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ALL DRUGGISTS

"Tell Him I Loathe Him."

Continued.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Loyd-Mostyn Himself Again.

MEANTIME something of the terrible malady that had destroyed her mother seemed to have communicated itself to Bebe. Lilford Loyd-Mostyn, acting under the influence of the first real love that had purified the unholy life, treated her with the devotion of a worshipping lover combined with the pure tenderness that he might have shown to a little child confided to his keeping, yet the most singular results were the consequence.

In place of the gratitude which he might have expected in return for the really remarkable affection which he lavished upon her, a terrible fear of him seemed to take possession of her, a fear so great that at last she grew to tremble at his footstep, and to cower in his presence as a dog in the presence of a brutal master.

At first Loyd-Mostyn tried to persuade himself that it was her natural shyness and timidy; but instead of wearing away it became more marked, until he could bear it no longer

'Bebe,' he said to her at last, the white face that greeted him seemed to madden him, 'are we to go on like this forever? Do I deserve that you should treat me as you are doing? If it were not so unutterly absurd I should say you are afraid of me. We can't go on living like this much longer. When are you going to become my wife?'

She shrank farther away from him, back among the embroidered cushions of the sofa, and trembled.

'I don't know,' she answered almost inaudibly. 'How can I become your wife when I am one already?'

'Nonsense! I have told you again and again that that was a farce, a sham. Erle Childes never married you. He could not. Your servants will discover soon that you are not my wife, and however innocent you may be of wrong, your living here with me will create scandal. For your own protection, if not for my happiness, you must do as I tell you. Do not forget what you promised me when——'

'No, no; I forget nothing!' she cried, putting up her hands as though to ward off a blow and trembling until her teeth chattered. 'I would to Heaven I could forget, but every word and deed in the last few years seem to live and breathe again in my brain, until the whirl and babble maddens me. I know you think you are doing right. You have been kinder to me, perhaps, than any othe human being would have been similarly circumstanced, but you are wrong! I know you are. Listen. I have thought it all out until my brain seems to be on fire sometimes, and I can see it clearly now. It was not Edwin Chapman who deceived me, but my father! I remember all the circumstances that point to it, now. Do you think my father would have allowed that great wrong to have been done me, knowing the truth as he must have known? No, never! Edwin Chapman was divorced, I am sure of it, though my father never told me, and I am legally if not morally his wife!'

Loyd-Mostyn sprang up, smothering a low exclamation between his set teeth, and paced the room for some moments in silence. Evidently that possibility had never occured to him before. At all events, it seemed to arouse all the demon within his nature.

With compressed lips and flashing eyes he paused bef re her at last, his face even more deadly white than her own.

'Suppose, for the sake of argument,' he said hoarsely, 'your theory to be true. Do you believe in the moral release of divorce? Do you believe that the courts had any right to break the oath that they swore to God—'until death do us part'? Can man release you from a promise made to God? If marriage is a sacrament, do you think that man has the power to set aside the holiest instituation of heaven? Answer me, Bebe!'

'I do not believe in divorce,' she answered, her voice broken with fear and emotion.

'Yet Erle Childes married you while yet he had a living wife.'

'Legally, not morally.'

'And you consider it a union?'

'Of earth, not heaven! The lack of sanctity in the eyes of God would prevent my ever being his wife, now that I know; the laws of earth would prevent my being that of any other man.'

The expression of Loyd-Mostyn's eyes was not good to see.

'Answer me one question more with frankness and truth!' he said almost sternly. 'Do you now love Erle Childes?'

She hesitated a moment, covering her face with her hands. When she had removed them, her ghastliness had increased.

'No!' she replied hoarsely. 'I loved him once—or thought I did—but it is dead. Dead as my heart, that died with it!'

'You never did!' said Loyd-Mostyn slowly, relieved beyond measure. 'Real love is as immortal as the soul. It cannot die.'

She hung her head and did not answer. He kneeled and took her icy, unresponsive hand.

'Bebe,' he said gently, 'do you think that such love as I bear you could ever die? My darling, if we have the sanction of God upon our union, why should we wait for that of man? What is the world to you, or to me? Who around us knows anything of that Heaven, you shall regret it to the very last hour of your life! You might have made what you would out of me, for I adored you with every fibre of my being, but now—— Well, you shall be mine at any cost—at any cost! You have until to-morrow to make your choice."

She had snatched her hand from him and sprung to her feet, the blind eyes gazing wildly about her.

