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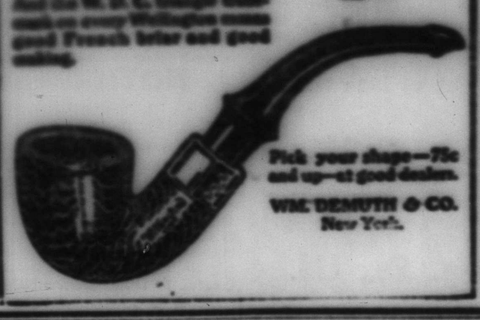

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New York.

IN THE TOILS;

But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NOBLE TRIUMPH.

"WHAT a lovely face," murmured Fitzgerald.

Charlie shook his head.

"No, it is not a perfectly lovely face," he said, so gravely that both Fitzgerald and Lord Hamilton turned to look at him.

"It is not a perfect face by any means," said Lord Heatherdene, looking earnestly at Olive as she moved across the stage; "but it is more striking than the most perfect loveliness."

Fitzgerald smiled with amused surprise.

"Jove!" he said, "the new actress has made one hit at least!"

Charlie smiled and frowned slightly, and looked a little embarrassed.

"Be quiet," he said; "let me see how she goes on," and he leaned forward with earnest attention. The rest of the house seemed to be following his example; they watched the young actress as an query rate might a mouse.

It was tolerably well known that she was almost to the stage, and all eyes waiting and expecting some mistake in the business—some wrong move on the part of the novice. But with perfect ease and grace, Olive went to and fro, especially so with graceful and assured as Katrine Haldine (which, and when she turned to address the Prince of Como) the audience [illegible] as one.

"Bravo!" muttered Lord Hamilton. "Don't think you would have mastered it, Harry?"

"Hush!" said Charlie, upon whom the light chatter of his companions seemed to jar strangely.

Howard was playing his best, and with rage and indignation as he listened to the story of the insults which have been heaped upon the friend who took his verses. Then comes a message, with a letter, from the treacherous Beaucaire, telling Claude that, if he dares, he can marry the proud Pauline, whom he loves, and offering to lend him clothes, money, and equipage to enable him to play the part of the Prince of Como. The curtain descended on Act I. to the accompaniement of loud and prolonged applause.

The play proceeded—the self-disant Prince of Como came and carried all before him; flashing Beaucaire's jewels, spending Beaucaire's money, and winning Pauline's love. Madame Deschappelles, elated at the prospect of such a son-in-law, is puffed out with pride and vain-glory. All goes swimmingly; Claude Melnotte, the gardener's son, whom she has never seen, and whose verses she laughs over with her swell prince, is forgotten. Pauline is happy. And here, for the first time, there was the faint falling off in Olive's acting. She had to portray the happiness of a young girl, whose better nature is gradually developing itself in the sunshine of her first love. It was splendidly played, but there was a chord wrong somewhere, and if the majority of that audience did not notice it, it did not escape Lord Charles. As the play had proceeded, his earnestness had grown more marked. With his head leaning on his hand, he seemed absorbed in the scene before him. Once or twice his companions addressed him, and failed to meet with any response. It was a strange mood for careless, light-hearted Charlie Heatherdene.

At last the great scene came on. The Prince and Pauline are married, and he is to take her home, as she thinks, to that exquisite palace which he has described so beautifully.

Instead, he leads her to the poor cottage, and there, in an agony of remorse, interrupted by the anguish of her passionate love, he confesses the treachery by which she has been deceived. Indignation, shame, love, battle for mastery in Pauline's bosom. One moment she reproaches, stabs him to the heart, the next her love for him, welling up through all other emotions, between him. It is a wonderful scene, one that offers a fearful test for a young, inexperienced actress. Hundreds have failed in it; one out of a thousand can rise to the great occasion which it presents. Olive was one of the exceptions. Never have the scenes, no one of the student audience guessed that it was not acting but reality; that the young girl, with the strange, sweetly beautiful face, whose gestures, voice, and every movement was thrilling them and forcing the tears from them, was feeling, actually feeling, what she was acting; that she was not Olive Delmont or Adrienne Haldine—but the poor Pauline.

From that moment success was assured; the remaining scenes went like oil, closing amid applause renewed again and again, and when the curtain went down, a thunder of admiration and delight burst out. It was a storm sufficient to raise the roof and bring down the chandelier; with repeated "Bravos!" they clamored for her re-appearance.

Slowly the curtain was dragged back at one side, and Howard held her on. Instantly the applause broke out again, and as she passed across the stage, with her hand pressed to her bosom, and her face pale and lowered before the storm, a dozen bouquets were thrown at her feet, literally blocking her way.

