



The Web;

TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I—I have surprised you, alarmed you," he said. "I should have prepared you, and yet—ah, Lady Norah, surely you cannot have been blind to the love I bear you. During all these months you must have seen how completely and entirely I have been your slave. There is no hour in which I have not thought of you; no moment in which I have not striven to find some way of proving myself less unworthy of you. Yes, though I have tried to crush the love out of my heart, and have told myself that there could be no hope, no gleam of hope for me, I could not succeed. Such love as I bear for you cannot be crushed; it is the life of a man's life; it abides with him unto death. I could no more help loving you than I could help breathing. Think, then, with what joy I heard that noble-hearted man tell me that I might plead with you, might lay my love and my life at your feet, if I could, win you for my wife! Lady Norah,

it is not only I who speak and implore you to say 'Yes,' but the father who loves you and whom you love."

He stopped, trembling and white, and raised his eyes to her face with a look of terrible suspense and anxiety.

Norah awoke from the nightmare that seemed to hold her in its grip, and her eyes flashed.

"It—it is false!" broke from her lips.

He cast a look of tender reproach at her.

"You doubt me! You disbelieve me!" he murmured, sorrowfully.

"You say that—that my father sanctioned, consented—" She panted, and could get no further. It was too horrible to be believed, and she felt instinctively, with a conviction which nothing could shake, that he had lied.

"More than sanctioned," he said, softly, pleadingly. "Must I tell you all? You force me. Lady Norah, it has long been his wish that you should be my wife!"

Heaven above knows whether the stricken man, whose presence Guildford Berton had disregarded as completely as if he had been already dead, heard and understood; but at that moment a sound like a faint moan broke from his shriveled lips, and as Norah sprang up and turned to him with a cry, a shudder ran through Guildford Berton and his face blanched.

But in a moment he had shaken off the dread which had seized upon him.

"You see, you hear!" he said, with an audacity almost sublime. "Ah, if he could speak—and would to Heaven he could!—he would bear me witness."

It was a fiendish stroke, and its very audacity made it successful.

Norah looked into the earl's face, working with a piteous effort to regain the power of speech, and she accepted Guildford Berton's interpretation. With a low cry of despair and horror she flung herself down, and hid her face upon the old man's hands, and he looked across her at Guildford Berton, his face still working, but with vacant, expressionless eyes.

"Norah," he murmured, "for Heaven's sake, for his sake, do not—do not treat me like this! What have I done—what am I—that you should shrink from me?" He stopped suddenly and started, for a voice, audible to his own ears, only, seemed to whisper in ghastly tones, "Murderer!"

With a shudder and a backward glance he bent over her prostrate form.

"Norah, speak to me. Tell me that you forgive me, at least. Is it such an unpardonable crime to have loved you? Ah, how could I help it? I who lived in the sunshine of your presence—"

She raised her head and put out her hand, as if to keep him off.

"Go—go!" dropped from her lips.

It was only one word, but all her loathing and scorn seemed compressed into it.

"You—you will not hear me?" he said, hoarsely.

"I—I have heard you," she said, almost inaudibly.

"If—if he could but speak!" he murmured, sorrowfully, reproachfully.

She turned to her father, and caught at his arm, as if imploring him to recall his consent or deny it.

"Why should you hate me so?" he demanded, standing upright and looking at her from under his lowered lids. "Is it—is it because I have come too late, because there is another—"

Norah rose and stood before him, a sudden light flashing in her eyes.

"You shall not speak another word to me!" she said with parted lips, her breath coming fast and furious—

ly, her hands clinched tightly. "Even—even if all you said be true, it would make no difference. Take my answer, Mr. Berton. I—I—she caught her breath and spoke slowly, with a hauteur he had never seen her exhibit before—"I cannot marry you; and now, will you go, please?"

He bit his lip till the blood came, and looked at her with more of hate than love in his eyes.

"Is that the last word between us?" he said. "You choose to disregard his wish, you fling my love in my face! Do you think that I am the man to take such a dismissal quietly, patiently? You little know—" He pulled himself up, and bent toward her imploringly. "Ah, forgive me; I don't know what I am saying. My heart is torn and rent by your coldness, your disdain. Have pity on me, Norah—"

She went forward slowly, painfully, as it seemed, and her hand went toward the bell.

"Stay!" he said, abruptly. "I will go. But, for God's sake, have some mercy! Do not let us part like—like this. If I cannot be what I would to you, at least do not take your friendship from me." His voice grew cooler and more composed. "Remember how much I suffer by your rejection, Lady Norah, and—and let that plead for me. I have spoken wildly—madly; forget what I have said, and—and—let things be as they were between us."

