



Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,
The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XVII.

Ronald wanted to say "Desborough. I'm the brother of the lady who, you say, was so kind to you, whom you chummed up with." But such candour was too risky.

"Robert Carew," he said, in the low voice, the almost whisper, in which they were speaking. "Look here, do you mean to say that I must not come and see you again? It sounds absurd! Here are we two, who have met before, living on a couple of islands—"

She shook her head. "No, you must not come, please. You will be leaving Tricania presently."

"It doesn't seem to me right that you should be living here in this desolate place with no one to protect you when your father is away but a bit of a girl."

She turned her eyes on him with a smile.

"I am not afraid," she said. "Who would come? There is nothing for any one to steal!" She met his amazed gaze with grave innocence. "Besides, I always have my revolver. I have learnt to shoot very well; I practice often. I could have shot you quite easily without taking the revolver from my belt."

"Good-lord!" almost groaned Ronald. "But there might be more than one man! You must have the pluck of a lioness! Oh, wait! Just one moment!" he implored fervently. "There was something I wanted to say. Oh, yes! You want some books. I've got a heap of them on the yacht; I'll bring you some."

"No, no!" she said; but her eyes grew bright and her face flushed.

"Yes, I will!" he said eagerly. "Oh, don't think I want to intrude on you—as she shook her head and looked away. "I'll bring them over when your father is away. Wait! wait!"—for she had moved on, with a troubled and rather stern countenance. "How shall I know?"—he frowned and pondered hurriedly. "I've got it! You know the bit of cliff that runs into the bay, where I landed? Well, tie a handkerchief to the tree that grows at the edge. I noticed it as I came in. It's not a proper landing-place; no one will see it."

"No," she said firmly. "There would be danger to you. If my father found you—"

"It was he who taught me to shoot." "That's all right. I'd run the risk though he had sworn to shoot me at sight. But don't be afraid. I won't land. I'll just put the books at the bottom of the tree and—run away again. Come! There's no harm in that! When you've read the books you can take them back to the spot where I left them, tie the handkerchief—"

She stood, her eyes downcast, her brows drawn straight. The temptation was irresistible.

"You will not land?" she said faintly.

"Why, I said so!" responded Ronald. The simplicity of his tone assured and convinced her; but she did not yield—in words.

"Go now!" she said. "I will wait until you have got into the boat. I shall hear—"

"Signorina! Signorina! Cara!" came Nita's shrill voice.

Ronald took off his cap and held out his hand. She put hers into it, and the warmth of the slim fingers sent a glow to Ronald's heart, drove the color to his face, and an eager light to his eyes.

"Good-bye!" he whispered, pressing her hand closely.

Her lips echoed the farewell; then she said in a low voice: "You will tell no one? My father—"

"Sig—nor—ina!" called the girl again.

"No, no!" he responded unthinkingly. "Good-bye—but I can't bear to think that I shan't see you again."

She drew her hand from his grasp and signed to him to go; and, with something between a sigh and a groan, Ronald, crouching low, left her, and cautiously made his way to the boat.

She stood, looking in the direction he had taken and listening intently; then she turned and went towards the house. Her face was pale, her brows still bent, and suddenly she stopped and retraced a step or two, as if she intended following him and forbidding him to bring the books; but she paused again irresolutely, and, while she was hesitating, she heard the sound of the oars in the rocks, which her quick ears told her he had muffled.

The color rose to her face as she went towards the shouting Nita. She had recognized him the moment her eyes rested on him; and at that moment she had been half-conscious of a strange sensation, thrill, at his presence. How tall and strong he was; how handsome. And his voice was pleasant and good to listen to; it reminded her of Evelyn Desborough's voice.

Oh, no! he must not come again—must not run the risk of meeting her father. And she would write a note and put it in the books; just a few words telling him to bring no more.

She made the resolution firmly, but she sighed as she made it, and her eyes grew wistful. It was like a miracle, that they should meet again, that he should come to Tricania. But he would be going away presently; and it was very unlikely that she should ever see him again. Such miracles could not happen often.

CHAPTER XVII.

