

# One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXIV. THE "TIMES" ADVERTISEMENT.

"And it is not long since— Here she pauses, for she does not quite like to ask when my husband died."

"No; it is not long since I lost him," I say with an effort. "In fact Mrs. de Vooght, it is only a few weeks. So I am in wretched spirits and indifferent health; you had better think twice before you make a friend of me."

"Oh, nonsense!" she answers. "Englishwomen are scarce enough here for me to make the most of one. If I happen to meet with her."

"You are very kind," I say, for lack of anything better.

"Then you will come and dine with us to-day? We dine, as everyone does in this country, at five o'clock."

"Oh, thank you," I say, hastily. "I couldn't. I am not equal to it."

"Well, well, you shall do as you like," she says, soothingly. "Then about your rooms. I suppose you won't wish to stay here longer than is necessary? Indeed, you will find it very expensive."

"I do not care how soon I have them," I answer; "and I should like nice sort of furniture and locality."

"Very well. I will see after them for you. And you must come for a few drives with me. Utrecht is so very picturesque at this time of the year. One is always reminded of the leafy month of June, the place has so many trees; and, you know, we have the finest avenue of trees in Europe."

"I did not know," I say, with a smile. "I thought it was famous on the Continent."

"All nonsense, my dear; there isn't a velvet manufactory in the town. And we have not only the finest avenue of trees on the Continent, but the second finest organ."

"Really?" I say, affecting an interest I am far from feeling.

"Oh, yes! The best in the world is at Haarlem, and the next to it here. Sometimes we have some very fine organ recitals. I have no doubt that you will like Utrecht very well; it is quiet, and perhaps a little dull, but the people are mostly aristocrats or professors of the university, and are very intellectual and refined. I can assure you, I am quite ashamed of Geoffrey when he comes here; he knows so little. Yet, somehow, the girls like him, he is so nice to look at."

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Useful for Over 500 Purposes



**GILLETT'S LYE**

**EATS DIRT."**

and with young people that makes such a difference."

I wonder what they would say to Adrian.

"Well, now I must be going," says my talkative visitor. "I shall come to-morrow morning and take you for a drive."

"But it is Sunday," I remonstrate.

"Well, my dear, what of that? You cannot go to church, for there is no English service. We used to have one once a fortnight, but the poor man, who had to come from Amsterdam, did not have his travelling expenses paid, so it was given up. It is of no use going to the Dutch church, for you won't understand a single word, and, if you could, you wouldn't be edified, I'm sure. And, as everyone else walks and drives 'rom koft time until dinner, we might as well do the same, so I shall come. You had better change your mind and dine with us? It will do you good and enliven you a little."

Some persons would have described him as even better looking than his friend, but— Well, after all, it is a question of taste. In his loose-fitting suit of very dark grey, there was a suggestion of the artist; and as a matter of fact, Senley Tyers both painted and "sculptured."

Trelorne is on the west coast. I a scores of miles from everywhere. There are three or four houses, at one of which is sold but older and worse beer, and so calls itself an inn; half a dozen small fishing boats, and—nothing else.

In fine, brilliant weather Trelorne is almost picturesque; in rough or wet weather it is gloomy to gloominess. Doctor Harvey, who wrote the cheerful book, "Meditations Among the Tombs," ought to have been born in Trelorne.

Its gray dullness did not depress Vane Tempest, because it would take at least three Trelornes, one on top of the other, to damp his excellent spirits; but it had its due effect upon Senley Tyers.

He looked over the sea, and side ways along the strip of foam-lined shore, before responding to Vane Tempest's tendered apology.

"It is not the most cheerful place in the world, certainly," he said, "but I can imagine worse; so I won't throw you over the quay, I think Vane."

His voice was low and not unusual, but a curious tone ran through it. Like the faint smile which curved his lips as he spoke the next words, it was tinged with cynicism. The cynicism was that of a man who is too indolent or too wise to display it. The idea of his attempt—

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## A Millionairess; or, Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER I.

"Upon my soul, Sen, I'm ashamed of bringing you to such a place! If you weren't the most ridiculously good-tempered man in the world, you would take me by the scruff of the neck and pitch me over this confounded jetty—you would indeed."

