# HER WOMAN'S TRUST.

He sprang to his feet and began a rapid pacing of the room. Once he strode to a cabinet and opened its doors, and took from it a case of pistols. Then he threw them sullenly back again.

"Worse infamy than before. I cannot, for her sake. For her sake I must live and endure."

For her sake? Yes, for her sake he must be calm and try to think out some way of making the future endurable to Gladys. Could that be done? What was there that could be done? He must at any rate, put all thought of happiness to himself out of the question, and, alas! it seemed hardly possible that anything could bring that to her.

It was a strange thing to see Gerald, Lord Dashleigh, putting himself aside and wringing his heart to make the path of life easy to the woman he had wronged. But, ah, he still loved her; and, if it were possible, loved her now more than ever before. Loved her so that there was nothing—not even to the willing sacrifice of his life, that he would not have done for her.

But wring the drops of agony from his heart as he would, he could think of nothing that she would accept as reparation. Reparation? Reparation? The thing was an impossibility.

Then he fell to thinking of the happiness of the past months—if that could be called happiness which had been one of long struggle with remorse and dread in the very face of the possession of the one he so loved. But he could not think of that. It drove him mad, almost. He would go to her. It might be that she had thought of some way to save herself, and if she had—no matter how hard for him—he would aid her with all his might.

Once more he crept to the door, and paused with trembling hand on the knob, listening for some sign of her existence within, but no sign came out to him, and with a shudder at his heart, he opened the door and stepped within, feeling as he did, that he had no longer any right there.

But the first glance around the apartment drove that thought from him, and sent the blood, with a cold surge, to his heart.

Gladys lay in a heap on the floor, her fair head, strewn around with its gold-brown hair, rested against the couch, and in the whole attitude of the figure was the abandonment of a desolating grief. She looked lifeless, and no sound came from her.

Great Heaven, had she ended the life that he had made abhorrent to her?

"Gladys!" he cried, and leaped to her side and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

She made no other sign than to crawl cringingly away from the touch of his hand, and he gave a low, strangling cry to see how she shrank from him.

"I won't touch you," he said; "but, oh, Gladys, let me help you if I can. I have tried to think of some way to right the awful wrong I have done you; but I have not been able. You are right to loathe me, to scorn me, to hate me. I have done a dastardly, cowardly thing, and I hate myself as you cannot find it in your pure nature to hate. [illegible] nor murmur, as if calling on heaven:

"Pure——"

He groaned and buried his face in his hands, and for the space of an age of suffering—a minute of time—there was silence in the room. Then he looked at her, and the very immobility of her suffering gave him a horror of himself and the work he had wrought, that no words could have composed.

"Gladys," he cried, "look at me."

Like one mechanically obeying, she lifted her head slowly and turned her face toward him. Had she been dead, he could have gazed upon her more willingly than as she looked then, with all the hope of youth, all the life, gone out of her face. Despair, anguish, hopelessness, the bitterness of more than death, were painted on the face, so lovely to him.

Then she slowly turned her head again and buried it, as before, in the soft bed of the couch. And he looked down at her with burning eyes, and a heart into which a hatred of himself had entered.

He remembered how often that fair head, with its wealth of silken hair, had rested with a childlike faith on his breast; he remembered how when that white, round arm had wound itself around his neck in loving embrace; how often the lips now hidden from him had been uplifted to meet his, laden with kisses.

And she, too, must remember, and writhe as she remembered. To her, every kiss must now be a shameful pang, every caress a brand of infamy.

It was only a few months ago that he found her an innocent schoolgirl, so pure in thought and action that it seemed as if shame and dishonor could never touch her. And now, innocent still, yet through him who professed to love her better than his own soul, she groveled with the shame and infamy he had deliberately folded about her. And he could do nothing, nothing; nothing but stand by and know that her ruin was his work—his work, so well done that it was irreparable.

Perhaps some such miserable thought came to her; for as he stood there, she turned and said, in a low, strained voice:

"Why do you come here? Is there anything worse that can be done?"

A knife plunged into his heart would have been a caress of infinite sweetness compared to such words from her. His face worked the agony of his soul.

"I know my work is contemptible and deplorable, Gladys. I deserve all you can say to me, no matter how cruel. I have wronged you beyond repair; but, as heaven is my judge, I would hesitate at nothing that would make you what you were, were that possible. It is not; but cannot your woman's wit think of something that can in ever so slight a measure make your future endurable?"

