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**"The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse."**

CHAPTER VII  
An Unseen Spectator.

She fell asleep at last, but slept lightly, and was awakened by the sound of voices which ascended by the open staircase from the room below. Kittle lay and listened languidly; but presently she heard Mrs. Bickers addressing some one as "Selina," and Kittle knew that the lady's maid had dropped in for knitting-lessons and a cup of tea. Kittle raised herself on her elbow and listened as intently as she had listened to Mrs. Bickers a little while ago. The lady's maid was recounting, with the fullest detail, the incident of Lashmore's rescue of Eva from the dogs. She did it so well that she might have been present at the affair; and she had evidently seen, probably through the open doorway, the cauterizing operation, and Miss Eva's close attention to it.

"Such a nice young gentleman, and handsome, too," said Selina. "And so brave, you know, Mrs. Bickers. Sir Talbot seems to have taken quite a fancy to him, and he's up at our place most every day. And Miss Eva and the two gentlemen go a-fishing together. And, of course, she's very nice to him."

"Perhaps something may come of it," suggested Mrs. Bickers, with an appropriate smile; but Selina gave a lady's-maid toss of her head.

"Lor' bless you, no, Mrs. Bickers," she said. "There couldn't be anything of that kind, for, though he's a very pleasant, handsome young gentleman—quite a gentleman in every way, I do assure you," she put in emphatically, as she remembered the half-sovereign with which Lashmore had tipped her—"but I'm afraid he's what you call a nobody. I mean that Miss Eva would naturally look higher than him. Do you count twenty now? I'm getting on famously, ain't I? There's a gentleman coming to stay with us—quite a rare thing, isn't it!—he's a lord, Lord Herndale; a very high nobleman, and very rich. He's a friend of Lady Lorchester—Miss Eva's aunt Emily, as we call her. Now, something might come of that, for he'd be a very suitable match, we all think."

She told all she knew about the coming visitor; and it was wonderful how much she knew; or it would be wonderful if our servants' knowledge of our most intimate affairs had not long ceased to surprise us. "But, lor', how I do run on. I declare it's getting quite late! But I must be going. How is your young lady? I haven't seen her yet. I suppose the quieter she's kept the better? Yes, I must be going. Oh, that new dress has come down from Madame Cerise's for Miss Eva—the one with the new color of pink, a kind of pale rose de barri—Miss Eva wore it for the first time on Tuesday night. Mr. Lashmore was dining with us that evening and he

upset his claret glass. I never saw a man so upset in my life, for he thought that some of the wine had gone on her dress. I happened to be passing in the hall at the time, and just looked in as I sometimes do, and I saw and heard him. 'That beautiful dress! I've been admiring it all the evening,' says he; but he was looking at Miss Eva as he spoke, not at the dress. There was a spot or two on it; a mere nothing for most persons; but I thought Miss Eva would not wear it again; but she asked for it this morning, and I've got to see if those spots will come out. It's a beautiful shade, but it won't fetch me a lot of money, those kind of dresses never do, especially from the dealers."

She had got her things on by this time, and had moved towards the door; but it was evident that her mind was still harping on the dress; for she said:

"The dealers give so little. I suppose your young lady," she added suddenly, as if an idea had struck her, "wouldn't like to buy such a thing? It's just as likely as not Miss Eva won't wear it again; and I could sell it really cheap."

"I can but ask her, my dear," replied Mrs. Bickers. "It all depends upon what you call cheap; I don't think the dear child's very well off."

As Kittle heard the visitor take her departure, she dropped lightly from the bed, and went to the window to look at her, and found that she was just an ordinary looking girl, on whom her mistress' cats-off clothes sat not unbecomingly. When Kittle went down stairs, after an interval of reflection, during which she had pigeon-holed every word the girl had said, Mrs. Bickers gave her an account of the visit, and the conversation, thus fixing it permanently in Kittle's memory.

"Would you care to have the dress, my dear?" asked Mrs. Bickers. "If Miss Eva gave it to Selina, which she is very likely to do?"

Before Kittle's eyes was a vision of herself, clad for once in a dress of her double; and she felt an overwhelming desire to see how she would look, and if the resemblance would be heightened by the similarity of apparel. But the money? She shook her head and sighed.

"I'm afraid I couldn't afford it," she said wistfully.

Mrs. Bickers opened her lips to say something; but closed them again without speaking, and bent over her knitting with a little smile.

