# ATEST >

EES

Swede Cash-MRS. KELTIE has charge of the oves,

as the Undressed Kid it. We have them in

OF "AN EVIL SPIRIT," "THE UGLY

Miss Close stopped. She had been speaking rapidly, and she was panting in her paroxysm of rage. She went out of the room, and slammed the door behind her.

"Mother what does this mean?"

But Mrs. Wilton only rocked herself to

But Mrs. Witton only recked herself to and fro.

"She said you had concealed something. What is it? Mother, answer me."

Mrs. Wilton shook her head.

"She said it was infamous—that he ought not to be allowed to sacrifice himself—Lesile?—that she did not think the mariage would be legal—my marriage?—Mother, mother, answer me. Don't you see that this must be explained?"

"She didn't know what she was saying," said Mrs. Wilton between her sobs, and wringing her hands. "Esther, Esther, let things rest. For your own sake don't question me. Miss Close and I had a quarrel. She—she lost control of herself—you could see that—she did not know what she was saying."

quarel. She—she lost control of herself—you could see that—she did not know what she was saying."

Esther formed a sudden resolution.

"Yery well, mother," she said dully, "I won't press you."

She left the room and went downstairs. She asked the porter to call a hansom for her, and in a firm voice she gave an address in Knightsbridge. Rain was falling heavily. The street ran with water and mud. She would not have the window down, and the drops struck her face and glistened on the fur of her coat. Lights lashed past her, and the pavements reflected the lamps in the shops. The sky was black and low. Here and there a sweeper made capital out of the mud. Piccadilly seemed a moving mass of wet umbrellas. The parks were dark with mist. Esther temarked many trivial things during this drive, such as that the hansom was very smart, that it was fitted with a watch as well as rubber tires, a match-box, a cigar-cutter, and looking-glasses. She aught sight of her own face, and its pallor keemed to fit in with the gloom of the evening. She had a presentiment that all light and brightness were to be put out of her life. She felt no pain—yet. She was passive. It scarcely seemed to her that it yreatly mattered. The world was full of pain. Pain was the only thing certain in life. Men might struggle for happiness, but the law was inexorable. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." Of what avail to rebel? We are the sport of ate. Why should she have thought to be exempt?

Johnson looked as her in suprpise.

exempt?

Johnson looked as her in surprise.

Young women were not in the habit of
talling at the flat at seven o'clock in the

evening.
"Is Lord Rutherford in? Tell him that I "is Lord Ratherford in? Tell him that I wish to speak to him."

The servant showed her into the drawing-room. She went and stood by the fire and looked round. She thought of the first time that she had entered the room. She looked at the engravings. There was the misnamed "Bacchante," whose face resembled hers. Two lamps shed a soft light through yellow shades. The fire burned very brightly on the tiled hearth. Sometimes the sudden flicker of a flame flashed on the gold of a picture-frame. Esther times the sudden flicker of a flame flashed on the gold of a picture-frame. Esther noted every little detail. Her perceptions seemed sharpened while her heart felt like lead. She had no hope. All her happiness was to be blotted out—she knew that as certainly as if she had already known that which she came to hear. There was some secret in connection with her life, and it was such that her marriage would be infamous. She said, this to herself, and the words conveyed no special meaning. She was such that her marriage would be in-famous. She said, this to herself, and the words conveyed no special meaning. She was numb. The world was out of joint, and pain was universal. The very leaves and flowers only grew to fade and fall and decay. She had thought that her path led through a land where trouble could not enter; she had lived in prosperity and she had eried "Peace." There was no peace; there had never been peace. Her happiness had blinded her. She had shut her ears to the vague questionings that had assailed her. Her eyes were bright and dry. The pupils were enormous, and they burned as with fire. She felt hard and callous. Let the worst come! She was prepared. What did it matter if one more life were sacrificed upon the altar of pain, whose flames burned day and night? Miss Close was right. The life of each one of us was mapped out from the beginning of the world. Of what avail to struggle where the contest was so unequal? If fate must crush her she would meet it with a dogged resignation.

