. Lowney's Cocoa conforms with every requirement that goes to make cocoa wholesome and appetizing.

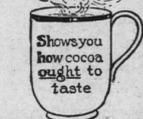
You will never learn how delicious cocoa can be until you have tasted Lowney's.

Sold by grocers. In tins—10c to 50c sizes.

LOWNEY'S COCOA

Lowney's shows you how cocoa ought to taste

The Walter M. Lowney Co., of Canada, Limited, Montreal



WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Boy, indeed!" I retorted, rather aggrieved, and caressing my mustache, which was almost long enough to curl at the ends by this time. "Come, I like that! I've got the advantage of you in point of size, at any rate, madame."

"If I am not so large as you, you are not as small as I," quoted Nat. gaily.

"And don't want to be, you little bit of a thing!" I said, looking down at her, for indeed her pretty cropped head did not reach my shoulder, although to be sure we Chavasses were rather celebrated for being "out-sizes" among mankind. "So you won't take me? All right; you'll never have such another chance, you know. You had better think of it."

"Much obliged; but you see I don't aspire to such a distinguished alliance."

"But think how you'd be able to bully me."

"That's just what I shouldn't like. I'd quite as soon be bullied as bully."

"And you think there is some one else with whom you would leave the bullying out altogether, I suppose?" I said.

"I was thinking of Yorke, of course—I was mostly thinking more or less about him and 'his love for Natalie Orme, which he was so determined to consider hopeless, and wondering too if it was only my wish which made me think him mistaken. She had

crossed over to the fire and sunk down in my mother's big chair, and, with her hands clasped behind her curly head, was looking up at me idly. But, despite my suspicions, I was not prepared for the rapid emotional flush which overspread her small brown face as I spoke. Her linked fingers dropped, and she sat up, staring straight at me.

"What are you talking about, Ned?" she said, in a voice which was neither so imperious nor so sharp as she tried to make it. "I—I don't understand you," she said, tremulously.

"The little hypocrite!" I thought, glad for my friend, and feeling sure that, of the two men who loved her, she certainly was not blushing for Fraser Froude. But to speak of Roger to her was certainly none of my business, and I promptly changed my tactics.

"Why, Holmedeane isn't too lofty for you to aspire to, is it?"

"Holmedeane?" she repeated, staring at me.

"Just so. Does it strike you that Fraser Froude, Esq., is a bully?"

"What do you mean? I declare I think you are crazy, Ned. What has that tiresome man to do with me?"

She said it so innocently and wonderingly that I was astonished in my turn.

"Well, I like that, Miss Innocence!" I said, laughing. "What do you suppose he comes here incessantly for?"

"Why, because he likes to," she returned, dubiously, with a puzzled face. "He says he is awfully lonely at Holmedeane. Oh, Ned"—the facts of the case seeming to break in upon her all at once—"you don't think he

comes because—because of me?"

"Why, of course he does!" I said, decisively.

"Oh, the ridiculous man!" she cried; and with that the unsympathetic girl burst into a peal of merry, most unsentimental laughter. "He must be crazy, Ned—what old Batinbin calls 'daff'!"

"All right. You'd better tell him so."

"And so I will, if he ever says anything to me. Oh, how ridiculous!"

"Then you really mean that you won't be Mrs. Froude?" I said, laughing almost as heartily as she had done.

"Never!" she cried, tragically. "I'll marry you first!"—and then we both laughed again, like the couple of children we were. We were both silent for a little while—perhaps because we had laughed too much, or because we had talked enough. I leaned back in my chair with my hands in my pockets, watching Nat as she sat staring at the fire thoughtfully, her elbow on her knee, and her round chin supported upon one small brown hand. How pretty the little dark piquant face was! I thought. No wonder Roger loves her, poor old chap! And then my thoughts wandered off I hardly knew whither, until I was aroused by Nat asking pettishly if I was trying to mesmerize her.

"I was only thinking," I said, rising up.

"And what about, pray?"

"You."

"Then I wish you would do something more amusing. I should have been asleep in another five minutes what were you thinking about me?"

"I was wondering—" I broke off and, with a bluntness which must have been startling, brought out what I had really been thinking of. "I say, Nat, you didn't leave a disconsolate swain behind in Jamaica, did you?"

I had expected her to laugh, but she did not. She simply stared at me, and the color in her face gradually faded out. Then she said slowly, in an odd startled tone—

"What made you think of that?"

"Goodness knows! It came into my head."

"Then I wish it had not," she said, shortly, shrinking back into the big chair.

"Then there was somebody?" I per-

sisted, curiously, feeling surprised enough.

"Of course there was."

"And you never said anything, you sly little monkey! Who was it, Nat?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk about it," she returned, fretfully. "I hate to think about it or to talk about it."

"Why?"

"Because I do."

This was emphatic and decisive, but not satisfactory. I stared at the fire for a minute or two, trying manfully to bottle up my curiosity, but it was too much for me, and out came another question—

"You might tell a fellow, Nat. It's only I, you know; and I thought we were too good chums to have secrets."

"Well, I will tell you if you like," she said, in a quieter tone, thoughtfully holding out her hands to the fire. "But it is only you, you know, Ned."

"Of course. Who is he?"

"The son of a neighbor of ours in Jamaica. My father and his were friends."

"And he was your lover, was he?" I said, in a discontented tone, thinking solely of Roger.

"Yes, for longer than I can tell—from the time I was a child, I think."

"What was his name?"

"Raby St. George."

"Whew! What a name! I say, Nat, what do they call him when he's home?"

"What nonsense you talk!" she said, with the same unusual pettishness which she had displayed before, and then, sinking down in her favorite posture on the edge of the fender, fell to staring at the fire.

For a few minutes I sat in uncomfortable and rueful meditation. I had not expected this complication. Poor old Roger! Confound this unknown Raby St. George! I thought. What did he want in my friend's way?"

"I suppose we shall have him coming over here after you before long?" I said at last discontentedly.

Nat twisted on the fender to look at me.

"What do you mean, Ned? Who will come after me?"

"Why, this blessed Raby St. George!"

"Come after me?" she repeated.

"Yes. Won't he?"

"Oh, no, no! I hope not—I hope not! Anything but that!" She sprang to her feet, and looked at me with her little face so utterly scared that I stared at her in surprise. "Oh, Ned, if I really thought that he would come here after me, I believe the fright would kill me!"

If I had stared before, I stared harder now. It was no joke—she was in earnest—her face and voice showed that.

"What—aren't you fond of him, then?" I blurted out.

"Fond of him? I hate him! I shudder when I think of him; it has frightened me to utter his name. I hope that as long as I live I may never see or hear of him again."

"In the name of all that's wonderful, why?"

"Because I am afraid of him."

"You are! What has he done?"

"Frightened me always," she returned, in a quieter tone, sinking down into the big chair again. "Don't look so moon-struck, Ned. I'll tell you all about it since you have made me speak of him at all, which I had always meant not to do. I am quite serious, and I tell you that I who have never feared anyone else, am afraid of Raby St. George."

"Yes? Well?" I questioned.

"It is all very well to say 'Well'!" she returned musingly, resting her chin on her hand as she again looked at the fire; "but I hardly think I can make you understand—you don't know him," she added, with a shiver.

"And don't want, if he's such a queer customer," I supplemented, still intensely curious. "Go on, Nat. Did he propose to you, or what?"

"Oh, yes—more than once and more than twice! He would not take 'No' or an answer—he persecuted me, frightened me. I sometimes think, Ned, that if I had stayed in Jamaica he would have made me, marry him in spite of myself."

To be continued.

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