Kittle was feverish the next day, and Mrs. Bickers very sensibly would not let her go out for several days, and almost kept her to her room, sitting beside her, and talking while she plied her knitting-needles; the subject was nearly always that of the Court and its occupants; and Kittle strangely enough did not seem to grow weary of the topic. She gleaned an amazing amount of information about everything connected with the great house, and the equally great Sir Talbot and his daughter.

For instance, she learned such details as the names of the servants, of which there were fewer than such large places usually employ; the names of the horses and the dogs. Eva's wardrobe was by no means as

extensive as that of most girls of her position; but Mrs. Bickers loved to dilate upon it, and could give a description of nearly all the dresses Miss Lyndhurst had "in wearing." The old lady described some of the rooms at the Court minutely—she had paid several visits there when the family was absent—and Kittle could have told you exactly where such-and-such a portrait or painting was hung, and where a cabinet of curios—"of priceless rth," as Mrs. Bickers asserted—stood in the great hall.

Little wonder that Kittle's mind was filled with the Court and its people. The existence, the doings, the very speeches of her double began to seem to her so distinct as to belong to Kittle herself. She longed to see the girl again, to know if Lashmore was still with her, still fishing, walking with her, with that eloquent look in his eyes, that expressive attitude of imploration, of mute worship. So, when Mrs. Bickers at last allowed her to go out, she went through the wood in the direction of the river; and, as chance would have it, she saw Eva and Lashmore again.

She stood behind a tree that had screened her before, and she watched them with intent eyes. It did occur to her on this occasion that she was spying on them; but she soothed her conscience with the reflection that she was watching them with no object, and that her watching could not matter to them. She saw them as they stood on opposite sides of the river, and she could hear their voices, though she did not distinguish what they said; she saw Eva attempt to cross the bridge and fall, and Lashmore plunge down the bank. In her agitation, caused by the accident, Kittle was about to run forward to offer assistance; but the sight of Lashmore, with Eva in his arms, checked her; she pressed her hand fiercely against her heart, and stood, as if incapable of movement, watching them.

She saw presently that there was no need for her to go to their assistance. Miss Lyndhurst had evidently recovered. And something else had happened; for she was standing on the bank erect, and proudly, resentfully, regarding her companion, whose head was bowed, whose whole attitude was one of humility and dismay. In an instant Kittle knew what it meant, as certainly as if she had heard the words which Eva had spoken, or if it seemed to her that she knew as certainly as if she had heard them. The young man had avowed his love for her, and Miss Lyndhurst had refused him with dignity, if not with scorn.

Kittle drew a long breath, and her hand fell from her heart to her side; a thrill of satisfaction ran through her, the color that had suffused her face while Eva had rested in Lashmore's arms died down. She leaned against the tree and watched them part, and saw Lashmore go up the river with a dejected air of the rejected suitor. She felt like a person who has been witnessing a comedy, in which he has a vital part; and she turned homeward with a thrill of satisfaction, a sense of victory which she could not analyze. The man who had rescued her from the panic-stricken mob was not Miss Eva Lyndhurst's future husband. Sir Talbot's daughter had evidently refused him. Why the fact should afford her any satisfaction, Kittle did not know; but that it did she was almost painfully conscious.

She reached the cottage looking tired and somewhat pale, and Mrs. Bickers at once ordered her to bed; and Kittle was not sorry to go; for she had witnessed a comedy, a tragedy, in which she still felt that she had a part and lot. It was almost as if she herself had listened to Lashmore's avowal and refused him. But would she have refused him? The blood rose to her face, and burned it as she asked the question, and knew, with all a woman's insight, that she would not have done so.

Mrs. Bickers kept her in bed for breakfast the next morning; and later in the day came in with a dress-maker's box.

"Here, my dear," she said, smiling nervously. "Here's something I've got for you. It's the dress Miss Eva got spotted with wine. She gave it last night to Selina Brown—her lady's-maid, you know? She said she never wanted to see it again—and I bought

it for you. Now, don't be foolish," for Kittle had exclaimed and protested, "it will become you very well. I know you wear evening dresses, for William tells me that your father moves in the best of society. And you needn't have any scruples about accepting it, for I know from William's letters that your father is William's best friend, and has often helped him. Just slip it on, dear, and let me see how it looks."

Still protesting, Kittle put on the dress; and Mrs. Bickers surveyed her with evident pride and satisfaction.

"My dear!" she exclaimed. "It suits you, beautifully, beautifully! You might be a real lady, like Miss Eva herself. I beg your pardon! Of course, you are a real lady; any one could see that."