'Nothing—nothing!' she gasped. 'Let me go. I beg of you to let me go away forever. I cannot be your wife—indeed I cannot. I should loathe myself and you; and in a week, a day, when I could bear my own shame no longer, I should crawl away to the Seine and end it all there. You must not ask it of me, for I cannot—I cannot. I only entreat you to let me go away; it matters little where—nothing matters now. You have been good—so very good! and I know that I seem ungrateful, but I am not. I would be your wife if I could, but I cannot—I cannot. Man forbids it, and God would punish it through all ages, for I do not love you. Oh, if you have any pity in your heart, let me go away!'

Loyd-Mostyn staggered to his feet. In all his life he never remembered a moment so dramatic as that. His face wore the expression of a baffled wild beast, and the wonder was that he did not kill her where she stood.

For one moment his hand closed over his throat with curious force. In that moment every good impulse of his life, every noble thought and manly desire, was strangled.

He laughed a short, rasping laugh, that caused a horrible shudder to pass over her.

'You are a wonderfully courageous woman to say that to me, Bebe,' he exclaimed brutally. 'You think I do not understand you, but you are wrong. I have closed my eyes like a blind fool to the feeling that has been growing between you and Etienne Millet. That is why you will not marry me, but I tell you that you shall. Would you like me to go to him and tell him that for months you have lived beneath my roof, yet are not my wife?'

'Lilford!'

'The horror of your exclamation is confirmation enough. You have believed me a weak fool whom you could safely make use of so long as you wished, and then throw aside as you might a faded gown, but you are wrong. To-morrow I shall take you away from here, and then, whether you like it or not, you shall be my wife. You have played with me as long as you shall. I have no more arguments to offer; no more pleading to do. Love and tenderness have been ineffectual. We shall try what force can do. I shall give you until to-morrow morning to make your decision. Consent of your own will to become my wife, and no slave was ever more subservient to the will of his mistress than I shall be to you. Decline, and by Heaven, you shall regret it to the very last hour of your life! You might have made what you would out of me, for I adored you with every fibre of my being, but now—— Well, you shall be mine at any cost—at any cost! You have until to-morrow to make your choice.'

He turned his back and stalked out of the room when he had finished, leaving her standing there helpless in her blindness, friendless, rigid as marble in her awful despair.

She recovered from her terrible stoniness as one recovers from a long swoon. Her hands were clasped above her heart, her head bent forward as though listening.

'Lilford!' she whispered. 'Philippe! Alone! Oh, God, what am I to do? I have always felt the cruelty of his nature even under all his tenderness. He will keep his word and I—I,—Father in heaven give me death instead! There is no longer any hope for me. I dare trust no one. If I went to Etienne—— Oh, no, no, no! Lilford would make him believe that hideous thing and I—oh, so much better death! Ah!'

To be continued.

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King Has Accepted.

His Majesty Admitted to Honorary Membership of U. S. Regiment.

London, Oct. 28.—The King has accepted honorary membership in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. Notification of his election was made to His Majesty by a committee presented at Marlborough House by the Earl of Denbigh, Lieutenant-Commander of the Honorable Artillery Company. The Americans were Captain John D. Nichols, Lieutenant Francis H. Appleton and Colonel Sidney H. Hedges, past commander.

The King Cordially welcomed the proposal that his name be placed upon the rostrum of the regiment, saying:

'I appreciate greatly your action through which I become associated with the oldest military organization of the United States.'

After recalling the occasion of the visits exchanged by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts and the Honorable Artillery Company, the King Said:

'I trust that the brotherly and intimate relations which have long existed between the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in Massachusetts and the parent company in London, and the exchange of visits may maintain the spirit of comradeship between the regiments and increase the friendly relations of the two countries.'

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"Providentially we heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment and it soon thoroughly cured him. He is seven years old now and strong and well. An older boy was also cured of eczema by the Ointment and we hope more people will learn about it so that their little ones may be saved from suffering."

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G.P. to NOV. 1st, 1910.

A
Adams, Fred, Pennywell Road
Ash, Jennie, Carter's Hill
Ansty & Co., St. John's
Anderson, Sophie, card
Andrews, Miss Eliza late Gen'l Hospital
Alcock, Miss Stella, care Mrs. Cross
Associated Mail Dealers, Duckworth St.

