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who had now come in—"have connived at his escape."

Ronald was silent, but Haselfoot, on whom a light had suddenly dawned, which made him furious, replied with intense anger: "I have not. I know nothing about the man upstairs, except that as it was very rough weather I gave him a passage in my vessel, and that he is married to a lady with whom I have very slight acquaintance. They are lodgers quite independent of me, are they not, Mrs. Carter? I have nothing to do with them whatever."

"No, sir; you have not," replied the landlady.

It was evident that the men did not believe a word of Haselfoot's. They expressed their determination to go upstairs.

"Don't let Mrs. Walford be taken by surprise. Tell her first," said Ronald to Mrs. Carter.

As the men left the room Haselfoot turned on Ronald, prepared to rend him.

**B**UT at this moment a footstep was heard, and Enid appeared. There was a look on her white face which overawed every man present. She had the countenance of a woman who had endured up to the pitch of agony.

"Why are you here?" she asked the policeman in a clear voice, though, alas! she knew only too well. They said afterwards that had she ordered them out of the house they would have had no choice but to obey her—she had a constraining force about her at that moment.

They answered her question.

"I have been telling these men what nonsense they are talking," said Mrs. Carter.

"But they are not talking nonsense," replied Enid. "You wish," she continued, turning to them, "to see my husband. Come upstairs, and I will show him to you."

Ronald felt like a pitiful coward beside her. There was something grand about her action, her gesture, as she threw open the door, while Haselfoot felt as if he would like to run anywhere out of sight of such a painful majesty.

She went upstairs. The men followed, hushing their footsteps insensibly.

"Here is the man you are in search of," she said, throwing the bedroom door open.

The room was draped in white; there was an awful sense of stillness. Ronald looked, then looked again, astonished and appalled.

For on the bed, clothed in white raiment of the dead, lay, not the man he had seen, but a Greek god cut in marble, an Apollo, with every feature perfect, chiselled still more finely by the hand of death. His chestnut hair curled slightly and drooped a little on his white brow, his finely-carved hands were folded on his breast. This Henry Jackson, the red-haired, untidy mill-hand? This the grey-haired, scarred, flat-nosed man he had been with at Plymouth? It was impossible.

Then he understood what people meant when they said Cornwallis was the handsomest man they had ever seen; he understood why Enid had given him her heart.

The men looked at one another. "I had no idea of this!" exclaimed Haselfoot in distress; "none whatever. Why were we not told? I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Walford. When did this take place, and does anyone know?"

Enid made no reply, for no one knew. Cornwallis had died as she was repeating the verse of the hymn, and she had resolved that no eye should behold him save that of the undertaker. Neither Mrs. Carter nor the doctor had even seen him without his disguise. She performed the last offices for him herself, though she felt as if her strength would never carry her through. No sooner had they been performed and the room made ready than the men had arrived.

Haselfoot left the room. The officers followed him, leaving one of their number to guard the door.

Ronald returned to Enid. "How splendid he is! But what you must have suffered!" He continued.

"I am afraid I must talk of other matters. These men will take me, if not now, as soon as they can get a warrant for my apprehension, if a warrant is necessary. I have made up my mind. The poor fellow who is gone gained nothing by trying to evade the law. I will not follow his example. My motives were good, but my actions were a mistake. I think I would rather undergo punishment, for I feel as if I deserved it. But they do not suspect you. Go while there is time. I will shield you in every way possible, and my father will supply you with money. If you would live for a little while with my mother, and comfort her, in the midst of your own grief, it would be very kind."

She turned her eyes to him.

"You are going to prison for my sake," she said firmly, "to shield me. But I refuse to be shielded. I will go to prison also."

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### Explanation.

"**N**OW," said Haselfoot to Ronald, as soon as he had come downstairs, "perhaps you will tell me the meaning of all this, and say why I have been made a cat's paw of."

His anger had cooled down considerably since he had seen the dead form above, but he was angry still and snarled it.

"I will tell you," replied Ronald gravely, and told him the entire story, from beginning to end. "I feel I owe you a sincere apology, and I tender it now," he added. "I am aware that I might have brought you into trouble, but—" he paused a moment, then continued, "whatever I did was done for the love of her."

Haselfoot listened attentively. When Ronald had finished the other was conscious of a choking sensation in his throat. He held out his hand and grasped Ronald's.

"What a girl! What a heroine! I should have done what you did myself, if I could. Don't say another word about apologizing; no apology is needed. But now what about yourself, for I am afraid you will find yourself in an uncommon tight place."

"I know I shall, but my fears are more for her than for myself."

"Surely they can't come down on her for shielding her husband."

"He was not her husband then. I fear the worst."

Haselfoot's frank face wore a look of profound concern. "Can't anything be done?"

"I fear not. I have been wondering how Cornwallis was traced, and have come to the conclusion that either the lighthouse men must have talked when they landed after their shift was over, or else that some of your men, hearing that the search for Cornwallis was not over, suspected something, and gave information."

"But what could my men have seen? Simply that I gave a friend a passage for a few hours—a most common occurrence."

"It wasn't common, though, for you to go to the Eddystone lighthouse. Who can tell how things get known?"

"The man upstairs told me that although they showed a bold front to Mrs. Carter they only came here on surmise, not from knowledge."

"Poor chap! He is out of it all at last, and a good thing for him. But what a transformation in appearance!"

"Yes; he was uncommonly clever. If he had been a better man he might have done great things. Well, poor fellow, he's gone. Who are we that we should judge him? No doubt the mercy of the great Father is far greater than that of man. God help us all if it is not!"

"I will go away and live on board for the present. She shall have my rooms until she can make her plans. She will want her friends down."

"My good fellow," said Ronald, touched, "she will not want them long. But thank you very much. It is the best arrangement that could be made."

Haselfoot went out and telegraphed for Ronald's father, who came at once.

"I would have kept this from you and my mother if I could, but as it is im-