

# A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(Continued).

Ida's heart sank, and she seized the first opportunity of getting to her own room. What hope of forgetting could there be for her, what chance of happiness, if Stafford came back to the Villa to live, if she should be in hourly dread of meeting him? The thought haunted her through all the quiet Christmas festivities at the Grange, and she was glad to get back to the Hall, and away from the eyes which watched her though they watched her with a friendly and affectionate regard.

In her daily rides she avoided the opening on the lake side from which the Villa was visible; and she would sometimes make a long detour rather than go near the spot. On one occasion, when returning from Bryndermere, instead of crossing by the ferry she rode round by the other side of the lake, keeping well away from the Villa, lest she should meet anyone belonging to it. She had reached the road leading to the Hall, and after passing to look at the magnificent view, was going across a field, one of the outlying fields of her estate, when she saw a lady riding through a gate at the lower end. The blood rushed to her face and her heart seemed to stand still for a moment, for she saw that it was Maude Falconer; then her face grew pale and a wave of bitterness grew over her, for she recognized the horse on which Maude was riding; it was Stafford's Adonis. Her first impulse was to turn aside and leave the field; but her pride revolted, and she kept her course, looking straight before her, and trying not to see the graceful figure below her.

At sight of her, the blood had flown to Maude's face also, and she tried to check her horse; but Adonis, at any time rather more than she could well manage, was fresh and eager to join the other horse, and he carried her up to the fence against her will. The two met almost face to face, the horses exchanging friendly neighs. For a moment, while one could count twenty, the two rivals sat and looked at each other. Half unconsciously, Ida noticed the pallor and the worn look of the beautiful face, the wistful peevishness of the delicately cut lip; then suddenly Maude's face flushed, her eyes grew hard and scornful, and with something like a sneer she said, in a metallic tone:

"I beg your pardon, but are you aware that you are trespassing?" A saint would have turned on such provocation; and Ida, being no saint, felt that her face was as crimson as the other girl's, and grew as hot of heart as of face. She set her lips tightly and tried to remain silent; surely it would be better, in every way better, to ride on without a word. But it was not so; she could do; and she drew herself up and her eyes flashed back the challenge, as she said in a low but distinct voice:

"Pardon me, but you are mistaken. The land on which I am riding belongs to me." Maude grew pale again, and her lips set closely until the line of red almost disappeared.

"Is this not, then, part of the Villa estate?" she asked.

"No; it is part of the Herondale estate," replied Ida, rather more gently; for was it not horrible that she should be engaged in altercation with Stafford's future wife?

"Then I presume I have the honor of speaking to Miss Heron," said Maude, with an indefinite air, combining contempt and defiance, which brought the color to Ida's face again.

"My name is Ida Heron; yes," she said.

"Then, if you are making no mistake, it is I who am trespassing," said Maude,

"and it is I who must apologize. Pray consider that I do so most fully, Miss Heron."

"No apology is necessary," said Ida, still more gently. "You are quite welcome to ride over this or any part of Herondale."

Maude gave a little scornful laugh! "Thanks, it's very good of you!" she said, haughtily, and with that covert offensiveness of which a woman alone is capable. "I do not think I shall have any desire to avail myself of your kind permission; the public roads and the land belonging to my father's house will, I think, prove quite sufficient for me. I am the daughter of Mr. Falconer, of the Villa at Brae Wood."

Ida inclined her head slightly by way of acknowledgment and adieu, and without another word rode on, towards the gate at the bottom of the field which opened on to the road. Adonis, who had been delighted to meet his old friend, promptly followed Maude Falconer, and coner tried her hardest to check him and turn him, he inwardly laughing at her efforts, trotted cheerfully beside Rupert, and continued their conversation. Maude was half mad with mortification, and quite unable to leave Ida's hated side, she raised her head and struck Adonis across the face. The horse had never received such a blow before in his life, stopped dead short, falling back almost on his haunches, then reared straight up and in a moment of temper tried to throw her off; indeed, she must have fallen but for Ida, always cool at such moments, who sideway, caught Adonis's bridle and brought him on all fours. Maude was instantly jerked forward on to the horse's neck in a humiliating fashion, but recovering her seat sat trembling with reason.

It was impossible not to pity her, and Ida in her gentlest and quietest of voices, said:

"I will wait here, will not go through the gate until your groom comes up. Your horse will be quite quiet then. If I may venture to say so, I think it would be wise not to strike him across the head; very few horses can stand it; and this one is high-bred and exceptionally spirited."

She was stopped by Maude's scornful laugh.

"Really, I ought to feel very much obliged to you, Miss Heron!" she said; "and my sense of obligation is almost as great as my amazement at your frankness—and assurance." May I ask you to be good enough to release my horse's reins?"