As he rowed across in the moonlight to Tricania, Ronald felt as if he had suddenly changed places with some one else. His heart was beating fast, for the blood was coursing fiercely and swiftly through his veins, as it does at the first touch of fever.

He had got over the shock of finding Cara on the island, and amazement was now replaced by a much more disturbing and powerful emotion. He felt as if he were rowing away from a land of dreams, a kind of fairyland, more beautiful and enchanting than any of which he had read or even imagined. And the fairy held all his thoughts.

He had run the gauntlet of several London seasons, and had passed the ranks of the feminine foe unscathed, untouched; but he had received his wound at last. The face, the voice of the girl of the mill, her every movement, so supple, so full of grace, held a subtle influence for him. He rested on his oars and stared before him, that he might be free to think of her, to recall her.

Yes; he loved her. That was what was the matter with him. For him there could be no happiness unless he could win her. His heart beat fast at the thought. Win her! Was it possible that he could ever be so fortunate! She had not treated him quite so coldly as she had at that first meeting, but she had kept him at arm's length to-night, had forbidden him to see her again. And to see her again seemed to Ronald as necessary as it was that she should breathe. He wanted her as a man wants food.

In the Sick Room

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light, raiment.

He had no plans for the future—alas! Ronald was a poor hand at making plans for the future, or even the present! He was only conscious that if he could not be near her, have her by his side, to keep her there for ever, nothing else could console him—not even a share in a buried treasure.

As the treasure crossed his mind he remembered that he had promised Cara—he had already begun to think of her by what was, in his opinion, the sweetest of all names—to keep the secret of her presence on the small island. That was awkward, he thought, as he left the boat drift again; he should not have given this promise; for Vane ought to be informed of the fact that the island was inhabited. But the promise had been given, and it was sacred to him.

Fortunately, in a sense, Vane had turned in before Ronald had returned, and, in the morning, was so busy that he appeared to have forgotten Ronald's expedition of the preceding night; and Ronald, with a little self-reproach, refrained from reminding him of it.

For the first time since their arrival Ronald felt the day drag on his hands. He went out with his gun in the morning, but shot nothing—he did not want to shoot anything; and at times he took long rests, sitting on a rock and smoking hard, his eyes fixed in the direction of Cara's island, which he could not see, because it was hidden by another and a larger one of the group.

Later in the day he launched the boat and paddled towards the fairyland which obsessed him, and his eyes eagerly sought the tree on the cliff. But there was no spot of white to be seen; she had not made the signal. He gave a sigh of disappointment and impatience, and rowed back dispiritedly.

Smithers was at the landing-place the sailors of the yacht had made, and he saluted Ronald cheerfully.

"Fine evening for a row, sir," he said, as he tied the painter. "Mr. Vane's gone aboard the yacht, sir. Think he will sleep there."

Ronald was conscious of a sense of relief; he would be free to think untroubledly of Cara, to spend the evening recalling her and dwelling on the mental picture in which he had been engaged during the day. He went over the books that had been brought ashore to the chalet, and chose half a dozen, giving unusual thought to the selection, and changing his mind a number of times, and envied the books the touch of her hand, the gaze of the wonderful eyes.

He started in the boat early in the afternoon of the next day, with the books carefully tied up in a piece of sailcloth, and his heart leapt as he saw the speck of white—so small that it would not attract the attention of any one not on the look-out for it—which formed the signal.

He rowed up cautiously, landed, and was placing the books at the foot of the tree, when he heard a step, and, raising his head, he looked up into the eyes which had been haunting him. He sprang to his feet, his sunburnt face aglow, his eyes radiant with his joy at her presence.

"Oh, you've come!" he breathed rather than spoke.

"Yes," she said gravely. "I have come to tell you—"

He looked round and pointed to a little hollow in which they would be hidden from the sight of any boat passing in the bay.

"Let us go there and sit down," he said.

She hesitated a moment, and then went to the hollow; but she stood, as if she intended the interview to be a short one.

"I put the handkerchief there. I came to tell you that—I do not wish you to bring the books—"

"But I've brought them," said Ronald, with mild expostulation. "Here they are. But never mind them just now—though I hope you'll read them and like them. Has anything happened since I was here? You look so—so grave."

