

Ruled Destiny!

CHAPTER XIII.
"COURTING TIME."

To know that they were separated for a few hours, brought a strange unreasoning feeling of relief, and almost accepting the fact as an omen of success, she dressed, and telling her maid that she was going to walk her headache off, made her way to the plantation.

She reached the bridge as the clock struck eleven, waited there for some minutes, then slowly strolled into the dense shadow of the pines.

She had brought a book as an excuse for loitering, and with it open in her hand she sat down on a fallen tree and waited.

There was no sign of Oscar Raymond, and she had seen no one since she started, excepting an old laborer in a rough frieze coat, whom she had found busily engaged picking up sticks at the fringe of the plantation, and with a sigh of relief, as the clock chimed the half hour, she rose and closed her book intending to go home, when the old man in the frieze coat hobbled toward her, passed her a few steps, paused to gather some sticks and cones, and then hobbled back again and stood beside her looking up at her, with his hat in his hand and his reddish-gray locks streaming down his neck.

Lady Blanche had taken out her purse, when the old man put his hat on again and laughed.

At the sound of the laugh—the low, mocking laugh—Lady Blanche started and turned crimson.

"Is it you?" she said.

"Yes," said Raymond, "and if your ladyship does not recognize me, I need not fear detection by any others here," and he peered up at her from his half-closed eyes with a furtive smile.

"Why are you here? Was it necessary?" she asked, coldly.

"Quite," he said, "or depend upon it I should not have taken the journey. Things are working well for us, my lady! There could be no better scene for our little comedy than this. You will understand that when I unfold my plot!"

"Your plot? Then you are ready—" "To strike!" he said, quietly, and

with the smile of conscious power which had never failed to impress Lady Blanche. "But we had better come into the middle of the wood, my lady," and he hobbled in front of her.

Lady Blanche followed him until they had got well out of sight of the road, then he stopped, and, courteously motioning her to a bank, drew himself up to his full height and leaned against a tree.

"We need to be cautious, my lady," he said. "Last night my messenger was discovered by Lord Norman. He was suspicious—and no wonder. Your French women are bad tools; they are always so curious on their own account. That is Josine's only fault."

"It was Josine, then, who brought me this note?" she said, coldly.

"It was Josine who should have brought it, but she dropped it, and it was brought you by Lord Norman," he answered. "A dangerous episode, my lady! Her stupidity might have ruined us, and that would have been provoking, just as our plans are complete."

"Complete," she repeated, turning very pale.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, and with a look of confidence that shone through the painted wrinkles on his face. "Yes, my little plot is now ready for the stage, my little plot is prepared, and given a fair opportunity—which we must make—and average luck, I shall have my revenge, and you—well, you will have had your amusement!"

"Tell me!" she said, impatiently.

"With pleasure," he answered. "Lady Blanche, before the week is out, Lord Norman and the young lady who

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Now that the new government standard flour is in general use, the quality of the yeast you use is more important than ever. Use Royal Yeast Cakes. Their quality is absolutely reliable. Bread made with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other.

Send name and address for copy Royal Yeast Bake Book.
E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

stands between you—pardon! the young lady he loves—will be parted, and I shall come to you to claim my reward!"

CHAPTER XIV.
A DIABOLICAL PLOT.

LADY BLANCHE drew a long breath and looked at Raymond.

The dark, piercing eyes met hers with a faint smile of confidence, a forecast of triumph in them that contrasted very strongly with the disguises of age and poverty.

"Your ladyship would like to know how I am going to bring this much-to-be-desired result about. I will tell you. Will you not sit down? We are quite out of sight from the road."

Lady Blanche sank on to a fallen tree, and Oscar, Raymond—with the broken sticks he had gathered at his feet, ready to his hand if he should find it necessary to resume his assumed character—leaned against a tree beside her.

"This is my little plot, Lady Blanche," he said. "Pardon me if, during the recital, I exhibit any signs of pride. They say that the serpent in the Garden of Eden was rather conceited with the little plot of the apple, whereby he caught Eve; and a little self-glorification must be permitted me."

Lady Blanche made a gesture of impatience, and lowering his voice—bending down as he approached the most critical parts of the recital—he unfolded his scheme for the destruction of Lord Norman's and Floris's happiness.

Lady Blanche listened, and her face grew paler and paler.

A faint shudder ran through her as he proceeded, and when he had finished, when the insidious voice had whispered its last word, and he closed with a low, sardonic laugh of satisfaction, she drew a little away from him shuddering palpably.

"Ingenious, it is not, my lady?" he said, with a sinister smile.

"It is diabolical," fell from her pale lips.

"Oh, you flatter me!" he retorted. "Diabolical!" she repeated.

But she did not get up and leave him; she sat, her fingers entwined together, her brows knit, pondering in silence for a moment or two, while he watched her.

