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DOMINION CORSET COMPANY, QUEBEC, MONTREAL, TORONTO  
Makers of La Dura and Goddess corsets.

## The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XLIX.

It was rather early to have the lamps lighted though the rooms were gloomy with a miserable yellow light. The drawing-room was bright and gay with flowers. A fire burned in the grate; the vivid flames rose and fell with a dancing light. The ruddy glow almost overpowered the pale yellow light; it fell with a weird effect on the beautiful picture of "Ebone," and Leah was irresistibly attracted to it. She drew an easy-chair between the fire and the picture, and looked at it with wistful eyes. The freight fell on the vale of Ida, on the desolate figure, and the beautiful face so full of despair. Then she bent over herself that she would read her letter. She rose and entered the fire, rousing it into a yet deeper glare; then she drew her chair nearer to the picture, watching the ruddy glow as it lighted up the despairing face of Ebone. As she looked then, with rest and repose in her dark eyes, with tranquillity on her beautiful face, she never looked again.

She opened the envelope; it was a long letter, and she half wondered what her father had to say to her. She was lost to everything when she had read a few lines. Her letter ran as follows:—

"My Dear Leah, I had sworn an oath that I would never look at you, speak to you, or address you again. I cursed you—yes, the child of my heart, whom I loved better than all the world. You disappointed me in my dearest hopes. The refusal to fulfil the mission for which I had always

intended you, has been the bitter and blight of my life. In my rage and anger I cursed you, I gave you the opportunity of evading that curse by the noblest act of self-denial any woman can perform. Years ago, when the choice was given you between a wealthy stranger and your poor father, you gave up father, sister, home, and clung to the stranger. It was a selfish and mercenary proceeding. I will give you a chance of redeeming it by an heroic act of self-sacrifice. You left your young sister in a desolate home; you left her motherless, friendless, almost helpless; you went to a brilliant, luxurious life. You can atone for it now by giving up for her sake that which you value most in the wide world.

"I have a story to tell you, Leah—one that no one in the world knows but myself, one that gives you a chance to redeem yourself, to return sacrifice for sacrifice. I do not demand it, I do not even ask it. When you have read what I have to write, the issue must be in your hands entirely.

"In the summer-time I was standing before the cottage, looking over the wall at the sea which washes the foot of the green hill. There came upon me, quite suddenly and silently, the handsomest young man I had ever beheld in my life. Handsome is not the word; he had a grand, noble beauty, the like of which I had never seen. He came to me and said that he was looking for the house of Martin Ray. He was a frank, princely young fellow, and he spoke as though he rather admired Martin Ray. I talked to him. It was infinite pleasure to converse once more with one who believed in me. I spent a pleasant hour with him. He told me that he had been educated abroad, and had but just returned to England, where he was anxiously studying politics, and that he wanted to understand my political views.

"If you desire it, I said to him, I will expound them to you. If you are an aristocrat, do not say so, for I should hate you; and he never told me his name.

"He came once when I was out, and I, returning home, found him talking to Hettie. He said that he was waiting for me, but, if ever I read passionate love in a man's face, it was in his. And then only did I begin to care about who he was, for Hettie was changed, and I knew that her heart had gone out to the stranger. I made inquiries, silently, cleverly, and I soon knew all. I found that his name was Sir Basil Carlton, and that he was staying at Duns Abbey with my foe, the Duke of Rosedene. I found that my mortal enemy, Sir Arthur Hutton, with the girl who had dishonored me, was with him; and once, in all your magnificence, I saw you, Leah. You passed me on the high road; you were in a carriage with the duke and duchess, smiling, proud, beautiful. I was on foot, and you did not know that you had whirled past your father, without sign of recognition, without even the paling of your face or the trembling of your lips. I heard, too, that Sir Basil was your lover; it was whisper-

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**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**  
PAIN'S ENEMY

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ed to me, whether truly or falsely I could not tell, that you cared much more for the young baronet than he did for you, my proud, disdainful child. I decided that I would watch events and see for myself if that was true.

"One day, when we were talking—I was growing languid and feeble then—I told Sir Basil the outline of our history—how the aristocrat, boasting of his birth and his wealth, had come to take my child from me. I told him of the choice which the two sisters made—how one had gone to the stranger, giving up home, sister, me—her father, how the other, loving and faithful, had clung to me. I uttered no name, I said no word, which could lead him to think of you. Then I asked him frankly what he thought of the daughter who had deserted me and given up her sister. He did not know of whom I was speaking, he had no clue; he simply heard the story, and he judged you from his own heart. He said the daughter who had so deserted me, who had abandoned her sister, was 'selfish'; that was his word—'selfish.' Is it true, Leah? If it be so, I give you an opportunity of retrieving yourself, of making a sacrifice that will prove you are not selfish."

Suddenly the blaze of the fire seemed to die out, and the light faded. Leah could not see the letters; they swam in a mist before her eyes. She rose mechanically and went to the fire; she stirred it again. The flames flickered this time on a face white as the face of the dead; and she sat down again, where, when she raised her eyes, they met full of the dreary desolation and beauty of Ebone.

CHAPTER L.

The freight fell on the passages of the letter when Leah opened it again, and it seemed to her as though the words were written in blood, the scarlet flames leaping and playing in mockery over it. It was a death-warrant that she held in her hands. She went on reading:

"I cannot tell what steps I should have taken or what I should have done but that I was seized then with a serious illness. Hettie was most devoted to me; she nursed me by day and night. No man had ever a more devoted child. I contrived my two daughters—the one living at the great house away over the green hill, in the midst of luxury and maintenance, beautiful, dainty, and proud, ignoring my existence, not knowing, caring, or inquiring whether I was living or dead, the other working for me by day and by night, devoting her whole life to me. The contrast was not in my favor, Leah. I was ill for many days, but I knew that he came. I slept in the front of the cottage; and during the summer nights, when the window was open, I could hear the murmur of their voices, and I knew by the sound of his voice musical with love, how matters stood.

"Sometimes Hettie would tell me that the 'strange gentleman' had been, and that he had left a message for me. She always turned from me, lest I should read the secret of her face. She never knew his real name; if ever we called him by name, we spoke of 'Glen,' which I knew to be the title of his place, I was very ill during those few days; my thoughts were not clear. But there came a summer night when I felt better and stronger. I told Hettie that I should get up and go down to the garden in the cool of the evening. She objected very strongly.

"It would do me great harm, she said. And she seemed so miserable about it that I lay still; but afterward, when she had gone downstairs, believing that I might sleep for hours, I could not hear it."

(To be Continued.)

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Your guests will take more pleasure in the "friendly cup of tea" when their hostess wears one of these Tea Aprons. Of fine Lawn, simply trimmed with lace or embroidery.  
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Summer wear, V neck, strap-shoulders.  
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Very popular for doing household work. You'll like the style and workmanship in this apron. The materials too are very desirable.  
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Every popular colour.  
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In Green and Brown, with fancy tops.  
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Now is the time to begin to wear these cool Hose; we have them in Blue, White trimmed with Blue, and White trimmed with Pink.  
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