## Ruled "War-Time Cookery"

## Destiny!

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE GLOW OF LOVE. He kicked at a broken leaf impa-

"I promised you; I stayed because you asked me," he said, emphatically;

"and you know it."

Floris trembling, picked up her fan. He looked at his watch.

"I have just two minutes more, if you please!" he said, significantly.

"Are you going to be away long?" asked Floris, for the sake of saying something, and speaking as very in differently as she could.

"I'don't know. I dare say. Two or three years, perhaps!" gloomily. Floris did not speak.

"Why should I come back?" he went smile quietly. on. "I am tired of London life-for the matter of that, I am tired of life altogether. It seems to me that the clever individual who wrote the book called 'Is Life Worth Living?' might have saved himself the trouble, seeing that everybody knows the answer! Life is only worth living when one can get what one wants, and as one never gets the one thing that one wants above all others, why the game is not worth the candle!"

"And yet you have so much," mur-

am a peer of the realm; I am rich— the cup of life-saving water at her ground, inch by inch. thanks to a fluke of the law, which has lips. enriched me at the expense of others." Floris colored, and turned her head

own master, and the rest of it! And closed on her fan with a spasmodic you evidently hate me!" yet I question whether there is a more grasp; but she said no word. miserable man in London than I am

on a thing, and I cannot get it." "I think the five minutes are up, my | "I love" you!" lord." said Floris.

but sat staring at the ground.

by. May I say that I hope I go carry- you have bestowed on me. I know it. lips. "I know that—that you dislike never met yet but I have offended you, luctantly, toward him. me! No, I will not say that! You are and you have found it necessary to- He stopped, with fond, eager, huntoo good and gentle to dislike anyone! yes, snub me! But this is the very gry eyes. I will not say dislike! But I cannot but feel that my presence is distasteful to you. How can it be otherwise, seeing that it reminds you of all you and yours have lost. Heaven knows that if you would accept it I would restore it all to you-every penny."

"My lord!" coldly, proudly, and yet with a tremor in her voice she tried

"There! I beg your pardon! I know-I say I know it is not possible! Do you think I have not learned for myself how proud you are, even if you had not told me in so many written words!" and he touched his breast. "Yes, I keep your note still, to make me miserable when I am far away!" and he laughed bitterly.

Floris drew her cloak around her, and turned her head from him.

"I shall often look at that note, Miss Carlisle. It will serve to remind me that life is not worth living. But, I beg your pardon, I am kekeping you." He got up, then, before she could move, he sat down again.

"Will you not say that you wish me well, Miss Carlisle?"

Floris opened her lips, but for a moment no sound came, then, at last, she murmured, very softly:

"Yes! I wish you every happiness,

"Thank you!" he replied. "But if it is any consolation to you, let me assure you that your wish is quite in vain. I am not happy, and I shall not be. Shall I tell you why?"

Floris was silent, and he did not

speak for a minute. "Yes, I will tell you!" he said, as if he had been debating in his mind whether he should do so or not. "Miss Carlisle. I am going to make you very angry. It is probable that when I have spoken, you will forbid me ever to speak to you again. I am a fool to speak! All day I have been telling myself that it would be better for me to take myself off in silence, but I cannot. I am like the man who stole a fox, and who concealed it under his vest, and was silent until the last moment. This is my last moment, and I Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfid.

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TORONTO, CANADA

He was silent while one could coun ten, and Floris plucked up courage to

"Had you not better conceal your fox a little longer, my lord?" "No!" he said. "This is what I have

to say: 'Miss Carlisle, I love you!'

CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGER'S TRAP.

but with a grim intensity, with brows seemed to stop beating, then gave a me, at least!"

"I love you!" he said. A deep crimson spread over Floris' face and neck, and her eyes sank, "I have heaps of friends, am my heavily weighted, while her hands is. I wish that I could hate you as

to-night, for I have set my heart up- speak, her lips would only have of her cloak, still warm from contact echoed that grim emphatic avowal:

"Give

daddy."

Please, Gail

"Why Bobby, if

you wait a bit

for it you'll

have it to en

"Poo-pool That's

no argument with

WRIGLEY'S

'cause the flavora

-After every meal

lasts anyway!"

joy longer!"

last time, and-and-will you forgive

She did not speak; she could not He stooped and took up his opera hat, and looked from it to her as if hsita ting whether to go or wait for a word "Will you not speak to me?" he

said, gravely. Still she was silent.

Then, as if passion goaded him be yond prudence, he bent over her and aid his hand upon her arm, his strong fingers burning hot and seeming to brand her with their own passion.

"Floris! Have some pity! Speal to me kindly! One kind word! Your icy looks and proud words have cut me to the heart often enough, Heaven knows. Don't hurt me with them now -now that we are going to part!

