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**F. V. CHESMAN, 178 Water Street,
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Representative.**

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

CHAPTER XVIII.
Love's Sacrifice.

"I don't like losing money all the same," said Herndale. "Of course, we ought not to be surprised. We've been dealing in shares with great possibilities in them. We've made a lot of money, from time to time, as you know; and if we had pulled off this coup we should have made a very large sum. You can't do that kind of thing without taking the chances, and the chances happening to be against us. That is the whole of it."

Sir Talbot drew a long breath that seemed to come from his heart.

"Quite so, quite so," he said again. "Please believe that I do not hold you in any way to blame. You have been very kind; you have taken a great deal of trouble—it is my fault. I ought to take the loss with equanimity. But I am thinking of Eva. It will make a terrible difference to her, to my girl's future. I was trying to provide for it, that is why."

Herndale glanced at him keenly; then, in his cool, calculating way took a drink of his soda and whisky before he said:

"You need not be anxious about Miss Eva's future, if you will permit me to influence it. I do not know whether you will be surprised or not when I tell you, Sir Talbot, that the great desire of my life is to win Eva for my wife. I love her with all my heart and soul, and I trust that she does not altogether dislike me. With your permission, I will ask her to make my hope a reality. If she says 'yes,' as I sincerely trust she may, the future, about which you are so naturally anxious, is assured."

Sir Talbot lifted his haggard face; his lips were tremulous, a faint hope dawned in his weary eyes.

"I—I can't answer for her, Herndale," he said. "But I may say for myself that I should be glad—that I should welcome you as a son-in-law. But I can't answer—I can't speak for Eva. The decision must rest with her—I could not undertake to influence her."

"Certainly not, certainly not!" said Herndale, with the suspicion of a sneer curling his thin lips. "I should like to have the matter settled. Will you speak to her to-night? I don't think there is any use in postponing the matter."

"Would you not rather speak to her first?" pleaded poor Sir Talbot.

But after smoking in silence for a moment Herndale shook his head.

"I think I would rather you spoke to her," he said. "I am naturally aware of my shortcomings; I am rather a modest man. You will plead my cause better than I can. And I hope you will succeed. I think I'll go now. Oh, by the way," he added, as he rose and lit a fresh cigar, "don't worry about this liability of yours. Of course, if Eva says 'yes,' I'll take the matter over from you. I can manage quite easily."

When he had gone Sir Talbot sank into his easy chair—which he had found anything but easy that night—and buried his face in his hands. Eva found him there, white, wan, and weary, and consumed by a terrible anxiety. She sprang to him and knelt beside him.

"Father, there is something the matter!" she whispered. "I am sure of it! You are altered, ill!"

"No, no!" he said, almost hoarsely. "I want to speak to you, Eva. Lord Herndale has—Eva, have you ever thought of him as—as a husband? Wait! Don't speak until I have told you. I can't tell you all; I scarcely understand it myself; but I am in difficulties—money difficulties. Lord Herndale has been a true friend to me; very kind, very considerate. He can help me, he will do so—he has proposed for you, he wants you to be his wife. If you can say 'yes,' for

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



God's sake do so! I don't want to press you, to influence you. But he that will commend itself to every one, is a good fellow. It is a marriage to your Aunt Emily. It is a good marriage, as good as I could expect for you. Your future will be assured. And I—I—he drew a long breath—"I shall be safe from ruin. No, no! I didn't mean to say that—to tell you."

But he had said it; he had told her. White to the lips, she rose and stood a little way behind him so that he could not see her face. Her hands were clasped tightly; her heart was beating fast, yet heavily. Ruin! She did not know how it had been brought about; but she could see by the terror and the anguish in the pale, working face, that it was true. And she could save him by a word, save the father she loved far better than she loved herself; one trembling hand was stretched out and fell lightly on his shoulder.

"Yes, father," she said, in a voice which sounded in her ears as if it belonged to some one else. "I will marry Lord Herndale."

Herndale came the next morning for his answer; and she went down to him from her own room at once. She was very calm; but very white, and seemed more like an automaton than a sentient human being. Herndale himself was pale and his lips were tightly set.

"Your father has told you—" he said, his eyes fixed on hers with the expression of a fowler who has the bird within his reach.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, "my father has told me. And I—yes; I will marry you, Lord Herndale."

The man's passion burst into a flame, and he caught her to him. She yielded to his embrace, suffered his kisses, but she gave none in return and said no word.

The following night, before the public announcement of their engagement had been made, she met Owen Osborne at a small party at Aunt Emily's. Eva was looking pale and tired, and Owen Osborne, as he bent over her, grew suddenly grave and troubled.

"You are not well," he said; "you look worried. Is—anything the matter? But I've no right to ask—yet. I'm glad I've met you here to-night. I wanted to ask you to decide for me about this African expedition. I want you to tell me whether I shall go or not. Miss Lyndhurst—Eva—I want the decision to rest in your hands. I want you to decide my whole future for me."

They were alone together in a little recess; no one was within hearing. She looked up at him, her face very white now, her lips tremulous.

"I ought to tell you," she faltered almost inaudibly. "I—I am engaged to marry Lord Herndale."

He did not start, but drew himself erect, his hands clenched at his sides. He looked down at her, his thick brows knit heavily, his teeth set hard.

"Thank you," he said hoarsely. "You have answered, decided for me."

