

Shadow and Sunlight

CHAPTER XXV.

"My dear, it is a wonderful place, and I think you are a wonderfully lucky girl; you don't mind my saying so, do you?" of course, no place, no position, could be too high for you. We Yorks date back as far as the Lashwoods, further perhaps; but it was really a piece of simple good fortune, not only for you, but for Lord Lashwood, that you should have met. My dear, we had given him up as completely lost; the most courageous of the women had grown to regard the Lashwood coronet as beyond their reach. Everyone thought he would never marry. Yes, it was quite providential, and Lady Carton nods her head and smiles, as if she and Providence had a thorough understanding between them.

It is early spring, scarcely spring yet—and the "place" is Trent Castle. Lady Carton is seated in a comfortable chair beside the drawing-room fire; she looks, if anything, rather younger than when Madge saw her last; the complexion is faultless, the eyebrows as distinctly defined and regular as ever, and she is dressed as only a woman can be dressed who has unlimited credit with Worth, and a thorough artist for a maid.

Opposite her is Madge, without a touch of powder on her face and dressed in a plain evening robe of satin, but looking more beautiful than ever she looked in the old time; for there is added to the old charm a fresh one, which springs from perfect happiness. Even Lady Carton, who always admired her, raises her good eyes and steals glances of approving criticism as from time to time the firelight rises and shines on the beautiful young face. At present there is a smile, half amused, half arch, which grows into a laugh as she says:

"Yes, it was providential, I suppose. I'm glad you like the castle. I must confess that I'm half bewildered by it; you know I've only been home two days, and I hadn't been all over it. I went with you today, it is a wonderful place, and I'm quite afraid of losing myself, like the bride in the mistletoe-bough story. Are you sure you wouldn't like the lights?"

"No, my dear," says Lady Carton, "I like this half light, especially just after dinner; it helps digestion, I believe. Of course, you don't care everything for digestion yet."

Madge shakes her head.

"Yes, it must seem strange," says Lady Carton, looking at the fire opposite her musingly. "Such a change from that dreadful old hag—I never shall remember her name!—to the splendours of Trent Castle, to say nothing of the life you have been living abroad. You can scarcely believe it. Of course, you are happy. I didn't think it worth while to ask when I saw you this morning. I don't think in the whole course of my life I ever saw any girl look so absurdly girlish and so happy."

Madge laughs softly.

"I am very happy," she says, leaning forward, her hands on her knees, her eyes fixed with dreamy content on the fire.

"And Lashwood—of course, he is happy?"

Madge looks up.

"I hope so. Don't you think his looks answer for it, then?"

Lady Carton nods.

"He looks five years younger, my dear—and he has found his tongue; that is the most extraordinary thing! I remember he used to sit for an hour at a time staring at nothing, in that strange fashion of his and as indifferent to anyone present as if he were an image of stone. He talks and laughs now—actually laughs. I heard him three distinct times at dinner. Certainly Francis is good company; wonderful man, my dear. Really you ought to be proud of him."

"Yes," says Madge, but not very enthusiastically.

"But you haven't told me all about your travels, my dear."

Madge laughs and a soft color comes into her face.

"I should want a month, at least," she says. "It was all so delightful that it seemed like a dream; and yet from out it all, Rome stands pre-eminent. I think—and she sighs softly—"I think I was as perfectly happy there as it is possible for mortal to be."

"Ah," says Lady Carton, shifting the fire screen, "never was there, my dear. But, of course, I understand—old history, grand ruins and that sort of thing. I've read about them, of course, and enjoyed it amazingly; but I don't go in for ancient history and ruins—I always catch cold, you see. Yes, I am sure you must have enjoyed yourself. I heard all about it from Mrs. Sowerby. Rather a come-down for her, my dear?"

And she chuckles.

"What was?" asks Madge, innocently.

"Well, you see, my dear Madge, last season when she was there, she was the reigning belle, and they made a great deal of her; this time she was eclipsed—another had stepped into her place."

