## The Lady of Lancaster;

Or, Leonora West's Love.

CHAPTER IV .- Continued). He did He would prevent poor folks from

marrying, in the first place." And then as she saw how patiently the woman endured these taunts, she had the grace to be ashamed of herself.

'Well, there, there; I dare say you don't care to hear your folks spoken of in that way," she said, in a milder tone. "But then Richard West was no kin to here. you, anyway only your husband's brother!

little retort.

husband's nephew, my lady, yet you take an old maid at heart. "That is all I ask a great interest in him," she said.

Lady Lancaster gave her a keen little glance. "Humph! West has some spirit is here." in her," she said to herself; then, aloud, she replied:

"I can assure you the only interest 1 take in him is because he is my Lord Lancaster; and as he holds the title my late husband held, I should like for him to have money enough to support it properly. But if he does not marry to please me, you shall see how little I care for the young popinjay,

Mrs. West made no reply, and her miscress continued, after a moment's thought: Must you really take the child, do you

think, West? 'I couldn't think of refusing poor Dick's dying request," was the answer.

Shall you make your home in America?" continued the lady. On, no, no; I should come back to dear old England. I couldn't consent to page my last days in a strange country.'

Lady Larcaster was silent a moment. Her eyes were very thoughtful; her thin lips worked nervously. Mrs. West waited patiently, her plump hands folded together over the letter that had brought her such strange, unwelcome news. "Where are you going to live when the child comes?" Lady Lancaster snapped,

almost rudely: "I don't know yet, my lady. I have made no plans. I only received my letter a little while ago.' You don't want my advice, I presume?"

more enappishly than ever. 'I should be very glad of it," Mrs. West replied, respectfully.

Why didn't you ask for it, then?" "I didn't dare." 'Didn't dare, eh? Am I an ogress?'

Should I have eaten you if you had asked lady, shortly. Oh, no, Lady Lancaster; but I shouldn't have presumed to trouble you so far,

Mrs. West replied, in her quiet way that was so strange a contrast to the others for you." replied the grim old lady.

A plan for me!" Mrs. West echoed, Yes You shall not go away from Lancaster Park. You shall have the child

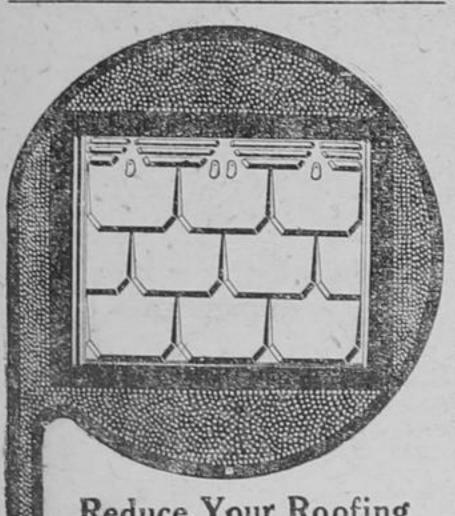
Here!" cried the housekeeper, doubtful if the were in her proper senses.

I beg your pardon. I was doubtful if understood your words rightly. 1 thought you disliked children," Mrs.

Why do you echo my words so stupid-

West answered, confusedly. that, I had sooner have Dick West's child | waspish: I didn't care for it when I didn't here than for you to leave me. You could have to bear the brunt of it. She rather keep her in your own rooms, couldn't amused me then, but now I get out of

"Certainly," faltered Mrs. West, in a Harry De Vere, lazily. tremor of joy. She was very glad that | "It is something I have to carry home she was not to leave Lancaster Park, to her from New York. By Jove! I have where she had dwelt in peace and comfort for sixteen, years-ever since her | reason I would willingly undertake; but, faithful, hard-working John had died and | ah, really, this is too bad!" groaned the left her a lone widow with only fifteen



Reduce Your Roofing Costs, Protect Your Buildings From Fire, Lightning and Weather

You accomplish all these results by using our heavily zinc coated

Eastlake" Metallic Shingles

They give longer service than any other roofing. Cost less to lay. Are rust-proof and do not require painting. Those laid 28 years ago are still giving good service. Send for free book that shows how "Eastlake" shingles make your buildings lightning fire, and

weather-proof and why they cost less per year than any other roofing.