"My father has gone to the Island"—to her "the Island" always meant Sicily; "he will be away some days, a week perhaps—"

She stopped suddenly, for Ronald's face was a tell-tale one, and there was no mistaking its expression—that of anxiety. She bit her lips and looked away from him. "He has got some work there, I think."

"You think?" he said. "Doesn't he tell you what he is doing?"

"No," she replied. "Why should he?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's usual for a father to tell his daughter what he is doing," Ronald remarked, "especially when she is placed as you are."

"He never does," she said. "I do not know why he left and went to England, to the mill; I do not know why he came back."

Ronald stared at her; then suddenly, with a touch of earnestness, as if he had the right to protect her, he asked: "He is—kind to you?"

"Oh, yes!" she said; "as kind as most fathers—I suppose. But we do not talk much; he is very silent, and likes to live away from other people; so that there is little to talk about, excepting the fishing and Nita's poultry."

"I see," said Ronald, though he didn't in the least understand; but he began to feel that there was some kind of mystery connected with this strange parent who immured his daughter on a remote island apart from the rest of the world. "And he is going to be away for a week, or more perhaps, and leave you alone with a bit of a slavery?"

"Why not?" she asked, as she had said the other night. "I am quite safe. But I have said what I came to tell you. You must not leave the books; you must not come again, please."

Ronald regarded her blankly. "Let us sit down and argue it," he said. "Here's a comfortable place."

She hesitated; but there was a new note in his voice, one that she had not heard before, a note of masterful tenderness, of protection, and she seated herself with a little shrug of protest.

"Much easier to talk sitting down than standing," he said, as he dropped, almost at full length, beside her. "Now, listen to me, Miss Raven—oh, I suppose I ought to call you signorina? But you speak English so well, and look so like any other English girl, that I forgot you're Italian."

"It does not matter," she said indifferently.

He had taken the books from their wrapper, and held them towards her. "There they are," he said. "I picked out the ones I thought you'd like. There are some novels, and some poetry, and a book of travels."

She tried to look away from them; but presently her eyes were drawn to them as if irresistibly, and she read the titles softly, and with a sigh of longing in her low voice.

"You don't mean to say that you will be so unkind as to make me drag them back again!"

"Yes," she said; "you would have to come for them, and I do not wish you to do so."

Ronald took his courage in both hands.

"Is that because you don't like me, don't want to see me?"

(To be Continued.)

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Nov. 27th, 1915.