B
Baxter, Thomas, late Sydney
Bradford, H.
Barrett, Mrs. Leonard
Bailey, Miss C., care Wm. Knowling, Circular Road
Barter, Jack, card, late Sydney
Benmore, Jas., Blackmarsh Rd.
Bell, Wm., Nagle's Hill
Bell, James, Nagle's Hill
Breaker, Henry, care Empire Wood W. Co.
Brennan, Miss Catherine, Monroe Street
Brenton, David, cars Mrs. W. Carbery
Biddiscombe, P.
Briant, Edward
Bishop, E. M.
Brown, Samuel
Butler, Master Cecil
Burke, Miss Annie
Butler, Samuel
Blundon, Robert
Butler, Azariah, card, Lion Square
Baggs, Richard
Barron, Wm., card, Barnes' Road
Branford, A., card
Butcher, J., Walsn's Lane

C
Carew, Miss Katie
Clark, Mrs. E. J., card, New Gower Street
Christopher, Miss Lizzie, Gower Street
Courage, Rev. W. R., late Flower Cove
Croke, Edward, Pleasant Street
Connolly, Miss Ray, Cornwall Road
Collins, Mrs. Mary A.
Connors, Theodore, care McLean's Tannery
Cox, Mrs., care G.P.O.
Coffin, C., card, Colonial St.
Cooke, F., Gower St.
Cooper, Miss Martha, care Mrs. F. Newbury, Pennywell Road
Cooper, Thomas, Goodview St.
Connors, Mrs. M., George's Street
Cullen, Miss Rosa
Curren, Mary A., late Gen'l Hospital
Churchill, John, New Gower St.
Coyell, Miss, card
Campbell, C. J., Duckworth St.
Curnew, Wm.
Connolly, Mrs. Ellen, Mullock Street

D
Davis, Mrs. Benjamin, Pleasant Street
Delaney, Miss Bessie, Military Road
Devereaux, Miss Mary, Water Street West
Dickenson, H. W.
Drodge, Miss Mary J.
Doyle, Miss D., card, care Burnstine, Water Street
Dudey, Peter, New Gower St.
Dunlop, James, card

E
Evans, Bob, card
Eddy, Miss S., McFarlain's St.
Edgar, Miss Maggie, late Philadelphia
Everett, Wm.
English, Robert, late Norris' Arm
Ennis, Wm.,
Ellard, Mr., care Wood's Candy Factory

F
Fennessey, John
Feder, D.
Funey, Mrs. Alice, Care G. P. O.
Fisher, Prescott, care John Campbell
Flight, Thomas, late Bonavista Railway
Fowler, Miss Bride, Power Street
Follett, George
Foote, Jas.
Fulton, Miss J.
Forward, F.

G
Graham, Mrs. A., late Grand Falls
Grant, Mrs. M., care Mrs. Brown, Terra Nova House
Grant, James
Gardner, Bernard, Flower Hill
Gregory, Mrs.

H
Harvey, Miss Victoria, card
Hawkins, Chas. G.
Harvey, Mrs. Patrick
Hagan, John J.
Healey, Miss Lizzie, card.
Heward, Mrs., care G.P.O.
Hickey, John, Buchanan Street
House, Mrs. J.
Hooper, Thomas, Flower Hill
Hutchings, Muriel, St. John's
Hudson, E. A.
Hutchings, Jessie, late Botwoodville
Hall, Edmund, cards
Henderson, F. S.
Huestis, R., card

I
Ivany, Mrs. Jacob, George's Street

J
Janes, Nellie, Lime St.
Jefferies, care Reid Nfld. Co.
Jones, W. E.
Jeans, J.
Jones, J. P., card

K
King, Mary Ellen, card, Gower Street
Kavanagh, Mary, New Gower Street
Kennedy, Lillie, LeMerchant Rd.
Kennedy, George, York St.
Kavanagh, Fred W., Leslie Street
Kavanagh, Martin
Kennedy, Fred, card
Kean, W. J.
King, Annie, care John Skinner
Knowling, Miss A., Henry Street
Kehoe, Miss Maggie, Water Street

L
LeDrew, Anthony, card, St. John's
Lockyer, Thomas, Bell St.
Lodge, Edmund, late Grand Falls
Long, Mrs. A., Jacob St.

M
Mahoney, Lizzie, Cook St.
Martin, Jessie
March, Miss, card, Church Hill
Martin, Wm., care G.P.O.
Maddigan, Miss Maggie
Maurice, Wm., care G.P.O.
Mercer, Richard
Mead, George
Mitchell, W. A.
Mullins, L., card
Murphy, Joseph, card

Mc
McKellop, Daniel, retd.

N
Nelson, Bertram
Newhook, Mrs. Wm., Gower Street
Nelder, Miss Annie, Power Street
Newbury, Charles, Pennywell Road
Newhook, Miss Blanche

O
O'Mara, Patrick, card
O'Brien, Thomas, Lime St.
Outram, W. R.

