



Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXI.
A WOMAN'S WILES.

"Doctor Greene said, if you remember, my lord—" commences Saunders, who is, without doubt, attached to his good-natured master.

"Doctor Greene is an old woman, and so are you—there, no fuss! I'll stick my arm in your coat. Do you remember a worse disfigurement than this?" with a retrospective smile.

"Don't I, my lord. When your lordship milled—I beg your pardon—had a set-to with the bargee at Oxford. He! he! that was a black eye, my lord! Lord! I never saw anything so limp as that bargee when we laid him down on the grass after the ninth round. If you remember, my lord," ran on Saunders, his only delight to indulge in this, his favorite reminiscence; but my lord stopped him with a quiet shake of the head.

"Forgotten it long ago," he says. "Don't believe it ever occurred, except in your imagination." Then, after a lightning of the lips. "We fight differently now; with hard words that hit harder and stab deeper, perhaps. No more mills with bargees, Saunders; what would they say in the House if I proposed that style of argument in a debate. No, no," quietly, "I'll put the rose in myself," he breaks off, stopping Saunders' sacrilegious hand just in time, and pinning the rose—his love badge—his tallman's—slyly as if it were a snowflake and would melt beneath his touch.

As the brougham rolls swiftly along the smooth roads, Elliot Sterne, who is a political diplomat, but not a social one, asks himself what answer he shall give to some questions that may very naturally and probably be put to him. If they ask him whether and when he walked, and whom he saw, what shall he say? Before he has arrived at a solution of this difficulty, the brougham stops, and two gigantic footmen come forward to help him alight. The earl, passing through the hall, comes forward to receive him, with all honor and welcome.

"Glad to see you, Elliott—very glad!" says the old gentleman, with marvelous energy for a Rosedale. "Gad! it is well to be young!—such a knocking about as you have had would send me to the family vault! You'll find the place deserted—"

"Not of all its charms!" says Lord Sterne, entering the drawing-room, and leaning over the hand of the countess.

"We're the last flies of the banquet!" says the old lady, with grim humor. "I vowed not to go until I had seen you! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?—at last!"

"Overwhelmed!" he smiles, passing onto the marchioness, while shaking hands with her, the curtains are drawn aside, and he turns to greet Lady Ethel. With a new-born interest he looks toward her, for will she not be his cousin? But, for the first time, he acknowledges, with sudden frankness, that Lady Ethel is entitled to attention on other grounds than those of prospective relationship. As she comes forward, with a smile upon her face, he is struck with its beauty, and moved gratefully and pleasantly, with masculine complacency, at the slight touch of color in her face, and the dash of warmth in her eyes, that welcomes him. It must be confessed that Ethel has surpassed herself this evening. She is dressed with the most faultless taste in some dove-like neutral tint that sets off her fair beauty to perfection; one dash of color—a shell-like rose, throws up the light gold of her hair; it is her only color—her only ornament. But to-night she seems to have acquired some added grace; she looks—so he thinks, as he

looks at her—exquisitely queenly. For an instant he makes a swift, half-unconscious comparison, but the girl—woman with whom he compares her shines out fairly, and for a moment the queenly Ethel fades before his eyes, even while he has them fixed on her, and the slight, lithe form, the rare, glorious beauty of his love, stands in the place of the exquisitely dressed—the subtly graceful woman of the world.

Meanwhile Ethel is murmuring her welcome; even in her voice he seems to recognize some mysterious change. She had impressed him as being—well, almost gushing—a fault unpardonable in his eyes—but now, as she looks at him with softly welcoming eyes, and speaks in the clear-toned, low music of a high-bred woman, he owns that he was mistaken.

"How kind of you to come! We scarcely expected that you would make so great an effort—indeed, we had given you up! You are better!" "Quite well," he says confidently. "Bored into convalescence," says the countess, grinning. "I knew how long rustic solitude would suit Elliott Sterne. A certain individual was sick, and a hermit would be; a certain person was well, and no hermit was he! Confess you are heartily tired of the recitatives, business and glad to get back to decent society. Clothed and in your right mind, eh?" And the cynical old witch chuckles.

