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IN THE TOILS;
But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
ABOVE SUSPICION.

OLIVE hurried on, unconscious of the shadow behind her, and at length reached Grafton Square. She found number fifty-one, and had scarcely pulled the bell than the door was opened by Hastley Derrick's valet.

With a low bow he ushered her up the stairs.

Almost before the door had closed, the woman who had followed her stood on the steps. She also was about to ring, but suddenly a hand was laid upon her arm. She turned and without a word descended the steps. Then, raising her veil, she said:

"Lord Heatherdene!"

"Yes, it is I," he said, his voice broken and hoarse. "What are you doing here? Do you know that—that she is here?"

"Yes," said Katrine, for it was she. "I know she is here. How do you know it?"

Lord Heatherdene held out a crumpled piece of paper.

"Read that," he said. "Florence found it in Grosvenor Square, and has just given it to me."

Katrine, pale and wan, but calm and composed, took it and read it.

She looked up at the white face with a glance of pity.

"Well," he said, "you see!"

"I see," she said. "Who gave it to you?"

"Florence," he replied hoarsely. "She found it at my house, and gave

it to me at Lady Merrivale's, and I came here. What does it all mean?"

Katrine hesitated.

"I do not know," she said.

"You do not know," he said, with bitter incredulity. "At least you must have suspected something, or why are you here? How did you know where to come?"

Katrine thought for a moment.

"I do not know anything," she said; "but I suspect a great deal. I saw that note delivered. I saw that note placed in her hands by Hastley Derrick."

"Hastley Derrick—yes," said Lord Heatherdene between his teeth; "and she is here, keeping an appointment with him!"

"Hush!" said Katrine. "Do not judge her yet, or you may wrong her."

"Wrong her—how can I wrong her? Is she not here?"

"She is here," said Katrine; "but why?"

"Why?" he echoed wildly. "What is the meaning of it? I can't believe all that this—this conduct of hers would lead me to infer. Why are you here?"

Katrine smiled sadly.

"I scarcely know," she said, with a heavy sigh. "To-night, after I left you, I could not rest; something, some indefinable dream haunted me. I changed my dress and intended returning to your house; at the corner of the square I saw—I saw her coming out of the house, and I followed her."

He groaned.

"Why did you not stop her?" he asked.

"Why, indeed," said Katrine sadly; "because I knew it would be of little use. I know her better than you do, and know that one might as well try to turn the ocean back from its course as turn her."

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He groaned.

"What does it mean?" he asked, in agony. "What is it she fears? You, who knew her before—before our marriage, can throw some light upon it."

Katrine shook her head.

"I cannot," she said.

He took two paces away from her, then strode back and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Katrine," he said, and it was pitiable to listen to the broken voice—the cheery voice made hoarse and discordant by his anguish—"Katrine, you know how I have loved her."

Katrine's eyes filled with tears.

"No man ever loved any woman better than I have loved her. We have been more like lovers than husband and wife, and I have trusted her as entirely as I have loved her." He stopped suddenly, started, and with an utterly changed voice, and with a look that was nobleness itself, he drew himself up. "Trust her!" he said; "yes, and I do trust her. What right have I—what right have you?" he demanded, almost fiercely, "to dog her footsteps? The man who could think of wrong, of shame, of faithlessness in connection with Adrienne must be a fool. She shall not know that I have watched or mistrusted her," and he turned away.

Katrine stood transfixed for a moment by his spectacle of knightly devotion, which, even in the face of such apparent cause, would cast no slur, even of suspicion, upon the woman he loved.

"Stop!" she cried. "You are right—oh, I love you, Lord Heatherdene, for your noble spirit!—but you forget. You may not distrust Adrienne, but there are others—Hastley Derrick—"

He turned pale, and bit his lip.

"My friend from boyhood!" he said, struggling for composure.

"And yet another," said Katrine, almost inaudibly. "Lord Heatherdene, we have to protect her—"

He started.

"Do you mean to hint that she is in danger?" he said, striding up the steps.

Katrine followed him, with her hand upon his arm.

"Hush!" she said. "Lord Heatherdene, I am only a weak woman, and my love for her is not so great as yours, and leaves me greater composure. Let me use my woman's wits."

"Go on," he groaned impatiently. "I am half-distracted, and not fit to decide. What shall we do?"

"Let us see if we cannot solve this mystery. Where your wife is, there you have a right to be. She is in this house. Can we not get into it, and near her, without—"

He made an eager gesture of assent, and rang the bell.

Hastley Derrick's valet opened the door, and without waiting a moment, Lord Heatherdene, taking Katrine's arm within his, stepped in. The man turned suddenly pale, and fumbled at the handle.

"My master is out, my lord," he said.

"That is a lie!" said Lord Heatherdene sternly.

The man glanced up the stairs, but Charlie stepped in front of him.

"Stop where you are," he said, with an ominous look in his eyes. "Remain here until I call to you." Then he said, with a wild smile: "Your master expects me; Lady Heatherdene is here, waiting for me."

