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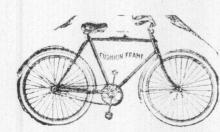
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The

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Loder made no answer. Moving into he room, he paused by the oak table that stood between the fireplace and

They made an unconscious tableau is they stood there-he with his hard set face, she with her heightened color, her inexplicably bright eyes. They stood completely silent for a spacespace that for Loder held no suggeson of time. Then, finding the tension inbearable, Eve spoke again.

"Has anything happened?" she askd. "Is anything wrong?"

Had he been less engrossed the inensity of her concern might have truck him, but in a mind so harassed as his there was only room for one onsideration - the consideration of himself. The sense of her question reached him, but its significance left im untouched.

"Is anything wrong?" she reiterated or the second time.

By an effort he raised his eyes. No nan, he thought, since the beginning of the world was ever set a task so cruel as his. Painfully and slowly his

"Everything in the world is wrong," said in a slow, hard voice. Live said nothing, but her color sud-

Again Loder was unobservant, but with the dogged resolution that marked him he forced himself to his task. "You despise lies," he said at last. "Tell me what you would think of a man whose whole life was one elaborated lie." The words were slightly exaggerated, but their utterance, their painfully brusque sincerity, precluded all suggestion of effect. Resolutely polding her gaze, he repeated his ques-

"Tell me! Answer me! I want to

Eve's attitude was difficult to read. he stood twisting the string of diaonds between her fingers. "Tell me!" he said again.

She continued to look at him for a oment; then, as if some fresh impulse moved her, she turned away from him toward the fire.

"I cannot," she said. "We-I-I could not set myself to judge-any

Loder held himself rigidly in hand. "Eve," he said quietly, "I was at he Arcadian tonight. The play was 'Other Men's Shoes.' I suppose you've read the book 'Other Men's Shoes?' " She was leaning on the mantelpiece, and her face was invisible to him.

"It is the story of an extraordinary think such a thing could exist?" He | for mischief, soon tires of a game that spoke with difficulty. His brain and promises to be too arduous. He saw

tongue both felt numb Eve let the diamond chain slip from er fingers. "Yes," she said nervously. "Yes, I do believe it. Such things have

Loder caught at the words. "You're quite right," he said quickly, "You're quite right. The thing is possible. I've any real issue, but something that proved it. I know a man so like me that you, even you, could not tell us | the world.

Eve was silent, still averting her

In dire difficulty he labored on. 'Eve," he began once more, "such a likeness is a serious thing—a terrible possibly gauge its pitfalls"- Again he paused, but again the silent figure by the fireplace gave him no help. "Eve," he exclaimed suddenly, "if

you only knew, if you only guessed what I'm trying to say"- The perplexty, the whole harassed suffering of his aind showed in the words. Loder, the trong, the resourceful, the self conained, was palpably, painfully at a oss. There was almost a note of appeal in the vibration of his voice. And Eve, standing by the fireplace, eard and understood. In that moment of comprehension all that had held her ilent, all the conflicting motives that and forbidden speech, melted away before the unconscious demand for help. Quietly and yet quickly she turned, her whole face transfigured by a light that

ning singularly soft and tender. "There's no need to say anything, she said simply, "because I know." It came quietly, as most great reve-

seemed to shine from within-some-

ations come. Her voice was low and free from any excitement, her face beautiful in its complete unconsciousness of self. In that supreme moment all her thought, all her sympathy, was for the man-and his suffering.

To Loder there was a space of incredulity; then his brain slowly swung to realization. "You know?" he repeated blankly. "You know?"