She looked at him with an almost meaningless eye for the space of a minute; then rose to her feet, lifted her two hands to her head, and let them slowly fall outstretched in [illegible] of h[illegible] not she did not speak, [illegible] that her lips

Suddenly he faced her again, and there was something like eagerness in his voice.

"Gladys, I cannot do that; but listen; a thought has come to me. No one knows of the wrong I have done you——"

Her eyes silently, unconsciously turned to heaven and then shut. The mute appeal in their agonized expression interrupted him, and he cried out:

"Heaven has nothing to do with this."

There was something awful in the horror of the eyes she turned on him.

"No," she whispered, "Heaven had nothing to do with this."

"Would you drive me mad, Gladys?" he cried out. "Let me do what I can at least. Hear me out. No one knows of this wrong. M — my — the woman who was my — wife, is dead. To another woman I might say, let us now be married, and thus repair the wrong I have done; but to you there is no such remedy possible. I know that this, at least, is possible: Let us dismiss our—the guests of the castle and go abroad. Let me marry you there, give you the right to the name you have borne, so that none may know the wrong I have done you, so that you, innocent as you are, may not suffer. Then I will not ask you to ever see me again. I will leave you, and I will do for myself what I cannot do for you—I will kill myself. I will do it so willingly, Gladys, so gladly, knowing that you have not suffered for my crime, my wickedness."

"No," she said, slowly, and with the monotony of one to whom the very excess of suffering has brought calmness of expression, "not even to save my good name, would I link myself to one who has done the infamous thing that you have. You will call me cruel and relentless, perhaps. I am not—I even love you; but do not count on that—I feel it one part of my shame. I will never marry you."

If it had been the voice of fate he had heard it could not more have convinced him that the words were irrevocable. His face grew ashen white, and he paused a moment before speaking again.

"I have but one thing more to say. You will not take my name. I will save your name if I can. Still let us go away together. I will leave you where you will, and I will go to some spot where I shall be dead to the world. One-half or more of my wealth shall be settled on you, and you will be independent of the world. I shall be the one blamed, for I shall never appear to deny the worst that may be said."

She had stood statue-like all this while, listening to him; but now she turned and walked to the fire-place and leaned on the mantel for a moment.

"Will you consent to this?" he asked, pleading humbly.

She did not even look at him, she did not speak a word, but with a terrible passionlessness she walked over dure any hardship, and suffering, rapers from it. With these in her hand she returned almost to where Gerald stood watching her with longing eyes.

She slowly unfolded one of the papers and held it that he might see it. It was their marriage certificate. He divined her purpose before she executed it, and from the paper he lifted his eyes to the lamp that burned on the table. As he had expected she put a corner of the paper to the flame and then tossed it into the fire and watched it until it was consumed.

She did not speak, nor did she; but unfolded the dreary calmness she remained in her hitherto [illegible] which what he had already guessed—that it was the deed of settlement. He would have lifted his hand, he would have spoken in protest; but the hopelessness of it was heavy on him, and he only watched her in silence and despair.

She burned the deed as she had burned the marriage certificate, and if anything had been needed to confirm him in his belief that all was over between them, this act would have done it. He knew she would endure any hardship, any suffering, rather than owe anything to him; and yet she had said but now that she still loved him, and he believed it.

She stood watching the parchment curl up and blaze and become ashes, and he stood watching her and waiting. Presently she turned to him and pointed to the door.

"You have no right here," she said. "Oh, Gladys," he cried out, "have you become ice?"

"It is ice, or willing shame. Are you not yet satisfied? Have you not brought me low enough?"

Uttering a low cry he turned, and with head bowed in hopeless sorrow, left the room.

Gladys looked after him, and with a vacant stare looked at the door that had closed behind him. She had been as hard and as cold as it was possible for her to be, for she had wished that he should go away from her with utter despair of any reunion; but now that he was gone, and she knew that it was forever, it required all her courage, all her sense of the shame of her position, to keep her from calling out to him to come back.

Yes. It was forever. She had decided on that as she rode home from the cottage. But she could not take the step that was to separate her from the man who had so basely wronged her, but whom she still loved with all the fervor of her heart. The castle was alive now with the guests moving about. She would wait now until they were at dinner.