Ida's hand fell from the reins, and her face grew crimson; but before she could have retorted, even if she had intended doing so, Maude struck the horse again; it turned and dashed across the field, kicking and plunging violently, with Maude swaying precariously in the saddle. Ida waited until the groom—was Poltlinger—had gained his mistress's side and got hold of the horse; then, with no thought of bravado but simply with the desire to get away from the spot, she put Rupert at the gate and leapt into the road.

CHAPTER XL.

Ida rode home all quivering with the pain of the meeting. At first it seemed to her that she must leave Herondale—for a time, at any rate; that it would be impossible for her to run the risk of meeting the beautiful woman who had stolen Stafford from her; but, as she grew calmer, her pride came to her aid, and she saw that to turn away would be cowardly. Herondale was her home, had been her home long before the Villa had sprung up, and to desert it because of the proximity of Maude Falconer would be almost as bad as if a soldier should desert his colors.

But for the next few days she did not leave her own grounds. She grew pale and listless, and Lady Bannardale, when she came to look her up, noticed the change in her but was too tactful to make any remark upon it.

"We have missed you so much, my dear," she said, affectionately. "Indeed, my husband has been quite fidgety and irritable—so unlike him!—and Edwin has been worse, if it were possible. Men are a great trouble, my dear Ida. Though perhaps I ought not to say that of mine, for count myself lucky in both husband and son. Edwin has scarcely given me a day's trouble since he was a child. I really think, if I were asked what are the best gifts bestowed by the fairy godmother, I should say 'a good digestion and a temper to match,' and I am quite proud of Edwin's strength and amiability. But even he has been somewhat of a trial for the last few days; so my dear girl, do come over and help me manage them." Ida smiled rather absently, and her ladyship glided smoothly from the subject. "Since we last saw you we have called at the Villa," she said, "and we were fortunate enough to find Miss Falconer at home. She is now in a lovely corner at home. She has been in a great palace of a place, for her father has gone back to London; and, though I was never very much taken with her, I could not help pitying her."

"Why?" asked Ida, not absently now, but in her quiet, reserved manner.

"She looks as well as actually so unhappy," replied Lady Bannardale. "She was in mourning, and her face—she is really an extremely beautiful girl—was like marble. And her reception of me was almost as cold. I am afraid that she has had more trouble than we are aware of. There was such a preoccupied and indifferent air about her. It occurred to me that she was fretting for her absent fiancé, Mr. Stafford—oh, dear me! I shall never remember to call him Lord Highcliff—and I resolved to carefully refrain from mentioning him; but you know how stupid one is in such a case, now one always talks about lameness in the presence of a man with one leg; and in the midst of a pause in the conversation, which by the way, was nearly all on my side, I blurted out with: 'Have you heard from Mr. Stafford lately, Miss Falconer?' I suppose you mean Lord Highcliff, Lady Bannardale," she said, turning her cold blue eyes on my scarlet face. He is in Australia, and is well. I do not hear very often from him. He is leading a very busy life, and has little time for letter-writing. I imagine. Of course I got myself away as soon as I could after that, and I am afraid I left a very bad impression upon Miss Falconer."

Ida said nothing, but leant forward and stirred the fire, which may have caused the color which glowed for a moment or two on her face.

"I am sure I don't know why the young man should have rushed off to the other end of the world; or why he doesn't rush back again and marry the lady of his heart, who has enough money for both of them, and would make an extremely handsome and stately countess. By the way, have you ever seen the present Lord Highcliff, my dear?"

"Yes, I have seen him," Ida replied in the tone which closes a subject of conversation. "Shall I give you some more tea? No? Would you like to see how the workmen are getting on? I think they are working very quickly. They will want this part of the house presently, and I have an idea of going away for a time; perhaps abroad," she added, though she had put the idea away from her until this moment, and it was only Lady Bannardale's talk of Maude Falconer, which started it again in her mind.

Lady Bannardale looked alarmed.

"Oh, don't do that, my dear!" she said. "If you are obliged to turn out of the house, why not come to us? It would be so kind and sweet of you."

Ida sighed a little wearily.

"On, I don't suppose they will insist upon meeting me," she said. "I think I can persuade them to leave me two or three rooms."

Lady Bannardale went home and dropped her bomb-shell in the presence of Lord Bannardale and Edwin.

"Ida rather thinks of going abroad," said in a casual way at the dinner-table.

Lord Edwin was raising his wine glass to his lips, but arrested it half-way and set it down again, and his handsome face grew long and grave.

"Oh! We shall miss her," remarked Lord Bannardale, lamely, and avoiding looking in his son's direction.

Not another word was said; but the next day Lord Edwin came into Lady Bannardale's room with that affectation of ease and indifference which never yet deceived a mother.

"I'm going to call on Miss Heron, mother," he said. "Any message?"