School of Elocution and Expression.

MR. WM. CAVEN BARRON,
PRINCIPAL.

NEXT TERM BEGINS NOVEMBER 12.

NEXT TERM BER 12.

NO. 2. Central Fire Station Signal.

No. 4. Central Police Station.

No. 5. Dundas and Wellington.

No. 6. Talbot and Kent.

No. 7. Richmond and Sydenham.

No. 8. Wetstele and Pleased like.

happened. I felt that I must see you—I must—

The thought occurred to Rutherford that Mrs. Wilton was perhaps dead.

"Is it your mother?" he asked gently.

"No. Yes—I don't know. I am frightened. I will tell you what I can, and you must tell me the rest. You know when I left you to-day—I went straight up to our room and—and I found mother crying at something Miss Close had said, and I interfered, and Miss Close turned upon me and said that you ought not to be allowed to marry me. She used the word 'infamous' and—and—oh, Leslie!"

Like a chill blast there swept across him the recollection of his distrust of Mrs. Wilton.

the recollection of his distrust of Mrs. Wilton.

"What are you saying Esther?" he said in a strained voice, his arms tightening round her. "What are you saying?"

Esther could not speak. The clock stuck the half-hour after seven. Billy was whistling in an adjoining room. Rutherford loosened his hold.

"I am going to tell him to have his dinner without me."

He left the room, and returned after a

He left the room, and returned after a minute's absence. Esther lay back in her chair. Her face was tear-stained and chair. Her face was tear-stained and despairing. Rutherford went once more and knelt

Rutherford went once more and knelt beside her.

"Esther I do not yet understand."

"Nor I," said Esther, "fully. But I am horribly afraid. You can explain to me. Miss Close said that she did not think the marriage would be legal, Leslie, what did she mean? She said that you knew—you knew what I had not known myself."

"I?" said Rutherford in bewilderment. "I?"

"She says that she wrote to you months

No. 61. Hill and Clarence.

Directions for giving an alarm from above boxes: Unlock the outside door and rull it firmly and steadily until it is wide open. Fulling the door wide open is all that is necessary to give an alarm from these boxes.

No. 3. Talbot and King.

No. 62. Dundas street and Street Car Stables.

No. 63. Elizabeth and Lorne avenue.

No. 64. Ontario and Franklin.

No. 71. Dundas and Quebec.

No. 72. G. T. R. Car Shops Gate.

No. 81. Rectory and Hamilton Road.

No. 82. Rectory and Hamilton Road.

No. 82. Rectory and Hamilton Road.

No. 82. Rectory and languar from above boxes: Unlock and pull open the outside door Then pull the hook on the inside door straight down as far as it will go (about two inches)—only once—and let it go.

No. 18. Queen street and Maple avenue.

No. 19. Stanley and Horn.

No. 23. Wellington and Bridge streets.

No. 46. Elmwood avenue and Edward street.

"1?" said Rutherford in bewilderment. "1?"

"She says that she wrote to you months ago and told you."

"Told me what?"

"I can't say it. I may be wrong. I don't know. God grant I may be wrong. The letter will tell me—"

"I have never had a letter from Miss Close in my life."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain."

A gleam of hope came into Esther's face.

"Leslie," she asid quickly, "you know that she—she cares for you herself. I am certain of it. Leslie, could she have said all this in wanton anger? Mother said Miss Close did not know what she was saying, and—oh, Leslie! I can understand that if a woman cared for you—Leslie, Leslie! could it be only that?"

Rutherford thought of the conversation on the stairs.

"Stop crying at once," he said, laughing uneasily. "Esther, are not we terrifying

Rutherford thought of the conversation on the stairs.

"Stop erying at once," he said, laughing uneasily. "Esther, are not we terrifying ourselves about nothing? It is very unfortunate that Miss Close should have seen anything in me to care for. Kiss me, dear; you owe me something for terrifying me in this way. I have never had any letter from Miss Close—unless——"A change came over his face.