"Not tired of the Abbey, but of my own society; quite right there, countess. I feel like a returned exile." The countess opens her lips for some retort, but dinner is announced, and he escapes. As he passes into the drawing-room with Ethel on his arm, Sydney Calthrop comes down the stairs and nods his welcome. As he does so his eyes drop from Elliott Sterne's face and glance swiftly at the rose; it is a sort of challenge, and Elliott Sterne glances back with unconscious interest at a rose which also adorns his friend's breast. It is a little thing to notice, but Elliott Sterne remembers the coincidence of the two roses years after they are faded and dead.

"Only one hand!" croaks the countess, who is seated opposite, as he takes up his spoon; "somebody will have to cut up his food!"

"That duty devolves upon me—the nearest neighbor should always be the good Samaritan," says Ethel.

"You have taken a load off my mind!" he says, with a low laugh. "I was contemplating the appalling necessity of confining myself to the made dishes and things that don't need carving."

Ethel laughs, and blushes slightly as she dissects an ortolan with delicate grace, and the blush becomes her. Also he cannot help admiring the simple, womanly way in which she comes, without embarrassment, to his aid.

"No," he thinks, "I did her a grievous wrong; she is not gushing, she is charming!"

His enforced solitude has perhaps whetted his appetite for society; at any rate, his fastidious lordship thinks that it is the most enjoyable little dinner that he has participated in for some time. The countess and Sydney Calthrop are exactly opposite, and both are in the best vein; their conversational wrestling about is audible on the other side of the table, and Ethel, skillfully reticent to her neighbor, joins in with the combative pair, and turns the sparkling strain of wit in her direction. Elliott Sterne, listening with lazy enjoyment, makes another pentential admission: the beautiful woman at his side is clever and—well, queenly. Nevertheless the combined charm of the countess' grimly candid humor, the keen satire of Sydney, and the delicate wit of the charming woman at his side cannot hold him, and at intervals his thoughts fly back to the veal-and-ham pie, the strawberries, and the bewitching wood sprite that presided over them, and at those times he felt that he would exchange the excellent dinner—the wit—all, for a crust of bread and cheese with Kitty beside him.

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Then he looked down at his roses with an absent, dreamy smile, little guessing that every look was being registered by two pairs of watchful, jealous eyes. Meanwhile, every faintly of which he partakes Ethel prepares for him, fulfilling her task with a simple, queenly grace that adds a charm to the dish. It is a delightful dinner—if only Kitty were here, he thinks, and then falls to picturing her as she sat, the first night of the party, in the seat where now rests Sydney Calthrop; and he can recall, as distinctly as if she were before him now, the quick turn of her smooth, exquisitely shaped head; the slender, white throat, upon which it turns; the bright, acute flash of the sensitive eyes; and the voice that, even then, moved him in a subtle, mesmeric manner. So Elliott Sterne mingles with the admirable dinner of the great chief a feast of love.

The butler, who knows the great man's taste, brings up with his own hand the glorious wine of the Ypres vineyard, and waits with dignified but keen attention at his elbow. Ethel stretches out her arm—shaped and smoothly white as the sculptured limb of an Athenian Venus—to reach some grapes from the epergne for him, and even delicately snips them from the stalk. It is Hebe waiting on imperial Jove. Wrapped in the glamour, Elliott Sterne feels, perhaps for the first time, that the gods have been especially good to him, and that life is worth the living; even so is the present hour, with that ever-recurring thought that Kitty loves him, and is his—his!

"Ypres, my lord?" murmurs the butler, returning to his elbow as the ladies leave the room.

"I don't know, Beverley," he says, with that free easy cordiality—he stands so high that he can afford to stoop; none can reach him. "It is irresistible, but I'm under orders. Well, another glass, and then take it away—over to Mr. Calthrop, and don't come back, or I'll set Doctor Greene at your heels!"

"Eh?" says the old earl. Beverley, the solemn, fills the glass, and moves away with the shadow—only the shadow—of a gratified smile. "Eh? what's that? Doctor Greene put a ban upon Ypres? Come up here, Elliott," motioning to a chair, which a footman instantly and noiselessly prepared for him. "Don't pay any attention to doctors' restrictions," says the earl, with his courtly, old-fashioned smile.

