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 TORONTO, CANADA

**Ruled
 Destiny!**

CHAPTER XV.
THE FRENCH MAID'S CUNNING.
 ALL unconscious of the plot that was thickening, happily ignorant of the subtle net which was weaving to ensnare her, Floris went down to dinner as happy and lighthearted as a girl who has no trouble and a handsome sweetheart can be.
 By some chance she fell to the arm of an elderly Scotch lord this evening, while Lady Blanche was consigned to Lord Norman.
 Floris felt a little pang of disappointment, for she had, perhaps unexpectedly, expected to have him by her side every night at dinner.
 But the disappointment passed in a few minutes, for the old lord, delighted at having the prettiest woman in Ballypore at his side, made himself very agreeable, and kept Floris very much amused.
 But for all her amusement she found time to glance at the other two now and then, and when she did so, she noticed that Lady Blanche seemed more animated than usual, and that Lord Norman appeared amused and entertained also.
 His devotion to Lady Blanche, as the busybodies were styling it, was noticed by every one, and certainly, therefore, did not escape the keen eyes of Lady Betty.
 But Floris, though she missed him sorely, did not feel injured or complain; and when Lady Betty made some remark, she defended Lady Blanche and championed Lord Norman quite heroically.
 "I don't see why a girl should think that she has a right to monopolize a man because he happens to be engaged to her," she said, with a little flush—her face had looked rather pale and joyless all the day—"there will be plenty of monopoly on both sides after they are married."
 "Ah, no doubt," said Lady Betty, dryly. "But Blanche seems to think that she can monopolize a man because she is not engaged to him. I don't think she has allowed Bruce to get away from her apron-strings for more than half an hour to-day—that is during the time he has been at home; and if that isn't monopoly I don't know what is."
 A few minutes afterward Lord Norman came up to them. It was nearly bedtime, and the drawing-room was thinning.
 Lady Blanche had just gone upstairs, having kissed her hand to Lady Betty and Floris as she passed.
 "Well?" he said, dropping into a seat between them. "Are you nearly tired? What a long evening it seems! I suppose it is after the exertion of last night. Floris, I have just had a word with you all day," added, wistfully.
 Lady Betty laughed sarcastically. "Whose fault is that?"
 He looked at her with a half-puzzled smile.
 "I don't know. I don't seem to have had a minute to myself, which, of course, means a minute with Floris. And now they have arranged to go to Skirtross to-morrow. We shall be away two days. I am sorry to say."
 "Two days?" said Floris, with a little sigh. "Why, Bruce?"
 "Too far to get back the same night (dearest)," he said. "I need to enjoy the expedition one time, but now, this

autumn, I would give anything to be left at home. But that is impossible. I am sorry to say. The prince has asked me especially to go. Sir Joseph with his usual forethought, has arranged that some of the young fellows should remain and take you ladies to the cascades for to-morrow, so that you will not miss us hunters."
 "I don't think I should care much about the cascades," said Floris. "She was feeling rather tired and listless, and the news that her sweetheart was going to leave her for two whole days—after devoting himself for the two previous ones to Lady Blanche—dispirited her."
 "I suppose I can stay here!"
 "I hope you will go," he said, quickly, adding with an eagerness which, at the moment, she ascribed to his desire that she should be amused, during his absence, but which afterward she read in another and a sadder light—"Yes, Floris, do go! I particularly wish you to! Sir Joseph has planned this little expedition mainly on your account, and would be disappointed if you did not go! Besides, what will you do in the house all day if you remain at home? Come, dear, promise me that you will go!"
 "I will go if you wish it, Bruce," she said, dutifully; "that is, if I do not feel very much disinclined," with a smile.
 He took her hand and kissed it lovingly.
 "You will enjoy it, I am sure," he said. "Blanche is going!"
 "Oh, then, I am sure we shall enjoy it," said Lady Betty, with fine sarcasm. "I think we had better go up now, my dear."
 He followed them into the hall on his way to the smoking-room, and there, being no one there but themselves, took her in his arms and gave her her "good-night" kiss.
 "We are off early in the morning, dearest," he said, "and I shall not see you before I go. Be happy while I am away, and I will bring you a set of antlers as a reward!"
 Floris was tired and despondent; a heavy weight seemed to hang over her, and she felt so depressed that she went straight to her own room instead of going into Lady Betty's, and talking over the events of the evening as she usually did.
 "I must have danced too much last night," she said to herself, "and am

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 over tired. I shall feel better and brighter in the morning! But I wish Bruce was not going to be away for two whole days! How I shall miss him!"
 With this thought and the sigh it occasioned she fell asleep. How long she had slept she did not know; but she was awakened by that consciousness which we have all of us felt at times, that some one was in the room. She awoke instantly and raised herself on her elbow, and looked around.
 A small lamp was burning on the table, and by its dim light she saw a woman kneeling beside the bed.
 It was, Josine.
 The girl had her head in her arms, and was apparently crying in a subdued, sullen kind of way.
 Floris was too startled and surprised to move for a moment, then she sat up and called to her softly.
 "Is that you, Josine?" Josine raised her head, and showed a face, pale and tear-bedewed, and fixed her black eyes with a piteous expression on