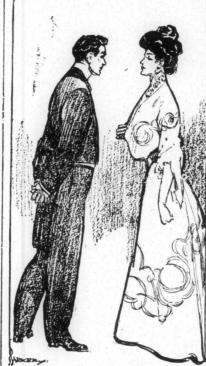
Without answering, she walked to a abinet that stood in the window, unlocked a drawer and drew out several sheets of flimsy white paper, crumpled in places and closely covered with writing. Without a word she carried them back and held them out. He took them in silence, scanned

them, then looked up. In a long, worthless pause their eyes net. It was as if each looked speechlessly into the other's heart, seeing the passions, the contradictions, the shortcomings, that went to the making of both. In that silence they drew closer together than they could have done He had found his first explanation over-80 DALHOUSIE ST. through a torrent of words. There whelming. Now suddenly it seemed to

Was no asking of forgiveness, no elaborate confession, on either side. In the deep, eloquent pause they mutually saw and mutually understood.

"When I came into the morning room today," Eve said at last, "and saw Lilian Astrupp reading that telegram nothing could have seemed farther from me than the thought that I should follow her example. It was not until afterward-not until-he came into the room-until I saw that you, as I believed, had fallen back again from what I respected to what I-despisedthat I knew how human I really was. As I watched them laugh and talk I felt suddenly that I was alone againterribly alone. I-I think-I believe I was jealous in that moment"- She hesitated. "Eve!" he exclaimed

But she broke in quickly on the word. "I felt different in that moment. didn't care about honor or things like onor. After they had gone it seemed to me that I had missed somethingsomething that they possessed. Oh, you don't know what a woman feels when she is jealous!" Again she "It was then that the telegram and the thought of Lillian's mused smile as she had read it came to my mind. Feeling as I did-acting on what I felt-I crossed to the bureau and picked it up. In one second I had seen enough to make it impossible to draw back. Oh, it may have been dishonorable, it may have been mean, but



need to say anything," she said simply

wonder if any woman in the world would have done otherwise! I crumpled up the papers just as they were and carried them to my own room." From the first to the last word of Eve's story Loder's eyes never left her face. Instantly she had finished his oice broke forth in irrepressible ques-In that wonderful space of time he had learned many things. All his deductions, all his apprehensions, had been scattered and disproved. He had seen the true meaning of Lillian Astrupp's amused indifference-tie indifference of a variable, flippant nassible? Do you | ture that, robbed of any real weapon

all this and understood it with a rapidity born of the moment; nevertheless, when Eve ceased to speak the question that broke from him was not onnected with this great discovery -was not even suggestive of it. It was something quite immaterial to overshadowed every consideration in "Eve," he said, "tell me your first

thought-your first thought after the shock and the surprise-when you remembered me.'

of very short duration; then Eve met danger, a terrible temptation. Those his glance fearlessly and frankly. The who have no experience of it cannot same pride and dignity, the same in describable tenderness that had responded to his first appeal, shone in

> "My first thought was a great thankfulness," she said simply. "A thankfulness that you-that no man-could ever understand."

CHAPTER XXXII.

she finished speaking Eve did not lower her eyes. To her there was no suggestion of shame in her thoughts or her words, but to Loder, watching and listening, there was a perilous meaning contained in both.

"Thankfulness?" he repeated slowly. From his newly stirred sense of responsibility pity and sympathy were gradually rising. He had never seen Eve as he saw her now, and his vision was all the clearer for the long ob livion. With a poignant sense of compassion and remorse, the knowledge of her youth came to him-the youth that some women preserve in the midst of the world when circumstances have permitted them to see much, but to experience little. "Thankfulness?" he said again in-

A slight smile touched her lips. "Yes," she answered softly-"thankfulness that my trust had been rightly placed."

She spoke simply and confidently, but the words struck Loder more sharply than any accusation. With a heavy sense of bitterness and renunciation he moved slowly forward.

"Eve," he said very gently, "you don't know what you say." She had lowered her eyes as he came

toward her. Now she lifted them in a swift upward glance. For the first time since he had entered the room a slight look of personal doubt and unasiness showed in her face. "Why?" she said. "I-I don't understand." For a moment he answered nothing.

