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Had he gone another way? The suspense was cruel—almost unbearable. Her courage was drooping, flagging. No, she would not wait. It could do no good. He—ah, there he was.

The man came slowly with bent head and lagging footsteps round the margin of the shrubbery. At a little distance from the gate he paused and turned towards the house. His wife, motionless, watching, could just discern his face, could see the misery of that mute farewell. The pain it caused her was too intense to be prolonged. The gate was partially open. She pulled it to sharply. The man, startled, turned at the sound, and his wife stepped from the shadow.

"Olive!"  
A distant echo repeated the startled cry "Olive!" and then there was silence. The woman returned her husband's intense gaze with strange, wide-eyed calm. She could see now he had been ill, terribly ill. She made no sound, and at length he spoke. "I thought you would go to the front," he said, heavily. "I thought you were driving home."

Mrs. Quesnay laughed. Heavens, it

despise me! What shall I say? What can I do—what can I do.

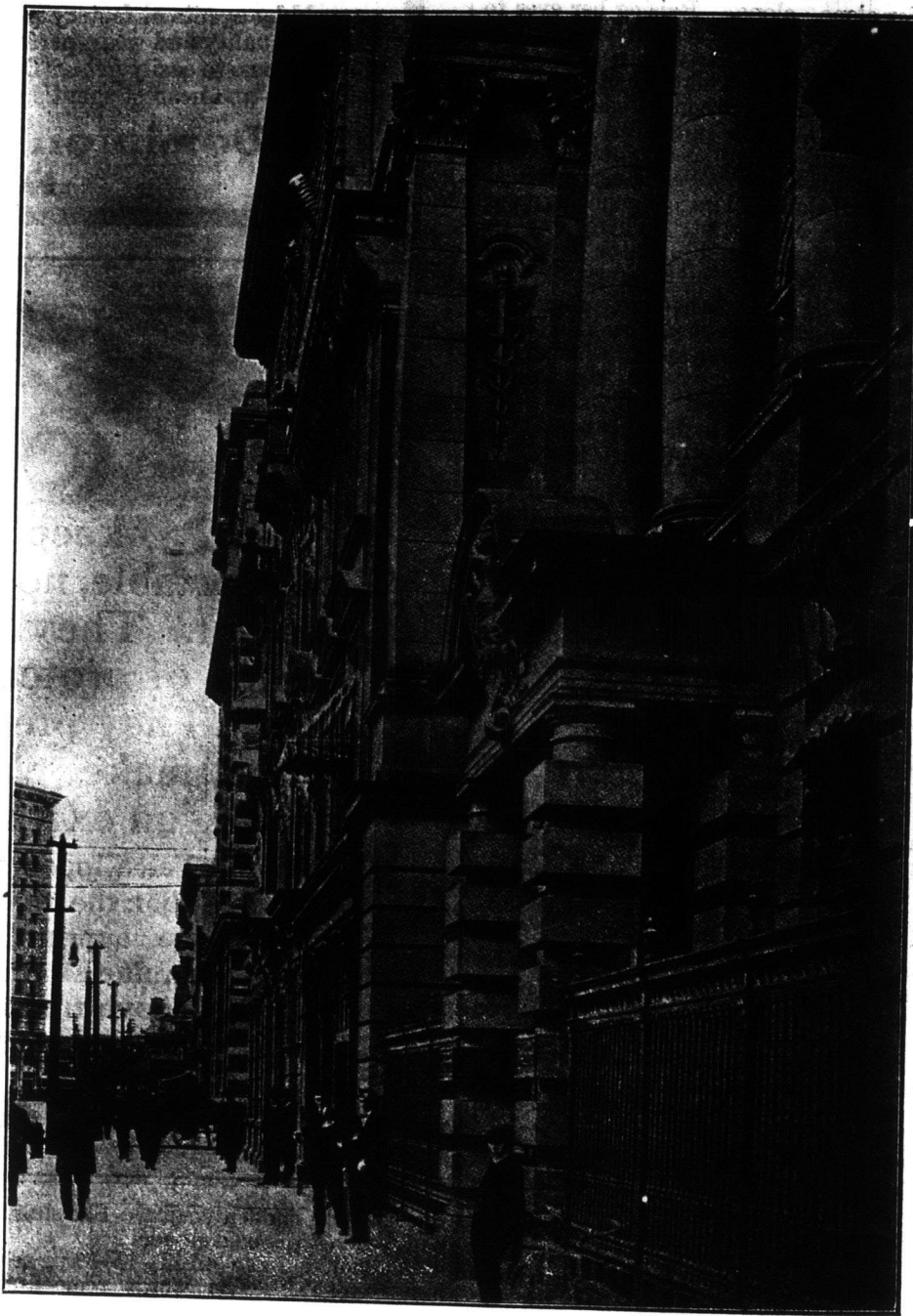
The man raised his hat significantly, but his companion stood motionless in front of the gate.

"Well?" he queried, then after a brief pause added, sardonically, "I suppose you are awaiting my apology for this trespass? I tender it—with all humility. It is singularly unfortunate—"

The moon, floating higher and brighter in the vast dome of night, passed from beneath the hurrying clouds and cast its light upon the motionless woman, upon her pale, strained face, upon one pitiful slipperless foot.

"Good heavens! Olive!"  
He was at her side—bending over her—held her in his arms, close, close to him. "Olive my poor girl! What is it—what does it mean?"

She remained motionless in his embrace her head thrown back, her eyes closed. The man bent and kissed her. Then she struggled wildly to release herself. "No," she cried, frantically, "Malcolm, you must not—you must not! You do not know! It is—oh, Eustace, Eustace!"



Street Scene, Winnipeg.

seemed impossible—but she laughed! "No, I walked home—with Pembroke Cordingley."

What dreadful impulse moved her to say it—to say it lightly, like that? Now let him strike her—kill her!

"I see." The man spoke with perfect self control, and stepped forward as if to pass, but his wife stood before the gate, barring his progress. "I suppose," he remarked, hesitatingly, "you wonder—what I am doing here?"

"No, I know."

"You know?"

"Yes, I heard your conversation with nurse. I was on the veranda. I heard everything." Malcolm Quesnay shrugged his shoulders. "In that case," he said, "an explanation of my intrusion would be superfluous. I intended to write you before leaving the country. Be as merciful as you can to poor Mrs. Vallor. I corrupted her."

"As merciful as you can?" That shows what he thinks of me. How he must

Shocked and bewildered by this sudden storm, her husband nevertheless preserved his composure. Retaining a firm yet gentle hold of her slender form he succeeded in calming her intense agitation. At length he ventured to ask the meaning of her reference to the child. Exhausted by emotion Olive made but feeble resistance; brokenly she told her woeful news. She had overheard Dr. Redwold—Eustace had consumption—was dying fast.

Quesnay heard her with mingled alarm and incredulity. "Eustace—dying?" he repeated slowly. "Olive, it is impossible! I can't believe it—there is some dreadful mistake. I saw Redwold about him myself only yesterday. He assured me the boy was perfectly healthy. Vallor, too, you heard—"

He paused abruptly. Olive, her eyes intent upon his face, saw the doubt and fear pass from it. "I think I see," he said. "Tell me as much as you can; remember of what you heard."

Every word that had come to Olive