"Well" said Lord Hamilton, looking up with deep interest, "how is she?"

"All right" said Lord Hamilton, "there's one for, though. They are all in the greatest enthusiasm behind—have you got the plan, Harry?"

"Oh—yes," answered Fitzgerald. "Let's see, the gardener's son, Claude Melnotte, goes off because she sends back his precious verses with a scornful message, and is persuaded by Beaucaire, who has also been refused, to make love to her as the Prince of Como, marry her, and take her home to his mother's cottage. Right?"

"Sweet" exclaimed Lord Hamilton. "Don't think you would have mastered it, Harry?"

"Hush!" said Charlie, upon whom the light chatter of his companions seemed to jar strangely.

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tense for its suppression.

Not only Mr. Gossop, but Mr. Avery and the whole of the company were ready to surround the young actress and congratulate her.

Olive, half bewildered, yet thrilling with gratitude and delight, thanked them modestly.

"You are all very kind—too kind!" was all she could say; then Katrine hurried her away to the dressing room.

"You see!" she exclaimed, as she commenced to change Olive's dress—for Katrine would allow no one but herself to approach her protege that night; "you see! I was right. My child, we shall conquer. Tell me, how do you feel?"

Olive thought a moment.

"Now I feel bewildered and nervous," she said, with a little flickering smile; "but when I was on the stage I felt at ease—after the first few moments. It was because you were there, dear Katrine! Why do you take so much trouble? How cold and ungrateful I must seem! If you knew how I long to express something; ah, if only a hundredth part of what I feel toward you!" and she bent down and kissed Katrine's hand as it was dexterously fastening a ribbon.

"Hush!" said Katrine, with a smile that was rather sad. "Do you think I want any words, child? If I did, you should not speak them to-night. Keep everything for the great, many-headed monster on the other side of that green curtain. Oh, my child! remember to save yourself for the third act. But you know, my dear, as well as I do! You have only to go and play your best. I wonder whether Howard will be in the cue to-night. He is a lucky Claude Melnotte to have such a Pauline to play up to."

Katrine Haldine need have no fear. Mr. Howard, who was playing Claude, was in the seventh heaven of delight.

"She is the finest Pauline I ever saw!" he said to Lord Hamilton, who had come into the green room to congratulate both Katrine and Olive. "It is entirely owing to her! How has she learned it all—she cannot be accustomed to the stage!"

Mr. Howard smiled.

"I think her sister must have a theatre in her own house," he said. "Yes, indeed, Katrine Haldine can do anything, even to producing amateur actresses. The house seemed particularly delighted, my lord."

"Unmistakably," said Lord Hamilton. "I wanted to pay my respectful congratulations, Mr. Gossop."

Mr. Gossop shook his head.

"Nobody can get a word with her, my lord," he said. "Miss Haldine will not let her sister be seen behind the curtain."

"Quite right," said Lord Hamilton, and he went back to the box.

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Lord Hamilton, very much flushed and excited, bit his lip.

"What a success!" he said. "Now they will want Katrine Haldine."

Even as he spoke, the name rang out from a hundred tips, and Beaucaire led Katrine forward. If anything, she was paler than Olive, but her handsome face wore a look of quiet triumph that spoke volumes. Again and again these four crossed before the curtain, until Mr. Gossop, flushed and smiling, came forward and announced that, in consequence of the great success, Miss Adrienne Haldine would appear as Pauline every evening until further notice.

"Hamilton, I congratulate you!" said Fitzgerald.

"It's time I went and congratulated Miss Adrienne Haldine, I think!" said Lord Hamilton. "I won't keep you fellows waiting more than a minute or two," he added.

Charlie rose.

"Let me come, too, Hamilton," he said quietly, and followed him out of the box. Hamilton remembered years afterward how quiet—strangely quiet—Lord Heatherdene had been all through that evening.

They made their way to the green room, in which they found a crowd, as excited as the one which was now rapidly clearing out of the theater.

Every tongue seemed going at once; the actors, still dressed for their parts, were gathered round Mr. Gossop and Avery, overwhelming them with congratulations and questions.

Lord Hamilton could scarcely make himself heard when he asked for Miss Haldine.

"Gone to her room, straight away," said Mr. Gossop, in an aggrieved tone. "You might catch them——"

"Come along," said Lord Hamilton; "she will see me, I think—in fact, I must say one word of thanks," he added, as they hurried across the stage.

They were just in time—Katrine Haldine stood with her hand upon the door and an arm around Olive's waist.