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tonight to tell you something," he began at last, "but so far I have only

"Yes, half." He repeated the word uickly, avoiding the question in her ves. Then, conscious of the need for explanation, he plunged into rapid "A fraud like mine," he said, "has

nly one safeguard, one justification-a oundless andacity. Once shake that audacity and the whole motive power crumbles. It was to make the audacity npossible-to tell you the truth and make it impossible—that I came tonight. The fact that you already knew made the telling easier, but it altered Eve raised her head, but he went

esolutely on. "Tonight," he said, "I have seen into

my own life, into my own mind, and my ideas have been very roughly shaken into new places

"We never make so colossal a mistake as when we imagine that we know ourselves. Months ago, when your nusband first proposed this scheme to ne, I was, according to my own coneption, a solitary being vastly ill used y fate, who, with a fine stoicism, was eading a clean life. That was what I believed, but there, at the very outset, I deceived myself. I was simply man who shut himself up because he cherished a grudge against life and who lived honestly because he had a constitutional distaste for vice. My first feeling when I saw your husband was one of self righteous contempt. and that has been my attitude all along. I have often marveled at the flood of intolerance that has rushed over me at sight of him-the violent desire that has possessed me to look away from his weakness and banish the knowledge of it-but now I under-

"I know now what the feeling meant, The knowledge came to me tonight. It meant that I turned away from his weakness because deep within myself something stirred in recognition of it. Humanity is really much simpler than we like to think, and human impulses have an extraordinary fundamental connection. Weakness is egotism, but so is strength. Chilcote has followed his vice: I have followed my ambition It will take a higher judgment than yours or mine to say which of us has been the more selfish man." He paus ed and looked at her.

She was watching him intently. Some of the meaning in his face had found a pained, alarmed reflection in her own. But the awe and wonder of the morning's discovery still colored which the misgivings born of Chilcote's vice had dropped away from her mental image of Loder was still too absorbing to be easily dominated. She loved, and as if by a miracle her love and been justified! For the moment the justification was all sufficing. Some thing of confidence, something of the innocence that comes not from ignorance of evil, but from a mind singularly upcontaminated, blinded her to the danger of her position.

Loder, waiting apprehensively for some aid, some expression of opinion became gradually conscious of this lack of realization. Moved by a fresh mpulse, he crossed the small space that divided them and caught her

(To be continued.)

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LAST EDITIO

FORTY-FIFTH

Very Heavy Storms and Keep Then

Rome, Italy, via Par hindered by the conti er which is exceptio so much snow on the l 1. The mountain stre ually are dry at the er now deep and almost i Italian troops are end storms and thick fogs terfered with long ra the advance upwards gress. More elaborate protected by wide di entanglements: at have been dug and c at the bottom. Into the course of a char of falling. The Italian

of the Italian light heretofore has been mountain smugglers are now being utilize of the day. On one these guards crawled to the Italian comman them refused rewards for

Dr. Harvey Willi -Murderer (

Suicide. By Special Wire to the Con

Hamilton, Ont., July 2 fore I o'clock to-day, Holmes walked into the Harry Williams and fir him. Holmes then sh men are dead. Dr. Willi ing the practice of Dr. who is at present stayin

Hamilton, Ont., July wood Holmes, who is a resident of Gravenhu and killed Dr. Harry \ immediately turned th himself with fatal rest The motive for the ti

mystery. Williams here a short time takir of Dr. Victor Ross, d in the north country at the office early thi the doctor was out. He t lady in charge that thre thers had gone to that he would there himself if he had flicted with consumption turned the doctor was sat down to wait and antly for a few minute in the office, showing no young lady left and

later the doctor entered. "Hello Abbie," said W
"Hello, doc." came the The pair entered the closed the door. Fifteen five shots rang out, and of the house entering the both men unconscious

tion on the Dominion versary. The Montreal Tramwa is held up pending the

Many Ontario towns

Roy Young of Guelph juries received by being street car.

CONSERVATIVE M A meeting of the Cons the Township of Brantfo held at the Conservativ and King streets, Satur m., for the purpose of electron and sub-chairmen. vatives welcome. N. D. NEII