We Manufacture a complete line of Sheet Metal Building Material

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO., Limited Manufacturers 797 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG King and Dufferin Sts., TORONTO

Sena

For

Book

Free

aunt's epistle:

for her to go after the child; and, in fact, day that I can put off until to-morrow. I don't think it would be safe for her to | So it was actually the day before they

pounds between her and the world. She "I don't believe God has anything to do | had thought herself a very fortunate wowith it," cried the old lady, violently, "If man when she secured this place, and her heart bounded with joy at the thought that she was to stay on in peace in spite of the incumbrance of her brother-in-law's orphan child.

"Oh, Lady Lancaster, I don't know how to thank you!" she cried. "I shall be very glad not to go away from the Park. I will keep Leonora very close, indeed I will, if you will allow me to bring her

Well, she shall be brought here. Of course I rely on you to keep her out I Mrs. West could not forbear a pertinent | my way. I dislike the ways of children, said the hard old lady, who had never 'And Captain Lancaster is only your had any children herself, and who was of you. Don't have her around under my feet, and I shall never remember that she

> "Thanks, m- lady. And when am I to go and fetch my niece?" inquired the housekeeper, timidly. "You're not to fetch her at all. I

thought I had told you that already," Mrs. West's eyes grew large and round

with dismay. "Indeed, I thought you said I should have her here," she exclaimed. 'So I did I said she should be brought here, but I didn't say you should go to

New York and fetch her home! "But Dick wished me to go," perplexedly; "and how is she to come if I do not She may come with Lord Lancaster the

first of June. I dare say he can go and But it seems as if I ought to go myself. Besides Lord Lancagter mightn't

like it indeed," whimpered poor Mrs. "Fiddlesticks! I do not care whether he likes it or not," declared the octogenar-

as I bid him. Aren't you willing to trust the child with him? "Oh, yes, my lady," declared the housekeeper, with a sigh of relief.

"Til be shot!" ejaculated Captain Lancaster, in a voice of the liveliest exas-

"Oh, no; what have you done?" exclaimed his chum lifting his handsome head from his lounge amid a cloud of curling.

blue eigar-smoke. "Nothing; I never did anything in my my advice?" demanded the irascible old life," in an injured tone, "and I am fain to ask why I am so bitterly persecuted.' "Persecuted?" inquired De Vere, lan-

"Oh, yes, you can afford to be cool. You are the legal heir to ten thousand a year. You are not at the beck and call of a re-"Very well. I've presumed to lay a plan lative who gives you the most troublesome commissions to execute without so much as saying by your leave," growlcd Lancaster.

The young lieutenant laughed lazily. "You have had a letter from my lady?

'Yes. Look here, De Vere, I wonder if she thinks I belong to her wholly? Must one be a white slave for the sake of coming into twenty thousand a year?" "It is worth lots of toadying," declared

De Vere, emphatically. "I used to like Aunt Lydia-rather-before my uncle died," said Lancaster, re-I did, and do," tartly. "But, for all flectively. "She was always tart and you? I needn't be bothered with her so patience with her whims and exactions. "What is it she wants now?" asked

> a great mind to refuse. Anything in victim, dropping his head back among the cushions of his chair.

It was a handsome head, crowned with short, crisp masses of fair hair, and he was a blue-eyed young giant with the periect features of an Antinous, and a smile that dazzled one when it played around the full red lips half veiled by the drooping ends of the long, fair mustache. He had an indolent air that was not unbecoming to him, but rather taking than otherwise. He did not look like a man who would overexert himself for anything, and yet the air might have been cultivated and not natural.

"I did not know that there was any thing on this side of the 'herring-pond' her ladyship would deign to accept," said

There isn't. She has a horror of everything American. "Then why-what?" inquired the other,

perplexedly and Captain Lancaster's moody brow cleared a moment, and he laughed merrily at his friend's amazed "Give it up Harry. You couldn't guess

in a month," he said. 'I give it up," resignedly. "It's a female," said Laneaster, l'fting

his head to note the effect on his inferior officer. It was startling. The hands that were

clasped behind the lieutenant's head relaxed suddenly, and he sat bolt upright | beautiful city where they had made some on this sofa, his brown eyes distended to their greatest size, his whole air indica- as eligibles of the first water, they were tive of the greatest astonishment. 'By George! You don't say so?" he

astonishing what an effect the mere men-Vere," he observed.

I confess myself astonished. Who is the to England with them-the baby, as they female, Lancacter? Not," catching his had quite decided in their own minds it breath excitedly, "the chosen fair?-the must be. fatal-she who is to out-captain the captain himself, and lead him captive to the have a disagreeable task to perform, go hymeneal altar?'

