

# Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER XXI.  
THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

"I will write a list of what I shall require," he said. Then, as he turned to hurry away, he stopped and looked around. "This Scarfross is a mere hut, quite solitary in the hills, is it not?—I mean there is not likely to be any women-folk, who could nurse Lord Norman?"

"It is simply a rough, hut-like place, in a perfect wilderness," some one quickly answered.

"Very well, then," he said, decisively; "some one you can rely upon had better come on after me in the carriage," he said, and ran off.

Lady Blanche stood for a moment, as if collecting all her mental and physical strength; then she went down the terrace and around to the stables.

There she found a couple of grooms wiping down Donald's poor horse, and trying to make him comfortable; and, seated on an upturned barrow, with a noggin of the best whiskey in his hand, was Donald himself.

The appearance of the "grand lady" in their midst flustered the men somewhat. She went up to Donald quickly. "Will you tell me how the accident happened?" she asked.

Donald took off his Gungarry, and told her in his rough, guttural, broken English:

"It was all for the lad's sake, me laddie; he gave his life—if so be the laird dies—for the young boy! Poor boy, he's almost daft over it, and well-nigh broken-hearted! It was a noble thing to do, me laddie, and a sore sight to see so grand a man laying broken and bleeding. It's a strange thing, too, me laddie, that Lord Bruce had a warning the night before. He could not sleep, and came to me to know if he could ride back here. Strange that were, now!" and Donald shook his head gravely, feeling convinced that Lord Bruce had received a direct "warning."

Lady Blanche listened with lowered lids and tightly-set lips.

"And—and do you think he will die?" she asked hoarsely, each word leaving her white lips as if it hurt her.

Donald shook his head and took up his whisky.

"He's sore hurt," he said, grimly. Lady Blanche put her hand to her heart as if she had received a dagger thrust; then she looked at the old man's rugged face with a fixed determination.

"Donald," she said, "a doctor—Dr. Greene—is going to ride out to Scarfross at once, and a carriage is to follow. Will you see about the horses? And, Donald, will you see that a lady's saddle is put upon one?"

"And what for?" he demanded, staring at her.

"For me," she said, gently.

"For the laddie!" he exclaimed. "But it's no possible you'll be thinking of riding through the dark night to Scarfross—"

"I am not only thinking of it, but I mean to do it," she said, calmly. "I am a good rider, and strong," she said. "If Dr. Greene can go, I can go! The night is not dark. Lord Norman is lying there without a woman near him—"

"Say no more, laddie," said the old man, doggedly. "I'll saddle a horse for you, and what's more I will ride back to Scarfross, too."

Lady Blanche went back to the house without a word, and reaching her room, threw herself on her knees beside the bed and hid her face in her hands.

And this was her triumph, was it? It was for this that she had plotted and schemed, that the man she loved should be dying, dying out in a hut in the wilderness. Dying!

Oh, Heaven, if he should die before she could reach him, before she could see his face, touch his hand once more!

With a cry of despair she rose and began putting on her habit with feverish haste.

She had scarcely got it on that there came a knock at the door, and Lady Betty entered the room without ceremony.

She was dressed for the journey and

was still trembling with agitation.

"Have you ordered the carriage, Blanche?" she said, then she stopped short and stared at her. "Why have you got your habit on? Where are you going?"

"I am going to Scarfross," said Lady Blanche, coldly.

"To Scarfross? Why?" demanded Lady Betty. "Why should you go?"

"Because it pleases me," returned Lady Blanche, haughtily, but with a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

"There is no occasion for you to go," she said. "I am going—"

"What is that to me!" said Lady Blanche, turning on her suddenly, with white face and flashing eyes.

"What is it to me whether you are going or not! I am going!"

"But you cannot ride—in the night," said Lady Betty. "Why not come in the carriage?"

"In the carriage!" scornfully. "Do you know how long it will take? Do you think I should keep sane while it dragged its way along! No, I am going to ride. I would walk if there was no other way. What is it to me who else is going. I am nearest him—"

Lady Betty's eyes filled.

"You forget Floris, Blanche," she said, kindly.

Lady Blanche winced as if she had been struck, then her face crimsoned and her lips parted as if for sudden breath.

