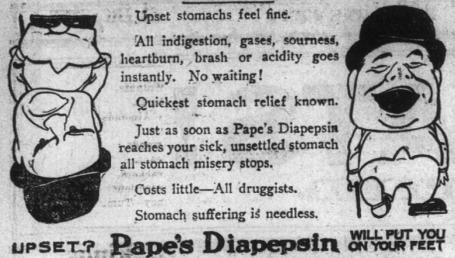


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Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XXV.
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"Suppose—I—I really am surprised and—puzzled at this display of vulgar sentimentality. I don't know what you wish to insinuate, and—er—I do not wish to know. You force me to tell you unpalatable truths. Plainly, the offer you have received is a better, far better one than any one could have expected or hoped for. You are not your Cousin Ethel. Ethel, as a Rosedale—a Rosedale with the family characteristics—makes, as a matter of course, a suitable match. Lord Sterne—What is the matter? You distress me very much by your eccentric and vulgar starts and ejaculations! Ethel, I say, is suitably matched with Lord Sterne—yes; but you—I do not wish to hurt your feelings—but you are a different person to your Cousin Ethel; and, under the circumstances, you have much to be thankful for!"

Kitty, kneeling bolt upright, looks beyond the narrow, egotistical, heartless face, beyond into the meadow, and a soft, sweet breeze seems to refresh her, body and soul.

"Ethel, you say, papa," she says, "is to marry Elliot—Lord Sterne?"

A gesture answers her.

"Papa, are you sure? I—think. Oh, papa, if I could only tell you!" she breaks out, in a low, pleading voice.

"Why do you treat me so coldly?" The Honorable Francis looks down at her with puzzled contempt.

"I think," he says slowly, "that you had better go upstairs—to your own room—excitement, as you are perfectly aware—is—er—fatal to me!"

Kitty rises, white and calm—too calm.

"To-morrow!" she breathes inaudibly.

As she moves, the Honorable Francis says, with composure:

"One word more—Tapeley tells me that Lord Sterne has been here to-day. To anyone but yourself a word would not be necessary, but, God knows how or why, you seem to lack the delicacy which has always, until now, been the second nature of a Rosedale. I say that it would only be delicate to discourage these rather marked attentions of your cousin's future husband. Lord Sterne, no doubt, seeks only to amuse himself—I do not blame him, but I think—ah, yes!" for Kitty's face has grown crimson, and her eyes are fixed on the floor—"you understand me, I see. One thing more," he says, as Kitty reaches the door, and now he hesitates and looks down: "Er—er—James Ainsley was thoughtful enough—knowing my—er—peculiar position—to—er—assure me of the disinterestedness of his affection for you. He is generous enough to decline any thought of a dowry with you—and his idea of settlements is liberal in the extreme, in the extreme. Yes," with a sigh, "we have much to be thankful for!"

Then Kitty goes—goes overwhelmed with shame, bowed down by the hideous display of parental selfishness.

Much to be thankful for indeed, has the Honorable Francis, seeing that a man is waiting to take the Honorable Francis' encumbrance off his hands without a penny of dowry, and with extremely liberal settlements!

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"Syrup of Figs" is Child's Laxative.

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.

CHAPTER XXVI.
FASHIONABLE CONSPIRATORS.

THERE is a general impression abroad, I think, that Iago has, throughout the play, what is popularly called "a good time," and that, thoroughly enjoying his villainous work, he suffers nothing until the moment Othello's eyes are opened to the ancient friend's rascality, and he gives him the retributive dig with his dagger, and the other characters in the play consign him to the tender mercies of the executioner; but I fancy that Iago must nevertheless have suffered some pangs during the progress of his infernal work—not so much pangs of remorse, but of fear. Othello was so ready with that strong arm of his—so unused to control that fiery, passionate temper, that the designing wretch must often, when he was pouring his subtle, fatal poison in his noble patron's ear, have dreaded a sudden clutch of the throat, or a home thrust from the quivering, itching hand of the jealous, tortured Moor. No; I am convinced that Iago had anything but a good time of it, and that often, when he appeared most at his ease, and most complacent, he was quaking in his shoes. Goaded an angry bull to madness is a dangerous game; the animal is so apt to turn aside and hoist the tormentor sky-high!

Good Reading for Christmas.