Lady Bannardale looked at him, her brow wrinkled with motherly anxiety. There was nothing in the world she desired more than his happiness; and she knew that the marriage with Ida would be in every way desirable: the girl was one in a thousand, the Bannardale estates almost joined Herondale; both she and her husband were fond of Ida, who, they knew, would prove a worthy successor to the present mistress of the Grange; but just because it seemed so desirable, and Lord Edwin's heart was so passionately set upon it, the mother was anxiously aware that he was dressed with extreme care, and that his face was unusually grave.

"You will give Ida my love, Edwin, please, and tell her—"

She turned away that he might not see her anxiety. "That is all; but it means a great deal, as you know, Edwin. I—I wish you every happiness, my dear boy."

"Thank you mother," he said, by no means in an unmanly way. My happiness or unhappiness rests with her. When he arrived at the Hall, Ida was just going out for a ride. She turned back with him to the drawing-room, thinking that he had brought a message from his mother, probably a definite invitation to stay at the Grange, and in her mind she had already decided to decline it. As he happened to stand with his back to the window the gravity of his face did not enlighten her; and with something like a start she received his first words.

"Miss Heron, my mother says that you have some thought of leaving Herondale, of going abroad. If that is so, I cannot let you go without—without speaking to you; so I have come over this afternoon to tell you, as well as I can, what I have on my mind and my heart. I'm not very good at expressing myself, and I'm handicapped in the present instance by—by the depth of my feeling. Of course I am trying to tell you that I love you. I thought you might have seen it," he said, with a touch of wonder at her start and flush of surprise. "But I see you have not noticed it. I love you very much indeed; and I feel that my only chance of happiness lies in my winning you for my wife. I don't know there's any more to be said than that, if I were to talk for a month I love you, and I have loved you for a long time past." A few weeks, a few months are 'a long time' to youth when it is in love! "The very first day I saw you—but I needn't tell you that; only I like you to know that it isn't a sudden fancy, and one that I shall get over in a hurry. I don't feel as though I shall ever get over it at all; don't know that I want to. Please don't speak for a moment. There was something else I wanted to say. I'd got it all arranged as I came along, but the sight of you has scattered it."

Ida had been going to speak, to stop him, but this appeal she remained silent, standing with her hands clasped and unclosing on her whip, her eyes fixed on the ground, her brows drawn straight. The coldest woman cannot listen unmoved to a declaration of love, and Ida was anything but cold.

"Only wanted to tell you," he went on, "that my people are very anxious that you should say yes. But my father and mother are very fond of you—I think you know that—and—"

He stammered a little here for the first time—and—well, there are the estates. You won't mind my saying that both you and I have to think of them; they belong to us and we belong to them, and if we were married—"

"I don't lay much stress upon the estates being so close. I'd come and ask you to marry me if I were as poor as a church mouse or you hadn't a penny. It just comes to this: that I love you with all my heart and soul, and if you'll marry me I shall be the happiest man, and my people the proudest people, in England."

There was a warm flush on his handsome face, an eager look in his bright eyes, and he had pleaded his cause very well, in an outspoken, manly way, which never fails to appeal to a woman. Ida was moved; the crop nervously snapped in her hands, and her eyes grew moist. He said it, and tried to take her hand, but she did not move, shook her head very gently but very resolutely.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "I—I want to tell you, Lord Edwin, how proud I am at the honor you have paid me. Like yourself, I am not good at expressing my feelings—though, indeed, I think you have said for yourself an injustice; you have spoken, told me very well—and I am very grateful. I wish I could say yes."

"Ah, say it!" he implored her, eagerly. She shook her head again, and lifting her eyes and looking at him straightly but sadly, she said in a still lower voice:

"Lord Edwin, I do not love you."

"I never said, though you did," he responded, promptly. "Why you've only known me such a short time, and I'm not such a conceited bounder to think that you've fallen in love with me already. I only want you to let me try and win your love; and—I think I shall do so." He said in a modest but manly way, which would at once have won Ida's heart—if it had not been won already. "If you will only give me some hope, just tell me that I've a chance, that you'll let me try."

Ida smiled a sad little smile.

"If I said as much as that—"

But I cannot, Lord Edwin, you—you have told me that you love me, and it would not be fair—ah, please don't try to persuade me! Don't you see how terrible it would be if I were to let you think that I might come to care for you, and I did not do so."

"Do not say no," broke from him, and his face paled under the tan.

She turned away from him, her eyes full of tears which she dared not let him see.

"I—I must have said," she said, almost desperately. "Will you give me a day, two days?" she asked, quite humbly. "I want to do what you want, but—I want to think; there is something I should have to tell you."

