



Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XVII  
TWO HEARTS AS ONE.

"If you ask me," she continues, as Possie wags his stump of a tail in token of encouragement—"if you ask me how I behaved myself, as no doubt, with your natural impertinence, you are now doing, I must reply, if truthfully, that I didn't behave, as the children say, at all. No," throwing so hard and so fast as Pussie stops wagging his tail, and winks with mingled surprise and alarm. "No, behaved abominably. You may remember the good resolutions I made before we started; you may forget them, but I do not. I determined to be the best conducted, the properest, the quietest girl to be found in the shire; to be a pattern young lady, in fact, and I might have been, I honestly believe, but for your young friend Reg! Possie, birds of a feather—evil communications—I have resolved for the future to fight shy of, dear, there is some of his stang— to keep clear of Lord Reginald Rose-dale—and I forbid you, whenever you meet him, to wag your tail, or jump with welcome; you will be good enough to greet him with the courtesy due to a mere acquaintance, and no more.

"Oh, dear, here am I wasting my time—and these wretched gooseberries grinning on the trees instead of grizzling in the oven! Come along, Possie!"

And taking up the basin, she goes into the kitchen garden that lies just beyond.

Now, Kitty had proposed a gooseberry tart to the cook, and had volunteered to pick the fruit thereof, chiefly because she wanted something to do, and not a little because she seemed to want an excuse for being out in the open air and away from—papa. For, if the truth must be told, the Honorable Francis had returned from his visit to his noble kinsman in anything but an amiable temper. Something had gone wrong—he scarcely knew what, or how much—but some wheel of the complicated machinery which has to move my Lord Sterne in the way in which they wanted him to go, had given way or got misplaced. The Honorable Francis had more than a suspicion that Kitty—troublesome Kitty—had taken a part in the said displacement, and he was accordingly out of humor with himself, with Tap-

"Mother's Tender Flowers"

Watch the tongue of your young! Children droop and wither if you permit constipation to be absorbed into their delicate systems. Hurry! Give Cascarets to clean the little clogged-up liver and bowels. Children love harmless Cascarets because Cascarets taste like candy—only 10 cents a box! Grand!



When a child's tongue turns white, breath feverish, stomach sour, mothers can always depend upon safe old Cascarets to gently, yet thoroughly clean the little liver and bowels. Cascarets are just dandy for children. They taste like candy and no child need be coaxed to take them when cross, bilious and sick. Each 10 cent box contains directions and dose for children aged one year old and upwards.

ley, but most of all with Kitty. Kitty felt that she deserved some reprobation and had borne his languid but incessant complaints and plaintive reproaches during the whole of the journey home with a meekness as unusual as it was exemplary; but once home she had transferred the post of victim to Tapley, and had fled to pick gooseberries. And pick gooseberries she does—for five minutes—at the end of which time she raises her head and looks from the small result of her labor, as apparent at the bottom of the basin, and the great result, as equally apparent, in the shape of two glaring scratches on the back of her soft white hand.

"And are these all of you?" she says, addressing the small quantity of fruit reproachfully. "All this time, and only these! I—really, after all a gooseberry tart is a very so-so sort of affair. I don't think we will have one to-day. Papa would rather die than eat it, and I should very likely die after it—and so we won't have it, Possie."

And, having arrived at a decision, she comes out from among the bushes, and having nothing better to do, falls a-thinking. But thinking is harder and more unsatisfactory work than the other task—it inflicts scratches on the mind instead of the hands, and Kitty's brows come down over her eyes in rather a sad fashion. "Yes, it was a great failure!" she says to herself, throwing herself under an apple tree, with her basin by her side, upside down, and the gooseberries rolling promiscuously down the path—"a great failure!"