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|---|--|--|--|--|---|---|---|--------------------------------------|--|--|---|--|---|--|--|----------------------|--|---|---|---|---|
| A
Adey, Charles, Mundy Pond Road
Anderson, Robert
Anderson, Mrs. Allen, card
Ames, Dr.
Anthony, Joseph, George's St.
Aylward, Miss May E., Cochrane St. | B
Brace, Miss Minnie, card, West End
Bryan, Mrs. Thos., Barter's Hill
Barry, Miss Ellen, Power St.
Barnes, Miss Ada, card,
Allandale Road
Benson, Mrs. George
Blidescombe, Rd., Allandale Rd.
Blidescombe, John
Brown, Mrs. John, Pilot's Hill
Boone, Mrs. Wesley
Burnett, Capt. A.
Butler, Mrs. Agnes, Pennywell Rd.
Butler, Mrs. 11 Pennywell Road
Boggan, Miss Alice J. | C
Carew, John
Cahill, John, Newtown Road
Clark, Patrick, Patrick St.
Cahill, Mrs. Thomas, Duckworth St.
Clark, Lawrence J.
Carson, W. J.
Chaulas, Miss M., Water St.
Campbell, Mrs. Peter,
late Bay of Islands
Clarke, Isaac, Convent Lane
Candow, Mrs. D., New Gower St.
Campbell, H. Q., Queen's Road
Cullen, Miss G., Barter's Hill
Cusick, Miss Sadie, Barner's Road
Curtis, Peter, card, Adelaide St.
Campbell, Mrs. J. D.
Curtis, Eleazar
Corbett, Miss Kittie, card,
Tessier Place | D
Dawe, W. H., care Gen'l Post Office
Dawe, Albert, care Gen'l Post Office
Devereaux, Mrs. P., New Gower St.
Delaney, Matthew, card, Prescott St.
Devereaux, Miss Angela,
New Gower Street
Doran, Miss Annie,
care General Delivery
Dowden, Mrs. Maggie, Quidi Vidi
Duffy, F. M.
Doody, M. A., Water St. West | E
Eagan, Wm.
Evans, Mrs. card, Water St.
Earle, Miss Bride, care Royal Stores | F
Fewer, Mrs. R.
Fisher, T. V.
Flemming, Mrs. Benjamin,
Water Street West
Fifeild, Miss B.
Farrell, Miss May, card, Barter's Hill
Flight, Willis, George's St.
Fancy, Miss Lizkie, LeMarchant Rd. | G
Grace, Miss Mary, Cochrane St.
Grant, W. T., care Reid Co.
Griffin, Mrs. Thomas, William St.
Gardiner, Miss C., Flower Hill
Gibberd, Michael, George's St.
Greene, Miss Bride, Bond St.
Gaskell, Mrs. E. H., Belvidere St. | H
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Halligan, C., card
Hannah, J.
Hewitt, Stephen, Allandale Road
Higdon, Edmund, Lower Battery Rd.
Higgins, L. R., Water St.
Holmes, A. G.
Hollist, Allen, Gower St.
Horwood, Wm. | I
Ivany, Miss Flossie, Monroe St. | J
Johns, M. A.
Johnson, Miss Mary
Jones, M. H.
King, Neal, Water St.
James, Mrs. Samuel, 49 — St.
Janas, Wesley,
care General Post Office | K
Kean, Wm.
Kelland, George, Water St.
King, Edward A., Monkstown Road
King, John J.
King, Mrs. Bertha
Kennedy, Mrs. P. T.
King, Henry
Kelly, Fred, Chapel St.
Kendell, Geo. A. | L
LeDrew, Wm., LeMarchant Road
Liskem, John, care Gen. Delivery
Lynch, Andrew
Lunnen, Miss M. F., Long's Hill
Luby, Mrs. Wm., Barnes' Road | M
Martin, Wm.
Manning, Thomas
Marsh, Miss Maud, Queen's Road
Matthews' Miss Annie J.
Mason, Miss Mary, Cochrane Street
Martin (Est.), H. E.
Manard, Mrs. P., Queen's Road
Martin, A. S.
Martin, Miss B., Water St.
Martin, D. J.
Martin, James, Newtown Road
Mahon, Annie, Carpasian
Mercer, John, Goodview St.
Mercer, James, Pennywell Road
Mercer, C., Chapel St.
Myler, James, Freshwater Road
Meadus, Miss, card, Adelaide St.
Meehan, Miss C.
Miller, Leonard, Bond St.
Milley, F., Pennywell Road
Milley, Harry
Milley, P.
Moore, Miss Janet
Moakler, Mrs. M. A.
Morgan, Harold
Moore, Albert, Gower St.
Moore, Miss Mary, Gower St. East
Murphy, Mrs. Emily
Murphy, Edward
Murphy, Mrs. Wm.
Mercer, C., Chapel St.
Harcour Ida,
care Mrs. J. Sparkes, McFarlane St. | N
McGillivray, J. M.
McDonald, Nellie, rétd.
McNeill, H. F.
McGrath, John
McDonald, Belle
McDonald, Gertie, Nagle's Hill
McMillan, Len., care Gen. Delivery
McDonald, Miss May, Hayward Ave.
McKnight, Jas.,
care Jas. Foote, Queen's St.
McCarthy, Mrs. James, South Side | O
Noseworthy, Mrs. John S.,
St. John's East
Norman, John T., South Side
Noseworthy, Mrs. Wm.,
LeMarchant Road
O'Neill, Miss Ethel,
care General Post Office | P
Parsons, Wm. G., Colonial Street
Patrick, S., Job's St.
Parsons, Julia
Parsons, W.
Peddie, Thomas, Barter's Hill
Pearce, Miss Jessie, card
Peddie, Mrs. Archibald
Pearce, Theodore, care Heber Pearce
Piercy, William, Freshwater Road
Pinsent, Edward, care Gen. Post Office
Pike, M. G., George's St.
Pittman, Miss M., card, Military Rd.
Pitcher, F., Barter's Hill
Prince, B. C.
Pike, Fred, Brazil's Square
Power, Miss Kathleen, Gower St.
Power, Miss, care Mary Comer,
Water Street
Parsons, Heber | Q
Quinton, Edward | R
Reddy, Jas., Newtown Road
Ryder, Miss Agnes, New Gower St.
Richardson, James
Ridley, A. S.
Rowan, John A., Bannerman St.
Roberts, John
Rowe, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office
Rogers, Mrs. J., Spencer St.
Rogers, Wm. J., Coddily St.
Rogers, John, McKay St.
Rumsey, Shea
Ramsay & Co.
Ryder, Miss Agnes, New Gower St.
Rolf, Mrs. A. | S
Slade, F.
Skeans, Mrs., card, Freshwater Rd.
Samuelson, Miss Isabella, Gower St.
Shea, Mrs. Eliza
Shewen, Mr.
Shelley, R., Convent Lane
Sawyers, I. T.
Smith, J. W.
Squires, Albert, Barnes' Road
Sutton, Wm., Reg. Office
Sheppard, Mark, Gower St.
Squires, Miss Laura, card, Spencer St.
Smith, J. B. | T
Taylor, Capt., South Side
Tippie, Samuel, Water St.
Tobin, John, Carter's Hill
Tucker, John, late James Bay
Tucker, Miss Agnes, Prescott St.
Thorn, Miss Maggie, Prescott St. | V
Vickers, Michael, Bannerman St.
Verge, Miss Mary,
care Geo. Horwood, Water St. | W
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road
Wardian, Wm. B.
Whalen, Beatrice, 9 — St.
Walsh, John, Cabot St.
Wheeler, Miss C.
Winsor, F., care John Anderson,
Water Street
Winsor, Samuel, Cabot St.
Wilcox, Wm., Power St.
White, Oliver, late Millertown
Whitehiser, Miss Sadie, Notre Dame St.
Willis, Wm. H.
White, Miss Leah, Circular Road
Wornell, Edmund J.,
care General Post Office
Woodford, Miss Mary, Military Rd. |
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SEAMEN'S LIST.

