

The Heir of Rosedene

OR,
The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER VIII

MISS GLITTERS SPEAKS.

"No, I heard nothing; the man—how ugly and insignificant he looked beside somebody I know—seemed to be talking nonsense. I did not even hear your name—our name—he seemed to gabble out a strange one. And I am your wife!"

"My wedded wife until death doth us part," says Cyril, smoothing the cheek that has all the healthy bloom of a child, and the lovely color of a woman combined.

"Oh," says Edna, making a move, "it is dreadful to think of! To think that I have been married in these shabby clothes—without even a veil—and no bridesmaids, and no breakfast."

"No breakfast!" laughed Cyril, "why, what do you call this?" and he drew a picnic basket from under the carriage seat, and, opening it, displayed a perigod pie, some grapes, peaches and a bottle of sparkling moselle.

Edna clapped her hands. "Oh, I'm so glad, for I am so hungry."

"Bravo," cries Cyril, "who says that the marriage ceremony destroys the appetite? There's a plate and a glass—only one glass."

"Oh, I couldn't drink after you," says Edna, with an arch affectation of over delicacy.

"Then you shall have the glass," laughed Cyril, "and I'll drink out of the bottle!"

Then he spread the wedding breakfast upon the seat opposite him, sat Edna at his side with great ceremoniousness and cut the pie.

They were like two children, for all the world, playing at husband and wife, and no child could have enjoyed the commingling of perigod pie and caresses more than did Edna; only now and then a little startled, questioning look came into her eyes when Cyril drew her to him and called her "his wife"; and no child that ever played at matrimony could ever have been more ignorant of the import of the game.

"And now," said Cyril, who was flushed with happiness, and looked more like a great, happy, handsome boy than ever, "we have the pleasant duty of drinking the bride's health—that's yours, you know," he explained. "Now, I'm supposed to be the friend of the family. Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion—on this occasion—this happy occasion," and Cyril screwed up his face into a quaint resemblance of a fussy old man in the act of speech-making, "it is my duty to propose the health of the bride, Lady More—"

"Lady who?" exclaimed Edna, in the midst of a trill of happy laughter.

"Oh," said Cyril, "Oh," gulping down his wine, and turning rather red after the operation. "Lady anybody—this is supposed to be a fashionable wedding—the health," he

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went on; "of Mrs. Harold Payne. Ladies and gentlemen, may she live long and live happy; and may her husband give up smoking, and allow her a liberal pocket money."

"Oh," says Edna, "I'm sure they don't say that!"

"No, but they mean it," laughed Cyril.

"But I don't want you to give up smoking," pouted Edna, nestling against him in her favorite fashion, "and I hate pocket money; it is so much trouble to count the change; and then it all goes so quickly; and when one thinks there is quite a lot left one finds it is all gone. No, I want my liberal pocket money."

"What a paragon of a wife!" laughs Cyril; "doesn't object to cigars, and refuses pin money! 'Pon my word, I shall believe I have got a prize in the marriage lottery. Perhaps you'll object to give me a kiss?" and he leaned over, with a passionate light in his dark eyes.

Edna puts up her small white hands, but he laughs at such resistance, and only kisses them to scorn, and it ends in Edna putting up the soft, ripe lips that have known no other kisses than his.

It is four hours from Basie to Lunenburg by express, but it only seems

three quarters of an hour to the happy lovers, and it is with a start that Edna hears the porter calling the name of the latter station, and comprehends that the hour has arrived when the confession to Aunt Martha must be made. Cyril hands her to a fly, and they roll over the bridge, the Keuss. Edna has crossed it a score of times, and knows it well; but it all seems in some way altered to-day, and she wonders if Aunt Martha will seem the same. Then they come to the cathedral, and the fly is just about to turn up the road to the left when Edna starts from the shelter of her lover's arms to remember that she has left her china crepe shawl behind her. It was a birthday present from Aunt Martha, and—yes—Cyril understands in a moment, and stops the fly. They shall drive back for it at once—or, better still!

