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The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XIII.
A Matter of Speculation.

"I am afraid you are angry with me," Herndale said in a low and still pleading voice. "I will confess that I lost my temper, not a usual thing with me—but you will admit that I had some excuse. I thought you were going to fall—and I—I—the dread made me lose my head. If you had met with an accident while you were under my care, I should never have forgiven myself; no, never!"

"You were cruel," she said, her eyes downcast, the tears gathering under them; "very, very cruel."

"Perhaps I was," he admitted, coming closer to her and looking at her steadily with his lips tightly drawn. "But I could be cruel to anything, any one, that endangered you. Do you not understand? Yes; I think you must. Any man who is worth being called a man will be cruel, merciless, when he is protecting, guarding a woman; especially when it is the woman—"

The color mounted to her face, and she shrank with a sudden fear from the soft, pleading voice, and the imploring eyes; she still saw the latter as they had gleamed a few minutes before with almost fiendish cruelty.

"There is my father!" she said, and she touched the mare with her whip, and rode swiftly toward him.

Herndale felt the shrinking, repelling response, his face grew almost white, his eyes narrowed to slits, and he gnawed at his mustache, as he followed her. Eva avoided him for the rest of that day; she had promised to go fishing with him, but she excused herself on the plea of a headache, and he did not see her until dinner-time.

During that evening he bore himself with the humility which indicates remorse and penitence; his manner, his voice, were those of a man who has sinned deeply against the woman he loves, and is pleading for her forgiveness. But Eva treated him very coldly; she had been down to the stable to see Tim, and had found his smooth body covered with weals; in one or two places the cruel whip had

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cut the skin; the dog was before her eyes that whole evening, and rendered Lord Herndale's penitence of no avail.

Up to the moment of saying good-night—she retired early—Herndale maintained his show of humility, regret, and desire for her forgiveness; but it disappeared as she left the room, and he followed Sir Talbot into the smoking-room. He and Sir Talbot were now on very friendly terms; for though something in Herndale now and again jarred on Sir Talbot, he saw that Herndale was falling in love with Eva, and, naturally enough, the anxious father was ready to welcome so eligible a son-in-law.

They sat down to their cigars and soda-and-whisky, and gradually Herndale led the conversation to the subject of stock exchange operations. It was a subject they had discussed on most evenings, and Sir Talbot was intensely interested in it. He was not in the very least a gambler, but, like most men of narrow means, he was anxious to make money, not, in his case, for himself, but for his daughter. He knew little or nothing about stocks and shares, and he was, therefore, all the more ready to place implicit reliance on Herndale, who evidently knew a great deal, and inspired confidence by the calmness, the shrewdness, which he displayed.

"I had a letter this morning from a man who was once a client of mine," said Herndale, in a casual way. "He is rather heavily interested in those Montana shares we were speaking about the other night. He was good enough to give me a tip about them. I think it is quite reliable, because he is 'in the know,' as they call it."

Sir Talbot looked up with a repressed eagerness and nodded thoughtfully. "He advises me to buy as heavily as I can," Herndale went on, but without any eagerness on his part. "Are you going to do so?" asked Sir Talbot quickly.

"Yes, I think so," replied Herndale, with a slight yawn.

"I—I think I should like to buy some," said Sir Talbot, with a nervous little laugh. "I've never done anything of the kind before; I've always had a kind of sort of dread of speculations."

"This is certainly a speculation," said Herndale candidly. "You can't make a large sum of money in this way, at any rate, without speculating; though I rather fancy that this is as near a certainty as a speculation can be."

"How much shall you buy," said Sir Talbot, "if I may ask?"

The fish was nibbling at the bait, but Herndale displayed no satisfaction; he knocked the ash off his cigar, and stretched himself before replying indifferently:

"Oh, a thousand pounds is as much as I shall risk."

Sir Talbot caught his breath, and was silent a moment; then, very much as a swimmer prepares for a long dive, he said:

"I, too, will risk a thousand, if—if you will be so good as to manage the affair for me?"

Herndale nodded. "I thought of running up to London on some other business to-morrow—he knew that it would be well for him to absent himself from Eva's presence for a day or two—and I will go, if you will permit me. I will see my friend, and learn as much as I can about these shares; and I will buy to the extent of a couple of thousand, between us, if I think they look promising, and if you care to leave me a free hand in the matter?"

