

**Windsor Table Salt**  
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

## Ruled BY Destiny!

CHAPTER XXXI.  
TO RIGHT THE WRONG.

"What do you wish to do?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

"There are two courses," he said, in the slow, grave voice. "Either you must make your confession to Lord Norman, or leave it to me. I care not which it is."

"He will kill you!" she panted. He shrugged his shoulders with absolute indifference.

"Perhaps, I thought that you would prefer that he should hear the story from your lips. You know best which will be the less bitter course for you."

She looked at him with murder gleaming in her velvety eyes.

If she had a weapon, she would have struck him down then and there with-out pity or fear.

"I cannot do it!" she wailed. "I cannot do it!"

"There is no need!" said a voice at her side, and starting, she turned and saw Lord Norman standing in the open window.

Lady Blanche glanced at his face, saw that he had heard all, and flinging her hands before her eyes, crouched down as if he had struck her; but Oscar Raymond stood firm and folded his hands across his breast.

Lord Norman looked from one to the other.

His face was very pale and stern, but there was a light in his eyes, a reflection of relief and hope, which had been strangers to them for a long time.

Slowly he raised his hand and pointed to the staircase.

"You may go!" he said, quietly.

Oscar Raymond lifted his dark eyes calmly, almost solemnly.

"Is that all? I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may demand. We are in a foreign land, my lord—"

"You have given me all the satisfaction it is possible for you to render," said Bruce, in a low, steady voice. "I have no wish to kill you; I yield you your life and—remorse. Go!"

Oscar Raymond bent his head and moved away.

Lord Norman waited until his footsteps had died away, then he picked up the leather case and dropped it at Lady Blanche's feet.

"Blanche," he said, in so low a tone of voice that she could scarcely hear him; "I have seen Floris; I have learned all that this man would have forced you to tell me. There is no need that you should speak a word. Get up now and go to your room. I shall go away from this place, this hotel, at once, and will leave a letter

for your father telling him that the engagement is broken off by—mutual consent. There need be nothing more said on either side. Heaven forgive you, Blanche, for this that you have done—forgive you as I—and she—*—forgive you!*"

He laid his hand on her head for a moment, pityingly, forgivingly, and when a moment afterward she raised her heavy eyes, he was gone!

CHAPTER XXXII.  
THE BURDEN OF A SIGH.

FLORIS arose the next morning, after a sleepless night, during which she had lain awake possessed in one moment with a poignant grief and the next with a subdued joy.

She had lost him, he had gone from her forever, and he would marry Lady Blanche.

That was her grief; but he loved her still, he had not been false to her; that was her joy; and her joy in the knowledge of his truth and constancy far outweighed her grief at the loss of him.

And he was here in Florence.

She knew him well enough to know that he would not relinquish her without another attempt; she felt certain that she must place temptation beyond his reach.

She would leave Florence that morning, would put it out of his power to break his word to Lady Blanche. Pale and sad, and yet with a trace of the great joy shining in her lovely eyes, she went to Mrs. Sinclair's room. The old lady was in bed—she sat up too late over her precious books to be an early riser—and was made to understand that Floris wanted a holiday, and at once.

"Where are you going, my dear?" she said.

Floris was staggered for a moment. "Into the hills. I shall only want a day or two," she explained.

He would not remain in Florence long, she thought.

"Oh, very well, my dear. You had better take one of the girls with you. And, by the way, you might gather some of the crested ferns for me, you know; keep it as cool as you can, will you? And if you should happen to see any specimens of—here followed a dozen long Latin names—"you might bring them also."

Floris promised that she would, and went upstairs and packed a bag with the few things she required; then she made a faint pretense at breakfast, and in an hour had started with a little maid who was a favorite of hers.

The morning passed in a dreamy kind of way for Floris.

Slowly the carriage ascended the hills, the driver singing below his voice, the maid delighted with her holiday, chatting light-heartedly.

Presently the maid stopped her prattle, and put her head on one side.

"There is some one on the road besides ourselves this morning, signorita. Perhaps they, too, are taking a holiday."

"Perhaps, Marie," said Floris, quite dreamily.

The girl leaned forward and looked back.

"It is a horseman, signorita, and he is riding fast. The poor horse is panting. It is not a holiday for him, poor wretched beast!"

(To be Continued.)

is a would-be author, and her plaint is that her best compositions come home, "declined with thanks."

These two dependent spirits on this very dependent day would be enough to sadden the most optimistic person in the world, and I am afraid I, too, have taken on a little of the sombre tone in my speech when I begin to draw attention to the finances.

