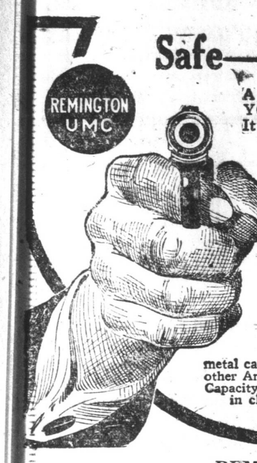

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SPECIFICATIONS: Caliber, .380; length, 6 5/8 in.; thickness, 9/10 in.; weight, 21 ounces unloaded; finish, dull black; cartridges, .380 APH (9 m/m Browning Short) rimless automatic standard metal cased or soft pointed, the same cartridge as is used in other American Automatic Pistols of this caliber.
Capacity, seven cartridges in magazine and one additional in chamber.

C-11

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XIX.
QUEEN JEANNE.

Then Vane draws aside a curtain, and Jeanne sees beside it a small conservatory of choice ferns, amid which is a Cupid pouring a spray of silvery water from a shell—a dainty little drawing-room in which Mr. Lambton would have felt anything but at home, for lack of crimson and gold, of which in this exquisite little room there was absolutely none.

"So this is a fairy palace? And will you turn out a wicked magician or an ogre, Vane?" says Jeanne, archly. "There are nothing but surprises at every turn—who would have dreamed of this dear little conservatory, and those ferns—those ferns!"

"Mind the water!" he says, laughing, as some of Cupid's spray falls slightly on her hair. "I used to smoke here," he adds, "when I was a happy bachelor. When a man's single he lives at his ease. Ah, well, I suppose I shall have to turn out in the smoking-room—a huge apartment, in which I feel like a fly in Hyde Park!—or go into my own den, perhaps?"

"No, says Jeanne; "you shall smoke here, sir, or nowhere."

"Can't, mum," he says, laughingly; "what would Mrs. Fleming and Tully say? Jeanne, I am glad you have come to be the mistress, for when I do anything wrong I shall slink off and leave you to battle with the real master and mistress——"

"Why?" says Jeanne, opening her eyes wide. "I believe they would burn the place down, and throw themselves on the ashes if you wished it. No, you shall smoke here."

"Or here," he says, going to an open window and stepping onto the terrace.

Jeanne follows, and there is another surprise in the grand view, which lies stretched out beyond the apparently interminable gardens, and backed up by the glorious Surrey hills.

"Oh, beautiful—beautiful!" she exclaims.

"Yes," he says; "they say it is the finest view of its kind in England. Where is my cigarette-case? Here, Tully," he calls out to the butler, whose shadow is thrown from one of the windows. "Send Willis"—(Willis was Vane's valet)—"up for my cigarette-case; there are some cigars, too, in my coat; tell him to empty the pocket and bring the contents."

Jeanne moves about the room, discovering fresh delights at every turn, and presently comes upon a pianette standing in a recess.

"Oh, Vernon!" she says, "will you come and play?"

He goes in at once and sits down, drawing her close beside him, and plays softly, then suddenly sings the song he sang on that first evening at the Gate House.

Willis, the valet, waits outside respectfully, then knocks once, twice, before he is heard, for Jeanne is kneeling with her face hidden upon her lover's breast.

She springs to her feet at the sound of the knock, and Vane opens the door.

"The cigarettes—ah!"

The swift, low "ah" is occasioned by the sight of an unopened letter lying among the cigar-case, match-box, and what-nots on Willis' salver.

He takes it, slips it in his pocket, and goes out onto the terrace.

"Play for me now, Jeanne," he says, lighting a cigarette, and Jeanne plays.

Leaning against the terrace, he looks out into the sweet summer night softly sleeping under the shadow of the hills, and thinks—well, a man who is grasping his overbrimming cup of happiness does not think much.

Jeanne, innocent as a child, happy as a child, and in years as one, sings softly, almost to herself, and—the letter still remains unopened.

Suddenly, as he feels for his match-box, his hand touches it, and he takes it from his pocket—takes it and eyes it suspiciously, half-fearfully, and with the repugnance of a man looking at a beautiful but deadly reptile.

For a moment he turns it over, then is about to replace it in his pocket, when, as with an effort, he forces himself to open it.

Even then he might have escaped, and have quaffed that cup of happiness to his heart's content, for there is not enough light falling from the room on the terrace to read the letter by; but his evil genius—that evil genius which, so the superstitious legend declares, haunts a Ferndale at his happiest moments—impels him to go to the window of the dining-room, and there, with an impatient gesture of distasteful reluctance, he unfolds the letter. As he does so it gives out a delicate perfume, which almost decides him to return the letter to his pocket, for he knows the perfume, and—hates it.

