



Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XIII
LADY ETHEL'S RIVAL.

KITTY gains her room unnoticed, thanks thus far to Mr. Sydney Cahthrop, for it is he who suggests that the carriage shall stop at the entrance to the housekeeper's room, and it is he who, as he assists Kitty to alight, whispers:

"Up the side staircase—you know the way?—and you will escape inconspicuously, Miss Trevelyan."

Kitty does go up the side staircase, two steps at a time, and does escape curiosity, which certainly would have been inconvenient; and now, as she sits upon her bed, panting with her upward flight, she is grateful to Mr. Sydney Cahthrop for his thoughtfulness. Later on, Kitty will find herself thinking and pondering over that same thoughtfulness, but at present her mind—not by any means a large one—is full of one person only, and that is Elliot Sterne. Elliot Sterne—only this morning she sat up in this same bed, and decided that she hated him—only this morning she planned to humiliate him—only this morning, a few hours since, she succeeded in doing rather more than mortify him—nearly killing him, in fact!

And now she sits, swinging her legs to and fro—sits in her cotton frock, with her eyes pensively fixed on the lace that decks the dainty looking-glass, recalling the look of his face as he turned his eyes upon her to thank her.

"Only yesterday, last night, she was full of scorn and high-minded contempt for the people who fell down and worshipped before the popular idol, and now here is she herself thinking of him, striving to recall every fleeting expression of the handsome, noble face."

How strong he was! How bravely he had borne the pain which she had caused him! He had sat there, and smiled and laughed, looking as serene as a god of Olympus, with all that agony gnawing at him; and then, at last, when he had given way, how noble, how grand he looked—so quiet and peaceful, as he lay there in her arms! At the recollection, Kitty starts, and blushing holds out her arms and looks downward at them. Yes, come what will, he lay there, peaceful as an infant—she has held him to her heart! With a blush that covers her very neck, that seems to make her tingle, Kitty stops short in her reverie; but the reflection remains, it cannot be dispelled: the look he has given her has burnt into her heart; the fact that he has been helpless in her arms cannot be disposed of; and Kitty—well, if the truth must be told,

Kitty is conscious within her heart of hearts that she is by no means anxious to dispose of them.

"After all," she says, however, twisting her arms about her head, "it amounts to this, that—that—the great man is not a bad sort of fellow after all, as Reg would say, and I'm sorry that he has hurt himself, or," making a wry face in the glass, "that I hurt him."

There is no time for further reflection, for no sooner is this wise, if rather deceptive, result attained, than there is a gentle, insinuating tap at the door, and a voice—a soft, insinuating voice—which makes Kitty jump off the bed and tear at the hooks and eyes of the Noah's-ark gown.

"Kitty, may I come in?"

"Eh? Is that you, Ethel? Yes—wait a moment," says Kitty, ripping off the gown and putting it under the bed with one hand, while she seizes and envelops herself in a morning wrap with the other. "Yes—one moment," then she opens the door, and Lady Ethel comes in.

Lady Ethel has a beautiful face, and a wonderful command over its expression, but Kitty, whose eyes are as sharp as a schoolboy's after a bird's nest, detects under the placid smile—which all the Roseades, excepting herself, are so facile at—can detect the hunger of genuine curiosity in the glance which the demure eyes send round the room.

"May I come in?" asks Lady Ethel.

"Yes, quite alone! How kind of you to give me this—such a beautiful flower, too! I shall wear it at dinner to-night; it will just go with my muslin!"

"Will it not, so nicely? But, Kitty, dear, I am dying to hear about this adventure of yours—do tell me? Did you get very wet? I do hope you won't catch cold! Where," looking round the room curiously, "where is your habit?"

"Oh, drying," says Kitty. "I sha'n't catch cold; besides, I didn't get wet anything to speak of!"

"Then you, with an accent on the pronoun, 'you didn't fall into the Lombe?"

"Oh, no!" says Kitty, with a careless laugh. "Oh, no; I didn't fall into it."

Lady Ethel gives her a glance that is not pleasant to see, but Roseade placidity is, at least outwardly, maintained.

"It was only Lord Sterne, then, who fell in."

"Yes, he fell in," says Kitty, putting her head on one side to see the effect of the heavy coil of hair that she had bound round her sleek head. "Yes, he fell in. I say, Eth, have they eaten all the luncheon? I'm terribly hungry."

"Are you, dear? Yes, the luncheon is cleared, I know; but I will see that they send you some. But tell me about Lord Sterne; papa is dreadfully anxious; he has sent down to the abbey. Why has Lord Sterne stayed at the abbey? Why does he not come here?"

"Because," says Kitty, prevaricating, "because he prefers it, he says, and he always does what he prefers, doesn't he? And how is Lord Sterne?"

"You should know better than any of us," says Lady Ethel, with a heightened color. "In-deed," with significant emphasis; "there are some absurd stories about. The accident was—"

"All my fault, yes, I know; don't you contradict them, Eth. I've got broad shoulders, and can bear all that; and, besides, who knows, perhaps it was—oh, if you knew how hungry I am!"

Lady Ethel rises, and as she passes the glass, pauses a moment to glance in it, womanlike.

