

possible. I am glad you have come," said Ronald.

"But something must be done," said Mr. Westlake. "To think of you and that sweet girl being in such a position is terrible. And, after all, what have you both done? Nothing but show kindness to a poor fellow-creature, who, God knows, was in want of kindness. I will give money. I will pay any amount if they will not prosecute."

"My dear father, you cannot buy the law—at least, not the English law. But if you could, I would not allow it; neither would Mrs. Cornwallis. We have both suffered more than I can tell you since we began a course that was not open. We will have no more double-dealing. I am grieved for you and my mother, but I must pay the penalty."

"Why do you call her Mrs. Cornwallis? Who was the man, and who was she?"

Ronald told him.

"I am not surprised that I took such a fancy to her and was willing you should marry her even when I thought her an unknown typist. She has the manners of a queen, but a most gracious queen. I can't understand her having loved that red-haired fellow."

THEN Ronald obtained Enid's consent for his father to see Cornwallis, the majesty of whose appearance had even increased as death sharpened his features.

Tears came into Mr. Westlake's eyes.

"Is it possible?" he said. "Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

He turned to Enid, who in her black dress looked almost as white as the dead man.

"My dear, you shall never want a friend if you will honour me by making use of me. Both my time and money are at your service. It is no time for false delicacy. Money you must have and plenty of it."

Downstairs he wrote a cheque for five hundred pounds, and insisted on her taking it.

"I must insist," he repeated.

Enid thanked him from her heart. She knew that her father was so rich that such a course as accepting money from an outsider ought not to be necessary. But her father had shown her so much harshness that her love for him was estranged. She felt Mr. Westlake was nearer to her, for was not he Ronald's father.

"And my wife shall come to you and stay with you."

"No," said Enid firmly. "Indeed, I thank you again and again, but I would rather be alone. It will not be for long," and added with a pitiful smile.

Then Mrs. Carter came in and proposed getting lunch. "To think, sir," she said, addressing Ronald, "that all this should happen in my rooms."

"Indeed, Mrs. Carter," said Enid in a tone of deep distress, "I am more grieved than I can tell you. I seem to bring trouble upon everyone."

"My dear," returned the good woman, taking her hand, "there's no call for you to worry about me. The person every one is sorry for is yourself," which speech so pleased Mr. Westlake that he slipped a sovereign into her hand.

"I feel sure," he said as soon as the good woman had gone, "that if you both were to go abroad at once nothing further would be heard of the matter. Poor Cornwallis is dead; you—" turning to Enid, "were his wife, and no one could blame a wife for helping her husband. The whole business will be allowed to drop. Let me beg of you to go, you at all events, Mrs. Cornwallis."

But both Enid and Ronald refused firmly.

"Henceforth let me live my life without fear and deceit, even if I suffer for it," she replied.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Awaiting the Trial.

HAD Enid alone been concerned it is more than probable that no proceedings would have been taken, but the police were determined that Ronald should be apprehended. As to

Haselfoot, they had discovered that he had acted in entire ignorance.

So Enid and Ronald were brought before the magistrates and committed for trial, their defence having been reserved.

Bail was allowed in both cases.

But before this took place Sir Thomas Iredale died suddenly, having heard nothing of his daughter. In spite of his anger against her, he left her a large sum of money, and Enid was now a rich woman.

Lady Iredale came to her, as soon as Sir Thomas was buried, and it was a great comfort to mother and daughter to be together once more. Lady Iredale asked few questions and Enid told her as little as possible, for the whole affair was unutterably painful to her. The one idea in her mind was, "Thank God he died before those men came! Thank God! Thank God!"

The human heart is only capable of bearing a certain amount of suffering; beyond that numbness ensues. She had gone through so much that she could feel little more. The idea of her being tried, which formerly would have caused her agony to contemplate, scarcely seemed to touch her. Her great endeavour was to console her mother.

"Never mind, mother dear," she would say. "Let them do their worst. Life is very short, and there is a far happier life beyond," for at this time life appeared to her as to the Psalmist—a span long, earthly happiness an impossibility. And she just twenty-four years of age, beautiful and rich!

On hearing Mr. Westlake's tidings his wife was overcome with grief.

"I must go to him at once," she said. "What do they mean by injuring my good and noble son, whose only fault is that he is too kind to others."

So she and her husband and Louise, who insisted on accompanying them, came to Ronald, who, dearly as he loved his mother, would greatly have preferred their staying at home.

"I must see this noble girl," said Mrs. Westlake. "Take me to her, Ronald."

HE did so and she was charmed. Lady Iredale left them to themselves, for she was wise in her generation, and then Enid in a few well-chosen words expressed her deep gratitude for all that both Mr. Westlake and Ronald had done for her at the time when they had thought her a poor unknown girl.

"My dear," said Mrs. Westlake, "I am not surprised at anyone doing anything for you; you have such a sweet face and look so good. Only why did you let me think you were an elderly lady?"

"But was it my fault that you thought so, dear Mrs. Westlake?" asked Enid with an involuntary smile; and that lady, fumbling with her handkerchief, which more than once she had put to her eyes, said she supposed it was not, that perhaps Mr. Westlake had been having a joke with her. "Though," she added, "if you had been an unknown typist instead of Sir Thomas Iredale's daughter it would have made no difference in their eyes."

She was loud in praises of Enid on her return to the hotel, much to the disgust of Louise.

"For my part I cannot see anything in her to rave about," said that young lady; "with her great staring blue eyes and reddish hair she reminded me of a great wax doll. I haven't see her since she was a widow, so perhaps she has improved. There was room for improvement I am sure."

"I don't know what you mean, Louise," said Mrs. Westlake indignantly. "I think her perfectly beautiful in her plain black dress, with her clear, white complexion and lovely expression. And look at her style! How graceful she is when she moves! How beautiful her tall, slender figure is!"

"The aristocracy can do no wrong," replied Louise with a sneer. "I question if you would have discovered all these beauties and graces when she was a mill-hand."

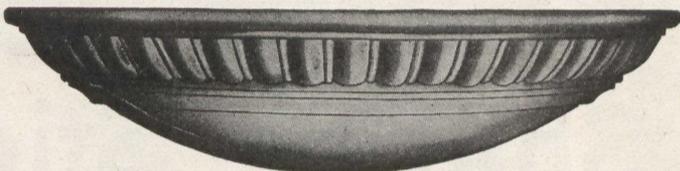
Ronald winced at this coarse speech. "She was not a mill-hand long," he exclaimed angrily.

(To be continued.)

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