GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

FATED TO LOVE HER

"Of course I shall. I am very fond of him," said Gabrielle, half perplexed. It was not like James to ask these trifting questions. And he looked grave—a little stern, even; a cloud had come over his, face, Perhaps, he thought she was not sufficiently reserved in her intercourse with Charlie Godfrey.

"You know, James, Charlie and I were oily children, and living in the same village, we were constantly together. It would have been very strange if, in all those years, we had not grown to care for one another."

"Very strange indeed. There is no necessity to justify it," said James.

He spoke coldly, and Gabrielle, although silenced, was by no means reassured. She leaned back in the carriage, and wished that she had not mentioned (Charlie's name. A moment are she had elected which made both girls laugh.

and wished that she had not mentioned

and wished that she had not mentioned Charlie's name. A moment ago she had inwardly reproached Lady Louisa for making her conscious; but perhaps, after all, it was well that, at her age, she should be conscious. Perhaps she had been, in her innocence, too open; more so than befitted a young girl. She would take special care for the future—anything sooner than that James should think her bold and unmaidenly. Then her mind went back to the time when ideas such as these were unknown to it, when she was with her father, never in any danger of being misunderstood by any danger of being misunderstood by him. For the instant the agony of her bereavement revived in full force. She shrank from the untried state on the border of which she stood. Height's and depths, hithertoo unnmagined, lay be-

fore her: she knew no way of escape

depths, inthertoo unningened, lay before her; she knew no way of escape.

"I would rather die than go through
all that I may have to go through,"
she thought, with an involuntary shudder. And a voiceless prayer sped up to
Heaven that she might die indeed.

But the prayer passed unanswered.
Such prayers usually do so pass. Life
and death are not ours to choose or to
spurn as we, in our blindness, would
have them. God, the All-wise, has appointed to us lessons which life alone,
it seems, can teach. We are at school,
and we must stay out our time.

Half unconsciously, a little tear stole
from Gabrielle's eyes and trickied down
her cheek. James saw it with a pang
of compunction, not that he guessed its
cause, but he was aware of having spoken under the influence of strong irritation, and he feared that some involuntary roughness of tone or manner had
wormled her she was tary roughness of tone or manner had wounded her, she was so very sensitive. He roused himself and set to work to restore her spirits. And ere long, soothed by his sudden change of mien, by the extreme gentleness, almost ten-

when we have a distant corner. The rectory garden had awallowed them up fabrielle heling is freed and of hearing was assembled for the double purpose of seeking the line at and of hearing fabrielle, religing after the next and of hearing fabrielle, religing the line at an all religious to the next and of hearing fabrielle, religing the file of the double purpose of seeing the line at an adverged to the fabrielle and the religious that the fabrielle and the religious that is differently the new fabrielle, and the religious that is differently and the carnest eyes. His subject—"Great when the religious fabrielle was scarcely one inattentive person, religious the religious of the sentiments could not reach, the proposed of the sentiments and their proposed of the sentiments and their proposed of the sentiments and the religious of the sentiments and soothed by his sudden change of mien, by the extreme gentleness, almost tenderness, which James could, if he would, assume, and assumed now, Gabrielle forgot her distress, becoming happy and light-hearted once more.

She was sorry when they reached Rotherbridge, rattling noisily through the High street, in company with a variet? of other vehicles—flys, wagons, drays, and milkearts. Now the drive was ended. They had turned in at the rectory gartes; the brick walls of the rectory gartes; the brick walls of the rectory garden had swallowed them up. Gabrielle, feeling safe under James ying, although about to face a whoir phalanx of strangers, followed him to the drawing room, where a large party

have been precisely the same.

She watched in veneration, mingled with a thrill of exulting joy, that he, to others so indifferent, was so mindful of her. Directly a breathing-space came he turned to rescue her from the oblivion into which she had sunk, introduced her to the hostess, then followed her with his eyes as, escorted by one of the daughters, she quitted the room to unfobe. On returning, she found Olivia, who had arrived during the interim. Gabrielle slipped into a seat at her side.