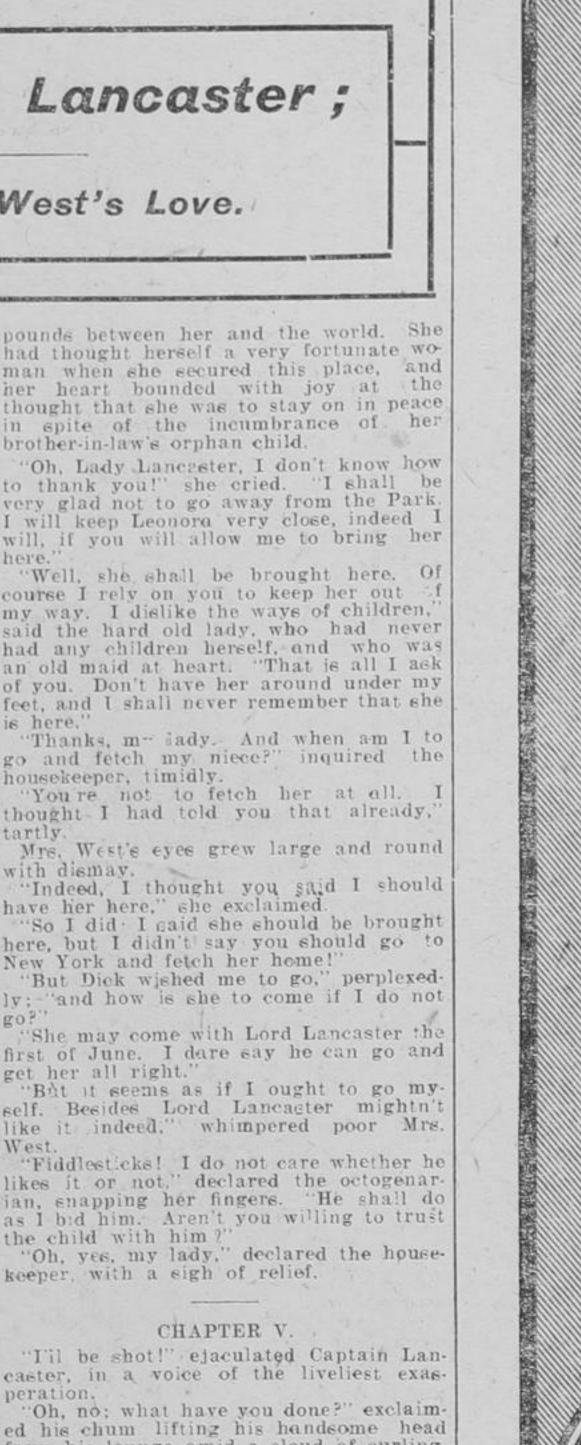
Of course it is nothing of the sort. Could | things and put them off till the last moone come out of New York that would ment. Captain Lancaster belonged to the please my august aunt?"

reth?" quoted the lieutenant, lightly. from the idea of "that squalling baby "But I say, Lancaster, you have excited he had to carry to England. He thought my curiosity to the highest pitch. Who that Mrs. West should come after it heris the female? Am I to be associated self. Yet Captain Lancaster was not a with you in the care of her?"

with the same disgusted aid. I have found New York girls rather fas. beneath the plainly visible fact that she

chandelier, with nobody very near.

go, anyhow. She is so simple, poor wo sailed when Lancaster hunted up the ad-



die of chagrin if you did not bring the little girl to her the first of June.' He paused and looked at his friend comical anger.

get little Leo and bring her to her aunt

Now, do not upon any account forget the

child, Clive, for West would be ready to

"Did you eve" hear of anything co deucedly cool in your life?" he said. "No, I never aid. It is most outrageous. What shall you do?' "Advise me, please. Shall I rebel

against my tormentors mandate and refuse point-black?" "No, never. Rather meet the peril boldly and vanquish it. Walk up to the can-

non's mouth. In other words, accept the small commission. "Small commission, indeed!" groaned

the wretched victim. "What shall I do with a child-a girl-child, too-perhaps a

That would be the best of all. You need have no trcuble then. Only provide a nurse a sucking bottle, and some cans of condensed milk, put them aboard with the baby, and all your trouble is over,' suggested the lieutenant.

"Is it so easy as that? Well, perhaps it is a baby. She calls it a girl, a little child. Yes, I have no doubt it is a baby. Well, when we leave Boston we will go over to New York and see about the nurse and the bottles," sighed Lancaster.