That is the keynote to her thoughts, and on that they play a doleful tune. Everything had failed; her debut—she had made it tumbling down the great staircase, like a clown in a pantomime; she had fallen asleep in the drawing-room, after incurring the dislike of Lord Sterne by intruding on his secret thoughts in the Hermit's Seat. Her revenge for Lord Sterne's contumely! That had been the greatest failure of all; for she had nearly drowned him, and had been obliged to save his life at the risk of her own dignity and pride.

And then a blush, slow but deep, crept over her face as she thought of the last item on the list of disasters. A theater!—she should hate the very name of one for years to come. Even now James' words—hot, angry, jealous ones—accusing her of flirting with Lord Sterne—Lord Sterne! A man she hated—yes, hated! she thought, with a little emphasis, and a tightening of her red lips—and he engaged, or nearly so, to her Cousin Ethel.

Yes, undoubtedly she would hate Lord Sterne for the rest of her days; for all her life, since she had first seen him, had been full of miseries. All her life since she had seen him! With a start, it struck her how short a time that had been. It seemed ages since she had known Lord Sterne—ages! Kitty was puzzled by this mental illusion. Why was it? Because everyone thought and talked about him so much; that was it, no doubt. As for her, she resolved she would neither think nor talk of him any more. Then, after the manner of her sex, she commenced to do the former on the spot. What a handsome face it

Women who are losing weight and energy—who look pale and feel languid—need the healthful effects of

Beecham's Pills

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

was! How white it had looked when it was turned up toward her just above that ugly little Lombe—whiter still when it lay on her arm under the Abbey chestnut! How strong he was! He had borne all pain without a word. She knew he was handsome, he was strong, and he had been kind and grateful—had forgotten or chosen to ignore the cruel trick she had played him. But, all the same, she would hate him—he was engaged to Ethel! This was the tenor of Kitty's thoughts, and everything about her seemed in keeping with it. It was all terribly quiet in the little orchard and all about the place. Possie, even Possie, whom she had brought with her to talk to, had faithfully fallen asleep on a grass patch. There was no one to exchange a word with; there would be no one for weeks—for months, perhaps, excepting James. He would come to ask for forgiveness and—and—Kitty's brows came down darker than ever. She would not see James, she determined; she would see no one, but live, like the girls in the poem, "alone in a moated grange," that is to say, at the Lawn, which was as sombre and dreary as any moated grange in any poem.

Even as she makes the resolve, she hears a footstep coming slowly and hesitatingly down one of the paths, as if the person approaching was looking for some one, and uncertain as to the best direction to proceed in.

"That's Mary," she thinks. "Mary's coming to look for me, and the gooseberries. As there are no gooseberries to reward her search, and I'm no use without them, I think I won't discover myself, as the play books say; a little exercise will do Mary good," and so resolved, she leans her head back against the tree, and, with half-closed eyes, looks at the sky. She makes a pretty—a bewitchingly pretty picture if she only knew it, set, too, in an appropriate frame. For she is, in her youthful beauty, in the plain cotton frock, with her sweet face and tumbled, glistening hair, as much a thing of nature as the gooseberries lying at her feet. Kitty's is a face that once having seen, one is not apt to forget, and in its expression of careless, meditative repose, it makes a picture that an artist would delight to seize and transfer to his canvas.

Idly, almost enjoyably, she listens to the footsteps that now seem to approach and then retreat as the owner of them goes up one path and turns down another.

"Mary's got her heavy boots on. It's a pity servants are not allowed to swear; how a few bad words would relieve that poor girl's feelings," says Kitty, half aloud, "and when she does find me, if she should, she will be compelled to receive the empty basin as graciously as if it were full, instead of pitching it at my head, as she would like to do. Hem—what are you growling at, Possie? She can't visit her wrath upon you."

Notwithstanding this reminder, Possie lifts his head and emits a more decided growl, and, at the sound of footsteps coming nearer, Kitty looks up in their direction, and sees, to her awed surprise, the top of a man's soft, morning hat.