Her hand dropped from the bell, and, cringing, like a whipped dog, he tried to take her hand to lift it to his lips, but Norah shrank back beyond his reach and pointed to the door.

"I—I will try and forget, for his sake," she said, with difficulty; "but go!"

Then, as he left the room, she fell forward, her head bowed upon her hands, and one word broke from her lips:

"Cyril!"

"It was a cry for his protection and help, and it is a pity that it could not have reached to the desolate shore where Cyril sat painting and thinking of his lost love."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Haunted.

A quarter of an hour later Guildford Berton was walking toward his cottage. He was burning hot, as if with fever, and he took off his hat and let the cold evening air blow upon his parched forehead.

The love of a bad man, we are told by one of those philosophers who seem to know everything, is very near akin to hate, and at that moment Guildford Berton was not quite sure whether he loved or hated Norah most.

But he meant to make her his wife as firmly and fixedly as he had ever meant it.

He could scarcely say that he was surprised or disappointed by her refusal. He had gone so far as to hope that she would accept him, and it was something that he had, so to speak, broken the ground.

"She knows now that I love her," he muttered, as he walked along with feverish steps and restless eyes. "She will grow accustomed to the knowledge presently, and—in time will discover that it is useless to fight against it. It is a question of will, and mine is stronger than hers. If I had only kept my temper more under control! But that look on her face and that 'Go!' It was worse"—he wiped his forehead and laughed a ghastly laugh—"it was worse than the old man's on the night he was taken ill. I wonder if he heard and understood what we were saying?" and he laughed again. "If he did, I have had my revenge already. But I must be careful. My luck has stood by me up till lately, up to the night I showed the old fool my hand. Is it going to turn?"

As he asked himself the question he reached the gate in the wall, and took out his key.

He had not deemed it necessary to acquaint the old woman of his intended return, and as he opened the door and entered the silent and gloomy house she came out with a lamp in her hand, and eyed him with dull and stolid surprise.

"Is it all right?" he motioned on his fingers.

"Yes," she signed.

"And no one has been here?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "no one."

He nodded and signed to her that she could go to bed, and then, taking the lamp from her, went into the small sitting-room.

He had no sooner done so than back flashed upon his mind the remembrance of—Becca South!

He had been so engrossed of late by his pursuit of Norah that he had almost forgotten that other awful thing which had haunted him, but now here it was back again in all its potent horror.

He set the lamp upon the table and looked round the room with a shiver. It struck cold and damp, and it was full of the terrible sense of the night of his crime. He buttoned his coat across his chest, and, going to the sideboard, got out some brandy and mixed himself a drink, but even the powerful spirit could not dispel the chill which had so swiftly taken the place of the feverish heat in which he had left the Court, and he struck a match and lit the fire ready made in the small and poky grate. But the wood was damp, and the grate would not draw, and presently the tiny, sullen flame died out.

He knew that if he went to bed cold and chilled he should not sleep, and he lit the lantern to light him to the wood-shed.

But when he reached the garden he turned to the left instead of the right where the shed lay, and slowly went down the path to the heap of leaves.

Holding the lantern near the ground he peered at the heap keenly and shudderingly.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

The remarkable economy of the incandescent gas lamp is by no means either its chief—or even an important—claim for popularity. It meets better than any other source of artificial light the requirements of ideal light.

In the color of the light produced it is far superior to any other illuminant in general and universal use. The investigations of acknowledged authorities indicate that for the approximation of artificial daylight the gas mantle has at least one and one-half times the value of the carbon-filament electric lamp.

This quality is highly desirable, indeed absolutely essential where the approximation of daylight color values is important. For lighting shops, displaying haberdashery, suitings, gowns, millinery, etc., the incandescent gas lamp is not even remotely approached by any other incandescent lamp.

Of all the manifold advantages of gas light, perhaps the most important is its favourable effect upon the eyes. The development of the incandescent electric lamp with its intense brilliant and glaring filament has been accompanied by hitherto unheard-of prevalence of eye troubles and diseases which are forcing themselves upon the attention of the medical fraternity. This is resulting in a greater appreciation of the soft mellow quality of gas light and is rapidly enlarging its field of use.—July 13, 1916.

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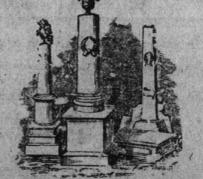
It was just as he had left it, and he seemed to remember the position of every stone and protuberance.

"It is all right," he muttered between his teeth, but he did not go immediately. Instead he stood and stared down at it as if overcome by a sudden stupor.

(To be Continued.)

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329 and 335, Duckworth Street. Now ready for shipment at short notice a large selection of Headstones and Monuments. Write to-day for our Catalogue of Photo Designs; also our Mail Order Form, which makes ordering by mail easy. We have them all sizes and prices. It is not too late this season to pay the last respect to our departed loved ones.