So she sat on a low chair before the fire, and thought again for the hundredth time how she had first met Gerald, how he had told her of his love, how he had looked that day at the inn when he was urging her to be his—wife. And he had known all the time that it was only his mistress he was making of her.

As she went over the scene she could recall words and looks that told her that he was battling with himself to spare her; but, alas for her, he had battled in vain, and that was why she was that night to be a wanderer from—not from home, but from the house where she had been mistress.

Only that morning, how proud and happy she had been! And now, who so wretched as to envy her?

She could not bring herself to look forward into the future. It seemed almost as if there could be no future for her. It was enough for her to take the step she had decided on—to leave forever the man whom she [illegible] and abhorred at once.

[illegible] abhorred him. How could [illegible]se? She thought again [illegible] had been and of what [illegible] her, and she sprang [illegible]eling that she could remain under his roof no longer, no matter what the dictates of prudence. No one should stop her; she had no right there. She was polluted by every moment she remained.

With a sort of frenzy, that showed how unreal all her calmness had been, she tore her fine clothing from her, flung her jewels in a heap on the dressing table, and robed herself in the simplest of her gowns. If the gown she had worn when she was married had been available she would have put that on; but that had been given away long since, and she had no choice but to take one that had been bought with his money; but she would not owe even that to him.

Aside from the pile of jewels he had given her, she placed the jewels she had before she was married. They were few in number and not costly; but there were sufficient to pay for the gown she took.

The ulster she had bought to be married in she had kept from a sort of loving regard for it. It served her purpose now, and she brought it from the closet where it had lain unused—not good enough for the Countess of Dashleigh—and put it on, all the loving tenderness for it turned to a loathing. The hat she took was of the plainest. The jewels ought to pay for it, too.

Nothing else did she take. It seemed to her that she must leave more than she had brought with her, or she would feel as if she were carrying away the wages of her shame.

Now she was ready, and she went to the door, opened it and listened. A hum and babble of conversation came up to her, with an occasional laugh, and she shuddered as she listened. She could recognize first one voice and then another. That was Julia's voice then, and Julia's laugh. How rippling and happy the laugh was. But how it seemed to grate on her ears.

She shut the door again, and stood collecting herself and waiting. Once she thought she heard Gerald's step, and she hastily locked the door. She had no word for him.

But it was a false alarm, and presently she opened the door again and the voices were fainter, showing that there was no one near the great stairway now. This was her opportunity. She would slip out unobserved, if that were possible; if not, she would plead a headache, and so excuse herself.

She crept out of her room as stealthily as a thief at midnight, and passed the door of Gerald's room with the footfall of a cat, her heart beating with the dread of being stopped.

Now she was on the great stairs, down which she had floated so many happy times to the tune of her own merry laugh, robed in costly silks, and resplendent with diamonds and other precious stones.

No one saw her. She could hear voices and laughter, but she saw no one. At the door a footman came curiously forward; but when he saw his mistress he respectfully opened the heavy doors and let her out.

And so Gladys Greye stood outside of the home of the Earl of Dashleigh.

One glance she turned back at the closed door, and then fled down the broad steps and out into the darkness of the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

Gerald returned to his room rather as a man who dreams than as one who moves with wakeful eyes. And, indeed, there was more of the nightmare than of reality in his present existence. At least, everything had to him that baffling, terrible impotency of the dream which is one of its popular characteristics, and as he dropped into a chair he passed his hand across his eyes, as if he would brush away the unreality that seems about to crush his heart into numbness.

He had looked forward to something like this from the very first moment when he had made up his mind to have Gladys at any cost. Only, had always hovered over him, and many times he had endeavored to realize what it would be like, so that he might be prepared when it came; but now that it had come he comprehended that he had always buoyed himself with the hope that at the last Gladys would find some way of reconciling her duty with her love, and would remain with him.

She had always been so eager to sacrifice herself for him, to put her own will in the background that he might know that she was all his. And now, to have her so hard and unyielding, so bitter, even, made it all seem doubly unreal. And yet, he knew that she could be nothing else. He knew that if she had yielded supinely to the disgrace and shame he had brought upon her, he would, down in his heart, have been disappointed, and would not have respected her as he now did.

