

THIS MAN SELLS THEM

SHOE REPAIRS

Go to his place, have him attach Dunlop "Peerless" Heels to your boots, and thus give your feet a new lease of life. The transaction will cost you Fifty Cents.

Once you wear Dunlop "Peerless" Heels, you'll never have a pair of boots or shoes without them.

Also makers of the famous "COMFORT" HEELS and Dunlop Rubber Soles.

Made in Canada H.69

DUNLOP HEELS

SEAL OF QUALITY

PEERLESS

NO JARRING NO SLIPPING

LIVE RUBBER—LAST LONGER

CANVAS PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

tention to have so many visitors. There is a nice old foreman who calls me 'Miss, my dear,' and I always like seeing the works. Here is the foreman."

"Not a very fascinating man," said Mr. Haselfoot laughing; "Westlake isn't jealous of him, I suppose."

After the usual round they came to the portion of the factory where the women were at work.

Mr. Haselfoot uttered an exclamation of surprise. "By Jove!"

Mary caught sight of him and flushed vivid crimson, continuing her work with averted head. At this moment Ronald appeared from no one knew whence, and said hastily, "Ah, Haselfoot, glad to see you. You have really inspected everything now and I should like to talk to you outside."

In a manner he compelled them to follow him, not speaking again until they had reached the grounds.

"Why are we turned out like this?" asked Miss Ormonde sharply; "there was more to see."

"I do not care to interrupt the work," Ronald returned, looking extremely vexed.

"Did you hear me exclaim, 'By Jove,' for I saw a remarkably pretty girl in a pale blue blouse. She had straight features and bright hair. Never was so surprised in my life," Mr. Haselfoot observed.

"Yes," said Miss Ormonde, "I saw her. Who is she? And why were you surprised?"

"She is one of the mill-hands, newly joined," Ronald said curtly; "her name is Williams."

"Yes, but that's the remarkable fact that she is a mill-hand," said Mr. Haselfoot. "She was for some hours on board a steamer going to the Ed-dystone; I was there with a friend and I could have sworn she was a lady."

"I cannot see that it is any business of ours so long as she does her work," said Ronald struggling hard to repress any sign of his intense vexation but not succeeding so far as Louise was concerned.

"Do you know anything of the young woman's family?" she asked.

"I do not."

"Or where she has previously lived?"

"No."

"Or anything about her?"

Ronald's patience was at an end, "My dear Louise, you must excuse me but I cannot see what business it is of yours, I say again. Pray allow me to conduct the affairs of the mill."

HASELFOOT saw a quarrel was imminent and discreetly sauntered away.

"How dare you insult me?" she asked furiously.

"I insult you?" replied Ronald, who was now very angry. "I have not insulted you. I was obliged to tell you in consequence of your persistent enquiries in the presence of a stranger that I am master of the mill. And I intend to be master."

"You have insulted me, twice over, once in the presence of a stranger, and again now. What is the young woman to you, that you should treat me so?"

"What is this young woman to me?" he repeated. "She is my paid servant as all the other hands are, and I never see her except on business. Not but what," he added, "it would be an honour to anyone to be allowed to enjoy her society. She does not accord me that honour."

"Pray would your mother consider it an honour?" she asked sneeringly.

"My mother is a good woman," he replied gravely; "were she to make the acquaintance of Miss Williams she would recognize her as a good woman also and treat her with every respect."

"I will stay no longer in your father's house to be insulted by you," said Louise with fury; "your conduct to me is shameful. You make me of no account, you refuse me any information, and you treat me as a stranger, me—your friend of years."

"If you do not find your visit pleasant it must rest with yourself to end it," returned Ronald, who would never forgive the imputation he fancied she had made on Mary, although he would have freely forgiven any angry words about himself.

"I will certainly go. I will go to-

morrow. I would do so to-day if it were not for the dinner party to-night, and I do not wish to inconvenience your mother by leaving a vacant place."

"Pray consult your own convenience only," said Ronald with such marked coldness that she knew he would have been glad if she had gone then and there.

"I shall stay until to-morrow," and she walked away.

CHAPTER V.

The Typist's Office.

HASELFOOT was engaged in throwing stones into the river, Ronald beckoned to him.

"Haselfoot," he said seriously, "without the least intending it you have done terrible mischief. Because you said that nice looking girl was a lady Miss Ormonde imagines forthwith there is some awful story connected with her. Good heavens! how hard some women are on one another. All I know of her is that she is a lady, but is obliged to earn her own living. I believe her to be as good a girl as ever breathed. All I want to say to you now is that it would be as well not to refer to the subject again. For some unexplained reason Miss Ormonde is furious, and declares she will leave the house to-morrow."

"I certainly shan't refer to it again. I'm awfully sorry I said anything. But I was naturally surprised."

"Of course you were. So was I when she wanted to work in the mill."

"It seems a pity that she can't get anything better to do."

"It does; I am trying to find work more congenial to her, but she is too proud to accept anything she does not earn, and will not take work she cannot accomplish."

"Plucky girl! I admired her immensely the other day. I wouldn't say or do anything that would injure her for the world."

"I know that you are a good fellow. Now do try and smooth Miss Ormonde down, but," he added, "you know she has already paid a very long visit, and if she is determined to go I suppose we must put up with it."

"He wants her to go," thought the lieutenant; "well, I shan't persuade her to stay after her exhibition of temper. There are plenty of girls in these parts."

Ronald went back to his office feeling very much disturbed. It was impossible that Mary should be subject to the annoyance of chance encounters with strangers, and that remarks should afterwards be made about her. She must see for herself how greatly her position would be improved were she in his office. He wrote to her again saying that he had already ordered a typewriter machine, which was easy to learn, from Plymouth, and had engaged a man to give her lessons as long as she required them. If convenient to her the man would bring the machine at eight that evening, and give her an hour's lesson.

She received his letter gladly, for the morning's incident had caused her no small annoyance. She was determined to accept his offer. At any moment strangers might go over the factory, while they were never allowed in Mr. Ronald Westlake's inner office. The money too would add many a comfort to—him, her lover, "the tailor fellow." Perhaps the situation would not be altogether correct, to be shut up for hours of a day with a young and handsome man, but these scruples were absurd after all she had previously gone through. "A man always has a typist in an office, a young woman generally, and I can take care of myself. A girl who works for her living does not follow society etiquette."

Miss Ormonde went away the next morning. Ronald was unfeignedly glad, as matters would now be made considerably easier concerning Mary Williams. He was far more afraid of their guest and her remarks than of his good-hearted father and mother.

"I don't understand you going so suddenly," said Mrs. Westlake.

"I am going," Miss Ormonde returned icily, "because your son signified to me that I had stayed long enough."

"Oh, I am sure he could not have

Meet me at the **Tuller**

For Value, Service, Home Comforts

New HOTEL TULLER
Detroit, Michigan

Centre of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath,	\$1.50	Single,	\$2.50	Up Double
200 " " " "	2.00	" " " "	3.00	" "
100 " " " "	2.50	" " " "	4.00	" "
100 " " " "	3.00 to 5.00	" " " "	4.50	" "

Total 600 Outside Rooms - All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents Sample Rooms

New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Exellente

FORCE OF MIND

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

The relations of mind to disease and therapeutics are everywhere admitted, but vaguely understood or used. The author shows how the mind consciously and unconsciously can be of greatest usefulness in many phases of nervous troubles. 12mo, cloth, 347 pages, \$2.00 post-paid.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.

8 University Ave. Toronto.