He left her, and, without the formal "Good night" to Lady Lorchester, got his coat and hat and made his way into the street. He strode on for some minutes, his face white and set, as it had been upstairs in the recess. He was so engrossed by his own misery that he did not notice a man who had passed him, but who, after passing him, had stopped suddenly and then turned back. Owen Osborne felt a touch on his arm. He turned almost ferociously and confronted a wrinkled face, which looked as impassive as a mask.

"How do you do, Mr. Osborne?" asked the owner of the masklike face. "You don't remember me? My name's Levison. We met, if you recollect, at Algiers."

Owen Osborne drew his hand across his brow and tilted his opera-hat back. Mr. Levison, as absolutely impassive as ever, glanced up at him.

"You don't remember? Well, it's some years ago. If you recollect, Lord Herndale—the late Lord Herndale, not the present one, of course—was of the party. It's a long time ago now; you were young, very young. Time passes quickly. One forgets."

"I remember now," said Owen Osborne wearily.

The two men walked on together.

CHAPTER XIX.
Wedded Bliss.

Kittie had entered into her earthly paradise.

There are probably on this fair earth of ours many more beautiful places than Quirapata; but to Kittie, only so recently escaped from the London slums, it appeared in all the roseate hues of fairyland, and was a fitting setting for her happiness. And that happiness was, at any rate at present, amazingly complete and perfect. Every hour of the day was a joy to her; she found herself now and again stopping suddenly in whatever she was doing and gazing before her, as if she were trying to realize this great happiness. But her joy would have been as complete and perfect if Quirapata had been one of the ugliest instead of one of the most beautiful places, for she was passionately in love, and knew that she was as passionately loved.

It was her honeymoon, and love's luminary shone without one of the clouds which too often dim the brightness of the early nuptial days, which frequently present a month of boredom. This happy pair did not have time to bore each other, for they both had to work. After the early and plentiful breakfast—it was a land flowing with milk and honey—Lashmore went off to his daily toil. Kittie would stand at the gate and, shading her eyes from the sun, watch him with pride and the woman's joy of possession, as he rode or drove away; watched with admiration his mastery of the high-spirited horse, his perfect seat in the saddle, or the skillful way in which he managed the team which, a minute or two before, had been plunging and rearing all over the place.

Then she would go back to the cottage and set about her own work, and her joy would find expression in singing some of the songs she had sung to the "boys"; and Polly would listen, entranced, to the music of her young mistress' voice, and gasp out, as if she could not restrain herself:

"Lor, ma'am, how beautiful you do sit, gi!"

The cottage was the first real home that Kittie had possessed; for the furnished lodging from which her father and she might have to fly, any moment, the attic in the slums, could scarcely be counted as home; and Kittie resolved that it should be a little House Beautiful. She did wonders with it, and Lashmore's quick eyes noted all her improvements, and was enthusiastic in his appreciation and praise. She wanted a flower-garden, and when he had ratted off a space for her, she set to work, with all a Londoner's joy in the open air; and her song floated now across the billowy plain and up to the Great House, as they called the farm.

(To be Continued.)

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NOTICE.

Estates of Deceased Soldiers and Sailors.

Persons having the custody or knowledge of the existence of WILLS or other testamentary documents of Deceased Soldiers and Sailors, are requested to communicate with the undersigned.

**R. A. SQUIRES,
H. M. Attorney-General**

Address: St. John's, Nfld. mar28,29,30,31,m,tf

NOTICE.

Estates of Deceased Soldiers and Sailors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all creditors and other persons having any claims or demands against the Estates of Deceased Soldiers of the Newfoundland Regiment and of Deceased Sailors of the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve, the official notification of whose death shall have been first published in Newfoundland on or subsequent to the 1st day of March, 1917, are hereby required to send particulars in writing of their claims or demands to the undersigned at St. John's, Newfoundland, on or before the expiry of two months from the date of the first publication in Newfoundland of the official notification of death; after the expiry of said period of two months the assets of said Deceased Soldiers and Sailors will be distributed having regard only to the claims and demands of which notice shall have been given, and the person or persons responsible for the distribution of said Estates will not be liable for the assets of said Deceased so distributed to any person or persons of whose claims or demands notice shall not have been given in accordance herewith.

Dated this 27th day of March, 1917.

**R. A. SQUIRES,
H. M. Attorney-General**

Address: St. John's, Nfld. mar28,m,tf

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This style is fine for morning wear—to go shopping—for the office—and if made up in right material—it is fine enough for calling or afternoon wear. Note the cut of the waist with its inserted vest pockets, and smart cuffs. And the new lines of the yoke, which overlaps a smart side plait on the skirt, and may serve as a pocket. If one likes this combination of waist and skirt in shantung or linen—it will produce an ideal "sports" dress. On the other hand, the waist of linen and skirt of serge, Jersey cloth or taffeta is equally desirable. The Waist Pattern 2028 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes also: 2, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure, and requires 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures 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.

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2036

2036—Ladies' Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

For satin, tub silk, marquisette, nun's veiling, duvety, shantung, organdy, lawn, linen, batiste, voile and crepe, this model is especially nice. It will require very little trimming, just a bit of lace for the vest, or a touch of embroidery. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot.

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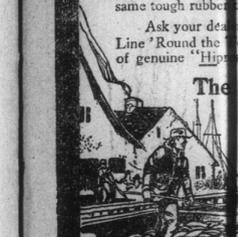
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