P
Parsons, Albert J.
Patty, Louisa, late Carbonear
Peters, Edgar P.
Percey, A., Allandale Rd.
Pretty, Miss Ada, retd.
Phippard, Laurence
Piercey, Frank, card
Pike, Hilda J., care en'l Delivery
Pittman, George, retd.
Phippard, Mrs. G., care G. P. O.
Phillips, Mrs. Thos., card, Hayward's Ave.
Power, Mr., Nagle's Hill
Power, Mrs., Long Pond Rd.
Power, Master, of George

Q
Quinn, Miss Alice, New Gower Street

R
Ryan, Jim, late Grand Bank
Rankin, Robert, Cabot St.
Ryan, Miss Katie, retd.
Redmond, Michael, late Bonne Bay
Rowe, Mrs. Arthur, Duckworth Street
Rogers, Miss Abigal, Circular Road
Royal, Mrs. John, Cabot Street
Roberts, Christopher, 26 —— Street

S
Sanson, Lavinia, Hamilton Street
Sheppard, Miss Mary, card.
Seadog, Capt., Cabot St.
Snelgrove, Miss L., Plymouth Road
Stead, Miss Fannie, care G. P. O.
Smith, Miss Annie, Maxie Street
Simms, W. H.
Snow, John, Alexander St.
Starks, Miss L., Water St.
Strong, R. F.
Squires, Beaton H.
Summers, Mrs. G., Rennie's Mill Road
Squires, Helena E.

T
Taylor, Mrs. Duncan
Taylor, H.
Tiller, Peter, card
Towers, Mrs. Wm.
Tomlins, Mrs. Alfred

V
Verge, Mrs. Robert
Verge, Mrs. Robert, Allandale Road

W
Walsh, Thomas, Neagle's Hill
Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Woodley
Walsh, Miss Mary, George's Street
Walsh, Wm. A., late Bonavista Railway
Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill
Walsh, Mrs. J., Forest Road
Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Martin, Pleasant Street
Wellman, Miss D., Circular Road
Whelton, J. J.
Whelan, Ned, card
Williams, George, late Clarenville
Windsor, Wm.
Whittle, J.
Williams, J. H.
White, Mrs. George, care G. P. O.
Wood, C. R.
Woolcombe, Miss
Wood, Francis H.
Woods, J. F.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Collins, Ernest, s.s. Argyle
Baird, John, s.s. Argyle
Hollett, Capt. T., schr. Almeda
Crouse, Ambrose, schr. Acadia
Moulton, John Thos., scnr. Alamada
Charles, Benjamin, schr. A. M. Fox

B
Sharpe, Wm. John, scnr. Brothers

C
Dewiey, Capt. John, schr. Colenso
Wiliams, Capt. E. H., schr. C. E. Spooner
Tetman, Capt. schr. Clara
Smallcombe, Richard, schr. Clara
Hackett, Capt. Jos., schr. Crofton McLeod

D
Penigan, Augustus, schr. Dorothy Baird

E
Taylor, Esau, schr. Ethel B. Clarke
Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethie Bess
Pike, John C., schr. Empire
Glynn, Dick, card, schr. Ellen James

F
Rose, Allan, schr. Francis E. Smith
Keeping, John M., schr. Fannie Young

G
Kendrick, Capt. J., schr. Glenwood
Kerman, Alex, schr. Gladys E. Whidden
Tobin, George, schr. Grayling
Pilgrim, Albert, schr. Gay Gordon

H
Saunders, Capt. Geo., schr. Helena
———, Capt. S., schr. Henrietta

I
Jacobs, John Wilson, schr. Ida

J
Morris, Capt. Ed., schr. J. B. Anderson

K
Thorne, Thomas schr. Kitchener

L
Dean, Geo. B., schr. Lady Napier
Snow, Capt. Wm., scnr. Luetta

M
Lester, J., schr. Martha Edmunds
Morrett, Patrick, schr. Maud Palmer
Young, Albert, schr. Minnie E. Strong
Laurence, Edward, schr. Millie M.
Taylor, Master F., schr. Madulin
Eastman, Wm., schr. Messenger
Jones, John, schr. Minnie E. Strong
Davis, Capt. Wm., schr. Mauna Loa
March, L., schr. Messenger
Morris, Robert, schr. Maxwell
Reid, Richard, schr. Mary

N
arter, Kenneth, schr. Notre Dame

O
Walters, Capt. T. J., schr. Oriental

P
Evans, Capt. Henry, schr. Pendragon
Peddle, Abijah, scshr. Prowl
Hines, Martin J., schr. Perl Evelina

S
Miller, Henry, schr. Susan M.
McLeod, John, schr. Strathcona
KniKnight, Thos., schr. Strathcona
Vivien, A., schr. S. M. Lake

T
Petite, Capt., schr. Tobeatic

V
Pollett, George, schr. Violet

W
Wyatt, Capt. George, schr. Western Lass
Robbins, Stephen, scnr. William

X
Pittman, John, schr. X 10 U S

G. P. O., November 1st, 1910.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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