

Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER IX.
IN THE GLOW OF LOVE.

"He is the richest and best part in London. I know all that, Blanche, but all the same, I don't suppose you said anything but 'No.'"

Floris could see that she was trying him; any one but a man would have understood the trap she was setting for him, but Lord Norman was a man and altogether unconscious.

Floris' heart beat fast. How would it end? Would the beautiful siren, with her piteous tale, win the day?

"No, Bruce," she faltered. "Oh, don't be angry with me! You don't understand how we women are placed!"

"No, I don't," he retorted. "But I do understand that when a girl is asked by a man who is old enough to be her grandfather, to be his wife, that the sooner she sends him about his business the better."

"Ah, it is so easy for you to say that!" she murmured. "You are a man, and your own master! You can pick and choose where you will! But I am a woman, Bruce, and am not my own mistress. Bruce, my father really wishes me to marry!"

"But not Lord Hawkeley?" he said. She glanced up at him, and opened and shut her fan again.

"He is anxious that I should marry, Bruce, and Lord Hawkeley is an old friend of his! And—and—there is no one else."

Now, thought Floris, he will take her in his arms and tell her that there is some one else, that there is Lord Norman!

But Lord Norman did nothing of the kind.

"That's nonsense, Blanche! There are a dozen some one else! I could count up a dozen men who are head over heels, dying in love, and any one of whom would go half out of his mind with delight if you threw the handkerchief to them!"

She crimsoned, then turned pale.

"But—but Bruce! I don't care for any of them," she murmured. And certainly you don't care for old Hawkeley!" he said, quickly. "So why choose him?"

"He is my father's choice, not mine!" she said turning her head away.

He stood silent and troubled. Should he hold out his hand and say: "Blanche, here am I! Will you choose me?"

Why should he not? A few months—a few weeks—ago he was quite ready; was on the verge of doing so.

Why should he not now? She was supremely beautiful, of high rank—his equal—a peerless creature, fit to adorn a court!

Great heavens, what more, or higher, did he need to expect?

He asked himself the question, half angrily—impatient with himself—inwardly raging at his want of firmness, and his incapacity of forcing himself to it.

Then, suppressing his angry air, he led her to her and say: "Blanche—"

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss LO KELLER, 478 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system. When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body. Mrs. Geo. S. Ellis, 48 Davidson Street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicine, and cannot speak too highly of them. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box. Full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint."

But before he could get any further, before the glad, expectant light had scarcely time to come to her eyes, a voice—a clear, thin voice, the unmistakable treble of Lady Betty—chimed in between them.

"Floris! Floris, my dear; where are you?"

As if the name "Floris" had fallen from the lips of his guardian angel, Lord Norman stopped short, and, with a sudden start, turned toward her.

Floris saw him start, saw him turn pale. Was he angry with Lady Betty for interrupting them?

And what on earth should she, Floris, do? She could not possibly come out now! Inwardly chafing at her situation, she had borne it as best she could, and she must bear it a little longer.

"Oh, Bruce! Here you are! How do you do my dear Blanche?"

The two women shook hands coldly, and if a glance from one woman's eyes could kill another, then Lady Blanche's would have slain Lady Betty on the spot.

"So provoking!" said Lady Betty. "I've lost Miss Carlisle! I've been looking for her everywhere. Of course it doesn't matter—I mean I don't suppose she has disappeared for good, but all the men she has promised dances to are bothering me about her."

"I didn't know Miss Carlisle was here," said Lord Norman, and his voice seemed suddenly lightened.

Lady Blanche leaned upon his arm, with a silent, haughtily preoccupied air, as if the absolute murder of Miss Carlisle could not affect her.

"Oh, yes, she is here; and has made quite a success!" said Lady Betty, glancing with pretty spitefulness at Lady Blanche. "That is just it! Another girl would not be missed, but the men are plaguing my life out, and I must find her."

"She cannot be far off," he said, looking round.

Floris drew still closer under her fern ambush.

"Where did you see her last, Betty?"

"She was dancing with Bertie, and I think they walked off in this direction. Good gracious! I never thought of that! You know how dreadfully reckless Bertie is! Do you think he can have persuaded her to—to go off with him anywhere?"

"Nonsense!" said Lord Bruce, almost fiercely. "Where can they go?"

"I don't know," replied Lady Betty, with characteristic vagueness. "He has certainly disappeared also!"

Lord Norman's face darkened.

"I think I should like to go into the room again, Bruce; this place strikes me rather chilly, does it not?" murmured Lady Blanche, with haughty languor.

He started.