Lord Hamilton came up with his hand extended.

"Miss Haldine, let me say one word," he said; "pray let me congratulate your sister upon her triumph—hers and yours."

Katrine turned, and gave him her hand, with a smile. Olive stood, pale and motionless, with her eyes cast down.

"Thank you very much," said Katrine; then she glanced at the downcast face beside her rather apprehensively. "Yes, I think it has been a success."

"There is no room for doubt," said Lord Heatherdene, speaking for the first time. "May I also offer my humble congratulations?"

(To be Continued.)

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A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL.

2121

2121—Brown linen, embroidered in colors, was used for this model. The model is made with a long waist, somewhat on moyenage lines. The plaited skirt is gored. The sleeve may be made in the new bell shape, or finished at wrist length, with a scarf tab.

The Pattern is good for wash fabrics as well as for silk and cloth. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4¼ yards of 32 inch material.

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A SIMPLE PRACTICAL MODEL.

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2359—The busy house worker will readily appreciate the good features of this design. The front closing makes adjustment easy. The sleeve may be in either of the two lengths portrayed. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fulness confined under the belt.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot.

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No! We didn't steal this lot of Skirts. Some of them perhaps are a bit narrow in the width, but then the price is a very narrow one.

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at 85c., $1.20, $1.00, $1.50, $1.60 and upwards.

Ladies' Combinations and Chemises
appear to be gaining in popularity, and we can show a very special assortment of dainty goods in these.

All the above goods are made from White Cambrics and Longcloths, but we can give you all of them in White Flannelette also at very low prices.

Although we are most enthusiastic about our philanthropic prices for Ladies' White Wear, we can give you a few specials in White Goods in the piece. We are showing:

White Embroidery Cambrics (or Madapolams)
37 inches wide, at 22c., 32c. and 37c. per yard.

White Organdy Muslins and Irish Linons
at pre-war prices.

White Middy Twill
for making Middy Blouses, Dresses, etc., 34 inches wide, only 27c. yard.

This is very strong and we have even sold some of this for boats' sails, as it has been so difficult to obtain the proper boat sail Drills. But we warn all fishermen to tie up such sails securely at night or in the morning they may find a blouse length cut off.

We have also

A lot of White Mercerised or Satin Drills and Jeans in Remnants,
averaging 30c. yard.

These will wear forever and can be used for multitudinous purposes, as many of the ends match one another. We suggest Ladies' and Misses White Skirts, Jumper Blouses and Coats, Little Boys' Suits, Blouses and Pants, Barbers' and Grocers' Coats, Painters' Overalls.

We have some other White materials that are good values; but we have such small quantities we are not mentioning them, as only the early buyers will get them. Our stock of

White Curtain Scrims

is second to none in town. They are the very latest styles, lace and guipure edged, and will appeal to the most fastidious.

While this Sale continues we shall be looking out and offering many other White Goods which we cannot mention here, but which you will find all good values.

HENRY BLAIR.

My Dream.

[illegible]

Juice of Lemons! How to Make Skin White and Beautiful

[illegible]

Milady's Boudoir.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

During the next month the complexion is liable to receive a setback if you don't watch it very carefully. March winds are the very worst of all the year for the skin. Don't sally forth into these winds without protecting the face and neck. For if you do the result will be a chapped skin, a peeling of the cuticle and a general breaking up of the tissues of the skin. First to protect yourself, cream your face thoroughly before going out in the wind, then apply powder with a light hand. Before you step out of the door, envelope your face in the folds of a chiffon veil. There is no other way of effectively protecting the complexion when one is out during this month of high winds. Never wash your face just before going out or coming in. The reason is this. The skin recently relaxed by water and friction will contract too suddenly when exposed to winds and "chapping" will be the result.

There is still another way for looking out for your complexion. You will notice that the facial outlines are more pretty in winter as in spring or summer. The cold and sharp winds never fail to give one a hard outline. A remedy this keep the muscles of the face exercised. Don't let the face grow stiff and hard, thus "getting you [illegible]." Puffed the cheeks gently and fill them with air, until they resemble a [illegible] balloon, then let them collapse. Tap the face briskly with the palm of the hand and tap it sharply with the finger tips. This will keep the cheeks firm but not hard—there is a great difference—and the tiny parentheses that disfigure the sides of the mouth will not be made.

If a fire has to be left unwatched for several hours, put a handful of salt on the top of the coal. This will prevent the fuel burning away quickly, and a stir with the poker will [illegible] it in a nice glowing fire.

[illegible]NARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.