She sees not only her own fair face but Kitty's, and suddenly, for the first time in her life, the beauty of this tomboy cousin of hers strikes upon her. Kitty, with her long, thick hair half uncoiled and sweeping her shapely shoulders, with her expressive eyes full of a half-veiled wilfulness, is eloquent of a charm which impresses even Constance Ethel; but then she glances at herself and smiles complacently. "After all," she thinks, "who would hesitate between us!" And so, satisfied and unsuspecting, passes out.

Kitty continues her dressing, and waits with tolerable patience the appearance of the luncheon tray. Some time elapses, and Kitty, like a fashionable garrison, is almost resolved to make a sally in search of provisions, when there comes a tap at the door. With her usual impetuosity, she flies to open it, and her face falls, palpably, at the disappointment in store for her. It is not Lady Ethel's French maid

100 YEARS

and more, people with chest and throat troubles have tried to cure them by pouring cough syrups, lung tonics and the like into their stomachs. All a mistake! The Peps way is different.

Peps are tablets made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes, which is not swallowing. Try your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores or Peps Co., Toronto, will supply.

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"Where? Let me see!" says Kitty. "Where was it? Oh, by the Lombe—just below the bridge. What a beautiful azalea that is you have in your dress, Eth. I wonder if I could coax Wilcox into cutting a blossom for me. I do like azaleas, don't you; papa never will encourage our man to grow them—"

"You shall have the azalea, if you like, Kitty, dear. Was Lord Sterne alone—quite alone?" asks Lady Ethel.

"Yes, quite alone! How kind of you to give me this—such a beautiful flower, too! I shall wear it at dinner to-night; it will just go with my muslin!"

"Will it not, so nicely? But, Kitty, dear, I am dying to hear about this adventure of yours—do tell me? Did you get very wet? I do hope you won't catch cold! Where," looking round the room curiously, "where is your habit?"

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Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY COSTUME.



Waist—2640. Skirt—2616.

This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 2640, and Ladies' Skirt 2616.

The waist is one of the popular, up-on models, and the skirt has a smart plaid trimming at each side. Chiffon taffeta in a new shade of green, with matching crepe and self-covered buttons, would be nice for this model. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 28, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require about 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress for a 38-inch size. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 yards, with plaid drawn out.

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.

A SIMPLE WORK OR MORNING DRESS.

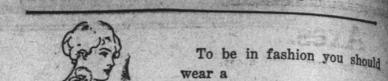


2626—This model is easy to develop, and comfortable to wear. The sleeve may be in wrist or 3/4 length. Gingham, seersucker, chambray, percale, lawn, tigon and shaki, cotton gabardine, repp and poplin may be used to develop it.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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John Maunder,

Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

Notice to Prospective Engine Buyers.

Owing to the difficulties of transportation, unless engines are actually in stock, it is impossible for engine dealers to guarantee time of delivery. We have just received part shipment of

Lathrop Engines

which left the factory in July. While these last we can make IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

The balance of shipment is "somewhere in _____," and are expected within a few days. We strongly advise you if you are thinking of buying a Lathrop Engine to place your order at once.

A. H. MURRAY & CO.,

Limited.

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Fall and Winter Coats and Hats

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Axes. Stock, 50 doz. Axes, \$22.00 a doz.

Asbestos Sad Irons. Just received a shipment good quality Asbestos Sad Irons, hot iron cold.

Brushes. We are showing a good selection of Brushes, \$2.20, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 doz.

ENGLISH DANDER BRUSHES, 65c. each.

Back Chains and Chain Traces.

Rubber Cement. Goodrich Rubber Cement. Bottles, 1 1/2 doz. cans, \$2.90 doz.

Curry Combs. \$1.50, \$2.10, \$2.75, \$2.50, \$3.40, \$3.50 doz.

Cutlery. Just received, 50 doz. English Handle Knives, with Steel State Forks, \$1.50 doz. Knives and Forks.

Desert Knives. 1/2 doz. English White Handle Tea Knives, \$5.50 and \$6.00 a doz.

Pocket Knives. Metal Handle \$2.40 a doz. Blade Pocket Knives, \$4.50, \$5.40, \$6.00 and \$6.60 doz. We have 100 doz. of stock.

Grinding Stones. In stock, 200 best quality Grinding Stones, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 inch.

Gimlets. 1/2 doz. assorted Gimlets, \$1.00 doz.

Horse Hames. Heavy Wood Hames, \$2.50 a pair. Iron Iron Hames for woods work, \$2.50 a pair.

Lanterns. 1/2 doz. Blasted \$15.00 doz. 1/2 doz. Blasted \$19.00 doz. 1/2 doz. Blasted \$2.10 doz.

Overalls. Black—Blue stripe; Blue Denim. Heavy Jackets, Blue Stripe and Blue Denim.

Oil Taps. For steel kero and gasoline casks.

Razors. Just opened, 20 doz. English Razors and 20 doz. English

Bengal Razors. We have a nice selection Razor Stropps.

Lather Brushes. \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$4.50 doz.

Snare Wire. New stock, best quality.

Rabbit and Fox Snare Wire 90c. per lb.

Saws. Hand Saws, good quality, \$1.50 to \$2.00 each; also 2 feet X Cut, Buck and Rip Saws.

Sweat Pads. We have an extra good Sweat Pad woods work, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Wringers. \$4.50 and \$6.00 each.

Wood Pegs. 1/2, 3/4, 1 inch. 1/2 doz. Shoe Rivets, 1/2