We arranged it somehow, I promising to send him every month a sum of five pounds as long as he should hold my secret safe, and keep away from Sea-land.

And then he went, and I breathed more irrely, yet even felt a burden hanging over me—the voice of conscience urging me to tell Florence, and let her choose between her pride and me; but I did not, and the months rolled on, bringing us near to our wedding day. Our wedding day! the day when Flor-ence would be mine forever—when her love would be my sweet possession as long as life should last. I look back to the thought now with tears, with an aching sense of loss and pain that I would were over for ever.

sense of loss and pain that I would were over for ever. It was about a fortnight to the day fixed for the wedding. I had gone for a long walk up the cliffs, when I became aware of a man following me. I turned, and saw the man whom I most dreaded in the whole world—Jack Saunders. "You here?" I said, sternly. "What was our agreement, pray?" He looked uncassly down at his boots. "I heard tell of your grand marriage a-coming off soon. You'll be rich as rich then, so 1 just wants you to double the little sum that you gives me every month; it's worth more nor five pounds, and yer know it!"

know it?"
"I know nothing of the 'sort," I said, indignantly.
"You will keep to the five pounds or have nothing at all."
The man's face darkened, and an evil gleam shot into his eyes:
"Well, sir! as you will. It will sound nice to your lady-love to hear she way mearly agoing to be the daughter-in-law of a murderer; praps shell give me some tin for a warning of her."
The hot blood surged up into my brain. To be at the mercy of this villain! What could I do? I could not think clearly for the anger that burned in my heart. Jack Saunders stood watching me with a sneering smile on his face, and presently he began to speak again:
"An 'when your married to that proud, stuck-up Miss yonder, you'll be able to spare me a bit more, I daresay."
The passion leapt up with a mighty bound in my heart, as it was more than I could beer. I stepped loward, and fell headlong over the clift, down, down to the sands far below, and I watched him with an awful horror at my heart, knowing that I had kilde him—that I, Cyril St. Dalmas, was a murderer, as well as the son of a murderer?
Thesently my senses came back. It was just possible that even now Jack Saunders might be alive—that he had saved himself by clinging to a jutting rock in his desent. I must go and seek for him—go to save him —even if he ruined my chance of happiness for ever!
I clambered down the steep sides of the clift—clinging by hands and feet—till, with torn and bleeding hands, I stood on the sands below.
There-my my on his face on the shingle, was Saunders. I turned the body gently over, and saw that he was dead—know that he would never speak or move again—that now I was free from his torment for ever.
May that not meant to kill him, and would have given my own life to see his breath. Come back to him again.
The sent yeil had not meant to kill him, and would have given the was dued—know that he would never speak or move again—that now I was free from his tor mark for the see his b

To the deat to by and mappiness for every more. I could have left the man lying there in his last deep sleep, knowing that his death would be put down to an accident—a "fall from the cliffs," Who would ever sus-pect me as having been the cause of it? Or I could push his body into the sea, and the waves would carry him far out, and he could never come back from the sleep of death to tell the story of my sin. But I could not do it, could not go on with the burden of another secret on my brain.

I looked on the sweet peaceful scene that I looked on the sweet peaceful scene that lay around me. The solt sands, strewn with the many tinted shells; the waves gently rippling in and out at my feet, and the cry of the gulls is they hovered about the seaweed-covered rocks. How I had loved it all! this dear Sea-land that I was about to leave forever. I gave a last, lingering look about me a mist of tase dimming the cleaness, and



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A Batio of \$245 of Assets for Every \$100 of Liabilities.

A KILLO OI \$249 OI ASSCUS IN LIVERY Fund Life Association had been paid for ordinary whole life Level Fremium Insurance, \$6,000 only would have been received by the claimants instead of \$164,000, which was paid to them by the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, a difference of \$95,000! Is it not worth while for the people to investigate the advantages offered by THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION and obtain the most insurance for the least money, combined with the greatest security? Liberal terms offered to active and reliable canvassing agents. CHARLES CAMPBELL, SECRETARY.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

11

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, - - General Agents,

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I gave a last, lingering look about me a mist of tears dimming its clearness, and then turned and went to my house. The painters and decorators were busy there, making it fresh and pretty for the bride that was so shortly to have come home to it. I felt a thrill of pain as Ireal-ized that she now would never come. I went into my own room, and sat down to write a note to my Florence, only a few words that would show her I loved her the same as ever.

to write a note to my riorence, only a law words that would show her I loved her the same as ever. "Dearest Florence,--"I must leave you and this country at once--and for ever. Do not seek to know my reason. Only believe that you are as dear to me as ever. My heart breaks at leaving you. "Yours ever truly, "CYNLL ST. DAIMAS." Only those few words. What could I say? How explain better the awful necessity upon me? I put the note, blurred and blotted with my tears, into an envelope. and left it where it would be seen. I then went to my private drawer and took out a roll of bank notes, money that I had lately drawn out for wedding expenses. I should want it for another object now. Then I went from my home, never to return. The ack head woods of Australia.

Then I went from my home. never to return. Far away, in the backwoods of Australia, I am living on my lonely life. The old days seem a dream now, an awhil nightmare that has passed, leaving me with the horrid memory left. My soul is free from the crime of murder, for I know I had no thought of killing him that awhul day, but I am paying dealy for the passion I let so overcome me. One day, perhape, this weight of sorrow may lighted, and in the old land I may begin I to again.



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