"Floris—Floris Carlisle!" she said, with suppressed scorn and vehemence. "Yes! she may be nearer to him than I am. You taunt me with that, do you! Where is she, then? Why is she not here? Perhaps you do not know—but, yes, you do, as well as I! She has deserted him. And it is I—who have loved him all through—who go to him now!"

And speechless—for what could she say? Lady Betty crept crying from the room.

CHAPTER XXII.  
LINKED WITH THE PAST.

IN the little drawing-room of the cottage at Westbury Floris sat, with her head bowed upon her hands, looking into the fire.

A silence that could be felt brooded over the house; the old clock on the stairs, whose tick she could remember as far back as she could remember anything, even that had been hushed by sympathetic hands.

Motionless as a carved figure she sat, the frelight falling fitfully on her pale face, showing like marble over the deep black dress.

A week had passed since she left

Ballyfoe and that long night journey, and she was now alone in the world.

To the poor, weak, tired mother the long day of peace and rest had come, and the girl who at this moment needed her more sorely than she had ever needed her, was motherless and solitary.

Alone! alone!

All day long the word seemed to echo dully in her numbed heart, until she longed, like the Psalmist of old, for the white wings of death to bear her to her mother's side.

And yet friends had been very good to her—the friends of her old past girlish life had done their very best but how poor is the very best that can be done in such an hour!

No sympathy, however tender and thoughtful, can lighten the darkness of the hour of bereavement, or take off the keen edge of the great trouble.

One gleam of consolation alone pierced the gloom, and that was the knowledge that she had been in time to see the poor mother before she died—in time to hear her very last words and receive her last blessing.

There had scarcely been time for more than that, and Mrs. Carlisle had died in the full comforting assurance that she should leave Floris with a happy future before her.

Almost her last words had been of Lord Bruce, and her belief that he would make Floris happy; almost her last thoughts had been of the glorious future that awaited her as Countess of Norman.

And Floris could not summon heart to tell her the truth—could not find strength to destroy the comfort the poor dying woman drew from the conviction that her child would be provided for.

And now, as she sat looking into the fire with dry, burning eyes, Floris was thinking of him and the brief happy past.

Through all the week she had been expecting some word from him.

It could not be anything that would not add to her misery, for what could he say that would explain away what she had seen that fateful morning?

But still she had expected and longed for it.

She had thought that he would write one line, perhaps, admitting his guilt and imploring her forgiveness; and she would have sent him her pardon and wished him all happiness.

But no line had come—no, not a single word.

If he had died—if they had both died—the silence between them could not have been more complete!

There was no friendly spirit to tell

her that in that moment he was lying between life and death in the vast solitude of the hills, unconscious of anything—ignorant of all that happened to her and to himself!

To her his conduct seemed black as night, black as the sorrow that had befallen her; and in her heart echoed the dreary word, "alone!"

So she sat in the red firelight, letting the hours slip by with weary feet, so lost to the world that when the servant stole in with hushed footsteps and spoke to her, she did not hear her.

The girl came up and touched her with pitying respect.

"A gentleman—Mr. Morrel, miss," she said.

And Mr. Morrel came in.

Floris rose to receive him and held out her white hand.

The little lawyer took it and looked at her with a sympathetic pity, which was so strange an emotion to him that it made him quite embarrassed.

It is to be presumed that even middle-aged attorneys retain a sense of the beautiful, and the lovely young face, never lovelier than now in its clear pallor, and with the sad, wistful light in the eloquent eyes, touched him deeply.

"I am sorry to intrude at so late an hour, Miss Carlisle," he began; but Floris stopped him with a faint smile.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Morrel. I was getting very—lonely."

"Yes, yes," he said, in his old sharp way. "How well Floris remembered it on the occasion when he came with Lord Norman's offer. "No doubt—dreadful loss."

"For me, yes," said Floris, bravely, and with a steadfast look in her eyes; "but not for—for—my mother. You were a kind friend to her, Mr. Morrel!" she added, with that gentle sweetness which atoned for much of her pride, and was the secret charm which bewitched all who came in contact with her.

"No, no, all in the way of business, Miss Carlisle; nothing more, I assure you," he responded, hurriedly. "Always found your poor mother anxious to avoid giving trouble—and—might I ring for a light for you?"

"Thanks," said Floris. She had grown so used to the grim darkness that had surrounded her that she had become enamored of it. The girl brought the lamp, and Mr. Morrell sat down and fidgeted with his gloves.