"If—it if it should fail," he said, in a hushed whisper, "it will cover me with shame! I shall never be able to hold up my head again—I should die!"

"Oh, it will not fail," he said, confidently; "it is too good a plot to fail. It is just a little comedy that requires nice, careful, artistic acting; and I think I can manage my part. As to your ladyship, I have no misgivings respecting you; it is just the part you can play, if I mistake not, to perfection."

Lady Blanche's face grew crimson for a moment—crimson with shame—then the color died away, leaving her pale as marble.

"There is Josine," she said, after a moment's thought, "can you rely on her? Persons of her class are not always to be trusted. You have bought her, no doubt, but she may betray us for gold as readily as she consented to betray—them."

He laughed.

"No doubt. But I hold Josine in a stronger chain than that of gold, my lady—I hold her by fear. Josine, in a weak moment, was foolish enough to steal some letters of her mistress, and I have them. If I am not mistaken, she had appropriated other things besides letters—such unconsidered things as rings and a bracelet. I have seen her wear them, which was a blunder on her part. A word from me, and she would lose her place and her character. Besides, Josine is French—she enjoys an affair of intrigue, it is meat and drink to her; and she hates, she detests Miss Carlisle. Oh, you may rely on Josine, my lady!"

"At the mercy of a servant!" murmured Lady Blanche, with suppressed bitterness.

He laughed.

"We are all at the mercy of some one or other, my lady. Lord Norman, for instance, is at the mercy of you and me; while I—oh, I am at the mercy of my tailor, my ladyship—the world at large. Is your ladyship afraid?" he broke off, with a sarcastic smile. "If so, admit it, and let us have done with the matter. After all, it will not affect me, this marriage of Miss Carlisle and Lord Norman, so much as it will affect you—"

She put up her hand to silence him. "I am not afraid!" she said, with

calm hauteur. "I am merely anxious to guard against failure, failure which would mean ruin to me, ruin and shame unspesakable," and her lips quivered.

"Pardon me," he said suavely; "it is my part to take all the precautions against failure, and I have done, and will do so. Leave it to me, Lady Blanche! Rest assured that I am too fond of my little plot to permit it to miss fire! If you will carry out the instructions I have given you, you will find that we shall succeed beyond our expectations."

Lady Blanche rose, and drew her veil over her face, and he stooped and picked up his sticks.

"You will send Josine to me, my lady?" he asked. "Send her to the plantation to gather some wild flowers for your hair to-night. I will wait here for her, and, if I might make a suggestion?"

Lady Blanche inclined her head.

"If I were your ladyship I would give her some trifle in the way of ornament. Josine's heart is set on earrings, and a bracelet or a pair of bangles would bid her to you in a bond closer than love itself," and he smiled.

Lady Blanche nodded, and turned to leave the wood, but paused to look back over her shoulder and say:

"Do not send any more notes. Give Josine any message you may have for me, please."

He nodded, approvingly, and without a word of adieu she glided from the plantation.

As she neared the house she saw Lady Pendleton and several others standing on the terrace.

Lady Betty bent over the stone coping to nod a greeting.

"Why, where have you been, Blanche?" she asked.

All eyes were turned on her, and for a moment her face flushed; it seemed to her as if the dullest of them must read her secret in her face.

"To the plantation," she said; "and I am almost inclined to go back. There were such lovely flowers there, and it never occurred to me until I had left them behind how nice some of them would look in one's hair to-night!"

Two or three of the young men who were loitering about instantly pushed forward.

"We'll go and gather you a bunch, Lady Blanche!" said one, and the rest eagerly echoed the offer.

She smiled.

"Thanks; but you would not know which to pick, or you would pick them with too short a stem. No, but if Lady Pendleton will allow her maid to go—"

"Of course I will!" said Lady Betty. "Josine will be glad of the excuse to get out. Will one of you be so kind as to ask one of the army of footmen to go on a voyage of discovery for her? I'd go to my room and ring for her if it were not such a terrible way!"

One or two of the men laughingly went to find Josine, and in a minute or two that young lady stood beside her mistress, with her dark face set demurely.

"Oh, go into the woods and get some wild flowers, Josine!" said Lady Pendleton.

"You will find them in the plantation by the hedge," said Lady Blanche, languidly, and without raising her eyes.

Josine shot a curious glance from one to the other.

"We want them for our hair," explained Lady Betty.

"Certainly, miladi," said Josine, with a respectful bend of the head, and a second sharp glance at Lady Blanche as she went off.

Lady Blanche sat on the terrace with the rest, joining in the conversation, and even laughing, a rare thing for her, at the feeble sallies of wit provided by the young gentlemen in attendance; and Lady Betty, to whom Lady Blanche was a perpetual enigma, was wondering what had put her in such good humor, when the figure of Josine was seen in the distance returning to the house.