Edna got out and waited on the cathedral steps while he drove back for it?—then they could discharge the fly at the steps, and would so get rid of the chance of any excitement that might attend their appearance at the gates of the pension.

"I shall not be long," said Cyril; "you stay here and wait, darling, and then we will walk up the rest of the way together, and face Aunt Martha." Edna is perfectly willing, takes her place on the worn steps, and the fly departs with Cyril in quest of the lost shawl. There is an old West of England proverb which says that it is a bad omen for the bride and bridegroom to part on their wedding day; but Edna is in happy ignorance of the old saw, and seats herself in the shadow of the old cathedral, content to wait and dream, for it is all a dream as yet—love's young dream, than which there is nothing half so sweet in life! It is difficult to realize that she is married, that she is a wife! She, Edna Weston—Edna Weston no longer!—the wife of the man she thinks the handsomest, the best in all the world! What has she done that she should be so happy, she asks herself, as she looks back upon what she considers her useless life, and then—blushing—she calls up Cyril's face, his words, his warm, heart-thrilling kisses, and covers her face with her hands in despair! Oh, yes, it is too great a happiness—too great!

A footstep caresses her to look up, half dazed, half curious, and she sees approaching her a tall, handsome and richly dressed woman.

For a moment Edna is so absorbed by her passionate daydream that she does not recognize her, then as the

expressed figure comes nearer, Edna remembers the lady in the carriage at the door of the Grand Hotel. An unpleasant sensation of antipathy—distrust—what?—it is difficult to analyze—pervades the whole of the girl's frame. The lady comes slowly toward the cathedral door, breathing rather hard from the steep ascent of the cathedral steps. Another moment and she is close upon Edna, bringing with her a strong odor of patchouli and jockey club.

Opposite Edna she pauses and draws a long breath, opening her wide, but not ill-shaped, mouth to do so, and accosts her.

"Can you tell me when the organ plays?" she says, then stops abruptly and scans the sweet face below her with an eager interest. "I was going to ask you," she adds, after her scrutiny is over, "if you were waiting for the organ to play—but I suppose you are not."

"No," says Edna, smiling faintly, "I am not."

"So I thought," retorted the lady, eyeing her still with an unpleasant minuteness. "I've seen your face before, haven't I?"

"It is very likely," replies Edna, with a smile; "I have seen yours."

"Ah!" retorts the strange lady with a little sniff, "that's more likely still, and if it's not a rude question, where did you see me?"

"At the entrance to the Grand Hotel," says Edna, regarding her questioner with mingled amusement and repugnance.

"I thought so," responds the lady under her breath; "and it was there I saw you. I was talking to a gentleman, wasn't I?"

Edna flushes and nods. The lady eyes her with a profound air of intelligence, then nods her head violently.

"Yes, and if I'm not mistaken, you are waiting for that very gentleman now. Am I right?"

Edna regards the full, flushed and not by any means handsome face above her with a puzzled air.

"You are quite right," she says, in a low voice.

"I thought so," is the exclamation; "I knew it!"

"How do you know it? Why do you ask me?" asks Edna, with a bewildered stare. "Do you know the—the gentleman?"

"Do I know him?" echoes the strange lady. "Who does, if I don't? Know him! I should think I did! Better than you do, or ever will, I hope, my dear! Come, if I'm right, and you're waiting for him, I'll give you a bit of advice, and that is, get away from here as fast as your legs will carry you, and never let him come near you again."

At this vehemently delivered exhortation Edna opens her eyes wide and smiles.

"Why do you say that?" she says, half indignantly.

"Because no young girl, like you, ought to be waiting for the like of him. There! perhaps I'm a fool to interfere with what don't concern me, and I shall be sorry for it afterward; but—there's a good look about you—you're too good to go wrong for him. Take my advice, and go home, and when that gentleman you are waiting for calls next time, shut the door in his face, and say, 'not at home.'"

Edna rises and confronts the tall, handsome woman, and stares into the bold, daring eyes and powdered, painted cheeks, with bewildered astonishment.

"Are you—mad?"

