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E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER VII
A GAME OF CARDS.

"Anything you like, my dear fellow," replied Derrick, beating time to the music with his finger on the table.

Stephen Rawdon, talking still, shuffled the cards and commenced to deal, and the game proceeded.

Olive had a natural gift for music, and had taken advantage of the small amount of tuition which her aunt had grudgingly afforded her; she played, if not brilliantly, with feeling, and tonight the wondrous music of "Robert" seemed to come from her heart.

As the play proceeded, Derrick was continually looking toward the piano, and marking the time with his forefinger.

Stephen Rawdon asked him once if the music interfered with his game.

"Not at all; but perhaps Mrs. Rawdon is tired?"

"Are you tired, Olive?" said Stephen Rawdon.

"No," was the quiet reply.

"Sing us something," he said.

Olive looked across the room, and hesitated; then she struck a note or two, and sang an old-fashioned ballad.

It was "Robin Adair."

At the first note, Hastley Derrick paused, with the card he was about to play held in his hand, and did not play it for a full minute; Stephen Rawdon looked across the table, with a flash of his dark, sullen eyes.

"A mournful ditty," he said.

"An old favorite of mine," said Derrick, playing the card.

Stephen Rawdon played in his turn, and won the game.

"Music spoils ecarte," he said, with a laugh. "Olive, you are ruining Mr. Derrick's play."

"By no means," said Derrick quickly. "Pray sing something else. That was a great favorite of mine. That

is one game to you, Rawdon. What are we playing for?"

"Anything you like," said Stephen Rawdon.

"Let us have five pounds on the next," said Derrick, who, for reasons of his own, was quite willing that his opponent should win.

While they were playing, Olive left the piano, came over to the fire, and stood behind Hastley Derrick.

If he had seen her face it would have spoiled his play more than the music had done; it was white, and set like a statue. Stephen Rawdon saw it, and his own flushed angrily. Would she break down, or worse—would she dare to disobey him?

He looked up questioningly as if to warn her, and, as if she understood his glance, her hand wandered to her bosom, and she held up, for a moment, the small vial.

Then she sat down in the low chair and watched them.

The crisp rustle of the cards and ticking of the clock alone broke the silence for some minutes, then Hastley Derrick, who was playing carelessly, looked up, with a smile.

"I am out of form," he said; "that's your game! Mrs. Rawdon, this is rather slow for you—"

"We will play one more game," said Stephen Rawdon carelessly. "Shall it be for double or quits? There is some wine on that table, Olive, and glasses, too, I think. You will stick to the claret, I suppose, Derrick?"

Olive rose, and poured out some wine, placing a glass beside each of them.

Stephen Rawdon looked up, with his glass in his hand.

"You have often asked me to explain the game, Olive," he said, "watch this hand. Double or quits, Derrick, and the last game. By the way, have you got change for a ten-pound note?"

Derrick drew from his waistcoat pocket a small bag, and took out a tightly pressed packet of bank notes and a roll of gold.

"Right!" said Stephen Rawdon.

"At present the game is with you. Now, then, my deal."

As he dealt the cards, he looked up at Olive, with a significant smile.

"When I say 'now,' Olive, watch the game; you will find it interesting.

Your lead, Derrick."

Olive leaned forward, pale and attentive.

Derrick, who was utterly indifferent as to the result of the game, played recklessly, but luck favored him; and every now and then, as the cards told in his favor, he half turned to Olive, and addressed some remark to her, which Olive received with the same studied reserve. Presently he said:

"You have traveled about England a great deal, Rawdon. Do you know Hawthorpe?"

Stephen Rawdon started, and he frowned over his cards thoughtfully.

"Eh, I beg your pardon! Hawthorpe—no, can't say I do."

"Pity," said Hastley Derrick; "just the place for an artist—one of the prettiest little spots in England. You might fill a portfolio with sketches. Do you know it, Mrs. Rawdon?"

"Olive knows very little of out-of-the-way country places," answered Stephen Rawdon for her.

"Spent most of her time in Scotland. Hawthorpe; let me see, in Surrey, isn't it?"

"Berksire," said Derrick, and he turned so that he could see Olive's face. "You must get Rawdon to take you there; it will repay a visit."