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The Winds of Chance by Rex Beach; cloth . . . \$1.75
A Daughter of the Land by Gene Stratton Porter; cloth, \$1.50.
Presentation Edition . . . \$1.75
The Remembered Kiss by Ruby M. Ayres; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 90c.
Invalidated Out by Ruby M. Ayres, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 90c.
Up and Down by E. F. Benson; paper90c.
Bridget by B. M. Crocker; paper90c.
Dane's Abbey by Morice Abbey \$1.25
The Years for Rachael by Bertha Ruck; paper90c.
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The Pawns Count by E. P. Oppenheim; cloth \$1.25
The Magnificent Ambersons by Booth Tarkington; cloth, 1.25
The Adventures of Bindle by Jenkins \$1.50
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tion, and I risk all the results, all the reward for my patience and long-suffering, for the sake of—what? A wild little girl with a pair of dark eyes and a smile. Oh, Kitty, you have much to answer for! For years I have been toiling along the road, climbing the hill that leads to wealth and fame, and now I turn aside into a devious unknown path, full of danger and difficulty, in pursuit of you; I may never get back into the road again, I may lose all my chance of greatness and success, but I will have you—at least, I will have you—my Kitty—my love!"

While he had been thus musing, he had made his way round to the terrace, one of the doors of which he had asked the porter to leave open for him, and he paused a moment to regain his usual composure before he entered the house; but so quiet was the whole place, and so absorbed was he in his self-communion, that he uttered an exclamation almost of alarm, when, as he entered the small room, half library, half antechamber, the figure of a woman—rose from one of the low fauteuils and stood beside him.

"Who is it?" he said angrily. "What are you doing here? Ah!"—he broke off as he struck a light, and holding it above his head, allowed it to reveal the beautiful face of Lady Ethel—"I beg your pardon—a thousand pardons!" he said in a low voice, his eyes scanning her pale, embarrassed face curiously. "I thought that it might have been one of the servants. Really, I should be more careful."

Ethel stopped him with an imperious but weary movement of her hand. "Do not apologise. It was foolish of me to wait here, but—but I wished to see you, and I was afraid that you would go upstairs without getting into the drawing-room; that was my reason for coming here."

"I am so sorry that I should have been so long, and kept you waiting," he said, lighting a lamp as he spoke; "the night is so beautiful that I was loath to exchange the cool air for the house."

"Yes," said Ethel, in a low voice, and moving slightly out of the rays of the lamp, "it is hot, stifling, to-night."

And she fanned herself with an impatient, trembling eagerness that strove hard for an appearance of calm.

Sydney Calthrop fixed the shade of the lamp with great exactness, and proceeded to set the French window wide open; then he came and stood beside her, calmly and respectfully waiting for her to speak.

His silence, his very attitude of patient interrogation, is more trying and embarrassing to her than the most direct of questions could be; and he knows it.

(To be Continued)

Choice GROCERIES

which are most essential in making
The Festive Season Enjoyable.

XMAS

Stockings and Bon Bons.

Plum Pudding-Tins
Mince Meat—Glass.
Bacon in Glass.
Lazenby's Pickles.
Mango Chutney.
Black Leister Mushrooms.
Boned Chicken.
Chicken a La King.
Campbell's Soups.
Asparagus.
Almond Paste.
Beef Suet.
Baker's Chocolate.
Shredded Cocoanut.
Essence Coffee.
Dromedary Dates.

EGG YOKE.
1 lb. equal in quantity to 4 doz. eggs, \$1.20 lb.

FRUITS—Tins.
Peaches—Sliced & Whole.
Cherries—Black & White.
Egg Plums, Pears,
Sliced Apricots.

FRESH FRUITS.
Grapes—Malaga and Emperor.
Pears, Tangerines, Cal. Oranges, Florida Oranges, Table Apples, Grape Fruit, Cal. Lemons, Bananas.

DRINKS.
No Script required for this lot.
SCHWEPPEES
Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer.
NON-ALCOHOLIC WINES
Marsh's Port Wine.
Grape Juice.
Apple Cider.
Rose's Lime Juice.
Assorted Syrups.

CHOCOLATES.
A choice assortment in Fancy Boxes in Neilson's and Moir's which are sure to please.

CHEESE.
McLaren's, Canadian, Parmesan.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.,
332 GROCERY, St. John's. 332.

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Almeria
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Tangerines, Cooking

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Fruit, Sultana, F

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Stuffed Figs, Stuffed

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