"Gabrielle: I am so glad to see you! I amust not kiss you here, I suppose. Are must not kiss you here, I suppose. Are cou well, dear child?"

you well, dear child?"
"Quite, thank you. How happy you look, Olivia!" and ought I not to be happy? James told you about dear Marian? Is it delightful? Then James himself-I re handsome than ever this evening you think so, Gabrielle?—with unusually thoughtful expression, his eyes so bright! Really, some-

and his eyes so bright! Really, sometimes he seems to be almost perfect. Not genius alone, but good looks, a noble sir, winning manners—all are his. He is wonderfully gifted, Gabrielle."

"You are quite eloquent, Olivia," said Gabrielle, smiling, while inwardly she reschoed every syllable. But why, as Olivia passed on to someone else, did two lines from a favorite poem come like an undertone and blend with those words of praise:

"When souls of highest birth Waste their impassioned might on

"When souls of highest birth waste their impassioned might on dreams of earth"?
Why should such lines recur to Gabrielle's thoughts just now?
"The worst of Mr. Gordon is his terrible pride," said a voice behind her.
Gabrielle glanced slightly around, The voice beionged to a downright simple-looking girl, about her own age. Another girl, the person addressed, was eyeing James with a scrutinizing expression.

eyeing dames with a scrutinizing expression.

"I assure you be is provokingly proud," continued the first speaker, "So self-sufficient! I detest self-sufficient people! They may deify him if they like, in my opinion he's a peacock,"
"But so very clever! Surely he has, some right to be conceited."

"No hesure! No one has any right to be conceited. Besides, Mr. Gordon's not conceited. What I hate in him is grander than conceit, according to some notions, but even more disagreeable and horrible according to mine!"

"At this moment James crossed the

noon, and led her on to a discussion of country privileges, sympathizing in her tastes, sometimes telling an amusing anecdote which made both girls laugh, ecdote which made both girls I augn, sometimes making an observation which brought with it a world of new ideas.
"I wonder what she would say of him now?" thought Gabrielle, resentfully. A moment later James changed his

lastes, sometimes telling an amusing an ecdote which made both girls laugh, sometimes making an observation which brought with it a world of new ideas. "I wonder what she would say of him now?" thought Gabrielle, resentfully. A moment later James changed his place. "I am glad he's gone," observed Miss Thompson. "Glad!—when he was so agreeable?" "That's just it. If he stayed I should soon have been as blind as other people. He was winning me over fast, as he wins them."

"And as he has won thee," said a voice in Gabrielle's heart. Was she blind, too."

"And as he has won thee," said a voice in Gabrielle's heart. Was she blind, too."

"The town hall was crowded, chiefly by artisans and shopkeepers; but there was a large minority of other ranks, whom James Gordon's fame had attracted. From the two-penny seats in the background, peered many eager faces, hargard and prematurely aged in the struggle for bread and for life. Among these men—the least prosperous and the most laborious of the manufacturing population of Botherbridge—James was well known; moreover, highly homored. He wished, and, so far as he had opportunity, he showed that he wished, too, the evening, his handsome face a little flushed, his eye a little brightend, he mounted the platform, their greetings were so noisy, so prolonged, as to elicit more than one "Sh-sh:" and look of scandalized respectability, from sundry decorous persons in front.

"Is yon him as is boun' to spake? That yoong chap!" said a stranger among the elappers. "What good ull he do us?—a teaching's gran-feythers?" "Happen yd better hark an' see," retorted a gray-headed man. "Solomon could a tought his gran-feythers?" "Happen yd better hark an' see," retorted a gray-headed man. "Solomon could a tought his gran-feythers a thing or two, a reckon, when he wore yoong er nor yon."