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|---|-----------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|---|---|--|---------------------------------------|--|---|--|--|--|--|------------------------------------|
| A
Herridge, John, schr. Allan F. Rose
Penny, Sim, Ahava
McPherson, A. S. S. Amanda
Matthews, Tobias, schr. Albert
Rose, John T., schr. Arthur S. Story | B
Kelly, Wm. M., schr. Bonanza | C
Snelgrove, John, bargt. Clutha
Parker, Andrew G., schr. Colonia
Delaney, Pat, S. S. Coban | D
Hobbs, John, schr. Dorothy B. | E
Penny, John W.,
schr. Emma W. Brown
Alcock, Herman L., schr. E. Moores | F
Cullen, Edward, schr. Francis | G
Bouchard, Capt. Wm.,
schr. Grace Darling
White, Aaron, schr. Grace-Darling | H
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Skinner, Capt. A. J., schr. Hesperia | I
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Martin, Miss Mary, schr. Ida M. | J
Bushen, Robt., schr. John Parker | K
Blackmore, A., schr. Maud
Cox, Thomas, schr. Metamora
Curtis, George, card,
schr. Mona Loa | L
Kelly, James C., S. S. Northmount
Franch, Eugene, schr. Nellie M.
McGillivray, Rodertek,
S. S. Northmount | M
McMillan, L. S. S. Port Dalhousie
Evis, Capt. Thos., schr. Protector | N
Blackmore, Fred, schr. Quick Step | O
Hoffman, Clifford,
schr. Robert J. Dale
Jones, Capt., schr. Rosina
Anderson, Capt. J.,
bargue Ravenscourt | P
Roberts, Capt., schr. Springdale
Mundie, Capt., schr. Spinaway
May, Arthur, schr. Springdale
Benight, John, schr. Sedlia | Q
Mallen, Henry, schr. Vendetta |
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