

"TRISTRAM OF BLENT"

—BY ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued)

"I dare say you would," said Harry. Mrs. Trumbler. But this assent did not prevent her from remarking that...

"Quick, quick!" cried the Imp, almost making him run to keep up with her impatient strides. Cecily was in her room...

"Yes, the housekeeper said I must do it. She glared at me for a moment at Addie's picture and spoke out. Then she held up a letter which she had in her hand...

"You haven't seen a ghost?" "Ghost! Oh, don't be silly. I've lain here awake, looking at that picture. And it's looked at me, I think, and I've been thinking of it all day long...

"You seem to have settled down so well," murmured Mina. "Settled down? Who was there to do? Oh, you know I hadn't! I can't bear it, Mina, and I won't. Isn't it hard? I should have loved it all so, if it had been my own house...

"Well, I don't see what you're to do. You can't give it back to Mr. Tristram. At least, I'm sure he wouldn't take it. Why, he couldn't, Cecily. Cecily rose and walked restlessly to the window...

"I can't mean anything about it," said Cecily. "I mean, I must find out what he means. I must see him. The letter came when I was sitting down here together day after day. As if—"

In the unreasonable of pay defiance to the limits of the possible. "Oh, yes, you tremble old Blent!" cried Cecily, shaking her fair hair to the open window...

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I remember her when she thought her husband was dead, and that she could be married all right to Captain Fitzhubert, and—and that it would be all right, you know." "What did she say?" Cecily's eyes were on the picture.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

something must be done and discovering what it is. "I don't say positively that nothing can be done," he resumed after a moment, dangleing his gaze and looking at her covertly. "Are you at leisure this afternoon?"

"I thought you might like to come and see a friend of mine, who is kind enough to be interested in Harry Tristram." He added, with the consciousness of naming an important person, "I mean Lady Everswood."

"Well, let's go," said Mina indifferently. "Not that it seems much use," her husband said. "Excuse me a moment, said he, and he went out to soothe his wife's alarm and assure her that he was not tired.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVE \$9,674,596 The Merchants Bank OF CANADA 3D OFFICE, MONTREAL SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT DEPOSITS RECEIVED OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS INTEREST COMPOUNDED FOUR TIMES EACH YEAR. NO DELAY IN WITHDRAWING. PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL ENQUIRIES FROM OUT-OF-TOWN POINTS. VICTORIA BRANCH, 76 DOUGLAS STREET. R. F. TAYLOR, Manager

(was it not rather a grin?) of sardonic smile. "You made me speak, you know," said Southend. "I'd rather have waited till we got the thing into shape."

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

"I don't know, but something—something—something," was the not very common-sense answer she received. "What are you going to do?" she cried in a last protest of common-sense.

Steedman's SOOTHING Powders Relieve FEVERISH HEAT. Prevent FITS, CONVULSIONS, etc. Preserve a healthy state of the constitution IN CHILDREN Please observe the EE in STEEDMAN'S EE CONTAIN NO POISON EE



ukon. rks,

ers expansion

& Lewis Company.

ers that the annual... of the Miles & Tramway Com...

& White Company.

ers that the annual... of the Miles & Tramway Com...

Postal Rates TATOR'S FISH POLITICAL, GEOLOGICAL, etc.

COURT OF BRITISH... of the Title Block XIX, Vic...

Laborers' Union for the Crow's Railway

ES PAID.olders and Sta...

TE & CO. B, C