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That just describes our  
rowing of Winter Suits.  
Double breasted—3 and 4  
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owns, blues, blacks and  
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ecks, overblades and plain  
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**AL**  
**TS Dept.** this week.

**form**  
ictoria, B. C.

solved to consolidate into one  
company. Minister Hayashi told  
invention that steps must be  
to regulate emigration. It was  
solved to enlarge the Bureau of  
tion, and a committee was ap-  
to confer with Minister Hayashi.

## My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

CHAPTER XXI. (Continued).

"In an hour or so I shall peep in at you again," purred Lady Sophie. "Then I hope you will look at me with a smile on your dear little face. Good-bye, dear, is it in your heart to give a kiss?"

For an instant I hesitated. But it was only for an instant. At the end of my next act, which was to be some-thing else, I kissed each other on the lips. Mine quivered under the touch of hers, and the tears fell once more. I had loved her well. I had been so happy only an hour ago.

"Good-bye," I said softly.

"Good-bye," I said softly. An avo-  
let it be avo-let."

"I like good-bye so much better," I  
said. "Good-bye, dear Lady Sophie.  
Good-bye."

In another moment the door had  
gently closed after her sweeping satins,  
and I was left alone.

My mind was already made up as to  
my next act, which was to be some-  
thing else. I must stand the chance  
of meeting some one who would wonder  
at seeing me, lately clad in rags, in the  
"color of love," Lady Sophie had  
called it. Not in travelling clothes.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Then You'll Remember Me."

There was no advantage to be gained  
by hesitation, and after the first agita-  
tion on my own threshold I closed  
the door and walked with apparent  
boldness along the corridor.

Presently came a turn. I let it lead  
me, and found a stairway which I had  
not seen before. Hurrying down, I saw  
a door that opened into dimness. Foot-  
steps were coming, voices speaking to-  
gether. I thought I recognized Adele's.

Quickly I slipped into the room op-  
posite, noticing only one feature—  
long window open to the floor. It in-  
vited me, and I stepped out. The worst  
was over now.

The leisure mood of late July had  
not yet risen, but a silver haze on the  
low-lying mass of eastern clouds her-  
alded a coming event, and stars hung  
thickly in a web of tree branches. I  
could see flower beds that made the  
night sweet with fragrance of mignon-  
ette. I could see shrubbery, and tall,  
black trees, with arms outstretched  
against the silvery blue, and I divined  
the vague whiteness of a winding path.

Behind me rose the long, irregular  
outline of the house; its windows flash-  
ing light. The rippling noise of the sea  
floated out to me. I recognized Lady  
Port's clear soprano voice, and im-  
agined a tall man, with a serious, sun-  
burned face, turning the leaves of her  
music.

A sharp, almost intolerable pang  
smote me. It was my favorite song,  
that old-fashioned melody that Sir George  
had liked to hear me sing. "When  
other hearts—" I put my fingers in my  
ears, and ran from the following words  
to the direction which I trusted would  
take me to the gates.

Lady Port's voice died away. With  
it seemed to break the last remaining  
link that bound me to the past.

Presently I came to a lodge, the one  
which we had seen as we drove in ear-  
lier in the day. The large gates were  
locked, but there was a little one for  
foot passengers at the side, and this was  
only latched. A few seconds more and  
I was out in the road.

I began now to dwell upon the  
thought that "they" I worried it no  
more definitely than that "would per-  
haps try to trace me, and bring me back  
to the life I was leaving.

I would be anonymous to be found.  
To all the wretchedness would have to  
come over again, for I should never  
consent to do that which I might be  
asked to do.

Lady Sophie would look at my dees-  
es left behind, and would at once be  
able to inform herself which one I had  
worn in going away. For she knew my  
handwriting. Maybe I should then be  
described, with the clothes in which I  
had disappeared, to the local police, and  
a reward would be offered for whoever  
saw my whereabouts. That re-  
ward would never be earned if I could  
prevent it.

"They" would begin the search at the  
railway station, no doubt, and my first  
thought must be to thwart them there.