"Isn't that Josine?" asked Lady Betty. "She hasn't been gone long!" Lady Blanche smiled, she knew at once that Josine had found the flowers already plucked for her.

"I don't expect she cared very much for a lonely wood," she said, and as she spoke she rose and walked slowly and languidly away, as if she had either forgotten the flowers, or ceased to care for them.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTS IN COWS.

High-Class Goods for all Trade. QUALITY—THEN PRICE.

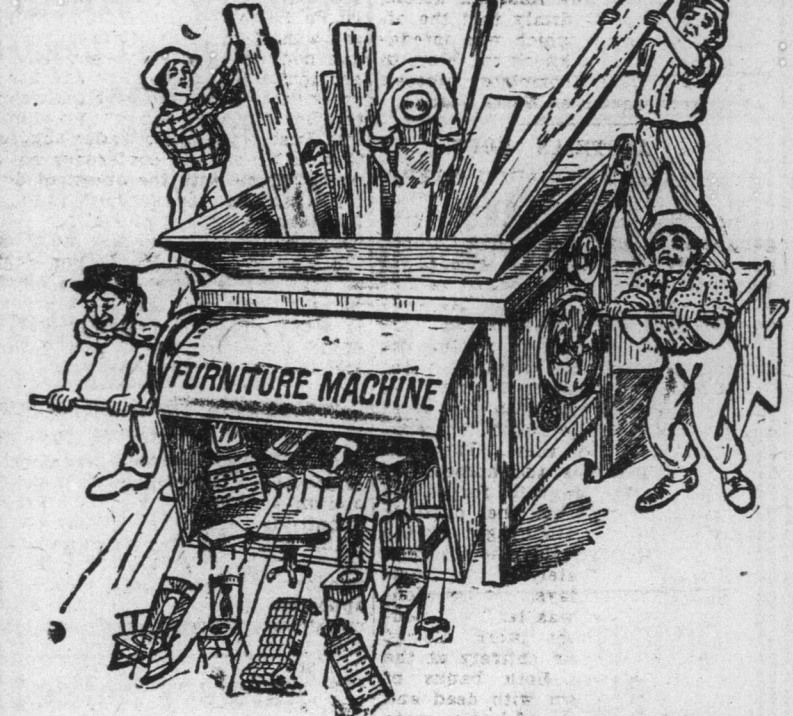
Summer Drinks:	Cooked Meats	Camping Goods:
GRAPE JUICE. GINGER ALE. LEMON JUICE. RASPBERRY VINEGAR. DUFFY'S APPLE JUICE. BLUE ROSE SYRUPS. MINERAL WATER. LEMON SQUASH. HOBBLICK'S. MAILED MILK. JUST IN: Shipment of OVALTINE. Tonic Food beverage. A dainty, delicious and comforting beverage. Sold in ½'s, ¼'s and 1's.	are a great convenience. You get just what you want, there is no waste, and it is ready to use. It is often real economy to buy this Cooked Meat as you do not need to buy more than you want. The fact of getting them fresh and keeping them in such perfect condition is what gives our sliced meats such splendid flavour. SLICED BOILED HAM. SLICED CORNED PORK. SLICED CORNED BEEF. SLICED VEAL LOAF. SLICED LUNCH TONGUE.	CREAMED CHICKEN A LA KING. KIT COFFEE. CHOCOLATE & MILK. COFFEE & MILK. WHITE HOUSE COFFEE. WILBURN'S COCOA. CHOCOLATE IN CAKES. OXO CUBES. CANNED CHICKEN, SARDINES. PORK & BEANS. TINNED FRUITS. SALMON. LOBSTER. PICKLES. CEREALS. JAMS. CRACKERS. CHEESE. TOBACCO & CIGARETTES. CHEWING GUM.

Prices very reasonable. Phone orders receive the same attention as though personally given. WE GUARANTEE HIGHEST QUALITY.



GROCERY DEPARTMENT. PHONE 11.

From the Factory to the Home.



- Sideboards
- Extension Tables
- Chairs
- Couches
- Bureaus and Stands
- Toilet Tables
- Washstands
- Pictures
- Mirrors
- Parlor Suites
- Dining Suites
- Lounges
- Fancy Chairs and Tables
- Morris Chairs
- Student Chairs
- Writing Desks
- Book Cases
- Whatnots
- China Closets

We have gone one step further this year. We actually cut the logs that make the lumber. Waiting for machinery that is being installed in building to cut same, so that it will go in one end of the building logs and come out the other end finished Furniture, thus saving all the middleman's profit. We can now say FROM THE TREE TO THE HOME.



We have a line of Sideboards prepared for us that we can sell dollars cheaper than the imported. Made of Hardwood, finished in Surface Oak, Mahogany, Walnut or any other colors desired. Prices range from \$15.00 to \$50.00 each. You can make your own selection. Mirror 14 x 24 and 18 x 26, Plate Glass.