"Floris, I love you! I even loved you-think of it!-before I saw you. Even before we met your pride and scorn whipped and tortured me! Un bend a little now, Floris. Send me away-as I know you will, but send me away with one kind word! Say Bruce, I do not like you; I have cause not to like you-or yours. Your name is hateful to me, and I am glad that you are going; but I am sorry that you love me, and-and if you had been another man-if you had borne another name, I might have loved

"Will you say something like that, Floris? Don't let me take away with trembling, her eyes shrinking piteousme for a last remembrance, to haunt ly before his passionately questioning me for months, a proud, angry face, a gaze. scornful retort. I love you, Floris. I

umph, of sublime satisfaction of one face white and constrained; her pride more. Half a loaf is better than nothly. "I know what you would say; I who has been long athirst, and feels doing battle with her love, and losing ing. We part friends. Give me your

> He shrugged his shoulders. "Before Heaven," he said, "I do not think there was ever a prouder woman or a better hater. Good-by, Flor-

He turned as he spoke, then hesita-She could not; if she had tried to ted, went back, and took up the edge

with her soft, white arm. "Good-by," he said, and he bent and and held it feebly as a child's, and yet "You are angry!" he said, in a very pressed the cloak to his lips, not rev- as strong as a giant's. I have no right to tell you this after bestowed his caress, but with a flerce,

ing your good wishes with me? Don't I plead guilty. But I cannot help it. As he bent, even as his lips touched her averted face, now crimson with speak for a minute, please!" as Floris This is the last time we shall meet— the soft swansdown, her hand went shame, as if he were dreaming. was framing a commonplace on her you will be glad, I know. We have out, not swiftly, but hesitatingly, re-

Helps

teeth.

breath.

appetite.

digestion.

hept right

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tie, but how differently. Ah, how dif-

"And-and-I wish you-" she

stopped, her face quivering, her lips

shall love you, I am afraid, for a long Thank you again," he said, with a knit, and lips set firmly. Floris' heart time! Tell me that you are sorry for sharp sigh. "And you forgive me? Is that what you are trying to say, and Still she was silent, her averted find it so hard? Thank you, still once hand, Floris; your left hand, that's nearest your heart."

She put out her hand and he took in silver or stamps. it and held it so tightly that it tingled to her; pain that she would not have exchanged for the greatest ease.

"There!" he said. "I am satisfied Good-by!" and his fingers unclosed. eringly, they wound round his hand.

"So, Miss Carlisle, I will say good- the unmistakable signs of aversion passionate wistfulness. "Good-by, my light, but he stood as if he had been shot, or turned to stone, looking at

Then he flung himself at her feet. and grasped her other hand, and drew her to him, looking up into her face with passionate eyes that swear to

wrest the truth from her. "Floris! What is this? What do you mean? For Heaven's sake don'tdon't play with me. Floris! You hold my hand! You do not speak-you do not send me away from you. Great Heavens, am I mad, or dreaming, or

do you-Floris, do you love me?" She turned her head, and looked down at him with the truth shining in for batiste, voile, organdy, lawn, silk, the glorious eyes that were now soft crepe or linen. It will also develop and tremulous with love, ay, with nicely in challie, albatross, taffeta and passion, answering to his own.

With a low cry he kissed her hands, quickly, fiercely; but he was not sat- 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires isfied yet.

til I hear your lips whisper it! Flor- in silver or stamps. is!"-with a swift, awful doubt-"you are playing with me!"

"No! I see you are not! Forgive me, darling, but the joy is so sudden so unexpected! Floris, tell me! Say, 'Bruce, I do love you!'"

She bent her head, and looked a

him, and whispered: "Bruce, I do love you!"

He drew her face down to him and kissed her-hot, burning kisses, tha

made her blush and tremble. "My darling! My beautiful queen

He got up, still holding her hand, Saturday, May 11 and put his other hand to his forehead with a low laugh, almost of apol-

"And I have mocked at love!" he said, half to himself. For a moment there was silence, as

he sat in his old place, holding her hand, and looking at her as if his hungry eyes could find no appeasement, and she-she sat looking at nothing yet seeing him as plainly as if her eyes were fixed on his face.

So wrapt were they, so lost to the outer world, that they did not see the glimmer of a soft, pink dress in the shrubs in front of them, did not hear the quick, sharp sob of a woman's roice, or feel the glare of a woman's eves, that are not velvety now, but almost black with rage and jealousy.

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# New O

## French Pos Makes No F Prisoners.

GERMANS OPEN NEW ATTA

PARIS, June 19. (Officia Last night about six o'clock Germans delivered a violent pre tory fire along the whole fro Rheims, from the region of Avri west of the city, as far east as Pompelle. At nine o'clock the my infantry began an attack or French positions between these the German attack with complet cess, the counter barrage French artillery proving very Between Avriegny and Ormes G assault troops were stopped by French fire and forced to many times to their places of ture and were not finally able to the French positions. Around R violent combats developed, durin course of which the enemy su heavy losses and was everywhe nulsed. East of Rheims the f likewise ended to the advanta the French. The Germans been successful in penetrating woods northeast of Sillery, they driven out by a French counte tack. Prisoners taken in the of Rheims declared that the tow attacked by three divisions. were ordered to take the place costs during the night.

GERMANS SUFFER HEAVII WITH THE FRENCH ARM FRANCE, June 19 .-- Large uni German shock troops had been entrated on the west side of Rh letween Vrigny and Ormese, which went over to the assau eight, were met with such an fire from the French defence that were unable to make the slip progress. They suffered such after trying time after time to the French positions that only of the attackers were able to to their own lines.

SPLENDID WORK OF BRITIS

ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS, 19. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agence Montello, the oval-shaped chai hills which hinges the Austrian sive, has been occupied for se months by the British, who cam Italy under General Plumer. A ish division occupies the southwe ridges of Asiago plateau with French on their right. The Br after reconnoitering the advance sitions momentarily abandoned Saturday morning with a vie strengthening the line, not onl sisted all Austrian attempts, but lantly counter attacked in a fa that caused an Italian superior o to remark they are slamming gates of Italy in the face of the vader. A detachment of British clists accomplished heroic deeds.

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