But with a curt laugh at his folly, as he calls the warnings of his better genius, he goes close to the window and reads; there is an elaborately-emblazoned crest on the head of the paper; the writing is of a thin and dainty character, there are no crossings, no erasures, every word is distinctly written, and—Heaven! how it bites.

My Dear Vane:—Do you think—you who know me—that I could let your marriage pass by without a word? No, mon ami. Did we not decide, we two, that though parting and parted, we would entertain no vulgar animosities, but though we could not be lovers, would still be friends? Well, dear Vane, let me wish you joy. Let me in spirit mingle my slipper and handful of rice with those of your friends who witnessed your departure from the home of your bride. There, I know them in fancy, and with all my heart—yes, with all my heart—for, Vane, I do wish you happiness, and all the more heartily because you know how of old I used to prophesy that you would never know it yourself, nor be the cause of it in another.

Ah, Vane! do you remember how I used to tease you on the score of these strange fancies, those sad doubts of yours? Do you remember how I used to laughingly protest that you would never be satisfied until you had worked out that absurd whim of yours—that idea of casting aside for a time the coronet and the castle, and seeking some simple girl who would love you—you, the man, not the marquis—for yourself alone? I used to laugh at it, but they tell me that you have actually put that absurd idea into form and practice, and that you tried to play the peasant, and, like a king in disguise, wooed and wed some charming, innocent and unsophisticated beggar-girl. Well, I laughed, and of course you will laugh with me now that your plan dropped through and your disguise was penetrated.

Ah, Vane, I think you must have loved her indeed, not half-heartedly as you loved—well, one who shall be nameless; you must have loved her, or you would have left her when you found that she knew with whom she was falling in love, and was not blind to the advantages of a coronet and a marquisate. Tell me, Vane, weren't you rather jealous, too—(not rather, but very, or I do not know you!)—when you found that you had not been the first, and that Clarence Fitzjames had tried to pick and wear in his button-hole the flower which you thought you alone had discovered?

Poor Clarence! I met him, malancholy and desperate, at Rouen, whence he had gone, as he confessed to me after a deal of coaxing, to forget "the only girl, I give you my word, Lucelle, I ever loved!" Poor Fitz! he is very much altered—for the better, I think; but he is still heartbroken, and, they tell me, mourns "Jeanne" in his sleep, and carries a lock of her hair. There, Vane, forgive me; you see I can't help teasing you now; and, frankly, I cannot for the life of me help smiling when I think of you. You, the first marquis in this land—the astute and worldly-wise Ferndale—making love in disguise to a simple country girl, who was not so simple as not to know the marquis underneath the artist, and to secure her prize.

They tell me you have chosen in direct contradiction to your avowed tastes; dark eyes, dark hair, hasn't she? Oh, Vane! and once—"naught but the gold and azure blue, were dreamed of in your divinity." Well, may you be happy, dear Vane! It is easy for a man to be happy, for he can so easily forget. For us, poor women, well, the best we can hope for is to be allowed to glance sometimes at your happiness. Let me do so, Vane; I want to know your wife, and to make her love me, not half-heartedly, but altogether and for always. She can do that, I dare say, being a woman. Meanwhile, dear Vane, spare her, from your kisses, one for me! LUCELLE.

P.S.—By the way, do not forget that I coaxed Clarence's secret from him that it must be a secret still. I'm here at Leigh Court a week before my time; you know my old restlessness and sudden impulses! Besides, I had exhausted Paris. Adieu—no—au revoir!

Word by word, he reads on—not only reading but hearing, as it were, the very voice, soft, insinuating, and languid, of the fashionable beauty. Word by word it arose and stung him. His face went white at times, and at others crimson. Every taunt struck home in his heart and rankled. At last he raised his head, and, crushing her delicate, scented note in his hands, exclaimed:

"It is a lie!"

But before the words had left his lips the demon of doubt was at his ear: "Is it a lie?" How did she look when she heard the news of his identity with the Marquis of Ferndale? He remembers now that she did not look surprised; troubled and agitated, perhaps not surprised.

Then—then—about Clarence Fitzjames? How often they used to be at the Park—how often they were together! Where had Fitzjames been that morning when he, Vane, had met him in the village riding on the bay cob?