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S.S. "ETHIE" will leave Humbermouth on Wednesday, Dec. 27th.
S.S. "WREN" will leave Clarendville on Friday, Dec. 29th.
S.S. "DUNDEE" will leave Port Blandford on Friday, Dec. 29th.
S.S. "CLYDE" will leave Lewisporte on Friday, Dec. 29th.
S.S. "HOME" will leave Lewisporte on Monday, January 1st.

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- Solid Gold Tie Pin \$1-\$9
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- Etc. Etc. Etc.

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We also have excellent values in Ladies', Men's and Children's Wear and in Fancy Goods of all kinds.

Get your Christmas parcels wrapped in Holly Paper at

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A metal brocaded silk gown usually needs softening by plain net.

The newest velings have wool embroidery in corners and border.

Japanese collars are seen again on afternoon and evening gowns.

Metal laces and bead embroidery are the most favored of trimmings.

Sailor hats of velvet have silk pompons in the center of the crown.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRACTICAL COVER-ALL APRON.



1881—Gingham, lawn, percale, alpaca, drill, linen and saten are all good for this style. The model is made to slip over the head and is closed in front with lacing through eyelets. This design could serve as a morning dress, for it has ample fullness and is most comfortable.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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What Housekeeper or Home Worker does not appreciate a "cover-me-all" apron of this kind. It is a simple style, good for gingham, lawn, percale, cambric, denim, cretonne or saten. The fullness may be held over the back by the belt, that may be slipped under the front or may hold the front on the outside. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the Medium size.

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Lowest Prices.

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Life insurance is a comparative term. It has not been known generations.

In the old days, if a man lost his widow and children were in destitute; the only remedy through house.

By means of life insurance, generations make provision for the maintenance of their death.

The Mutual Life of Canada, a financial and fixed income if desired, at least twenty years, yearly.

Is this not a vast improvement on the life of labor, dependent on the man who is in good health, secure his protection for those who are left.

Life, Limited Life and Endowment.

The Mutual of Canada

L. S. RENDELL, Gen. Agent, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Christmas Day Services

ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

4th Sunday in Advent—Xmas Eve. Holy Communion at 8. Morning Prayer and Litany at 11. Preacher: Rev. C. A. Moulton. Children's Service, 3.30. Evensong at 6.30. Preacher: the Rector. Subject: "The Cradles of a Nation." At 9 o'clock the Carol Service will be held when the following will be sung by the full choir: "The Babe Immanuel," Facer; "The Shepherd's Story," Smith; "When Christ Was Born," Terry; "The Angel Gabriel," Terry; "Whence Those Harmonious Sounds," Bartlett; "The Songs of the Apses," Gebel. Copies of the words will be provided and a cordial welcome is extended to all. Silver collection in aid of the choir fund.

Christmas Day. Holy Communion at 8.30 and 8. Matins and Choral Communion at 11. Preacher: the Rector. The following music will be sung: Processional hymn 52; Venite—Smart; Te Deum—Simper in G; Jubilate—Juppis; Communion Office—Smart in E flat. Anthem, "O Zion that bringest good tidings," Stainer. Hymns 84 and 88. Evensong at 5 o'clock.

PARISH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN. Christmas Eve. Children's Service at 3 p.m., when the children's offerings for the Church of England Orphanage will be received. Evensong, 6.30. Carols and preparation for Christmas Communion.

Christmas Day. Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m., 8 a.m. and also at noon. Matins at 11 a.m.

XMAS MUSIC AT ST. PATRICK'S. At the Midnight Mass the choir will sing: Kyrie—Angel; Gloria—Kalliwoda; Credo—Angel; Adagio Fiolos—Novello; Sanctus—Cherion; Agnus Dei—Gounod. At the 10.30 Mass on Xmas morning the same programme will be rendered.

GOWER STREET. The pastor preaches in the morning and the Rev. N. M. Guy at night. The special music will include the carol "I Sing the Birth," Sullivan, and the anthem "Be Peace on Earth," Crotch, and "Glory to God in the Highest," Bayley. At the evening service the soloist will be Miss Alice Pike. The usual service will be held at eleven o'clock Christmas Day, when the Christmas music will be repeated.

GEORGE STREET. The pastor will occupy the pulpit at to-morrow morning's service, and would like to see a full attendance of Sunday School scholars. At the evening service the Rev. D. B. Hemmeon will preach and deliver a Christmas message. On Monday morning at 11 o'clock a Christmas service will be held. The pastor's sermon will be appropriate to the day. An offering for the poor will be taken. During the service the following Christmas music will be rendered:—Anthems.

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CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRITISH PATENT. DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

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