"Is, yon Solomon, then" "Nay; but he's Mester Gordon all as gentlement with a proper solomon and the proper solomon an

stial spark?

The lecture was ended, James sat down. The clappings and stampings revived, People began to go out; there was a stir and a bustle. Gabrielle sighed, as we sigh when a beautiful sunset fades, when a voluntary is all played out, when a bright dream gives place to day. The usual comments passed from mouth to mouth. "A capital lecture?" "Very good!" "How clever!" Gabrielle felt inclined to stop her cars. As for her she could only sit still and think it over. How proud she was when James, disengaging himself from a bevy of acquaintances, approached her with his own familiar smile, placed her cloak on her shoulders and led her away, down the long room, in and out among the little chattering groups; who, as he passed all paused and stared and admired.

In the doorway stood a gentleman, tall and gray-haired; a man with a large forehead and a keen eye. As James, with Gabrielle on his arm, was going out, this gentleman tapped forward, bowed, and intercepted them.

"Mr. Gordon, I have not the honor of your personal acquaintance. But I thought that you would allow me to thank you for the pleasure I have received from you to-night. You know me, perhaps, by name—Geoffrey Savill." James, who had been listening with his customary nonchalance, started, and a crimson flush spread to the roots of his hair.

For this name of Geoffrey Savill was one of high repute in the literary world.

Only One "Bromo Quinnes" a stir and a bustle. Gabrielle sighed, as

his hair.

For this name of Geoffrey Savill was one of high repute in the literary world. Gabrielle saw, for the first time, in James' manner; a touch of something like nervousness.

"Sir," he said, "this is a great honor

"' and stopped short.
"I was passing through Rotherbridge, saw your name advertised and resolved to stay for the lecture. I have been amply recompensed. I ought now to be on my way to the station; but—" He clasped James' hand as a father might clasp the hand of a son, "You have made a high beginning, Mr. Gordon. Go on and

a mga beginging, Mr. Gordon. Go on and prosper!"

Raising his hat to Gabrielle, he hur-ried away; and James stood still, look-ing after him, the flush deep upon his face.

face.
"Gabrielle," said he, "this is true en-couragement;" and his eyes shone.
"It is indeed," cried Gabrielle, equally excited. "And, oh, James! I feel sure

that you will do as he said. You will go

on and prosper in your glorious aims, and draw others with you."

They were out, under the stars, by this time. He took her hand, as it rested on his arm, and for a moment held it

on his arm, and for a moment held it fast.

"Thank you, Gabrielle," he said.—It was no common "Thank you," and Gabriele treasured it in her heart. The pony carriage was waiting; they drove silently home, through the starlight. So the evening closed.—It was strange that, despite all his triumph, 'a vague sense of uneasiness, of something wrong somewhere, troubled in James' heart. At least he thought it strange; he told himself that he had no idea of the cause. But surely his dreams might have enlightened him! For all the night through his pillow was haunted—painfully haunted—by one name, one face. The face was that of a young man—fair-haired, blue-eyed. The name was the name of Charlie Godfrey. CHAPTER XIV.

In these days Gabrielle's eyes grew larger, brighter her color, faint before, deepened into carmine; her shyness, her shrinking from society disappeared; her shrinking from society disappeared; her laugh, peculiarly sweet and ringing, was often heard; her countenance shone, as from some inward radiance.

Olivia said that she was developing

from some inward radiance.

Olivia said that she was developing after her sorrow—as flowers when the winter is past. James said nothing; but his London visit was postponed week his London visit was postponed week.

He felt lazy, he told Olivia, by week. He felt lazy, he told Olivia and disinclined to move. At length, how

remarkable piracy and murder in the South Seas was brought by the steamship Marama, which arrived here last

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A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL.

Barrie Man Gets Two Years for Assaulting Infants.

ing Infants.