The C. L. MARCH CO., Ltd.,
Corner Springdale and Water Streets.

Advertise in the Telegram.

America Brill

Italians Held by Austrians in Vienna.

WAR SUMMARY.
While the Italians have been engaged cleaning up the front gathering together the spoils and making straggling Austrian prisoners, the American troops stationed in the Belleau Wood north of Chateau Thierry have been devoting their time to showing the Germans again the fighting timber of which they are made. Following up the recent attack as a result of which they occupied the wood in its end, they have advanced their lines gradually northwest of the wood, took prisoners 264 of the enemy, addition to inflicting heavy losses, men killed or wounded. The attack was launched Tuesday night with purpose of driving out the few remaining nests of Germans in the wood from which enemy parties constantly were harassing the Americans, followed a hurricane of artillery, intensity of which stunned even the ears of the enemy who previous had been through the terrific drum fires of British and French. The hammer of the guns was kept up for three hours before the infantry set out to accomplish its task and the work wrought by the American shells, many of them of high explosives was evident from the number of enemy soldiers strewn the ground, and the state of general demoralization that prevailed. The capture of Belleau Wood is a considerable strategical importance owing to the fact that the enemy has been able to take positions on the sides without further artillery, northern edges also commanded rear behind the enemy line running Chateau Thierry. All the positions held by the Austrians on the plateau constituting the Capote Bridgehead have been taken by the Italians, and the whole bank of the river is clear of the enemy. From the fighting there has been considerable activity in the south section of the Italian sector. In the mountains, however, bombardments are incessant in many sectors and intense artillery operations are going on along the whole front. The French official reports that all the territory lost by the Italians to the Austrians in the initial stages of fighting has been recaptured. On the front in France and Flanders, Picardy, Allied troops have had out successful encounters against the Germans.

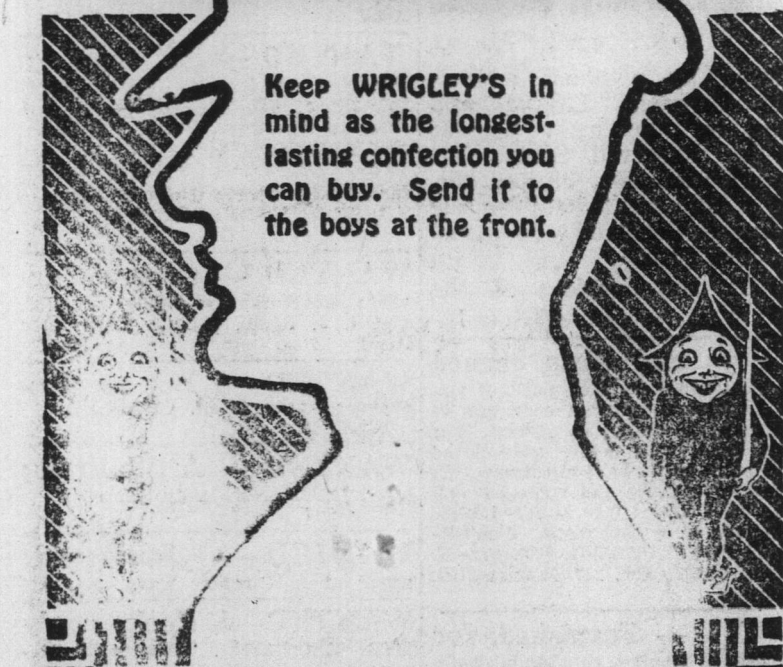
AMERICANS ATTACK.
PARIS, June 26. (Official.) American troops carried out a night attack near Belleau Wood, capturing 150 prisoners, of whom was a captain, according to a statement by the war office today.

AUSTRIA DEJECTED.
GENEVA, June 26. (Official.) La Suisse says it learns the Austrians have suffered a defeat in Italy has caused profound dejection in Vienna, where demonstrations are taking place in the streets and at Prague, where the inhabitants are demanding peace. The Swiss press is sarcastic concerning the retreat of the Austrians. As an example the Stanz Zeitung asks: "German troops be continually driven from the important Western front, bolster up our weak Allies?"



Keep Your Kodak Busy for the sake of the Boys "OVER THERE"
We have a full line of Kodak and Kodak Supplies.
Kodaks from \$8.50 up, at Tooton's
The Kodak Store
230 WATER STREET
Everything for the Photographer

WRIGLEYS



Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy. Send it to the boys at the front.

War Time Economy in Sweetmeats—
a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S will give you several days' enjoyment: it's an investment in benefit as well as pleasure, for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.
CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL
The Flavour Lasts
Sealed tight—Kept right
MADE IN CANADA
COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld. Trade supplied by MEEHAN &