"Who was that?" asks Madge.

Lady Carton raises her eyebrows, and stares; then drops them, and chuckles.

"I've forgotten the name, my dear," she says, dryly.

"By the way," she goes on, "didn't Lord St. George spend a great deal of his time with you?"

Madge looks up with frank interest.

"Oh, yes, he stayed in the same hotel with us; he and Guy were inseparable. We met him at Thale in the Hartz Mountains, and he traveled with us from that time."

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YANKEE SIZES UP OUR NORTHWEST

Finds Saskatchewan Rich in Men and Resources.

CHARMED BY LIEUT.-GOVERNOR

Many Americans Settled Throughout the New Province and Becoming Naturalized.

[From Chicago Record-Herald.] Regina, Saskatchewan, Jan. 30.—I have just had a long talk with King Edward's representative in the province of Saskatchewan.

The lieutenant-governor of the new province of Saskatchewan is A. E. Forget (pronounced For-zhay). He occupies the same position as the provincial legislature as Earl Grey holds relative to the federal parliament.

He is King Edward's special agent and figurehead. All laws passed by the legislature are presented to him, and he can veto any act he sees fit. I doubt, however, whether he would dare veto many. These Canadians are proud of their independence and will not tolerate any directions from their imperial bosses and subsidies, except upon extraordinary occasions. If the state legislature should pass bills which were evidently not the will of the people the lieutenant-governor might veto them and be safe. Otherwise he would probably only act as to bills which he thought might directly affect his imperial majesty. Even in such cases the act might be again passed over his head and he would hardly dare veto it a second time.

Governor Forget at Home. The lieutenant-governor is the best paid official in Saskatchewan. His salary is \$10,000 a year and he has the government house to live in. This is by all odds the finest residence in the Canadian Northwest Territory. It is a big two-story mansion about a mile and a half from Regina, situated in the midst of the prairie. Its rooms are large and suited for entertaining. At one end of it is a conservatory, where the flowers bloom when Jack Frost has bitten off all other vegetation with the "forty-degree below zero" teeth which he uses in this latitude. The governor's house has double windows. It is heated by steam and it is always summer there when Jack Frost is abroad.

I thoroughly realized this when I rode out over the prairie to visit his excellency. I was wrapped in buffalo robes and I wore a corn-skin coat and cap and was almost frozen, notwithstanding. Entering the mansion was like jumping from winter into the lap of summer, or like taking a flying leap from the north pole to the temperate zone of Los Angeles or New Orleans.

It is necessary for the lieutenant-governor to have a good house. He has to uphold the dignity of the British empire. He is the social leader of the province, and as such he has much entertaining to do. Governor Forget is well fitted for this in that he is a French Canadian. He has, however, been more than a social figure. He is noted as an active working statesman, a man of force, and has had considerable influence upon all things connected with Saskatchewan. He has for years been one of the leaders of the Northwest Territories and he has been thoroughly posted on all that is going on in them.

Type of French Canadian. Born of French Canadian parents, Governor Forget was educated in Quebec. After his graduation he spent some time in the United States learning English. He lived for a year at Montpelier, Vt., and while there heard our able lecturers in the persons of such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips and Theodore Tilton. About the time of his admission to the bar a rebellion of half-breeds broke out near Winnipeg. Soldiers were sent to the front from western Canada and the rebellion quelled. In the trial of the traitors which ensued, young Forget was sent out from the east as an assistant to one of the lawyers. He arrived here in midsummer, when the country was in its brightest garb, he fell in love with it, and determined to return and make it his home.

After the trial was over, he went back to Quebec, but a short time later accepted an official position in the territorial government. This brought him again to Manitoba and he has been here from that time to this, having spent 23 years in the territories. During that period he has been advanced from one prominent place to another. For a long time he was commissioner of Indian affairs, and later still was the representative of King Edward as lieutenant-governor of the whole Northwest Territories, a tract many times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Now that a part of these territories has been made into provinces he has been appointed governor of Saskatchewan.