"Mad! no," with a short, coarse laugh; "not half so mad as you if you listen to him. Come, I'll prove to you if I'm mad or sane. That gentleman you're waiting for—he says he loves you!"

There is no answer, only the same puzzled stare.

"He has promised to marry you—" The stare falls for a moment and the cheeks flush.

"Oh! I thought so," continues the loud voice. "The same old tale; well, let me tell you that he's told the same thing, and promised the same thing, to half a dozen before you and disappointed them all!"

Edna finds voice at last.

"How dare you!" she flashes out. "You are speaking wicked falsehoods of some one you do not know—"

"Don't know!" retorts Glitters, for it is she. "Look at that!" and she snatches a huge locket from her waistband. "Don't know! Whose face is that, I should like to know!" and she tears the locket open and extends it.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A YOUTHFUL DRESS.



2688—This could be made up attractively in castor color velour, with sage green for collar and cuffs. Its distinctive feature is the plastron, which could be embellished with a touch of worsted or chenille embroidery. Serge, duvetyne, velvet, satin, checked or plaid suitings, combined with some plain fabric, are also good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

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

A SMART COSTUME.



Waist—2688. Skirt—2687.

This comprises Waist Pattern 2688 and Skirt Pattern 2687. The waist is finished with the new so fashionable back closing. It is a youthful style and especially becoming to slender figures. As here shown, mixed suiting in brown tones was used, with nutria fur for trimming. Satin and serge could be combined, or velvet and satin or silk, with braid and buttons for trimming. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

To make the costume of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size will require 6 1/2 yards. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

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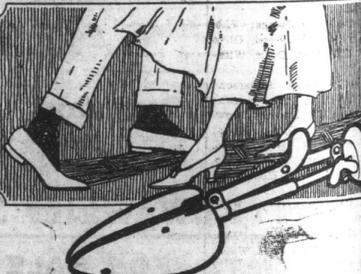
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For a moment Edna is so absorbed by her passionate daydream that she does not recognize her, then as the

Vess

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Prize List.

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Preparatory Department.
I.—Ira, Dorothy Robertson,
II.—Aubrey Stirling,
III.—Dorothy Hilly,
IV.—Jean Macintosh,
V.—Rennie,
VI.—Maria Baggis,
VII.—Nora Wood, Olive
VIII.—Joan Ayre, Doris With-
IX.—Helen Rogerson;
X.—Anna Wilson;
XI.—Dorothy Snow,
XII.—Olive Mews;
XIII.—Anna Wilson;
XIV.—Nancy Hood,
XV.—Olive Mews,
XVI.—Leonore Lilly;
XVII.—Vib,
XVIII.—Margaret Wood;
XIX.—Marjorie Stirling,
XX.—Irene Ren-
XXI.—Mildred Sanson;
XXII.—Dorothy Snow,
XXIII.—Joan Ayre;
XXIV.—Millicent Per-
XXV.—Annie Bish-
XXVI.—Bessie Williams;
XXVII.—Phyllis Herder,
XXVIII.—Rennette Mews;
XXIX.—Jean Macintosh,
XXX.—Marjorie MacGregor,
XXXI.—Marion Bishop,
XXXII.—Shirley Green,
XXXIII.—Joan Ayre,
XXXIV.—Edith Willis,
XXXV.—Muriel Earle,
XXXVI.—Lael Feavor,
XXXVII.—Constance Crane,
XXXVIII.—Rita
XXXIX.—Daisy Way,
L.—EXAMINATIONS.
Scholarships, Intermediate—
Stirling, Edith House.
I.—A. A. Grade, Honour Div-
II.—Leonore Lilly, Olive Mews,
III.—Mary Allen,
IV.—Honours Division—
Stirling, Edith House, M.
V.—Minnie MacLean, Pass Div-
VI.—Anderson, Jean Campbell,
VII.—E. Dempster, L. Drett,
VIII.—Flander, P. Frampton,
IX.—Hayward, P. Herder, H. Kil-
X.—Ludlow, D. Mews, C. Per-