Doubt after doubt raised by the recollection of a dozen little circumstances, which were rendered significant by her accursed letter, arose to overyhelm him.

If it were true, then he had been fooled and deceived by a simple country girl.

Yes, it must be true. Lucelle was too old a campaigner to rely on a lie, however dexterously told, unless that lie could not be detected.

Oh, Heaven! what if Jeanne did not love him for himself alone!

Softly at intervals floats out to him Jeanne's voice, singing its simple sea ballad. It is all about a ship "that sailed, and a gale that blew, and the waves that made a grave for hearts so true."

He can bear it no longer, but must get the truth. Crushing the letter in his burning hands, he goes to the drawing-room window.

Jeanne hears his step, a slow, dragging step, as one going to meet his doom, and looks up with a smile.

"Have you finished your cigarette?" she says; "and I have just finished my song. Oh! how kind it was of you to think of painting that picture of the Nancy Bell for me, and——" She stops suddenly, startled by the pallor of his drawn face, that looks ghostly under its dark brow and heavy mustache.

"Vernon!" she breathes, hurrying to him, "are you ill?" and her hand goes to his arm.

Wetting his lips, he moves slightly back, allowing her hand to fall from his arm.

"Wait!" he says, hoarsely. "Do not touch me!"

CHAPTER XX.
DECEIVED.

At those terrible words Jeanne shrinks back, and looks at him as if she fears he has gone mad, or that she has suddenly taken leave of her own senses.

Not only is the voice utterly changed, but his face has undergone some wonderful transformation. Five minutes ago she had looked around and seen him leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, his handsome face set in that peaceful look of repose which a man wears who has dined well and has his newly-made bride within reach. Now it is hard and strained, haggard and working, as if with some suppressed emoton.

At the instant one of those wild, sudden thoughts strikes Jeanne's dazed brain—suppose Vane, the lover and the lovable, has gone forever, and this marquis whom she has married is quite another person? It is a fantastic thought, but it seizes her and renders her motionless.

Jeanne—to whom the world is as yet a shadowy, indistinct land, of which she has not the vaguest knowledge—knows nothing of men, their moods and their passions. Uncle John is the sweetest-tempered biped that ever trod the earth. Hal is but a boy, whose little outbursts of ill-temper are rather amusing than otherwise. How should she know that she is confronting one of the Ferndale "black fits," or, knowing it, understands how to cope with it?

(To be continued.)

FOUND BONES OF CORTEZ.—After almost 100 years of search, the bones of Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, have been found in the Temple of Jesus, one of the many Roman Catholic Churches in the City of Mexico.

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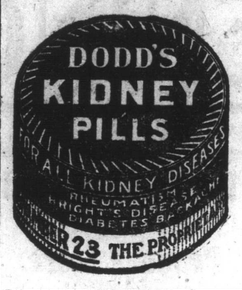

Firemen Called Out.

On Saturday night at 8.55 the Central and East End Fire Companies were called to the residence of Mr. W. E. Knight, Prescott Street where sparks from the chimney of an adjorning house had set fire to the roof. The blaze was only slight, and the services of the firemen not needed, as a few pails of water applied by some civilians had removed the danger of a conflagation.

Weigh yourself the day you commence to take Brick's Tasteless, then weigh yourself two (2) weeks later and note the increase.—jan27,tf

Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE CHEMISE DRESS FOR SLENDER FIGURES.

Pattern 3472 was employed for this model. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size will require 4 yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

Serge with embroidery or braiding, velveteen, satin, duvetyn, tricotine or twill could be used for this dress. The "apron" panel is a very smart feature.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A NEAT SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.

Pattern 3470 is portrayed in this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

Figured challie, plaid or plain suiting, serge, linen, crash, pongee, poplin, gingham and seersucker are all attractive for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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Coats, Hats, Furs,
AT
HALF PRICE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ROUND THE STORE.

LADIES' WAISTS.
A lot of Ladies' Blouses in Georgette, Crepe de Chine and Silk at less than half price. These we sold at from $8.00 to $12.00 each. Come early and get your pick. Clearance Price, each .. **$4.95**

WOMEN'S VESTEES.
These are Knitted Vests, to wear under coat or waterproof. These come in Brown, Saxe and Rose shades; are sleeveless. Going at a bargain. Clearance Price, each .. **$1.95**

WHITE CRUSHER HATS.
Only a few dozen of these left, suitable for girls and ladies' wear. In order to clear this line we offer them at less than half price. Reg. price $1.10 each. Clearance Price, each .. **49c.**

LADIES' SERGE DRESSES.
We offer two lines of Navy Serge Dresses at clearing out prices. These are of good quality material, well tailored and smart. See window display. Reg. prices $18.00 and $23.00 each. Sale Prices, $12.60 & $18.40 respectively.