But must he lose her? Must he part from her and, live out alone the remainder of an existence which, henceforth, could not but be hateful to him? No; that could not, and must not be. Had she not admitted that she loved him still? Then there must be some way of reconciling all conflicting demands.

She had, indeed, refused to take his name; but she was in the first flush of her shame and anger, now, and might feel differently after reflection. He would stay away from her, he would give her a chance to think it all over calmly. Surely her good name must after all be everything to her, and if he could but prevail upon her to consent to save that by marrying him, he would be so humble, so utterly wretched that she could not refuse to grant him the privilege of being with her.

Yes, that proud, imperious man, who all his life had been used to see the world at his feet, was ready to grovel at the feet of the wronged and desolate girl whose only strength lay in the absolute purity which he has so deliberately wrecked.

It was with a renewal of hope that he rang for his valet and submitted himself to his hands to be dressed for dinner. He was not a man to ever have many words with the servants, however near to him they might be, though always carefully courteous to them, and they had all learned that when his black fits came on it was dangerous to say anything to him. No one understood this better than his valet, and it required but one glance to-night for that astute attendant to know that the cloud hung darker to-night than he had ever seen it before. There might be hope in Gerald's heart, but his soul was nevertheless racked with the agony of doubt.

(To be continued.)


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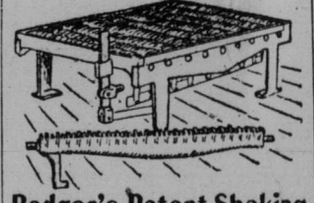

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| *2.55 a.m. | Detroit & N. Y. ex. |
| *5.32 a.m. | Lehigh ex. |
| *8.25 " | Buffalo ex. |
| 8.40 " | acco. |
| 11.20 " | acco. |
| *2.07 p.m. | Atlantic ex. |
| *5.30 " | Buffalo ex. |
| 5.40 " | Ex. |
| *7.25 " | N. Y. ex. |
| *9.15 " | East. Fly'r |

WEST BOUND.

| DEPART. | |
|---|---|
| * 2.05 a.m. | Chicago ex |
| 6.45 " | acco. |
| 8.20 " | acco. |
| *8.15 " | Lehigh ex. |
| *3.45 p.m. | Pacific ex. |
| *5.35 " | International Limited. |
| 6.55 " | mail. |
| *11.53 p.m. | Buffalo & Chicago ex. |

FOR TORONTO.

| DEPART. | |
|---|---|
| 7.00 a.m. | |
| * 8.15 " | |
| 9.00 " | |
| *10.20 " | |
| 11.15 " | |
| 1.00 p.m. | |
| * 2.10 " | |
| * 3.40 " | |
| 5.35 " | |
| * 7.00 " | |
| * 9.05 " | |
| * 9.20 " | |
| *11.55 " | |

*Daily.

N. & N. W. (King st.)

GOING NORTH. DEPART. 7.45 a.m. 5.05 p.m.

GOING SOUTH. DEPART. 9.00 a.m. 5.40 p.m.

Trains leave Toronto for Hamilton at 7 a.m., *7.30 a.m., *7.40 a.m., 10.25 a.m., *1.00 p.m., *2.10 p.m., *4.25 p.m., 5.30 p.m., *6.15 p.m., *8.15 p.m., *11.30 p.m.

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Time Table, Taking Effect June 9, 1901.

GOING EAST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Pan-American Express, via Fort Erie, daily | 8.25 a.m. |
| Buffalo and New York Express, via Fort Erie, except Sunday | 10.45 a.m. |
| Niagara Falls and Buffalo Express, via Susp. Bridge, except Sunday | 2.20 p.m. |
| Buffalo and New York Express, via Fort Erie, daily | 6.20 p.m. |
| Buffalo Express, via Fort Erie, except Sunday | 8.25 p.m. |

GOING WEST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Western Express, except Sunday | 7.20 a.m. |
| Brantford and Waterford Express, except Sunday | 10.50 a.m. |
| Pacific Express, except Sunday | 5.30 p.m. |
| Brantford and Waterford Express, Sunday only | 8.15 p.m. |
| Mixed, except Sunday | 10.40 p.m. |