### CHAPTER VI.

Captain Lancaster and his friend, having brought letters of introduction from England, were having rather a nice time in the cultured and aesthetic circles of Boston. They had made the grand tour of the States, lingering at the last in the very pleasant acquaintances, and where, feted and courted in the most flattering manner by the fashionable people of the place. It is true that Lieutenant De Vere Lancaster relaxed from his perturba- cometimes declared that he found New tion to laugh at his startled hearer. "It's York more charming, but still he lingered, loath to go, and it was two weeks after tion of the female sex has upon you. De the reception of Lady Lancaster's letter before they turned their faces toward the "Well, you did take my breath away. city that held the child that was to go

There are a few people who, when they bravely forward and get it over. There 'Pshaw!' disgustedly, 'how you run on. are a great many more who shirk such latter class. He was intensely afraid of Can any good come out of Naza- disagreeables. He revolted exceedingly bad and selfish man, as one might have "I will hand over to you the whole supposed from his reluctance to do this charge, if you wish," said the captain, kindness. The whole gist of the matter lay in the fact that his aunt had so cava-"Cela depend. Is she young and fair? lierly ordered him to do it. He chafed cinating usually," said De Vere, recall meant to lead him by the nose as long ing sundry firtations by the light of a she lived, in virtue of the money she was going to leave him when she died.

"Young? yes-very young, I should So our hero mentally kicked against say," growled the captain, sardonically. taking home the orphan child, and all un-But not to keep you any longer in sus- consciously to himself directed a part of pense, listen to this portion of my dear his vexation at his aunt against the little one. The mention of it was exceedingly distasteful to him, and when Lieutenant "There is a small commission I wish De Vere once or twice represented to him you to execute for me, Clive. My house | that he "ought to go and see about Leokeeper's brother has died in New York nora West before the last day," he inand left her a little girl to take care of. variably replied: "My dear friend, it is I can not spare Mrs. West long enough one of my rules never to do anything to-

man, she would be quite lost in the wil- | dress and went to look after his charge, | ly and decided disapprobation. derness of New York, and might be de- his "small commission," as Lady Lancasvoured by the bulls and bears that I hear ter had blandly termed it. He went infest the place. So I want you to bring | alone, for when De Vere offered to accomthe child to England with you. I dare pany him he shook his head and replied, say she will not be much trouble. I in- decidedly. No, I will not trouble you, for close a carl with her name and New I can get over disagreeable things best York address. You are to go there and alone.

Barns at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph

FARMERS

You'll Find Just What You Want

For Spring Painting, In

MARTIN-SENOUR

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

"MADE IN CANADA"

neighborhood have been supplied with the Martin-Senour line.

And you have only to name your Painting Wants, to have

them promptly filled.

HOUSE PAINT-Why should you waste

money on impure paint, or bother with

mixing lead and oil, when you can get

Martin-Senour "100% Pure" Paint for all

outside and inside painting? Always the

same in quality, color, fineness and purity.

FLOOR PAINT-There's only one to be

considered—the old reliable SENOUR'S

and wears.

Floor Paint-the kind

that wears, and wears,

Your needs have been foreseen. Dealers in your

BARN PAINT - Martin - Senour

"RED SCHOOL HOUSE" is the

paint for the barn. It spreads

easily-covers more surface-and

holds its fresh, bright color against

WAGON PAINT - Keep the

machines, wagons and tools fresh

and bright - and protect them

against rust and weather-by giving

them a coat or two of Martin-Senour

"Wagon and Implement" Paint.

wear and weather.

Write us today for "Farmer's Color Set" and name of

our nearest dealer-agent.

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRIES TO

The MARTIN-SENOUR Go.

655 DROLET STREET, MONTREAL.

Painted with

So he went alone, and the address took him to a quiet, genteel boarding-house, in a quiet but highly respectable street. He rang the bell impatiently, and a smart female servant opened the door, smiling and bridling at the sight of the big, handsome young aristocrat.

"I have called to see about little Miss West. Is she here?" he inquired. "Oh. Lor', yes, sir!" she replied. "Please to walk into the parlor, and I'll take your

He handed her the small bit of pasteboard with his military title, "Captain said, abruptly:

Send Miss West's nurse to me as soon as possible, please. I am in a hurry, We | The dimples deepened around the sweet must sail for England to-morrow.' She gazed at him a little stupidly, "The nurse!" she cchoed.

"Yes, the baby's nurse. Of course I must see her and make arrangements for our voyage," he replied; and the girl hastily retreated, and he caught the echo of a suppressed titter outside the door. "American rudeness and freedom," he

said to himself, disgustedly, as he walked up and down the limits of the pretty little parlor with its Brussels carpet, lace curtains and open piano. "What did she see to giggle at, I wonder?"

