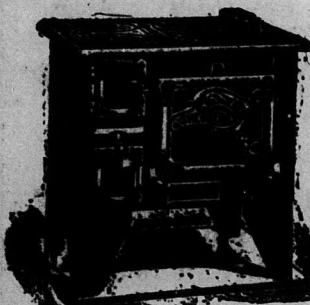


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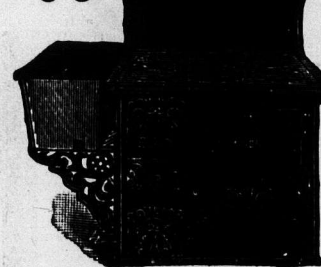
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The Wingold Stove Company, Ltd.

DEPT. H. M.

245 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG

no sign of my little darling.

I went through the village like one distracted; but no one had seen him. Everybody seemed to think that he had been with me to Weston, and would hardly believe me when I cried out that he was lost. All the village turned out to look for him, but it was no use; no one had seen him. There was no trace of him, no dropped toy or lost hat or shoe to tell which way he had strayed. Alas! there was only one solution of the mystery to me; he must have gone to the beach and fallen into the water. The tide had come in since I went to away, and all that I should ever see of my child again would be his corpse, even if the sea spared me that.

The neighbors came to be of my opinion. The child loved the water, as all seaside children do, and was happier playing at the very edge of the waves and paddling in the salt foam than anywhere else. No one in

ing for one thing—to get away from Cobble End and the memories of the place where I had suffered so much; and the opportunity came; I was offered work in a London house at terms which would keep me. Neat-handed needlewomen were in request in those days, and the money was found for a long, tedious journey—for we did not travel by rail then—and I went.

I did very well, I think. I have rather lost the recollection of what passed while I worked on in that place, the days were so like one another. There was only one feeling at my heart—a dead weight of sadness, a weary waiting for the time when I should lay down my load of life and clasp my dear ones in my arms once more. It was one dull November night, when everything looked blurred and dim in the yellow fog that was closing in over everything, and I was leaving my work more than usu-

"I was bidden to give you this," he said, and put a paper into my hand.

Before I could speak to him again he was gone, and I was standing alone in the fog, with the paper in my hand. I went home to my poor lodging and lit a candle. The paper was roughly folded, and had no envelope, and there were a few words scrawled on it in a hand that I had once known very well indeed; it was Edward Bathurst's handwriting—a curious, angular hand, of which I had a specimen still in a book that had once been a favorite of Harry's and which had borne the friendly inscription before the two lads thought of being rivals. It was the same hand, and it was Edward Bathurst, who had scribbled the words that seemed to make my blood turn chill as I read them.

"Agnes Wyld, I swore to have my revenge and it has begun. You will never see your boy again. I have



"He was lying asleep, with the rays of the evening sun slanting across his face."

Cobble End ever thought of danger to their little ones in their play on the sands; no one ever thought of watching or restraining them; they took to the water as naturally as ducks, and were as safe beside it.

But it had been treacherous to me and taken away my boy,—and from that hour loathed the sight of it. He was never found. The current had set straight out to sea, no doubt, and I should never see or know him more till he welcomed me on the other side of the golden gate. I wonder I did not go mad then, but Heaven was all wise and left me my reason, doubtless for some good purpose; but the sorrow of that summer night turned me from a young, hearty woman into a broken-down wreck; streaks of white came into my hair, and my strength seemed to go. My senses were all numbed and I was stupid with my grief, but I worked on mechanically, only low-

ally tired and depressed. There was a heavy order to be completed by a certain time, and we were all working nearly double time, and no one can keep that up long without feeling the effects of it pretty strongly.

I was hurrying along with bent head and closely shut mouth, for the fog made me cough, when a man suddenly seemed to rise out of the mist in front of me. I have been told since that it was all a delusion, part of the confusion that was even then creeping over me; but I know better—it was a real man, looking something like a sailor in that he was brown and loosely clad, and certainly like a foreigner in that he had rings in his ears and a strange accent on his tongue.

"Mistress Wyld?" he said; and, startled out of prudence, I answered him.

"Yes," I said. "What do you want with me?"

him, and mean to keep him and make him as great a villain as your treacherous heartlessness has made me. When you hear of his being nanged, as you may, remember me."

I suppose I fainted; I don't know; but I came to myself in bed, with the woman who kept the house standing by me. She wasn't a bad sort of woman, but she had her hands full, and she told me that they had sent after me from the place where I had worked and were very angry that I had not gone. I got up and crawled there and told the forewoman my story—all about it, for it did me good to speak, and I thought perhaps someone could help me, suggest something that would give me a clue to where my boy has gone.

She did not speak harshly to me, but she looked puzzled and rather frightened, I thought, and went to the manager. He came and talked to me, and then another gentleman

whom I did not know, came to me, and finally I might see the letter. But I could not find it. How or where I did not know.

They sent me to ask the woman, there had been no that she knew of, seen one in my hand. Then they shook their heads, and the woman was mad, and the woman sent me so. The woman that I broke and accused someone my husband and me so violent that they help to hold and see.

I don't know any more. I might have been a told me. I was in a came to myself, with pads and straps were not so merciful those days as they saw things in that sane person mad or

It seemed a life there; it was many friends to bestir their and get me released and worth my keep dangerous fits so know—I think they ed to me that after that sent me there I conducted woman, purpose in my head, seek my boy over necessary. It was said, and of course pains to thwart and it seemed to them, they had done so.

I was a close pri many little indulg now and then I c newspaper, but ver were no such indul then as are common had nothing to read and my chance cam as if Heaven had Americans came to went through the w them gave me a n reading. It was a paper it was, and I might be taken for news for me.

It was a Western of what was going which was then o There was a para "Red-handed Ned" and I knew when I ruffian who was spo and disgust o country was my old Bathurst. He was Englishman, but ou and cunning the wil the West, and ther else that made my h I read it. The fore letter had not been all true, and I was to revenge the awi had done me. This

"Retribution.—Thi oddly in this w Ned's youngster, as pupil of our old ac hereabouts, is to be row. If he is his sc heart a twitch—if h a protege and pupi to think, it may on ing study to see h carries himself unde teresting circumsta to think that the la red-handed one; w never had a wife o has deliberately tra an English lad, to life of crime. The of the young ruffia thing to him, murd it is for a particular at both combined th forfeit tomorrow. tion is being taken cue by Red-handed we hope that ceremony will only and that we shall of recording befor