He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"It's anything that's happened in the past, anyone else—of course, loving you as I do, I have seen that there has been something on your mind, some trouble besides your father's death—but if it is past, I don't mind. I know I can teach you to forgive it, whatever it is. Ida, trust yourself to me."

She drew away from him.

"Give me two days," she said, with a catch in her breath.

He caught at the hope, small though it was.

"I will give you two days, twenty if you like," he said. "Only, while you are thinking it over, remember I love you with all my heart and soul, that my people will love you as a daughter, that—"

Oh, I won't say any more. I can't trust myself. I'll go now."

When he had gone Ida got on Rupert and rode to the top of the hill. There she pulled up and thought with a sad heart and mind. She had not done as she had said; she could not but feel that she had surrendered herself to him, he would, indeed, in time teach her to forget. She knew that



## Crown Brand Corn Syrup

Makes Delicious Candy

Caramels, Fudge, Butter Scotch—ever so many kinds. One small tin makes heaps of taffy, and anyone who has ever tried it knows that taffy-making is heaps of fun! An excellent table syrup too! And it makes delightful pudding sauces.

2, 5, 10 and 20-lb. tins

MADE IN CANADA

Sold by All Grocers

Send for the *Edwardsburg Free Recipe Book*

## THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

Manufacturers of the Famous *Edwardsburg* Brands

Montreal  
Brantford

Cardinal  
Fort William

It was her duty to marry; his word about the estates had not been spoken in vain. Yes; if she became Lord Edwin's wife, she would in time forget. But, alas! she did not want to forget.

Her love for Stafford was still as strong as ever, and with its bitterness was mingled a sweetness which was sweeter than life itself. And yet how great a sin it was, how shameful a one, that she should love a man who was pledged to another woman, who was going to marry her.

She came in late for dinner, and could scarcely eat. Her reason said "yes," her heart said "no;" and she knew that she ought to listen to her reason and turn a deaf ear to the still voice in her heart. She paced up and down the drawing-room pale and wan with the fight that was going on within her. Then suddenly she resolved that she would accept him. She would not keep him in suspense; it would not be fair—it would be a cruel requital of his love and generosity.

She went to the writing-table, and hurriedly, as if she were afraid of hesitating, she drew a sheet of paper towards her and wrote:

"Dear Lord Edwin—"

She had got thus far when Donald and Bess, who had been lying beside the fire, sprang up and ran to the door barking loudly. She laid down the pen and opened the door mechanically; the moonlight was streaming through the window in the hall; the dogs bounded to the front door still barking vociferously. Still mechanically, she let them out, and they rushed across the terrace and over the lawn to the group of trees beside the footpath. Thinking that they heard Jessie, whom she had sent to Bryndermere, Ida, half unconsciously glad of the interruption, followed them slowly across the lawn.

Their barking ceased suddenly, and convinced that it was Jessie, she went on to add something to her message. Then, suddenly, she saw a tall figure standing in the shadow of the trees. It was a man, and Donald and Bess were jumping up at him with little whines of pleasure. Smitten by a sudden fear she stopped; but the man raised his head and saw her, and, with an exclamation, strode towards

### No Place for Doctors.

"Healthy?" said the proud resident. "I should say this town is healthy. Why, there's only been one death here in ten years."

"Indeed!" replied the visitor. "And may I ask who it was that died?"

"Our doctor; he died of starvation."

"Bald heads remind me of kind words." "Why so?" "They can never dye, you know."

Many a girl who thinks she has a swanlike neck makes a goose of herself.

### STEADY POSITION

A good pay, pleasant position to high class men who can carry through an article that reduces the cost of living. Sells on sight even this year. Only steady, persistent workers wanted.

The Simplex Co., Owen Sound, Ont.



## The Profitable Link

Between Colthood and Selling Time is SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER COMPOUND. It carries coats through the critical years of danger from Distemper in its various forms, as it acts as a sure preventive, no matter how "exposed." A few very small doses prevent the disease in case of infection.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.

Chemists and Bacteriologists, Coshen, Ind., U.S.A.

# Realpath

## Extra Granulated Sugar

is put up at the Refinery in

10 Pound,  
20 Pound,  
50 Pound  
and  
100 Pound  
Cloth Bags,  
and in  
2 Pound  
and 5 Pound  
Sealed Cartons

When you buy *Realpath* Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine *Realpath*, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

It's worth while to insist on the Original Packages.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED,

MONTREAL



Better Light and More of It

## KEROSENE

Light is best for young eyes and old eyes alike. The

# Rayo

lamp gives you kerosene light at its best—a steady, generous glow that reaches every corner of the room.

The RAYO does not smoke or smell. It is made of solid brass, nickel-plated. It is easy to light, easy to clean, easy to rewick. At dealers everywhere.

Made in Canada



ROYALTY OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited  
Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal  
St. John Winnipeg Vancouver