And he glanced carelessly at his own elegant reflection in the long, swinging mirror, and felt complacently that there was nothing mirth-provoking there. From the top of his fair handsome head to the toe of his shining boot all was elegant and irreproachable.

make me wait? I hope, upon my soul, she won't bring that horrid young one in to display its perfections. I can well dispense with the pleasure," he said to him- she replied, demurely, self, grimly, and he then turned hurriedly around at a sudden sound.

The door had opened softly, and a young girl, clad in deep, lustreless mourning apparel, had entered the parlor.

### CHAPTER VII.

Captain Lancaster was taken at a dis advantage. He was not at all a vain man, He did not half know how fine looking he was, and his hasty perusal of the mirror was directed rather to his dress than his face. But as he turned about hastily and met the half smile on the lips of the new comer, he realized instantly that his attitude had savored strongly of masculine vanity, and a not unbecoming flush mounted to his good-looking, straightfeatured face. He had a sneaking sense of shame in being caught posing, as it were, before the mirror by this extremely

She was more than pretty, this girl she was rarely beautiful. She was of medium height and size, and her figure was symmetry itself, all its delicious curves and slender outlines defined at their beet by the close-fitting black jercey waist she wore buttoned up to the graceful white throat that had a trick of holding itself high, as if innocently proud of the fair face that shone above it-the face that Captain Lancaster gazed at in wonder for a moment, and then in the most live-

For she was much too pretty to be a nurse, he said to himself-too pretty and too young. She had an air of refinement quite above her position. She had an arch, pretty face, with beautiful blue-gray eyes that were almost black when the full white lids and dark lashes drooped over them. The dazzling fairness of her complexion was heightened by the unrelieved blackness of her dress, and her pouting lips by contrast looked like rosebuds. Two long, thick braids of lovely chestnut brown hair hung down her back, and some soft, fluffy rings of the same color waved over the low, broad forehead with its slender, dark brows. She was not only beautiful, she looked bright and intelligent, and the half smile that parted ner

red lips now made her wonderfully lively. But preity as she was, she was aware that Captain Lancaster was regarding Lancaster," simply engraved upon it, and | her with knit brows and a general air of entire disapprobation. Perhaps it was a novel experience. It seemed to amuse her, arch mouth. She looked down at the card in her hand, and began to read it aloud in a soft, hesitating, inquiring voice:

"Cap-tain Lan-caster?" 'Yes," he replied, and was on the point of making his most elegant bow when he suddenly remembered that it was not at all necessary to be so ceremonious with the nurse of his housekeeper's niece. So he straightened himself up again and

I said, almost tartly: "You are the baby's nurse, I presume?" The long fringe of the girl's lashes lifted a moment, and she flashed a dazzling glance into his face.

"The-baby?" she inquired. "Yes-the little Mies West-the child that is to go to England under my care.

Aren't you her nurse?' The young lady had put a very small, white hand up to her face and coughed 'Now, how long is that nurse going to very hard for a moment. She looked at him the next moment, very red in the face from the exertion.

"I-ah, yes, certainly; I'm the nurse," And then ensued a moment's silence, broken at last by the girl, who said, quietly and politely: "Won't you be seated, Captain Lancas-

He dropped mechanically into a chair near him, but the pretty nurse-maid remained standing meekly in the centre of the room, her small hands folded before her, a demure look on her fair face. The caller cleared his throat and be-

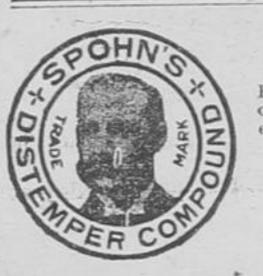
gan, rather nervously: 'It isn't possible that you expected to go to England as that child's nurse?" he

"I had hoped to do so," answered the girl, with a sudden air of chagrin. But-ah-really, you know, you're too young, aren't you?" stammered Lancaster, feeling abashed, as he knew not why, but maintaining a grave judicial air. "Too young? I should hope not. I was

eighteen last week." lifting a small head with an air of great dignity. He could hardly repress a smile, but he put his long, white hand hastily acrose his lips to hide it from those bright, keen

"And do you think you can really take good care of Miss West?" he said. "Remember, is is a long trip across the She flashed one of her swift, bright

(To be continued.)



# Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colds and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful rem. edy, row the most used in existence.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Of any druggist, Turf Goods house, or SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,

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