

**"War-Time Cookery"**

**FREE**

Send name and address for new "War-time Cookery" This book contains recipes chosen by the judges as the best and most practical recipes submitted in our recent cash prize competition. It is intended to assist in the conservation of food and to effect savings in home cooking and baking.

Approved by Canada Food Board  
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TORONTO, CANADA

**Ruled  
Destiny!**

CHAPTER XXIII.  
**A BITTER PUNISHMENT.**

"No? I am glad, glad, glad! But white and thin, Blanche, eh? Poor Floris! We must nurse her now, Blanche. My darling! Ah, Heaven, how I have longed to be able to speak to her! But though I knew she was here—though I knew she held my hand, and could feel her breath sometimes—I could not speak. I suppose I was half-unconscious, eh, Blanche?"

"Yes, dear."

"Am I very much knocked about?"

She was silent.

"Oh, don't think I am anxious about my personal appearance," and he laughed weakly. "But am I too much knocked about to let her make it an excuse for putting off the wedding? I want to be married directly I can get about. Eh, Blanche?"

She nodded an assent and he went on:

"Yes, she won't refuse now. A sick man must be contradicted, that you know. How long has she been lying down? I wouldn't have her disturbed for the world, but I shall be so glad to see her. Doctor," turning his head, "do you think there is any fear of my going off my head again?"

"Not if we are careful not to excite you," said Dr. Greene, looking at Lady Blanche, significantly.

Lord Norman laughed.

"Oh, you won't excite me," he said. "I have had enough in the way of excitement to outshine anything you can do in that line! I shall never forget seeing that mad boy rushing on to his death, as it seemed! Thank Heaven I was able to get up to his side in time! Poor boy! Gone home, has he? I must write to him as soon as I can—I'll get Floris to write to-day, and tell him I'm all right! When we are married he shall come and stay with us!"

He paused for want of breath, then fixed his eyes on Lady Blanche's face.

"Blanche, you are a good girl! You have been helping Floris to nurse me, eh? It is just like you! You

look pale and tired; you have overdone yourself. When Floris comes back I shall tell her to send you away for the whole day."

She found her voice at last. "Yes," she said, almost inaudibly, "when Floris comes back I will go away and rest. But—but she is more tired than I am, Bruce; and the doctor has ordered her to keep to her room."

"My poor darling!" he murmured, fervently. "Go to her, Blanche, and give her my love, will you? And tell her she is not to come to me on any account until she is quite rested," he added, wistfully.

Lady Blanche rose and supported herself by a chair for a moment, then she found strength to creep out of the room.

Her punishment was almost heavier than she could bear.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
**THE UNDELIVERED MESSAGE.**

LADY BETTY was waiting for her in the sitting-room, waiting in the greatest agitation and distress, mingled with her joy for the news.

"Oh, Blanche, is he really better?" she exclaimed, forgetting her animosity for the moment.

"Yes," said Lady Blanche, curtly; "he is better, but his life hangs by a thread—I know that. I have come to ask you what you intend to do."

"To do?"

"Yes. Do you mean to see him? If you do, he will see by your face that something is wrong; he will ask you questions about—about Floris Carlisle. And what will you say? Can you keep your countenance and lie, as I have done? I have told him that she is resting."

"Oh, how could you do that?"

Lady Blanche laughed. It was an awful laugh, and it made her listener shudder.

"I would tell him anything to avert the blow! It must come sooner or later, but unless you want to kill him, let it come later."

"It is dreadful!" moaned Lady Betty. "I cannot understand it. I will never believe she has done what you say."

"Jilted him, and ran off with Bertie Clifford!" said Lady Blanche, icily. "I admire your faith. I suppose you have written to her?"

"I wrote to her before I left Ballyfoe," said Lady Betty. "I wrote to Westbury, where her mother lived. I wrote to Matilda, who first recommended her to me when she came as a companion, but I have received no answer."

Lady Blanche smiled. She knew that Josine had taken the letters from the postbag.

"How could you have received any answer, seeing that Floris Carlisle has gone with Bertie Clifford, and that Lady Matilda is on the Continent?" she said, contemptuously.

"What shall I do?" demanded poor Lady Betty, helplessly.

"Go back to Ballyfoe," said Lady Blanche, firmly. "He does not know you are here. Go back to Ballyfoe, and I will tell him that you would not see him for fear of exciting him, and that you have taken Floris Carlisle with you."

"Yes, I will go," said Lady Betty. "I will go at once. Poor Bruce, poor Bruce!"

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Lady Blanche's face flushed. "Save your pity for those who need it," she said, quietly. "Poor Bruce, as you call him, is a fortunate man to have been deceived before marriage, instead of afterward," and with this last dagger thrust, she left her.

From that moment Lord Norman's recovery was rapid. At the end of the week a comfortable, the most comfortable of the Ballyfoe, traveling carriages, filled with every luxury a convalescent could require, arrived at Scarfross, and to his immense satisfaction, he started for "home," as he called it.