I would walk all night, I said to my-  
self, and perhaps in the tardy morning  
I might find some cottager who, bribed  
to keep my secret, would give me shel-  
ter.

I could tell the east by the pearly  
moon glimmer spreading behind the  
trees, and I chose the direction which  
led away from the station. The road  
I took would not matter so much, I de-  
cided, as the avoidance of observation.

When I had walked for more than an  
hour I was able to see, by aid of the  
moonlight, the black hands on the white  
face of my little enameled watch.

I would part with it only after all the  
other things were gone, I told myself.  
The watch indicated midnight, but I  
was not afraid.

Once I passed a sheet of water, lying  
under dark trees, with a sheen of the  
moon across it.

"What if it ended all here—now?" I  
whispered in awe that was partly long-  
ing, partly pain.

I had been so hot in my blood, un-  
der the subduing and cooling of the  
thought of death was like a sudden  
thrust forward, a look down over a  
dark abyss. Yet there was tempta-  
tion, but I remembered I had been  
so often, and then, when they found me  
if they ever did, they would be sorry.  
For Lady Sophie would realize to the  
full what she had done, and his punish-  
ment would be bitter.

But after all, it was a weak and ob-  
vious thing to court death as the end-  
ing to such a tragic drama as mine.

How much stronger to fight down the  
shame, and live to work, that the man  
who had played with my heart might  
be paid back every penny spent in his  
experiments.

That was something to look forward  
to, to make the thought of the future  
endurable, though happiness were past.  
I turned my eyes away from the glit-

tering sheet of steel, and passed on.  
At last I was very tired. My shoes  
were thin, and my feet began to ache  
—not that it mattered. The moon was  
still in the sky, but livid with the early  
dawn; its grey yellow face faded white  
as the sun looked on it. In another  
mood I might have thought the world  
beautiful in its first awakening; but I  
had only a vague impression of trees  
and meadows, of flowers and meadows,  
and hills in the distance. I wished  
I could spy smoke curling from the  
chimney of a cottage; but no human  
habitation was in sight.

By and by, as I walked on, slowly and  
more slowly now, something stirred in  
the distance. A couple of gypsy vans  
were moving up from a slight hollow  
on wide sea of heathery common that  
found its limitations at a white beach  
of road.

I waited: here was a chance for me,  
and a prudent cottage housewife might  
be shocked at the sudden apparition of a  
well-dressed young man demanding her  
food, shelter, a change of clothing, with  
promise of secrecy and offering jewelry  
as a reward for all. But to the lawless  
of the desert, such a gypsy might come  
with irresistible appeal.

Besides, gypsies would not remain  
stationary, but would be always mov-  
ing on, going farther away from the  
place which had been my point of de-  
parture. They would be less likely than  
neighboring cottagers to see anything  
which might give away my secret.

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at seeing me, lately clad in rags, in the  
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tered, the moment I left, and robbed me  
of that which might in happier circum-  
stances have been of infinite value.  
Perhaps Diana had not gone, after all,  
still in the sky, but livid with the early  
dawn; its grey yellow face faded white  
as the sun looked on it. In another  
mood I might have thought the world  
beautiful in its first awakening; but I  
had only a vague impression of trees  
and meadows, of flowers and meadows,  
and hills in the distance. I wished  
I could spy smoke curling from the  
chimney of a cottage; but no human  
habitation was in sight.

By and by, as I walked on, slowly and  
more slowly now, something stirred in  
the distance. A couple of gypsy vans  
were moving up from a slight hollow  
on wide sea of heathery common that  
found its limitations at a white beach  
of road.

I waited: here was a chance for me,  
and a prudent cottage housewife might  
be shocked at the sudden apparition of a  
well-dressed young man demanding her  
food, shelter, a change of clothing, with  
promise of secrecy and offering jewelry  
as a reward for all. But to the lawless  
of the desert, such a gypsy might come  
with irresistible appeal.

Besides, gypsies would not remain  
stationary,