"Mr. Sedgwick?" muses Kitty. "No, he doesn't wear tweed deerstalkers. Too tall for James, thank Heaven! The tax collector lost his way? Reginald?—no, too quiet for Reg, and no whistling either. I give it up, but I don't mean to get up, all the same. I'm Kitty of the moated grange—ah!" for with something like a muttered malediction, the visitor turns sharply to the right and comes in view.

It is Lord Sterne. Lord Sterne in his light tweed suit, looking handsomer than ever, for all the little paleness in his face, and with his left arm in a sling. Impatience, annoyance, are written plainly in the lines about his lips, and the gathering of his brows. Whom can he be looking for in Kitty's first thought, then she holds her breath and sits like a statue—she is almost as pale as a statue also—as he comes nearer and

nearer. Perhaps, after all, he may turn off by the great pear tree—not so! Up jumps Possie and makes for the intruder as if he meant to eat him, and then Lord Sterne, throwing a word to the dog—it sounds almost like a thank you—comes on swiftly, and pulls up before the reclining figure at the foot of the Blenheim maze.

"Kitty—Miss Trevelyan," he exclaims, all the annoyance and impatience vanishing instantaneously, and a quick, strange light flashing, as it seems to Kitty, into his face; "I have found you at last!"

Kitty sits for a moment as if she had vowed never to stand upon her feet again, staring up at his face—altered in some strange way, so it seems to her—then she rises, and all one blush, gives him her hand.

He takes it, pressing it instead of shaking it, and holding it while he speaks.

"I have always been fond of dogs," he says—"always, but now gratitude is added to affection," and he looks at Possie. "I have been wandering in this apparently inextricable maze for—let us say half an hour."

"Then it was you who have been walking up and down the paths?" says Kitty, with mild surprise.

"Who else?" he asks, with a smile that is all sunshine, and so different, so wondrously different, to any other smile she has seen on his face, that Kitty's eyes seem riveted to it.

"I have been looking for you everywhere. I went to the house, of course; but the servant said that you were in the garden, and that Mr. Trevelyan was asleep—"

He pauses a moment, and Kitty nods confirmation.

"Papa is always asleep at this time of the morning."

Lord Sterne looks at her curiously. "And so," he says, "I begged the servant to allow me to come in search of you—and here I am."

And he looks into the downcast face with an eager, expectant gaze that Kitty, being much interested in the path, does not see.

Yes, here he is—handsome, masterful, full of a strange power that overcomes her, whether she will or not—here he is. But why does he seek her?

Kitty raises her eyes to him, and meets the earnest, eloquent gaze. It puzzles, bewilders, embarrasses her. "What are you doing?" he asks, removing his eyes from her face to the gooseberries, much to her relief.

"I am, or was, picking gooseberries," she says, eyeing the fruits of her short labor rather ruefully.

"And got tired of it," he says, with marvelously ready sympathy. No wonder, how lonely you seem here, Mr. Trevelyan always sleeps in the morning?"

Kitty nods. "And there is no one else," he says, looking round him; "you are quite alone?"

"Quite alone, always," says Kitty, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"My poor, little Kitty!" he murmurs under his breath; "it is cruel. Shut a bird up in a bandbox, chain a squirrel by the leg! Yes, you got tired of picking gooseberries, and began to mope—"

"I was thinking," says Kitty, with a vast attempt at dignity.

"Of what?" he asks eagerly. Kitty colors suddenly. He may well ask, but he shall never know.

"Oh, of all sorts of things; principally, whether a gooseberry tart was worth the trouble of picking the gooseberries."

"And you concluded that it was not? You are wrong, I think," he says. "Ah!" he breaks off, looking at her hand; "you had a good reason." And he takes her hand, looks at it. "Last time it was the kittens—"

Kitty tries to draw her hand away, but he holds it firmly, though gently.

"How is your arm?" she says suddenly, to stop any further reminiscences.

"My arm? Quite well."

She looks at the sling significantly.