They started early in the morning. Lord Norman and the young doctor travelling in the big carriage, and the rest of the party travelling as best they liked.

They arrived at Ballyfoe at dusk, and were greeted by Lady and Sir Joseph Lynch with the most cordial and affectionate welcome. It was quite a reception, in fact, all the guests who remained thronging the terrace and pressing forward to express their delight at seeing him among them again.

Lord Norman, as he shook hands and responded to their kind expressions, kept glancing to the right and left and beyond them to the hall door, with barely suppressed eagerness.

"Where is Floris?" he asked, quite audibly, of Lady Lynch.

Before she could answer, Lady Blanche laid her hand softly on his arm.

"Bruce, Dr. Greene says you are to go in at once; the air is chilly for you."

He laughed grimly.

"You see, Lady Lynch, they intend to treat me as an invalid still, and I suppose I must bow beneath their tyranny! I shall see you at dinner."

"Better dine in your own room to-night, Norman, I think," said Dr. Greene. "You have done quite enough for to-day."

They escorted him to his apartments almost as if he were a royal personage, and Lady Blanche went to her own room. As she opened the door, she saw Josine standing waiting for her.

Lady Blanche started and flushed, then she closed the door.

"Is there any news, Josine?" she asked, calmly. "Josine shook her head.

"No, miladi."

"She—she has not written?"

"No, miladi, there have been no letters. If there had been, I would have intercepted them and given them to miladi."

Lady Blanche drew a breath of relief.

"Then—then you have heard nothing?" she faltered.

"Nothing of Miss Carlisle! Nothing whatever. I know nothing except that Miss Carlisle left Ballyfoe with Milford Clifford," she said, steadily.

Lady Blanche dismissed her with a wave of the hand, and sank into a chair.

She knew that Lord Norman would send for her presently, and in a few minutes his valet knocked at the door and begged her to come to his master.

She rose, glanced at her face in the glass, and followed the man. The critical moment had arrived.

Lord Norman was pacing up and down the room impatiently; his traveling cloak of sable was thrown across a chair, as if he had but just flung it off, and he made no attempt at changing his clothes.

"Blanche," he said, facing her, "why doesn't Floris come? Where is she? Why is it that no one mentions her name? Is she in the house? She must be at this hour. I asked my valet if she were dressing for dinner, but I could get no satisfactory answer from him."

Lady Blanche was silent; she could not speak for the moment—could not take her eye from him, in which cl-

ready there began to dawn an overpowering anxiety and apprehension. "Blanche!" he exclaimed; "what does this mean? Is she ill? For Heaven's sake, if you have any news to tell me, tell me at once. Suspense kills me—what is it?"

She moistened her lips.

"Floris is not at Ballyfoe, Bruce."

"Not at Ballyfoe!" he repeated, with wide-opened eyes and knit brow.

"Where is she, then? Great Heavens! Why didn't you tell me before I left Scarfross? I could have taken train at a nearer point than this. You know I am dying to see her!"

Her heart hardened, and she met his impatient gaze steadily.

"I do not know where she is, Bruce," she said, quietly.

"Not know! What do you mean? When did she go, and why?"

"She left Ballyfoe nearly three weeks ago, Bruce—the day you started for Scarfross."

"What!" he cried, in a terrible voice—"what—where? I have had no letter! Ah, I see—you have kept it from me because I was ill. I see—I see! But for Heaven's sake, give it to me now—give them all to me—and he held out his hand.

She shook her head.

"I have no letter for you, Bruce; she has written to no one."

His hand fell to his side.

"Written to no one, Blanche!" his face growing white. "What is this infernal mystery? Why did you lie to me the other day, and tell me she was at Scarfross? Has she not been there at all?"

"She has not been there, Bruce. She left here when you did, and we have not heard a word from her since."

He strode forward and seized her arm.

"Quick! tell me all. She is dead! I know it! I can read it in your face! Quick, tell me!"

"No, Bruce she is not dead that I know of—indeed I do not know. But—but—oh, Bruce, can you bear it?" she whispered.

"I can bear anything better than this suspense," he cried, hoarsely; "don't you see it's maddening me!"

"Oh, Bruce! Bruce!" she moaned. "It is so hard for me to have to tell you! But you will hear it from me best! Bruce, be firm, be brave! Don't look at me so, or I cannot go on!" for his eyes seemed penetrating to her soul.

He looked aside and motioned to her to go on.

"Bruce," she whispered, almost inaudibly, for her heart nearly stood still with fear, with actual fear that when her lips formed the words he should strike, perhaps kill her. "Bruce—Floris Carlisle is not worth a thought from you! She is a bad, wicked girl!"

"What!" and he laughed a short, wild laugh of mockery. "Go on, go on! You are mad! Floris is what?"

(To be continued.)