Barrie, April 9.—Joseph McDonald (alias Wm. Richardson) appeared before Judge Ara.—gh charged with criminal assault upon three girls, aged two, three and five, respectively, near Orillia. In April last year Richardson was sentenced to the penitentiary by Magistrate Jeffries, of Midland, for assaulting a seven-year-old girl. A new trial was granted in December, and the girl being absent he was convicted only of common assault. To-day he acknowledged both offences.

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24 ONLY HANDSOME TAILORED SUITS, that should appeal to every woman. They are made of chiffon Pananas, fancy suitings and shadow stripes, in all the light and dark colorings, in the popular Prince Chap style, also tight and semi-fitted coat; some are strictly tailored; others are dainty in conception; suits for both street and semidress wear; graceful hanging skirts, finished with wide folds; these suits are positively worth \$22.50, on sale Saturday morning while they last \$15.50

Tailor-made Skirts \$2.98

Tourist Coats \$3.98

Silk Suits \$14.98

eautifully tucked and stitched; skirts are made to match waist; these Suits have been very popular and worth \$16.00, on sale Saturday only at \$14.98

Four Big Saturday Morning Specials On Sale From 8.30 o'clock Till 12 o'clock

Mill Ends of Fine White Cotton Worth Regular 17c, Sale Price

7c a Yard 3,000 yards of excellent quality 3,000 yards of excellent quality White Cotton goes on sale to-morrow morning at a price that will cause a flutter in this section, they run in lengths from 1 to 6 yards each and by all means the greatest. White Cotton bargain ever offered, on sale from 8 o'clock till 12 o'clock, per yard 7cc

A limited quantity of these fine

Excellent Quality White Cambric Underskirts Worth Regular \$1.50, Sale Price 79c

On sale at this stated price for the forenoon only, beautiful well made fine Lawn Waists, embroimade line Lawi Waists, emoroi-dered fronts. Lace yoke, three-quarter sleeves, etc. These pretty waists goes on sale at a price that will create big selling, sold in-other stores at \$2, while they last to-morrow morning at 79e each

75 Only Dainty White Lawn Waists Worth Regular \$2, Sale Price 79c Each

inderskirts on sale to-morrow morning, one of our best selling egular lines, with deep flounce, trimmed with lace and insertion, protected by dustfrill. Regular \$1.50 value for 79c each

\$6.00 Tapestry Portiers For \$3,48

On sale from 8.30 till 12 o'clock

Easter Bargains in White Wear

"Ladies' Fine Cambric Drawers. umbreila style deep full frill trim-med with tucks, embroidery and lace, regular 75c, Saturday **49c**

Drawers 25

75c Covers 49c front, trimmed with tucks and in-sertion, lace edging at neck and sleeves, regular 75c, Saturday

75c Blouse Slips 49c Ladies Cambric Drawers, with deep frill, trimmed with hemstitched tucks, special Saturday 25e

Exceptional values for the third day of our big Linen Sale. Buy your Linens now and save 1-2 to 1-3 off regular prices.

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0 dozen Odd Napkins, slightly imperfect, % and % size; worth up

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12 and 16-Button French Kid Gloves \$2.49, \$2.79 Pair

Fine French Kid Gloves in 12 and 16 button length, in tans, browns, navies, Copenhagen, blues, resedas and blacks, also delicate evening shades. Every pair guaranteed and fitted. Regular \$3.00 and \$3.50, for \$2.49 and \$2.79 pair

Trefousse Suede Kid Gloves \$1.29 Pr French Suede Gloves, P. K. sewn and blown fingers, with 2 pearl domes paris stitched points. Come in tans, browns, greys, champagne, and green; fitted. Regular \$1.50, on sale \$1.29 pair

Wrist Length Gloves \$1 and \$1.25 Pr Best French Glace Kid Gloves, it tan, brown, navy, green, Copenhagen mode, black and white; Paris point: and two domes. Every pair guaranteed. Regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 values for \$1.00 and \$1.25 pair

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