The speaker was a young man who sat on the rough stone coping of the still rougher wall which formed a jetty or quay to the little fishing harbor of Trelorne. He was a good-looking young fellow—most women would have gone farther than "good-looking"—was as strong as a lion, almost as thin as a greyhound, in perfect health, and full of the animal spirits which are the result of that blissful condition. He was fair, and so sunburned, that his mustache shone, by contrast, like a gold against a tan, and his eyes, from the same cause took a deeper blue, than belonged to them. Altogether he was very good to look upon. His name was Vane Tempest.

His companion was also young, but a very different-looking man. He was dark—hair, eyes, mustache, there was no tan on his face, which was rather pale and sallow, and he did not sit on the wall and swing his legs, but lounged, in a slightly languid attitude, against it, and watched the green-gray sea, that tore over the bobbles and fung itself against the jetty, with an absent look in the dark eyes screened by their half-closed lids.

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When prepared according to the directions given, forms:



A complete diet for the infant, easily digestible, health-giving, strength-promoting, and healthful sleep so essential to the well-being of the infant.

Send to: **EDWIN UTLEY**, 14 Front Street East, TORONTO, Ont., Canada.

Write for free list of Neave's Food and copy of our helpful book "Hints About Baby" to the Canadian Agent.

NEAVE & CO., ENGLAND.

ing the feat suggested by Vane, amused him; for Vane was an accomplished athlete, and, compared with Senley Tyers, a veritable Samson.

"Besides," he added, after a pause, "I don't believe there is a decent-looking woman in the place."

"Then Trelorne is nearer Paradise than we thought," was the comment Vane Tempest laughed shortly.

"How you do hate the other sex, Sen!" he remarked.

Tyers shrugged his shoulders very slightly, as if the subject were not worth discussing.

"Yes," he said, after another pause, "it will be useful. If ever I want to paint Sorrow, Disappointment, Hope Deferred, and Grim Despair generally, I shall get some unhappy woman to sit as a model, and—well, think of Trelorne while I paint her."

The young fellow looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't understand," he said. Tyers smiled cynically.

"Of course, you don't. Why should you? What are moods, impressions, color, form, tone, to you? You have not to paint for a living."

Vane laughed rather ruefully.

(To be Continued.)

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All drug stores sell SALVIA, and it is guaranteed to grow hair or money back.

The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of.

If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot disappears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA, the Great American Hair Grower, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots and acts so quickly that people are amazed.

And remember, it destroys the Dandruff germ, the little pest that grasps the life that should go to the hair from the roots.

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**Don't Fret.**

Don't get discouraged when you hear what people say about you. Don't get the blues and drop a tear because they chance to doubt you.

Don't go around with troubled brow overlooking all life's beauty. The folks that talk will suffer more than you, so do your duty.

Don't fret and fume and wish them ill. Their lives hold little pleasure. Send back a measure of good will. 'Twill serve to heap your measure.

Don't be discouraged, for the world will always criticize you. Earth's dearest treasure is the few true friends who love and prize you.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.**

**MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, Etc.**

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9667.—A SIMPLE STYLISH DESIGN



Ladies' House Dress. Suitable for gingham, galatea, chambray, lawn, or percale, this model may also be developed in ratine, linen or lincene, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem tucked at the centre back. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9675.—A SIMPLE UP-TO-DATE STYLE.



Ladies Blouse Waist, with or without Chemise, and with long or short-sleeved, and two styles of cuffs. (To be slipped over the head).

This practical model is suitable for lawn, madras, gingham, voile, crepe, ratine, linen, or silk. The garment is to be slipped over the head and laced in closing at the centre front. A chemise in low neck outline, or finished with a standing collar may be arranged under the waist when worn. The sleeve in full length has a turn back cuff while the shorter sleeve shows a shaped cuff cut with overlapping point. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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Though assailed time and again, and threatened with displacement,

**Gossage's Soaps**

Still lead in sales. This is only due to its uniform quality which gives perfect satisfaction.

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**Arrival of Prince Albert TOBACCO.**

Prince Albert Tobacco is prepared for smokers under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the most delightful and wholesome Tobacco.

A rich mellow smoke, does not bite the tongue.

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Something new which will never grow old. A rare combination of beauty and utility.

If you contemplate a purchase of solid silver, be sure to see this exquisite line at our store.

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Prepare for the Jamming Season!

We are now showing an extra heavy quality of

**Enamel Skillets,**

From 46c. to 70c. each.

Also, Best English Metal and Brass Skillets, Wood Spoons, etc.

**MARTIN HARDWARE CO.**

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(AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY)

In Bottles and Half Bottles.

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**Cigarettes**

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