"Unless what, Leslie?"

The gleam of hope died from Esther's eyes. Rutherford had remembered the anonymous letter, The other he had never read. It had made no impression upon him, and was forgotten. It lay, hewever, on top of the first in the drawer, to which Esther fellowed him. As her eyes fell upon the envelope she gave a little cry.

"That is her writing," she said.

"That?" said Rutherford; "that is not the one I thought of. I don't remember that one at all. Stay—I do. It came the day before I went away, I don't think I read it."

Esther held the second letter, he held the first.

"Is that Miss Close's writing?" he said,

Esther held the second letter, he held the first.

"Is that Miss Close's writing?" he said, pointing to the envelope in his hand.

"I don't think so, unless it is disguised. That is like her R and her S.W., sloped the wrong way. It may be. This is!"

She looked at the letter she held as she spoke. He was about to take it when there was a knock at the door, and Billy asked to speak to him for a few minutes. Rutherferd left the room, and Esther glanced at the letter. A few words caught her eye, and she began to read it.

and she began to read it.
(To be Continued.)

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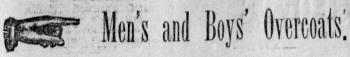
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For lame book

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MICHIGAN CENTRA	L DAIL	MANI.
LONDON TI	ME.	
Canada Southern Divisi	on-Goir	g Eas
and the shoot or proceed	Leave London	
North Shore Limited (daily) N. Y. Express (daily) American Express (except	8:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.	
Monday)	9:50 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 2:25 p.m. 8:30 p.m.	1:50 p.r 3:15 p.r
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	5:05 m.1
Canada Southern Divis	ion—Goi	ng Wes
Corth Shore Limited (daily) Chicago Express (daily) Chicago L't'd Exp. (daily) American Express (except	8:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 9:50 a.m.	5:05 a.1 10:55 a.1

GRAND TRUNK-Southern Division CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

| ARRIVE | DEPART | Limited Express (a) | 3:35 a.m. | 3:55 a.m. | Mailing | Arrive | 12:05 a.m. | 12:05 b.m. | 12:05 b.m.

| ARRIVE. | DEPART. | 5:10 a.m. | 5:30 a.m. | 6:45 a.m. Chiengo Express (A)...
West End Mixed...
Eric Limited.
St. Louis Express (A)...

| ARRIVE. | DEPART. | Initial Express (ii) | 3:50 a.m. | Ulantic Express (ii) | 11:46 a.m. | commodation | 11:46 a.m. | commodation | 11:45 p.m. | commodation | 11:35 p.m. | ric Limited, (ii) | 11:35 p.m. |

London and Port Stanley.

Hamilton—Depart—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | Hamilton—Arrivo—
a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | r.m. | p.m. | p.m. | 112:30 | 18:50 | 19:09 | B11:10 | 4:00 | 6:25 | 8:15

\* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
A) Runs daily, Sundays included,
(n) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes
on intermediate stope on Sundays.
(c) No. 38 carries passengers between London
and Paris.

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7:00 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 7:05 p.m Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a,m., 12:15

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# Anat dia. erificed upon As right. The life of each Apped out from the beginning d. Of what avail to struggie whe. contest was so nacqual? If fate must wash her she would meet it with a dogged fessignation. Her eyes fell upon a striped silk scart that lay upon the back of a chair. It was a scarf of Leslie's. Esther knew it well. She had seen it round his throat at night. She took it up and looked at it, and hold it to her lips. There was upon it the faintest scent of smoke. Then of a sudden Esther was touched. She kissed the scarf passion alely, and she burst into tears. It was not her own life only that was to be wrecked. There was a sound, and Rutherford came in burriedly. He shut the door behind him. "Esther, my darling, is not this rather upprudent?—Why, Esther, what is the tup?" "Sk both her hands in his. He was be whiteness of her face. coat is wet, and—Esther, watter?" breast. Her breast. Her breast. Her breast. Her breast. Her bing. He

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