Governor Forget is a type of the best of the French Canadians. Tall, slender and fine looking, he is dignified and cultured. He speaks English fluently, his talk showing all the force of the westerner added to the polish of the Frenchman.

Americans in Province. Upon my presentation as an American newspaper correspondent, the lieutenant-governor said that he thought Saskatchewan owed much to Americans. Said he: "Your people to a certain extent hold the place that Columbus did as to this continent in respect to our province. We owe our discovery largely to you. We knew we had a vast extent of land here, but we did not appreciate its real value until the suggestion of Mr. Sifton, our former minister of the interior, came here and looked over the ground. They appreciated its possibilities and invested about a million dollars in buying cheap lands. Then they brought

several trainloads of settlers here to examine the ground and persuaded a few hundred of them to buy farms. The success of those men in wheat-raising was such that the reports of the richness of the soil went back to the States, and two years later American immigrants began to pour in. They came by thousands. Then the news of the Northwest Territories spread to Europe and we began to get settlers from there. The tide is now so great that nothing can stop it, and I look for a mighty increase next summer."

"But, governor, is your land such that it will last as a wheat cultivating proposition?"

"I believe so. One who has not tested this soil can have no idea of its fertility. The lands here about Regina are of a rich black loam, which in many places is 30 and even 40 feet deep. Some of it has been cultivated for years with no diminution of crops. It yields from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre without fertilization, and with good cultivation it will produce that for many years to come. Your people understand our lands better than any others. They are buying them in large tracts, and many are also taking out homesteads."

"How do you Canadians like the Americans?"

"Very much indeed. We are glad to welcome them as members of our body politic. Many of them bring money with them, and they aid in developing the country."

"Are our citizens becoming naturalized Canadians?"

"Yes. Those who are taking out homesteads are required to be so before they can complete their title, although they may enter the land without doing so. I understand many of those who are buying land are also taking out naturalization papers."

"Your honor is the representative of the English crown," said I. "It is your business to study the relations that the Canadians hold to the British Empire; to know how the people really feel. Tell me, is there any sentiment here in favor of Canada breaking away from Great Britain?"

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We have reason to be proud of ourselves in the matter of Whitewear. We've a stock that must strike everyone who sees it that our buyers displayed good taste in selecting. We've gone in to give you the nicest there is at the most moderate prices. We went to the manufacturer and got his lowest prices—and now we are able to show the people of London how much money we can save them. If you want dainty Under-muslin Garments visit our great showing upstairs. Half the second flat is given up to this great Whitewear Display.

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Ladies' Skirts, wide flounce of two rows of wide cluny insertion and frill of cluny lace, and dust frill, at **\$2.69**
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White Cambric Drawers, deep wide hemstitched flounce; only **25c**
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For Thursday morning we offer a small odd lot of Sample Waists in cashmere, luster, flannel and vestings worth up to \$3.00 each; your pick of the lot for only **\$1.00**

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EPPS'S COCOA
The Most Nutritious and Economical.

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CREAM TARTAR
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.
Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds.
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DR. SHOOP'S RHEUMATIC TARTAR
It tells about Rheumatism, about the cause, the way to live to avoid and free the system of rheumatic poisons—even in desperate cases—with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Tartar.
Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Tartar.
Sold by Druggists.

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MAYPOLE is a cake of soap that dyes to any desired color or shade. Put out the world over for brilliant, fast, clean, economical, easy, safe dyeing at home. Superior to cold fashioned "powder" dyes as gold to brass.
Maypole Soap
Made in England, not sold elsewhere except for Colors—15¢ for Black.

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A woman's foot looks almost as pretty in the clean-cut glove fitting **GRANBY RUBBER** as it does without a rubber at all.
—and they are so easy to wear.
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Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system. Accept no substitute.

[To be Continued.]

In Northampton (England), there is a woman who is a butcher of horses. She makes a good living at her strange trade.