Floris. "What is the matter? What are you doing here?"
 "Josine dropped her head in her hands again and emitted a low sob.
 "Oh, mademoiselle, I cannot sleep! I cannot rest!" murmured Josine, with a little sob and gasp. "I am so very unhappy."
 "There is something on my conscience, something that lies so heavy that I cannot rest night or day. Ah! mademoiselle, I would tell you but that I know you would ruin me!"
 "I ruin you! What on earth do you mean?" said Floris. "Stop! I do not wish to hear anything you may have to say."
 "Then mademoiselle is lost!" exclaimed Josine, tragically, "and Lady Blanche will win the day."
 Floris did not start or wince, as Josine had expected; she even smiled.
 "Are you quite out of your mind, Josine?" she then asked, with calm, stern dignity.
 "Ah, mademoiselle takes it as I expected! It is hard to believe that a grand lady like Lady Blanche should descend so low as to try and steal another woman's lover! That is done often enough by people of a lower class, ah, yes! But by so grand a lady as Lady Blanche—ah, no, it is impossible, it is ridiculous, is it not?" sarcastically.
 "It is indeed!" said Floris, gravely; "and if it is only to vent this piece of spiteful impertinence you have intruded into my room at this hour, Josine—"
 "Stop, mademoiselle! I am no fool! I did not expect you to believe me! Ah, no, not even when I said that I was in her confidence."
 "In Lady Blanche's confidence?"
 "Yes, mademoiselle. It is not uncommon. I am the useful slave that acts as go-between for her ladyship and milord."
 "My lord!" said Floris, white to the lips with anger. "Do you dare—"
 "Ah, but, yes, mademoiselle, I mean Milord Norman!"
 Floris stared at her for a moment, then she sank on to a chair and laughed—actually laughed.
 Josine watched her sullenly, but with a close keenness.
 It was hard to breed suspicion in that sweet, pure mind, but Josine did not despair.
 She had a strong suit to play, and had not played her best cards yet.
 "Josine, I am now sure that you are out of your mind," said Floris, at last. "Please go away and let me go to bed and sleep. It is fortunate for you that I have promised not to repeat this farrago of nonsense, or you would have received your dismissal to-morrow morning. As it is, I must ask you not to approach or address me again, unless it is absolutely necessary. Go now, if you please."
 Josine sprang to her feet.
 "Mademoiselle believes that I lie! That I am deceiving her. Good! Mademoiselle shall see! Give me till to-morrow—no, to-day, and I will prove to her that Lord Norman is false to her! That it is Lady Blanche whom he loves and would wish to make his wife! Yes, mademoiselle shall see, shall hear for herself what I, Josine, already know. Mademoiselle thinks I lie! Yes, truly, and mademoiselle would tell me again that I lie if I say that Milord Norman and Lady Blanche are going to elope this very day!"
 The blow was struck, and well struck, considering.
 White to the lips, but with an incredulous smile, Floris rose from her chair and confronted her.
 "You are either a very wicked girl, Josine, or you are mad," she said. "Do you know what it is that you have said?"
 "Yes, mademoiselle," responded Josine, sullenly; "and I am not mad. Wicked? Yes, I have been wicked, and I should be still, if my conscience would let me rest; but it will not. I cannot be Milord Blanche's slave any longer."
 "Tell me all you want to tell me, and then go!" exclaimed Floris, feebly.
 "Mademoiselle knows Lord Norman goes out hunting to-day? In an hour or more he will have gone."
 "Floris's lips formed a 'Yes.'"
 "Sh! And that the ladies are to take an excursion—an expedition? Yes! Well, then, what if I say Milord Norman will return—alone—by himself at noon? What if I say that Milord Blanche will make an excuse and remain at home! and that they will meet in the conservatory and fly together?"

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 The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.
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 This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH Pattern in silver or stamps.
 NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.
 MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTH IN COWS.

German's Lie Factory.
 BY A FAMOUS SECRET SERVICE AGENT.
 It is given to few persons, even secret service agents like myself, to penetrate behind the scenes of the German lie factory. Those who do so never forget it. For, next to the Secret Service, this factory is one of the most important hidden institutions in the Fatherland. It is subsidised by the Government.
 Here millions of lies are manufactured annually. At a cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds they are spread over the earth. Through this factory political crimes assume a new aspect. Germany is represented to be winning when she is losing, prosperous when she is poverty-stricken, while failures are made into successes, and the truth is distorted so that things take on a new significance.
The World's Greatest Liars.
 The Wilhelmstrasse of Berlin is the German Downing Street. In it are situated the German Foreign Office, the Imperial Chancellor's Palace, the Colonial Office, the Imperial Treasury, the Home Office and numerous other Government departments and buildings. These are concentrated in the comparatively small district between the main shopping street and Uter den Linden, the famous German boulevard in which I have experienced so many sensational adventures.
 Underneath the Foreign Office—that ramshackle old one-storey structure of brick and stucco which dates from mid-Bismarckian days—are situated a suite of magnificently furnished rooms, ten in number, in which are periodically held conferences of men and women, and women who have every right to be called the world's greatest liars.
 This is the headquarters of the bureau. All the offices in Wilhelmstrasse I have mentioned are connected with it by means of house telephones. And along the thickly-carpeted passages guarded by sentries, the war-worn, prematurely aged Kaiser

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