



BLACHFORD & SON FUNERAL DIRECTORS 57 King Street West.

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Lady Melville smiled with ghastly sor-

once to hear the truth.' 'But I shall have already gained Ns promise not to do so, and with that we shall be secure, for Claude Ainsley, may die, but he cannot break his word.' A flush of pride not unmingled with agony orimsoned the beautiful woman's brow.

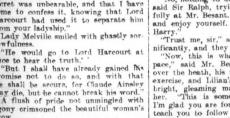
brow. "Let me think, let me think," she "murmured. "Oh, if it could but be!" "It shall be!" replied the temptress. Trust to me; you are prompted by love, I am nerved by a still fiercer passion— hate. Promise but to help me if I call upon you, and I swear that Claude Aims-ley shall return to you; refuse me and he shall marry Lilian Melville. Can you fancy her flourishing at Rivershall, hap-by in the love of Claude Ainsley—your lovert"

Maddened by the words and scornful tone, the tempted woman sprang from the chair and caught at a small jewel boun

abinet. Her face was livid, her lips ablaze, her ingers trembling so that they refused o insert the key.

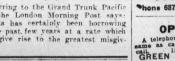
glided from the room. No sooner had the door closed than Lady Melville with a stifled cry fell full length in a swoon upon the white, spotless rug that stood before her toilet table.

thought so! Ah, ah! how the weaves! High and low the same strings move us. Little did her ladyship think weaves! High and low the same strings-more us. Little did her ladyship think while I 'acted my part what my real motive was. Well, if the high-born Lady Melville can poison the woman who stands between her gold and her love, how should I shrink from taking revenge upon the woman who ruined the man I love? Ah, Melchior, noble-hearted Mel-chior my love. my end, how little do



he kept to his study for the first two days, and saw little of Lillian; when he







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