**Fashion Plates**

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

A PRACTICAL SET OF SHORT CLOTHES FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



2513—This outfit comprises a simple dress, a short-waisted petticoat, and a combination garment, consisting of waist and drawers which could also serve as a model for bloomers. The dress is a design good for lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, voile or percale. For the undergarment muslin, cambric, long cloth and nainsook could be used. If the combination undergarment is used as rompers, it could be of galatee, gingham, drill, linen, pop or percale.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires, for the dress, 2 1/2 yards; for the petticoat, 1 1/2 yard; for the combination, 1 1/2 yard, of 36-inch material.

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

A DAINY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR.



2487—In soft batiste, china silk or crepe, handkerchief linen or dimity, this will make a pretty frock. It is also nice for all-over embroidery, flossing, embroidered voile or dotted swiss. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

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| Campbell's Soups.        | Sliced Peaches and Pineapple. |
| Bacon in Glass.          | Royal Amil Cherries.          |
| Anchovy Paste.           | Preserved Ginger.             |
| Lazenby's Potted Meats.  | Guava Jelly.                  |
| McLaren Cheese.          | Black & Red Currant Jelly.    |
| Elk-Horn Cheese.         | Shirriff's Marmalade.         |
| Pfennian Cheese.         | Junker Tablets.               |
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**Germans**

**The New**

AMERICANS ATTACKED.  
WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY THE MARNE, July 15.—The first attack against the American position west of Chateau Thierry, east of west Vaux. The attack came at the most violent bombardment of high explosives and gas shells throughout the night. When the enemy infantry peared the Americans swarmed and met the attackers with a machine gun bullets. American using gas masks as they fought. The bombardment of towns in the west of the lines began shortly after a.m. Latest reports say Americans are holding their own in both maintaining their positions. He shells from German naval guns falling in regions far behind the actual battle field, many of them jetties have fallen in the City Meaux, 25 miles from Chateau Thierry. In many of these towns German fire is constant, the projectiles from 10 and 12 inch naval guns. Reports from American advanced positions say that the Americans are handling the enemy well in despite fighting which is continuing.

ON A FIFTY MILE FRONT.  
PARIS, July 15.—The front between Chateau Thierry and the main De Massiges. Germans attacked this area. French are meeting the shock of enemy attack with energy and the tide continues. The struggle is proceeding on a front of about fifty miles.

POSITIONS INTACT.  
WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY FRANCE, July 15.—Word received here shows that the enemy has launched an attack east of Rheims on sectors on that front on which the French and the Americans are reported intact.

AMERICANS COUNTER ATTACK.  
WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY THE MARNE, July 15.—American troops on this front delivered a counter attack upon the Germans in the

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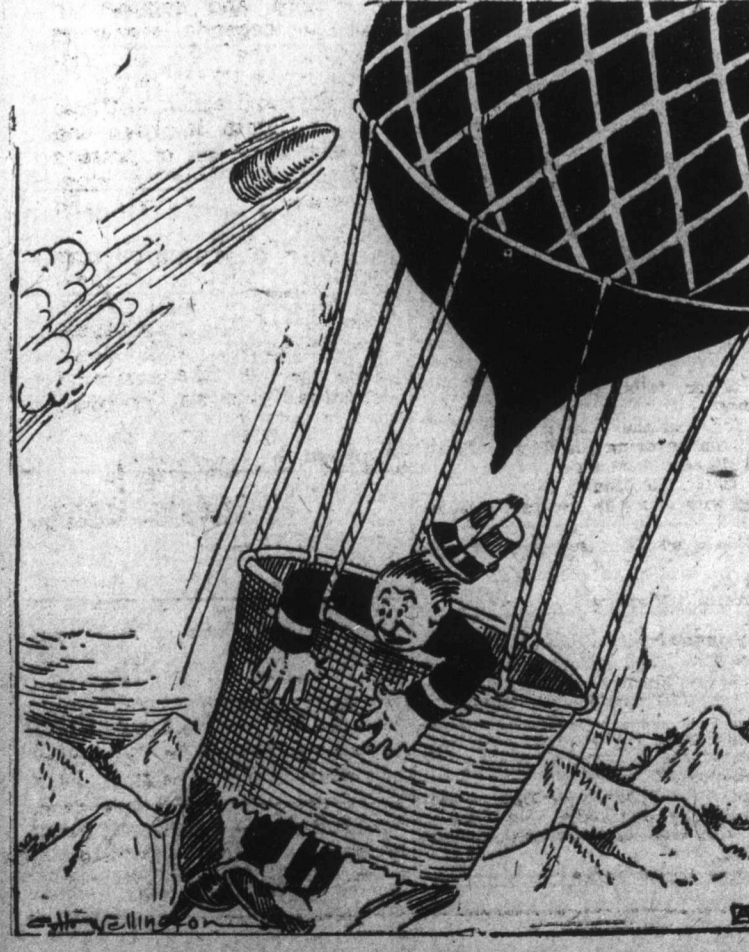
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