"No doubt," said Stephen Rawdon.

"We mean to make quite a tour next summer. Your play, I think; the game's growing interesting. Now, Olive, if you want to see some play!"

Olive rose and stood beside the table, a Japanese fire-screen in her left hand, the bottle in her right.

"While you are up, you may give us some more claret, if you will."

"Not for me!" said Derrick.

"Oh, we must finish the bottle," urged Stephen Rawdon. "That glass of yours doesn't look over-bright. Give Mr. Derrick another, Olive, will you? You will find them on the table."

Olive went to the table, and presently returned with two glasses.

One she put down by Derrick, the other by Stephen Rawdon. As she did so, she met a glance from the latter, and, in answer, inclined her head.

"My play," said Rawdon. "You have held the cards as yet, but I think I can beat you. Come, I don't mind doubling the stakes."

"As you like," said Derrick.

Stephen Rawdon raised his glass. "Here's a prosperous voyage to you," he said, with a smile.

Hastley Derrick bowed, and drank the toast.

Then followed a silence. Olive glided noiselessly to her own place, and the game proceeded.

Every now and then Stephen Rawdon called the points; every now and then Derrick turned, with some remark concerning the game.

"I'll get another bottle if you will finish your glass," said Stephen Rawdon presently, and he drank the contents of his. "What is that king? There is the ace. What luck! No man could play against you."

"I always hold the cards," said Hastley Derrick. "Lucky with the cards, unlucky at everything else, they say, do they not, Mrs. Rawdon?"

Olive, who was staring at the fire, turned a white face toward him, but instead of speaking, rose slowly, and went up to the table.

Something in her manner surprised Hastley Derrick, and warned him.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Rawdon?" he asked, half rising.

Olive made no reply, but, raising her hand, pointed to Stephen Rawdon. Derrick turned hastily, and stared with astonishment.

Opposite him, white as death, with a senseless, sleepy stare upon it, the face of his opponent was nodding over the table, as if its owner had suddenly lost his senses.

While he looked, too astonished to move or speak, the face bent lower and lower over the cards, and suddenly dropped upon the table.

Hastley Derrick sprang to his feet, and, with the cards still in his hand, looked from one to the other.

Was the man drunk? Impossible; he had drunk less than Hastley Derrick himself! What did it mean?

Even in the overwhelming astonishment of the moment he was conscious of the dramatic power of the scene, and still more forcibly of the imposing and startling grace of the figure before him.

With one hand half pointing to the prone figure of her husband, and the other pressed against her bosom, she fronted Hastley Derrick—a calm, more terrible than any display of emotion, upon her beautiful face—her eyes at once defiant with heroism and melting with a wistful imploration.

Derrick dropped his cards; as he did so, he noticed that the lifeless hand of Stephen Rawdon had in the last moment of consciousness stretched out toward the bag of money, and was lying with extended fingers over it.

This little touch seemed to offer a key to the enigma, but there was still much that he could not understand.

All these thoughts flashed rapidly through his active mind. He turned to Olive, still motionless, and, with a gesture toward the senseless man, said, in a voice that, perhaps for the first time in his life, was agitated:

"What is the matter with him? What has happened? Is he—"

"Dead," he was going to say, but instead he bent over and laid his hand on the limp shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII
FROM MIDNIGHT TO DAWN.

THEN Olive spoke.

"You need not be afraid," she said, in a low, clear voice, that was remarkably calm, as it had been all through. "He is not dead—he is not dead—he is asleep, and you are safe."

"Asleep!" echoed Hastley Derrick.

"I am safe? What on earth do you mean? And what has he done?"

"He has done nothing," said Olive, with a faint bitterness perceptible in her even tones, "because I have prevented him."

Hastley Derrick raised his head hurriedly, and her face sank.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, scarcely above his voice. "Do you mean to say that you have poisoned him?"

Olive was silent.

He looked round the room for a bell, but Olive, reading his horrified glance, shook her head.

"The servants have gone to bed," she said; "I sent them. You need have no fear, he is not hurt—that is, if he has not lied to me; if he has—"

She paused a moment; then, as if with an effort, she looked him full in the face.

"Mr. Derrick, what was your motive in coming here to-night?"

(To be Continued.)