"Yes, I am keeping this thing on to satisfy that absurd but kind old doctor of yours. Otherwise the arm is all right, and I was never better in my life!"

His face, bright, and above all, youthful, confirms his assertions.

"And you? There is no need to ask!" and again his eyes turn to her face with a wistful—and a proud—admiration.

"I am quite well," says Kitty; "I am always well."

(To be Continued.)

WE FIND IT HARD TO TELL A TALE OF A GREAT BIG DECEMBER SALE,

Such as we usually get off our chest each year, for, at the present moment, we have practically as much business as we can handle, owing to our prices being so low, and for that reason we are in many departments very short of stock.

But we do not want to disappoint those of our customers who depend upon this Sale each season, for while more sales than usual are now in full swing, there are Sales and Sales. We generally make at this time of year

REDUCTIONS ON LADIES' AND MISSES' COATS

We have very few Misses' Coats left this season, but have made special reductions on what are left. We offer in Ladies' Coats (this season), which were the best values offered in town:

LADIES' COATS @ \$45.00 for	\$35.00
LADIES' COATS @ 40.00 for	32.00
LADIES' COATS @ 35.00 for	29.00
LADIES' COATS @ 30.00 for	24.00
LADIES' COATS @ 29.00 for	22.00
LADIES' COATS @ 26.00 for	20.00
LADIES' COATS @ 24.00 for	19.00
LADIES' COATS @ 23.00 for	17.00

We also offer a few LADIES' COATS in older styles, mostly Navys, at prices ranging around \$7.00 each.

Heavy Check Coatings,

All wool, superior quality, 60 inches wide, Brown and Dark Red Checks. Regular Price \$6.50. Sale Price, \$5.30 yard.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS ON Dress Goods!

During this Sale we are making special reductions of not less than 10 per cent. on all our large and well assorted stock of Dress Materials and Corduroy Velveteens. We offer Black and Navy Serges and Alpaca, Black Cashmeres, Coloured Cashmerettes, Black and Coloured Mercerised Poplins, Gabardines, Whipcords, Venetians, Cloths, etc., etc., Shepherd Checks and Fancy Dress Tweeds.

Ladies' and Misses.

Winter Hats

At Bargain Prices.

In this department we excel, and you will be awfully sorry if you buy a Hat elsewhere and come in and find out our prices, or see the smart Hat your friend buys at a real bargain price at BLAIR'S Sale.

Henry Blair

Advertise in the "Evening Telegram."

GREY

To enable  
Coats, Sweats

Rob

Spinners Strike Have

No Curtailment of N  
Communications to  
ing Friends With  
Pope--Universal De

SPINNERS ON STRIKE.

LANCASHIRE, Dec. 9. The strike of 100,000 cotton spinners has increased forty per cent. in Lancashire. Only a few have conceded the men's terms. The stock of yarns is low the weaving will soon have to close, throwing out of employment an additional 20,000 people.

LONG'S VIEW.

LONDON, Dec. 8. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Winston Churchill, Minister of Munitions, in the House of Commons, said that Germany would pay to the last farthing she could pay, if it took her thirty years, but he would be no party to calling upon Germany to pay a sum which would necessitate her receiving from such assistance as would enable her to begin the old game of dumping articles on our market. We must see that Germany in England went to their own country. He pointed out that they had made up their minds to colonial preference to the Dominions, Crown Colonies and Protectorates. The Government offered this preference unconditionally and were determined that the dominions and dependencies should have preference wherever possible.

CHURCHILL ON THE NAVY.

LONDON, Dec. 9. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Winston Churchill, Minister of Munitions, in the House of Commons, said that the British Navy was the strongest in the world. He said that the British Navy was the strongest in the world. He said that the British Navy was the strongest in the world.

Notes on the day. The British Navy was the strongest in the world. He said that the British Navy was the strongest in the world.

Notes on the day. The British Navy was the strongest in the world. He said that the British Navy was the strongest in the world.