

lifted them to his mouth, one after the other, and kissed them as if she was a lady; and I never saw a girl's face go so white and despairing as hers did then.

"He stepped away and lifted his hat and Liz stood still, her hands stretched out, watching him without a word.

"Good-bye, Liz," he said in his quiet, drawling voice; 'forgive me if I have hurt you. I didn't mean to and you'll be glad some day I said good-bye.'

"Then he turned and went along the path a hundred yards and struck up over the bank towards his home.

"Liz never moved, but when the trees hid him, she suddenly called out, 'Come back! come back! I can't live without you!'

"And burst into dreadful sobs, as if she was out of her mind with misery, and then, all of a sudden, was quite silent, thinking.

"She walked a few steps, and they brought her nearer to me, and she went close to the water and looked into it.

"I was within an arm's breadth or two of her. She looked back over her shoulder and said, in a strange, soft sort of voice, 'Good-bye, my dear—my dear!' and then threw up her arms and stepped forward.

"If I had not been as quick as lightning, she would have been in the water, but I had been ready for this, and I caught her as she jumped.

"She wrestled with me like a mad thing, calling to me to let her be, and then she recognized my voice and stopped struggling and looked into my face.

"You!" she said, 'how do you come here?'

"I told her I had come to her and that I loved her and I would marry her and take her away from him.

"I could never marry anyone but him," she said, 'never. I've made up my mind I won't live without him. You shouldn't have stopped me. It would have been over by now.'

"I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, caring for a gentleman, above her station, who didn't want her.

"She would not even listen to me. All she said was that there was no difference of rank in love and she would have cared for him whatever he had been. He was the one man in the world for her.

"She begged me to go away and leave her, but I refused and then she started crying again, and made a rush to get past me to the water, but I caught her and held her back. 'Look here, Liz,' I said, 'I've got something to show you—something you had better see if you are fond of him.'

"At that she stopped and waited till I fetched my bundle and opened it, and took out the Chinese knife, the same as the one I sold to Mr. Pridham.

"If you drown yourself," I said, 'as sure as I'm standing here, I'll stick this into him. He will never trouble anyone again after that'

"SHE turned like a ghost. 'You daren't,' she said, 'you would be hanged for murder.'

"I told her I did not care. I would be glad to swing for his murder, and I took my solemn Bible oath I would do it.

"He cannot escape me," I said. 'I'll shadow him day and night till I get my chance.' She kept looking at the knife as if she could not keep her eyes off it.

"It's a cruel knife," she said, under her breath. 'Let me look at it.'

"I gave it to her and showed her how you pressed the spring and the two blades shot out.

"Then she started begging and praying of me to promise her I would never touch him, saying she should turn in her grave if any hurt came to him.

"It was not his fault, she declared, that her heart was his; he had not tried to make her care for him—only spoken a pleasant word in passing sometimes, when she was sitting on the bank watching the water, until she grew fond of him and came there on purpose, in hopes of meeting him.

"But I would not promise, for I

wanted to make her see she must live, to save his life, and I said again so sure as she jumped into the water, I would track him down and kill him.

"She seemed to go quite wild suddenly at that, and before I knew what she was going to do, she lifted the knife up high and drove it down into her own heart.

"She looked at me as she dropped at my feet and said, 'You can't—now,' and then her eyes closed and her head fell back.

"I lifted her on to my arm and drew the knife out, and I knew then that she was done for. It was a ghastly wound; no one could live after it.

"And it came to me, even while I was all of a sweat and shaking and trembling, as I laid her down, that people would think I had done it, out of jealousy.

"It was my knife, and her people would remember I was friendly with her once, and I should be taken up unless I got away, clear and quick.

"She was quite dead—poor Liz!—and not through my fault.

"I washed my knife in the canal and took my bundle and ran along the path for a mile or two, then I struck across country down towards the coast.

"It serves no purpose to tell how I got away. If it was a sailor they were looking for, they would have hard work to find me, for I took care to look like a land-lubber and my own mother would not have known me.

"I never let anyone see me for two days and when I came out from hiding, I was only an hour's journey from where I knew a boat was going to sail.

"I dared not buy a newspaper, but, once aboard, and no questions asked, I borrowed one from the mate and saw there was a lot about the Canal Murder as they called it.

"It seemed to me they were on a false track of some kind and I thought how Liz had said she would never rest in her grave if harm came to the man she loved.

"All the way out I have been thinking it over in my mind, and at last I have got it clear what I am going to do.

"I shall put this letter, with the knife, into a bottle and seal it up and throw it overboard just before we get to port. If it is ever found, it will clear up any trouble; and if it goes to the bottom of the sea it will not be my fault. I shall have done my best for poor Liz anyhow. I suppose there are three dozen chances to one against everything that happens, and that one only crops up now and again. But it is bound to come up from time to time, just like the numbers do on a board, and as Liz paid such a heavy price for it, perhaps she will win. I hope she does.

"As to myself, it would be no good anyone looking for me. When I land, I shall be lost to sight of everyone who ever knew me; and I mean to start a new life among new people and forget the old one.

"I had better say that a lad used to come down to the canal sometimes and sit on the bank, in a clump of willows, fishing, and I think he watched Liz and her friend; but they never saw him and he never saw me. He was a bright-faced lad and I hope no harm came to him.

"Good luck to the finder of this!"
THE END.

No Guard Required.—This is a story of a gunboat in Belfast Lough a short time ago. The nearest Ulster volunteers heliographed a message to her commander on a Sunday morning asking if any men were coming ashore to church, as, if so, they wanted to form a guard of honour. The commander signalled back, "Fifty men coming ashore to church." The guard of honour was formed and lined up to receive the men as they came ashore. "Which church?" asked the commander of the guard of honour. "All to St. _____ to mass," was the startling answer. The guard of honour disbanded at once.

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