"I wonder," says Len, breaking into one of the gloomy pauses, "if it would not be possible to do something with that old house at Deepdene. As Lesley remarks, our funds are getting rather low, and if we could get a tenant for Deepdene we'd be out of the woods."

Nobody speaks. There is a forced cheerfulness in his voice that is not convincing. It dies away altogether; as he once more raises his eyes to the windows and catches a glimpse of the yellow fog outside.

"No," he goes on sadly. "Unfortunately, we cannot hope for that. I had a letter from Warden this morning, and from what he tells me, the old house appears to have a bad name. The fact of the matter is that the place has stood empty so long that the rustics of the neighborhood have spread the report that it is haunted."

"What nonsense that is," I reply. "People don't believe in ghosts these days. I'm only a girl, but I would like to see the ghost that would frighten me out of any house I had once made up my mind to live in."

"Well, Lesley, I can only wish you were able to impart a little of that valiant spirit to some one in search of a house," returns Len, in all seriousness.

"Why do you ask that?" I ask.

"Because the place is one of the most uncanny places you ever saw, and I doubt whether even your courage would stand the test of an actual residence at Deepdene. You would certainly be frightened, my dear."

"Not of a ghost!" I reply indignantly; "though I must own that I am afraid of some things. Of fire, for instance, and burglars, particularly the sort that, not content with robbing the house, slaughter the inhabitants in their beds. And I certainly am afraid of—"

"Mice!" says Len, with gravity and emphasis. "Yes, my dear, we know it, and with what remarkable courage and presence of mind you take refuge on the table whenever one of those ferocious monsters puts in an appearance. Such valor does you credit, Lesley; and, after witnessing your many remarkable exploits in that line, how can I doubt your being the very identical young lady to send down into Devonshire to tackle the Deepdene ghost?"

CHAPTER I.  
A GLOOMY DAY.

DOES London ever smile? That is my mental query as I look out on the gloomy scene.

A saffron fog hangs over the gray buildings. The street lamps are lighted, but they only give forth a feeble yellow glow that merely serves to deepen the gloom. Nor is the gloom confined to the streets. The sadness of the dull spring day has crept into an old-fashioned boarding house where three very discontented people are planning the future.

It is not a very brilliant future, as one might guess from the expression upon the faces of my sister Adelaide, our brother Leonard, and myself—Lesley Kendrick—the youngest of the trio.

Leonard—our Len—has visions of achieving fame and fortune as a painter, but truth compels me to say that he has not progressed far on that thorny path. Addie, on the other hand,

Happiness Secured AT A Heavy Cost!

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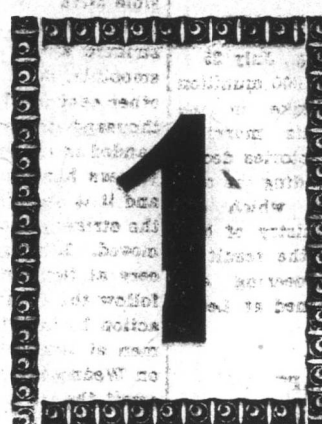
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## CABLE NEWS.

MALVY'S TRIAL.  
PARIS, July 25.  
The trial of Louis J. Malvy, former Minister of the Interior, which had become an interminable squabble among the officials of the prefecture, the police and the detective service relative to the responsibility for certain acts done or left undone, woke into new life to-day when an elegantly but simply dressed lady took the stand. A large hat concealed her face and her name was given as Madame le Brun. She testified she had made thirteen trips to Germany where she had been entrusted with missions in France although she was really in the service of the French General Headquarters. A German lieutenant, the witness said, told me we have in the French Government a person who has belonged to us for many years. When I reported this in France, I was told that it was useless to search for further information in this matter, but on my next trip to Germany I asked the name of this person and the German officer replied: He is too highly placed, I fear too much for you and him.

PRIEST SUSPENDED.  
DUBLIN, July 25.  
The Irish Independent this morning reports that Father O'Flannigan of Roscommon, Vice-Priest of the Sinn Fein Society, has been suspended by his Bishop for his activities in the last Cavan election last June, when Arthur Griffith, the Sinn Fein leader, fought under arrest was elected to the House of Commons. Father O'Flannigan's successor to his church at Cressna has been appointed, but the newspaper says the people have refused to receive the new occupant.

**RICHMOND PURE RICE PAPER**

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