

yond the grave. She felt that. If she red, and his voice was like that of one in pain. had paid the penalty with her life, Beryl would be as silent as the grave in

which she herself was to bury the secret. But what of Pierre? As she thought of him she was cold and sick. She knew too well what he would do. He would seek at once to trade on the shameful knowledge. He would tell the whole story to Jaffray, threaten him with exposure if he were not paid hush money, and thus hold him in bondage by the knowledge of her shame till Jaffray should come to hate her very name and curse the day when he had grown to

The gates of death were thus shut against her, and she felt that she must work out some other means of escape. Not once in all her misery did she think of telling Jaffray. She knew him so thoroughly and knew how he would turn from her act and her shame that the mere thought of facing him at such a moment was more than she could en-

For this there was another reason, known only to herself, and the knowl-edge of it had set up in her mind hundreds of confusing thoughts, fears, im-pulses and emotions. There was the hope of a little life that was some day to be born, and, like a sword piercing the flesh and turning in the wound to prolong the agony, was the knowledge that the child—hers and Jaffray's would be the child of shame. She knew too well what Jaffray

would feel and think and say if once this knowledge were forced upon him, and the fear, and the shame, and the love, and the misery all blended to drive the wretched girl to distraction.

Gradually out of the blinding mist and sorrow an idea began to take shape. If she were to see Pierre and lure him on to delay any evil plans he might have formed by promising to work with him, ething might happen to prevent his doing any harm.

Or, better still, if she were to fly from the manor house and let him know that she had done so, he might be driven from his purpose altogether. She could see him that night at the

time and place he had named, and then she fell to pondering all the points that mrred to her in this connec

In the midst of this she was roused by a knock at the door. She made no re-spense, but folded up the letter from Pierre and put it in her pocket.

The knock came again, firmer and gove impatient, and then a voice—Sir Jafray's—called her. She rose, and, wiping the tears has-

tily from her eyes, opened the door. "Here is a letter for you, Lela, from

Beryl," he said, giving to her a letter been sitting here alone," he added in a

cheerier voice. "I am-not-not very well," she said, her lips trembling and half refus-

ing to frame any words at all. "Well, read your letter. Perhaps Beryl has some good news for you about her father. Read it and then let me see whether I can't cheer you up a bit. You are so strong usually that you startle me when you are like this." She broke the seal di the letter and opened it and almost instantly shrank together, while a lock of intense pain

spread ever her strained face, which turned as white as salt.

"What is the matter? Is he dead?" oried Sir Jaffray, alarmed and think-ing of Mr. Layoester. "Beryl shouldn's send news like that so suddenly. The shock's enough to make any one ill." By an effort Lela fought down some

of her distress. "No, he is-not dead, " she answered

"Ad, as is more than " are answered very slowly, as though the words pained her. "It was not-not that, I am not well, dear." She smiled faintly and weakly, as if to reassure him. "I When did this come and how?" he asked sleep and kissed to wakening. It makes had a pain in my heart; that's all. It's not dear Beryl's letter or news. There's nothing -nothing should death me strong for whatever may come." With that she rose, and, with a laugh

my shame away with me, and I think I have done what alone can cure some part of the evil that I have wrought. I cannot tell you what it is. I pray you may never innow. To-day when I lay in your arms I nearly told you all, nearly opened the flood gets of all the gorrow and the pain and the distracting trou-ble, and just let it all come out, but some-thing happened, aword you said or a tone I thought I heard, and I stopped, and all was blackness and gloom again. There is no way but this and no end for me but death, though that may not be yet. One thing I aak-try not to think ill of me. Never believe I have not to ved you with my whole heart. Never doubt that in any wild stories which may ever reach you either as to the past or the fu-ture. If I am driven to what may look like evil and wrong and crime, remember it is only for your sake and because there is no other way. And now goodby, goodby! I can hard-ly write for the tears which sold my eyes. Ah, me! The last word I shall ever say to you! Think, Jaffray, the last word! My heart is se broken as my life. But I must say it-goodby! LOIA. The writing of the last few lines of "I am selfish, but I am glad of that." I want no one ever to take my place, even to blot out the memory of this time, whatever happens.' "You are talking very strangely, child. 'Whatever happens'-what can

done what alone can cure some part of the

that mean?" "I am feeling very strange, Jaffray," she answered, taking his hand and ruband answered, taking his hand and rub-bing her soft check against it and kiss-ing it. "You laugh at my presenti-ments, but you do not laugh me out of them. I believe that if we could lift the veil that hides from us the next few

days we should see a trouble that might make us both wish we were dead rather than have to face it. No; hear me," she said, putting her hand on his lips, when he was going to break in and in-terrupt her. "It is this which is fright-" ening me, and it makes me anxious to The writing of the last few lines of the letter was bleared and blotted and irregular where Lola had not been able get a pledge from you of your love. Don't blame me and don't laugh at me; to keep her tears from running on to the paper or to hold her hand steady as

but, whatever happens, remember today and remember our love." she had penned the words. Sir Jaffray's eyes were dim enough as he read the letter and tried to find "Are you fearing anything that can happen, child?" he asked earnestly. Her words seemed more than a mere some reason for what had been done. What could it mean?