"No," exclaims Sydney Calthrop, raising his glass, and looking across it with his good-tempered but acute smile. "I remember when I was here two years ago, in November—by Jove, my lord," turning to the earl with his frank smile, which he knew so well how to assume, "what runs we had! weather made for us, and a pack as keen as the blade of a Toledo." The old earl smiles, and plays a tune on the tablecloth with his thin fingers; if there is anything he is proud of it is the character of his famous kennel—Sydney Calthrop knows it well. "Never had such a time! Four days a week, and such dogs ought to have kept a

man straight, but Beverley," glancing over his shoulder at the episcopal butler with a friendly, condescending smile, "chase to bring out that forty-eight port—not all gone, my lord, I hope!—and I've a weakness for port, when it is like that. The port, or a sharper cooler I got in the Lombe—you are not the only one who has made acquaintance with that Jordan, Elliott—"

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR PARTY OR BEST WEAR.



2624—In organdie, net, dotted swiss or baliste, this model will be very attractive. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edging, or, the free edges of bolero and sleeve, and the tucks may be finished with hemstitching. If desired, the bolero may be omitted. Voile, gabardine, gingham, poplin and repp are nice, too, for this design. As illustrated, the neck edge may be high or low, and the sleeve in bishop, bell or puff style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 1/2 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A GOOD STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2348—This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, for satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeves may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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ALLENBY ENTERS ALEPPO.
LONDON, Dec. 16. (Reuter's).—Official telegrams from Palestine state that General Allenby made a state entry into Aleppo on Dec. 10th, with a large escort of Indian cavalry. The streets were lined with the Fifth Cavalry Division. A crowd of 100,000 watched the procession. The Mayor presented the keys of the city and bread and salt to General Allenby at the gate. The General, at the Governor's residence gave an audience to the civilian and religious chiefs of the Moslem, Christian, Jewish and leading citizens, also the administrative heads, and subsequently addressed the people gathered in the square amidst scenes of the greatest enthusiasm which testified to the people's affections for their victorious liberator.

WILSON DELIVERS AN ADDRESS.

PARIS, Dec. 16. President Wilson delivered an address today at the City Hall where ceremonies had been arranged for. The President, replying to the greeting extended him, said it was with no ordinary sympathy that the people of the United States had viewed the sufferings of the people of France. "When the United States entered the war," he continued, "they entered it not only because they were moved by a conviction that the purposes of the Central Empires were wrong and must be resisted by men everywhere who loved liberty and the right, but also because the illicit ambitions which they were entertaining and attempting to realize had led to the practices which shocked our hearts as much as they offended our principles."

SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

LADYSMITH, Dec. 16. (Reuter's).—Minister of Railways Burton, addressing his constituents and dealing with recent South African resolutions favoring the repatriation of enemy subjects, announced that the Union Government had decided that these peace terms precluded such action, to repatriate first, all enemy subjects and British subjects of enemy origin whose conduct caused them to be regarded as dangerous to the State, all naturalized subjects who desired naturalization would be denaturalized prior to repatriation. The Government could not agree with the demand for wholesale repatriation of enemy subjects, which would be unjust, unreasonable, and contrary to the spirit of the constitution and best interests of the country. Mr. Burton stated that that enemy subjects in South Africa generally were law-abiding and peaceful, and many might on the British side during the war. In view of the probability, almost the certainty, that before long they must incorporate in the Union territory mainly inhabited by Germans, it would be wrong and unwise, by adopting a policy favoring vengeance and hatred, to create a complicated still further the already sufficiently difficult problems of repatriating subjects in South Africa. Referring to the resolutions against further trading with the enemy, Mr. Burton urged careful investigation. He gave it as his opinion that the only sound course was to take necessary precautions to secure recovery of South African trade and the country's resources in connection with other parts of the world.

PRISONERS WELL.

LONDON, Dec. 16. (Reuter's).—Sergeant Major Rankin telegraphs the Daily Mail from Holtau, Germany, where the Australian South African and other prisoners are interned, and advises that all Britishers are fairly well, but anxiously awaiting repatriation. Local communication has ceased, the sergeant-major says.

THE FINAL PHASE.

COLOGNE, Dec. 13. The final phase of the occupation of enemy territory by the British Army, as specified by the armistice was being worked out to-day. Three divisions of infantry made formal entry into Cologne this morning and crossed the great bridgehead over the Rhine. To follow the cavalry in the semi-circular line which is being established about the bridgehead a similar operation is being conducted at Bonn, on the Rhine.