"Do you think so?" said Kittle, with a curious gravity, as she eyed herself in the glass.

CHAPTER VIII  
A Business Proposition.

Some one has said that one of the proofs of immortality lies in the fact that the worst of us are capable of remorse. Lashmore was just one mass of remorse, as, with bent head and shame-stricken soul, he went to meet Sir Talbot, whose kindness and hospitality he had outraged by speaking words of love to his daughter.

Sir Talbot could not fail to see the young man's agitation; and when Lashmore, in husky and faltering accents, said that he had received a telegram which necessitated his immediate return to London, Sir Talbot expressed very genuine regret and as genuine a hope that Lashmore had not received bad news.

"We shall miss you very much," said Sir Talbot. "Your presence here has brightened us up; and I trust that we shall see you again."

His very evident sincerity only deepened Lashmore's remorse; and he was scarcely capable of speech, as he took the hand which he felt unworthy to touch. He went to the inn, packed his portmanteau and took the next train. It need scarcely be said that it was anything but a pleasant journey, for he had plenty of time in which to realize the enormity of his offense. Youth has a fatal tendency to act on impulse; and Lashmore had yielded to what he felt now was a weak and discreditable impulse in coming into the vicinity of the Court.

Since the day he had been informed of the terrible fact that he was a nameless outcast, he had felt like a rudderless vessel, drifting at the mercy of the waves and wind; he had no occupation, no work, to divert his mind from his great trouble; and he had yielded to temptation to run into the country, ostensibly for fishing, but really to catch a glimpse of the girl who had made so great an impression on him at Earl's Court. He had not foreseen that fate would throw them together again, and that he should fall in love with her.

(To be Continued.)

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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SPLENDID STYLE FOR BUSINESS AND HOME WEAR.



Waist—2026. Skirt—2025. Separate skirts and waists have lost none of their popularity, and surely no combination is neater, especially for general wear than a neat waist of linen, crepe, or other seasonable material, and a skirt of serge or cloth, linen or taffeta. In the combination here portrayed the waist has the popular yoke extension, below which the fronts are full and gathered. This gives comfort and ease, and is very becoming, especially to slender figures. The sleeve in wrist length has a deep shaped cuff to which a flare section may be added. In elbow length the sleeve has a turnback cuff. The Waist Pattern 2026 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measurement. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The Skirt Pattern 2025 is cut in 7 sizes also: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 24 inch size. The Skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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.

**A NATTY SUIT FOR THE LITTLE MAN.**

2030—Boys' Blouse Suit, with or without Shield and Yoke Facing, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. This style is fine for wash materials, such as galatea, drill, linen, timene, corduroy, seersucker, gingham and chambray. It is also good for serge, velvet, flannel, and suitings of all kinds. The blouse may be worn in smock, or in sailor style. The sleeve in short length is ideal for warm weather. The shield may be omitted, likewise the yoke facing. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 3-year size.

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**WE**

From the mountain we wrote two weeks since our tour into Trinity Bay come feet tread the picture Heart's Content, or known, the Cable Tower has been one of the trees of transmitting—and day and night electric spark has been heard. This fact adds prestige to the place, an air of importance, but in the industry has been the some of our smartest hailed from its port; as Hopkins, Moore, George and Rowe, and others among the.

As a fishing centre seems to have lost the fleet of the past, a marked degree. All gone and the coasters end with them, but the independent, and the is found in the north everywhere greet the ing stranger needs to as to the conditions of that which thus aff.

The advent of the Content has marked a place, and has linked town into daily commerce the city, and with the our railway system, much for the town its the other settlements. But another boon has of Heart's Content of which bids fair to increase power of the people up, in a degree at least of the fisheries.

This boon is the stop paper, and the winter same. The labor from into tens of thousands the year, and is a ration. During our sojourn to take in the see for ourselves the pulp which have been the mills at Grand Falls we walked around the immensity and considerable bulk, we failed in any way, to get a fair estimate of the total lot, beyond us, and all that to look and wonder at.

The pulp is packed in four and a half feet piles in the open, but were given to understand and under cover in the near by. These vast piles the great sheds near by pier in the distance less appearance to the form.

And then the railway station, and the country helped to change our older town that we once. We missed the ships a many faces, but we add houses, and nice churches comfortable lot of the towns as Heart's Content the conditions of life in outports in general, and nations stand out in bold contradiction to the towns which sometimes are in Newfoundland.

**And the W**

Ed. Wellington