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2329—As here shown, blue and white figured crepe was used. The design is also good for lawn, percale, Japanese toweling, albatross, cashmere, silk, flannelette. The bolero portion may be omitted. The fullness is held at the waistline by a belt, sash, or girder.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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

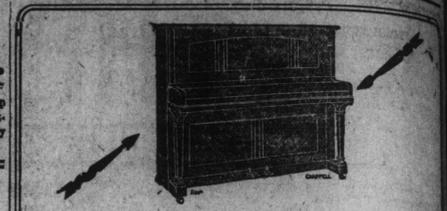
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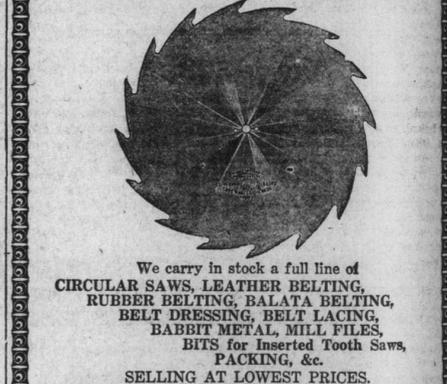
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Newfoundland Duty to the

(BY THE LATE LIEUT. VINCENT)
"OUR EMPIRE TO-DAY—CAUSES OF ITS
HOW NEWFOUNDLAND CAME INTO
WHICH NEWFOUNDLAND HAS DERIVED
EMPIRE—WHAT SHE MANIFESTLY OWES

What visions of might, of liberty, of justice, do these few words, "The British Empire," call to our minds. What glorious pages of history may be written of the deeds wrought by our forefathers in the European people, numbering hardly five millions of souls at the time it entered on its career of conquest and colonization in the sixteenth century, until they embrace about one-fifth of the habitable land of the globe, and nearly four hundred millions of human beings. Some idea of the enormous extent of territory included in the Empire, is gained, by taking the British India, itself as large as the whole of Western Europe, with the exception of Russia, as a unit of measurement. It is found that British India is somewhat smaller than West Australia, which is only one of the five vast colonies which make up the continent of Australia. Then the whole of Australia if set down upon the map of the British Empire, would stand in them as a cup does in its saucer. Then putting Canada and Australia on one side, we will have some forty possessions, ranging from New Zealand, or still rarer ones like South Africa. Britons of to-day have every reason to be proud of their Empire. Even the blindest fool is ceasing to talk of its decay and degeneration, for Great Britain and her Dominions stand more securely at the head of the world than ever before. Its trade is at its acme. Its influence in the councils of Europe has once more risen to its height. It has its problems and difficulties, of course, and it would be on the road to national death if it had none; but after every problem and obstacle is allowed for, the fact remains that the Empire leads the world in territory, in commerce, in shipping, in money power and in men. Just as of old it still breeds leaders of thought and action.

Yet this great supremacy of the British race has not come from any accidental opportunities, or chance gains. It has come because the mixture of peoples from whom its foundations are sprung has, for many generations, bred a race of men who seek for opportunity, who love adventure and risks, who resist oppression, who fight tyranny, who work and who rule. It was so when Spain threatened our now Motherland; it was so when the shadow of Napoleon fell over the world, and it will be found so again if ever fresh issues arise to test the strength of the nation, and prove its virility. The system of Imperial Government adopted by Britain, animated by the Imperial genius of our forefathers, has contributed in an immense measure to the success of this great Colonial Empire. From the point of view of political theorists, the system may be termed absurd, but what glorious success has attended it, and what advantages has it derived from it. Other European nations, who have been trying to rule their colonies logically, are discovering that Britain is not so devoid of sense as she seems. Where now, are the great Empires built up by Spain and Portugal after the discovery of America, and the sea route to India? They have practically faded into oblivion, simply because of the systems of government adopted towards them by their rulers. Our great Empire has succeeded because its founders were able to realize that there are often greater things in the world than logic. Newfoundland became a possession of Britain by right of discovery. Many and fierce, however, were the struggles which she had with the French who early recognized the strategic importance of its position) to retain her right to the Island. Victory, however, was hers in the end, and our people to-day are the descendants, practically wholly so, of hardy English, Irish and Scotch settlers.

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