The man looked puzzled, and made a frightened bow.

"You will remain here," said Charlie; then, with Katrine still on his arm, he passed quickly but silently up the stairs.

On the landing he paused a moment then pushed open a door that led into the small anteroom which Hastley Derrick used as a library.

The room was dark, but a thin streak of light oozed through the curtain which divided it from the inner room, and by this streak the two made their way noiselessly, and stood, breathless and listening.

CHAPTER XL.
TRUTH WILL OUT.

FOR a moment Lord Heatherdene's emotion seemed to render him deaf, and the sound of a man's voice in the adjoining room smote on his ears without conveying sense or meaning; but presently he knew that it was Hastley Derrick who was speaking.

With a grip upon Katrine's arm he drew the curtains slightly apart, and after a moment's pause, as if to gain composure, looked through; then he drew back, and covered his face with his hands.

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He had seen Olive—she was there! Up to the present he had hugged and cherished a faint hope that there might be some mistake, and that she would not be there; but that hope was smitten to the ground by the sight that met his eyes.

Olive was there, with her hand clasping the back of a chair, her eyes gleaming darkly from her white face upon some object at the other side of the room. Close by her side—not touching her, but yet seeming to support her—stood Hastley Derrick.

Seated, with his hands folded on the table, and leaning forward, with a weak, besotted face, was Stephen Rawdon; it was upon him that Olive's fascinated gaze was fixed.

"Lady Heatherdene is here," Hastley Derrick was saying, his measured tones lower than usual, and a little less certain and composed; "Lady Heatherdene is here, Rawdon—by my advice, and I may say, persuasion. She does not deny that she is to a certain extent in your power, and she is anxious to learn from your own lips the price you set upon her freedom. I have, in her interests, attempted to make terms with you some days ago; but you insisted upon seeing her ladyship herself, and—she is here."

Stephen Rawdon nodded once or twice, and put up his shabby hand to wipe his lips before he spoke.

"It's as well for her she is," he said in a thick, husky voice. "Do you know me?" he demanded.

Olive did not speak, but a shudder ran through her frame.

"Come," he said, with a sneer, "that's a good beginning. I've heard so much of my lady this and my lady that, that I thought you were going to deny me altogether."

Lord Heatherdene clenched his hands, and only by a strong effort restrained himself from bursting in and smiting the scoundrel on his insolent lips.

"I thought that you would endeavor to play the high-handed game. I'm glad you don't."

"Silence!" said Hastley Derrick sternly. "Lady Heatherdene is under my protection. Say what you have to say respectfully."

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

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N. B.—Within the last few months I have played on Emerson Pianos that were bought here 25 and 30 years ago, and with the exception of a small portion of the centre, which was a bit worn, the Pianos were practically as good as the day they were sold.

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(Rev. CANON HEENEY, Winnipeg, Man.)

The following sermon was preached in St. Luke's Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday, December 16th, but is specially suited to the Easter Season.

"The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation."—Psalm 132:13.

As a military accomplishment the fall of Jerusalem has been variously estimated. The "New York Sun" says: "The strategic value of Jerusalem is not significant. With the control that it gives over the Judean hills, it places in the hands of the Allies the key to Galilee. It permits the penetration of the country to the north, the acquisition of Mt. Carmel, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee."

Major General Maurice, director of military operations at the British War Office, views it in the larger light of the Egyptian-Sinai-Palestine campaign as a whole—and says, "The great achievement from a military point of view is not the defeat of the Turks, but the conquest of the Sinai Desert. The troops who fought at Gaza drank water pumped from Egypt through a pipe line extended as the army advanced across the arid waste, and the supplies were carried over a broad-gauge railway, laid for that purpose clear across the 150 miles of the Sinai desert, which has defeated almost everybody that tried to conquer Egypt for centuries."

Here ends, therefore, for the time being at least, and we hope for ever, the ambition of the Turks and the Huns, to cut the Suez Canal, the main artery of Britain's life between the homeland and her Indian Empire.

For this military victory alone, let us devoutly say, "God be praised."

Perhaps this is a fitting point in my address at which to mention a fact which should exalt the soul of every Briton, while yet it steadies him with a sense of added responsibility: the fall of Jerusalem brings the last of the Bible Lands under the protection and guidance of the British Empire.

Egypt, the land of Abraham's sojournings; of Joseph's exile, of his brothers' visit for corn, and reconciliation; of Israel's bondage for hundreds of years; Egypt, the birth-place of the infant Moses, the scene of his young manhood and education, the battlefield of his and God's historic fight with the powers of oppression and cruelty—Egypt—Egypt is British.

Sinai, the wilderness through which Moses led the liberated rabble by the help of God for forty years—is British.

Mesopotamia, where Babylon and Nineveh flourished; the land of the conquerors, Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar; the lands wherein the sons of Jerusalem wept in their captivity.

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