Parlor cars on day trains. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car on New York train leaving Hamilton 6.20 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

| Leave Hamilton | Arrive at Hamilton |
|---|---|
| 8.15 a.m. Eastern Express | *8.20 a.m. |
| 9.55 a.m. Toronto Express | 10.40 a.m. |
| 12.25 p.m. Toronto Express | 2.15 p.m. |
| 4.10 p.m. Toronto Express | 3.55 p.m. |
| 6.20 p.m. Toronto Express | 5.15 p.m. |
| 8.10 p.m. Montreal Express | *6.15 p.m. |
| 10.35 p.m. Toronto Express | 8.20 p.m. |

*Daily.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC R'[illegible]

Leave Hamilton—6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

Leave Burlington—6.10, 7.10, 8.10, *8.[illegible] 10.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

*Stop only at Hotel Brant, No. 24 [illegible] Nos. 16, 12, 10.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

Leave Hamilton—8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10 p.m.

Leave Burlington—8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10 p.m.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS

Leave Dundas—6.10, 7.00, 8.00 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 9.15, 10.30 p.m.

Leave Hamilton—6.45, 7.45, 8.45 a.m., 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 p.m.

SUNDAY SERVICE.

Leave Dundas—8.30, 9.30, 10.30 a.m., 6.00, 8.30 p.m.

Leave Hamilton—9.45, 11.15 a.m., 5.00, 7.00, 9.15 p.m.

HAMILTON, BEACHVILLE [illegible]

Leave Hamilton—6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

Saturday—[illegible] 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

Leave Beachville—6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a.m., 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

Saturday [illegible] 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

Leave [illegible] 3.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

Leave [illegible] 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 p.m.

HA[illegible]

DOMINION LINE

MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

| From Portland. | | From Boston. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dominion | 6 | Via Queenstown. | |
| Cambroman | 13 | Com'onwealth | July 3 |
| *Roman | 20 | New England | July 17 |
| *Ottoman | 27 | Commonwealth | July 31 |
| Vancouver | Aug. 3 | New England | Aug. 14 |

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Rates of Passage. CABIN—$60.00 and upward. SECOND CABIN—$35.00 and $37.50. According to steamer. THIRD CLASS—$25.00 and $28.00. According to steamer.

Rates of Passage. CABIN—$75.00 and upward. SECOND CABIN—$42.50 and upward. THIRD CLASS—$28.00 to Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Belfast & Glasgow.

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R&O

HAMILTON, TORONTO, MONTREAL LINE.

Steamers leave Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1 p.m. for Toronto, Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence, Montreal and intermediate ports.

Low Rates for Single and Return Tickets on this line.

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$200,000 TO LEND AT LOWEST rates of interest, in sums to suit borrowers. William H. Wardrope, Barrister, Solicitor and Notary, 16 James street south.

4¾ AND ½ PER CENT.

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DR. [illegible] P. MORTON, L. R. C. P. (Edin.), Surgeon of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Hours—9 a.m. to 1 p.m., 3 to 6 and 7 to 9 p.m. 148 James street south.

[illegible]DWARDS, SPECIALIST. [illegible] nose and throat, cor King and James. Office hours—9 to 12 a.m., 2 to 5 p.m. Telephone 829.

[illegible] McGILLIVARY AND DR. [illegible]n, general practice, but have specialties of skin diseases and [illegible] and children. 26 Bay street.

[illegible]OPATHY.

[illegible] D., [illegible]AN, SURGEON, ETC.,

[illegible]ND, DENTISTS [illegible] upstairs).

[illegible]LOUR [illegible] for all [illegible] for

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC R'[illegible]

HAMILTON & DUNDAS [illegible]

FOR SALE.

WAGONS, BUGGIES [illegible] on market, 10 o'clock. [illegible]

[illegible] SALE—TO BE REMOVED—[illegible] brick cottage, 17 Queen street south; [illegible] roughcast cottage in rear. Apply No. [illegible]

[illegible]R SALE—NEW BUGGY—APPLY Bell Piano warerooms.

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[illegible]LAING & CO., 57-58 MARKET [illegible] have for sale, wholesale and retail, [illegible] fresh and chipped fresh eggs. Dairy creamery butter; also pure, fresh maple [illegible] at close prices.

FOR SALE—CHEAP FOR CASH, A [illegible] feet Wheel; never been used; a [illegible] Can be seen at this office.

NEW WEEKLY PAYMENT STORE [illegible] stock, low prices, easy terms. C[illegible] Carpet & Furniture Co., 21 King William [illegible]

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RESTAURANTS.

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