The letter was the plaint of a broken heart, and every word and syllable of it For a moment the issue to tell or not spoke to the love with which Lola loved

to tell hung in the balance, and she al-most nerved herself to dare all and open And yet she had left him. He sat alone battling with the prob out her confession while he was in this

But he spoke and broke the spell. 'I sometimes think, as I have told

you, that there is something." And the tone in which he spoke drove back the no gleam of light he went out to go to his mother's room, carrying the letter impulse and made her silent. She in his hand. ned to read in it an unwillingness As he was crossing the hall it octo forgive, a sternness that she knew curred to him that he must give some was in his character, and it chilled the words even as they rose to her lips. reason to the servants for Lola's absence, and, ringing for her maid, he said that So the moment passed, and nothing was said save that she turned the quesshe had been detained at Leycester Court

and would not be home tion with an evasion. "I am fearing something," she said, Then Mrs. De Witt, hearing him, came out of the drawing room. "Do you know I'm all alone, Magog?" "and if only I could guess what it was and what shape it would take and what it would do I should be better again. she said in a bantering voice, and then, changing her tone at sight of his face, As it is you must not scold me, but love me, Jaffray, always love me, always, she asked: "What is the matter? What has happened?"

and bear with me when I am like this, but always think of me with love." Then she was silent, and after a

time, when he had soothed her and petted her, she fall saleep in his arms, her last thought of him being that which a kiss suggested. He held her while she slept-it was not long-and thought of all she had said and wondrawing room and I will see you presently?'

dered whether it had any hidden meaning, and, if so, what. And he looked at her as she slept and

was pleased when a smile flickered over her face, and he kissed it before it was troubled. ne, and kissing her he woke her. and she smiled still more broadly and mother's room.

"Mother, there is trouble. Help me what to think and what to do. Lola "That is the sweetest sleep I have ever had in my life, Jaffray," she said --"in your strong, safe arms, kissed to



mpathy. The reading of the letter left her mpletely baffled and bewildered.

Would to God that I could still put You don't-you've no 'husband cause to doubt her?" None," answered Sir Jaffray stern

"I would answer for her against world. She has been driven to this last desperate act by something-heaven

"What could there be to tell?" "How can I even guess, mother?" "Can we look to the past for a clew,

J. B. SNOWBALL do you think? Has she ever told you Thatham, 12th April, 1898.

agents until he found a name which he remembered-Gifford of Southampton row, London. He wrote out a telegram asking him to come down at once on an urgent matter, and this he sent by a prove this by calling. mounted messenger to be dispatched from a town ten miles away where the

searched among the private inquiry

office was open all night. Then he had a saddle horse brought round, and he rode off fast through the night to Mrs. Villyers' honse to try to gather from her some clew to Lola's

As he went he took up the train o thought which his mother's words had suggested and Mrs. De Witt had enforced. Was there any connection be-tween that scene of the morning and Lola's flight? Had that villainous cow ard anything to do with forcing them apart? By heaven, if he had-and un

der his breath Sir Jaffray swore a deep, strong oath-he should pay dearly for But how could it possibly be so? If the signs of a true and deep love were ever shown for a man, Lola had

shown them for him that day both by word and act. Not for a mo he distrust her-no, not if all the world were against her to swear away her faith and truth and love for him.

He would find her and bring her back. That he vowed to himself, and the thought that he could do it com-forted and cheered him and lifted him lem for a time and trying to think what was best to do, and when he could see in a measure above the choking flood of misery and regret. He would hold to

that resolve-to that and to his undimmed love for her. When he reached Mrs. Villyers house, all was in darkness. It was late, and the household had gone to bed.

Till that moment he had had a faint. flickering hope that he should find Lola there But the darkened house quenched the hope. If she had been there, there

would have been some signs of an un-usual stir in the place instead of the unpromising darkness. He roused the household, and when

the servants came shivering and irrita-ble to know who it was and what was wanted he learned that Mrs. Villyers "Nothing is the matter in which you can help, thank you," he answered de-liberately. "I am sorry you are alone, was from home and had been away for two or three weeks. Asked where she but Lola has been kept at Leycester Court and will not be home tonight. I was, they gave him an address in North Devonshire, and that was all the inam probably going over there myself. Will you wait for a few minutes in the formation he gained by the long night ride

To be Continued. There was something in his manner which shook all the frivolity out of Mrs.

De Witt, and without a word she went back into the room, feeling grave and FURNACES FURNACES. Then Sir Jaffray went on to him WOOD OR COAL WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT

seems to have been driven by some cause which I cannot in the least understand REASONABLE PRICES. to take the desperate step of leaving the manor. Listen to this." And he read STOVES

She sat and listened in the deepest pain and not without some twinges of COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVFS AT LOW PRICES

self reproach as she read between the words of the letter the evidence of a PUMPS, PUMPS, heart battling with an overwhelming sorrow and driven in upon itself for lack of the helping counsel of womanly Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very bes also Japanned stamped and plain thware in end-less variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash

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'What can it mean, Jaffray? What can the poor girl mean? Have you no sort of clew, nothing of any kind to guide you? What does she mean?— 1

14

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