FLANNELETTE UNDERSKIRTS.
Ladies' White and Cream Flannelette Underskirts of splendid value. You can't buy the material and make them at this price. Reg. Prices $1.90 & $2.20 ea. Clearance Price, each .. **$1.50**

LADIES' FLETTE UNDERSKIRTS.
Two lines of Ladies' White Flannelette Underskirts at a very low figure. We sold these in the regular way at $1.90 and $2.00 each. Clearance Price, each .. **$1.50**

TOWELS.
White Turkish Towels of medium size. For value we recommend this line. Come and see this lot. Clearance Price, each.. .. **35c.**

TOWELING.
100 yards of Cup Toweling, width 16 inches. Here is something you have been wanting for that kitchen roller. Regular price 35c. per yard. Clearance Price, per yard .. **25c.**

CHILD'S FLEECED PANTS.
A clearing line of Children's Fleeced Pants in sizes 16 to 30. These are heavy weight., suitable for present wear. Only a few dozen left. Regular price $1.00 per pair. Clearance Price, per pair .. **78c.**

CHILDREN'S HOSE.
A basket full of Child's and Misses' Hose in sizes 5 to 10. These are a heavy ribbed Cotton Hose and sold at from 50 to 75c. pair.. Clearance Price, per pair **39c.**

MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR.
Only $2.00 per garment; nearly as cheap as the fleece lined, only one hundred times warmer and healthier to wear; sizes 36 to 44. Clearance Price, per garment **$2.00**

MEN'S WINTER CAPS.
Made of good quality Tweed, either one piece or quartered crowns. These are fitted with warm sanitary ear bands, and come in all sizes. Clearance Price, each **$1.50**

CHILDREN'S HATS.
A lot of Children's Hats in Felts and other makes at only 39c. each. A cheap Hat for knockabout and school wear. Clearance Price, each .. .. **39c.**

WOMEN'S HOSE.
Also a lot at 19c. per pair. These are cotton ribbed, with slight imperfections; ideal for wearing about the house. Clearance Price, per pair .. .. .. **19c.**

WOMEN'S VESTS.
Women's Fleeced Vests for present wear. These are of medium weight, high neck and long sleeves; only about 10 dozen left. Clearance Price, each .. **98c.**

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LIBERTY.

Said Madame Roland, sadly, as to her doom she walked, "Oh, Liberty, how madly thy promises are mocked! What crimes and misdemeanors are sprung in freedom's name!" And then the guillotiners suppressed the noble dame. And still that name is spoken, by tyrants as of yore, to peoples crushed and broken, and wallowing in gore. And Russia's crazy masters are talking Liberty, and say, amid disasters, they'll make the whole world free. The freedom they're disbursing has shown itself a snide; it sets the freed ones cursing wherever it's been tried. "True Liberty," shrieks Trotsky, "is what we have in mind!" The nickel-in-the-slotsky and wreck-the-conntry" kind. And while this Trotsky rages poor Russia's lying prone, and it will take her ages to get back to her own. And here's the thing that beats me: in this fair land, gadzook, where purest freedom greets me, wherever I may look, there are some crazy duffers who boost that Trotsky skate, watch Russia as she suffers, and say he made her great! I wonder what's their notion in staying here so long, when they could cross the ocean and join that happy throng?

As the North Sees It.

(Twillingate Sun.)

The Advocate keeps up the parrot cry that but for the Regulations, codfish would have been only $4, but it has nothing with which to substantiate its claim, and it is very much more likely that but for the Regulations, and with the competition of New York buyers who were shut out by them, codfish would have been a dollar or two more than it was.

With that part of the Regulations which concerned the cure of codfish, most people sympathized, though admitting that even that was rather loosely conceived and indifferently enforced, but no moves of this kind can be perfect at the beginning, and to its credit the codfish cure was very much better this year.

The Export Regulations failed because they were too drastic, enforced in secrecy, and brutally without any diplomacy, and placed undue information in the hands of a man who was himself a competing exporter. Premier Squires must share the blame for he allowed his second lieutenant to "run him" and failed to exert the check of his authority.

The moral which should have been learnt by the people of this country is it was learnt by the United States that "one man government" is not a democratic government, is unwise, and entirely unsuited to this age.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample Box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

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