Out of respect for Floris he was dressed in mourning and had thought fit to don a hatband which would have been considered deep enough for the loss of his own father.

Floris had asked for some tea, and she gave him a cup now as simply and quietly, almost as cheerfully, as she had done months ago.

There are some proud natures who, like the Spartan boy, will hide the fox that gnaws at their heart, and Floris was one of them.

"Will you take some more sugar? I am sorry there is no cream."

"Don't mention it, Miss Carlisle," he said. Her fortitude amazed him, and pleased him, too, for he was going to try it to its utmost. "When I was here last, Miss Carlisle," he said, coughing and shewing, "I promised to look into the late Mrs. Carlisle's affairs, and—ahem—I have done so."

"Yes?" said Floris. She had sunk into the easy-chair and sat looking at him, her lovely eyes dreamily fixed on his dry, wrinkled and not unkindly face. "Yes, you have been very kind, Mr. Morrell; I do not know what I should have done without you."

"Not at all, not at all!" he said, waving his hand, deprecatingly. "All in the way of business, miss. Only did my duty. I was your father's legal adviser before you were born; in fact, I have had the Carlisle business in my hands ever since I entered the glorious profession of the law."

Floris inclined her head; though her eyes were fixed on his, her thoughts were wandering miles away—to Ballyfoe, to Lady Betty, to Bruce—ah, yes, to Bruce!

"I don't suppose any one knew more of the great lawsuit, Norman vs. Carlisle, than I did," he went on, sipping his tea. "A wonderful lawsuit—and wonderfully—most romantically concluded," and he bowed to Floris.

(To be Continued.)

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### Rod and Gun.

Rod and Gun for July is a special fishing number, most of the stories relating to the pursuit of the finny tribe, with just enough variety to make the number of interest to those whose allegiance to the piscatorial art is divided among other outdoor sports. The usual departments are well maintained, the Trap department containing an illustrated write-up of the recent tournament of the Dominion Trap Shooting Association at Hamilton, and the Kennel department the list of awards at the London and Montreal Shows.

"Sniping in France" a professional Sniper is only one of the fine articles

appearing in the Guns and Ammunition section. Rod and Gun is published by W. J. Taylor, Limited at Woodstock, Ont.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

SUCCESSFUL FISH KILLER—Captain Wallace Parsons, of Sandy Point, Bay St. George, who was high liner last year codfishing out of a J. S. Atlantic port, is still going strong this season, having etched nearly \$16,000 in a single month from which his crew shared \$343 each.

### Here and There.

When you want Steaks, Chops, Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS!

AT THE BALSAW.—The following guests are registered at the Balsam:—Prof. Z. Judd, Auburn, U. S.; C. F. Bond, Halifax, N. S.; John Green, Boston, Mass.; A. L. Barrett, Curling.

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## CABLE NEWS

### NEW GOVERNMENT FOR SIBERIA

LONDON, July 10.—A new Provisional Government for Siberia, which has the unanimous support of the people and which will fight the Central Powers, has been established at Vladivostok, according to a Times despatch from Tokio, quoting the Asahi. The Government intends to summon a constituent assembly and restore law order throughout the country, programme of the new Government includes the liberation of Siberia from the Bolsheviki, the advance of peaceable foreign intervention, universal suffrage, establishment of provincial councils and labor bureau, distribution of land among the landless, control of economic activities. It will thus, adds the correspondent of the Times, become the first democratic state in the history of Russia, and it is hoped to be the forerunner of a great Russia. The flag adopted by the new Government consists of stripes, white and green.

### DECLINED OFFER OF GERMAN GENERAL

ROME, July 10.—Austria has declined to accept the offer-in-Chief of the forces on the Italian front, because Germany has to send 12 German divisions which according to the newspaper Epoca, which bases the statement on a dispatch from Swiss sources, Austria, has temporarily given up the idea of revenging herself for her recent defeat by Italy.

### ENEMY BEATEN BACK

ROME, July 10.—Italian divisions on the offensive in the war office announced to-day that the enemy in yesterday's fighting had been beaten back on both sides of Orserio.

### BREAKDOWN IN DISCIPLINE

LONDON, July 10.—Indications of a breakdown in discipline in the second German army

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