"Oh, yes, certainly. Look in the anterooms, Betty," he said, over

his shoulder, as he led Lady Blanche away.

"They had no sooner got clear away than Floris stepped from her nook so suddenly as to make Lady Betty jump."

"Good gracious, my dear! You nearly frightened me out of my life! In your white dress you looked like a ghost!"

"I might say like the burglar who was discovered underneath the bed by the lady; I don't see why I should frighten you, seeing that you have been looking for me so long!" said Floris, with a very quiet smile.

Lady Betty laughed.

"Now that is just like you! Instead of apologizing for all the trouble you have given me, you make me laugh."

"I am very sorry," said Floris. "So you might be, my dear. But what are you doing here? And where is Bertie?"

"I was resting," said Floris; "and it was so quiet and cool that I remained longer than I expected."

"And Bertie—was he with you, wasn't he?" asked Lady Betty.

"Yes, but Lord Clifford left me some time ago," said Floris, struggling hard to keep the color from her face.

Lady Betty looked at her rather curiously.

"Ah, well, come back now, dear, will you? The men you have promised are going about in the most wretched state of mind—"

"I don't think I will dance again to-night, Lady Pendleton," said Floris, quietly. "I have rather a headache, and I would like to stay here—"

"But, gracious me, one doesn't come to a ball to sit in a conservatory!" exclaimed Lady Betty, remonstratingly.

"I have danced a great deal to-night. Please let me stay!" she pleaded, feeling that she would do anything rather than whirl round the garish room after all that had happened between poor Bertie and her.

"Oh, very well, my dear. Well, stay here for half an hour, and then I'll come for you. You do look pale and tired, and it has been a hard day. It is beautifully quiet here, certainly. I'll come back in half an hour."

"Thank you," said Floris, gratefully, and she went back to her secluded corner.

There she sat for some moments, wondering whether Lady Blanche had gained her victory, or whether Lord Norman had not yet said the words which would make him hers.

And why, she asked herself, angrily, should she trouble herself about Lord Norman and Lady Blanche.

What could it possibly matter to her whether Lady Blanche won or lost him! With a sudden gesture she picked up her hat and resolved to go back into the room and wait.

Lord Norman, of her thoughts, when suddenly she heard his step—she knew it so well already—close behind her, and the next moment he put aside the fern leaves and was looking down at her.

There was a look of glad surprise in his face, a flash of light in his eyes, as they rested on hers, that went straight to Floris' heart, so that, instead of looking up at him with cold, haughty indifference, her eyes drooped with a strange heaviness, and flinched before him.

"At last!" he said, in a low voice.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



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(To be continued.)

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The Attack Zeerbrugge

Those critics who have been calling for a strong offensive against the German submarine bases must have received their fill of satisfaction when they read of the dashing exploit of the British navy against the German bases at Zeerbrugge and Ostend. Germany could not have been struck in a more tender spot; for her writers, both military and naval, have always tried to impress it upon the Belgian coast is of prime importance in Germany's plans for the crushing of British sea-power. German hunger for the possession of the Channel ports is largely responsible for the present fierce drive against the northern sectors of the British army in France, and should she succeed in adding Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne to Zeerbrugge and Ostend, she would be able to retain them for any other object in the war. The value of the two Belgian harbors lies in their strategic relation to the English Channel and the southernly half of the North Sea. Zeerbrugge is the port of the considerable city of Bruges, with which it is connected by a canal which also extends between Bruges and Ostend. These conditions render both of these ports admirable bases for submarine operations; for the craft can lie in the canal beyond range of hostile gunfire from the sea. The approaches to both ports are characteristic of the waters of the Belgian coast, which are shoal and underlaid by shifting masses of sand through which channels lead from deep water to the harbor entrances. Zeerbrugge is protected from the southwest gales by a curved breakwater or mole of masonry, which is connected, at its in-shore end, with the mainland by a bridge. The entrance to the docks of the canal is formed by two smaller breakwaters with a lighthouse at the end of each. About three-quarters of a mile in shore are the lock gates which form the entrance to the docks and to the canal.

Ostend has no large breakwater, the entrance to the docks and to the canal from the sea being formed by two piers, about one-quarter and one-half mile in length, and the harbor being a tidal one, there are the customary lock gates leading to the various docks and basins.

Both Zeerbrugge and Ostend have been subjected to attack from the air by the British Naval Airplane Service, and considerable damage has been done from time to time. Latterly, as protection, the Germans have built heavy reinforced concrete shelters, under which the submarines lie during their overhauling and refitting. The expedition, which was under

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