"Certainly, certainly!" responded Sir Talbot, with nervous gratitude. "I shall be very much obliged to you. But I am sorry you are going to leave us, even for a short time. We shall miss you very much."

Herndale breakfasted early, and left the Court before Eva was down. He kept a dainty little suite of furnished rooms in a quiet little street—Vernon Street—in St. James', of which he said nothing to his friends. There was no particular reason for any secrecy in the matter; but Herndale was one of those men who like to have a place to which they can go if there should be any reasons for concealing themselves; and Herndale could rely upon his valet, Siddons, who was a discreet and extremely reticent man. The rooms were in per-



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fect order, Herndale lunched there—the landlady was an excellent cook—then he took a hansom to Myrtle Court, Bishopsgate Street.

Myrtle Court, about which there was nothing floral save the name, was a grimy cul-de-sac, composed of offices. Among the names on the doorway of one of the houses was that of Colin MacDonald, stock-broker; his offices were on the ground floor, and Mr. Colin MacDonald himself, seated on a high stool at his desk, answered "Come in!" to Lord Herndale's knock. His accent was certainly not Scottish, but thick and nasal; and his countenance gave the lie to his assumed name, and proclaimed the Jew. He almost tumbled off his stool as he saw who the visitor was, for Herndale had once fought a difficult and shady case for him; and Mr. MacDonald, alias Moses, was, of course, aware of his late counsel's succession to the peerage; he stood bending low, smiling unctuously, and rubbing his big, fat hands on the rather dirty fingers of which shone diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. Imagine a Scotch stock-broker, with jeweled rings on his fingers!

Herndale responded to the man's servile and obsequious greeting with a nod, and seating himself astride the dusty chair, and lighting a cigarette, proceeded at once to business.

"I want you to do something for me, Mr. MacDonald," he began, in his cool, self-possessed way.

"Delighted, delighted, my lord, I'm taker!" murmured Mr. MacDonald.

"I have a little money I want to speculate with," said Herndale, ignoring the man's politeness. "Can you tell me anything about Montana?"

The stock-broker lowered his eyes as he considered whether he should "act on the square" with his titled client. A glance at the now hard face and the steel-cold eyes convinced Mr. MacDonald that it would be unwise to set in any other way.

"Well, they're rather risky," he said. "They're in the hands of a little group of gentlemen who keep the show pretty much to themselves."

"They run up and down a great deal, don't they?"

Mr. MacDonald nodded and smiled. "Yes; they're rather buckety. If a man was in the know, he could make a lot of money with them; but they're rather uncertain; they may go up,

and they may go down; p'raps it isn't. That's the worst of mines; you can't tell, unless you're working at the bottom of 'em, or happen to be a director, how they're going to pan out. And not always then," he added, with a chuckle.

Lord Herndale did not look discouraged or alarmed by this vague account of the great Montana mine; he was silent for quite a minute, slowly smoking his cigarette, Mr. MacDonald, under his thick lids, watching him curiously.

"They are very low, are they not?" asked Herndale.

The man referred to the share-list. "Yes; very low, my lord. I should say they'd go up. The last report and dividend were good; on the other hand—"

"They may go down," Herndale finished for him, with a twist of the lip.

"That's sho," assented Mr. MacDonald, shrugging his shoulders slightly. "They're as risky as—as a woman. If your lordship's looking for an investment—"

"I am not," said Herndale. "I told you I was looking for a speculation. Be good enough to buy me a thousand pound's worth; and sell a thousand a fortnight from date."

Mr. MacDonald looked slightly surprised; for, of course, the order he had received meant that his client could neither lose, nor make much; in fact, that Lord Herndale had hedged on the deal. However, the broker was accustomed to all kinds of transactions in stocks and shares, and he expressed no surprise. Lord Herndale filled in a check, and laid it on the desk.

"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. MacDonald. "I will send you the contract-note."

Herndale nodded. "Make them out separately, please," he said; "and leave out the name. I will fill it in. I mean the name of the buyer and seller. Do you understand?"

"Quite so, quite so, my lord!" replied MacDonald. "You can fill in any name you like, Smith, Jones, Robinson."

"Exactly," assented Herndale. "If you hear anything about the mine which you think I ought to know, write to me."

(To be Continued.)

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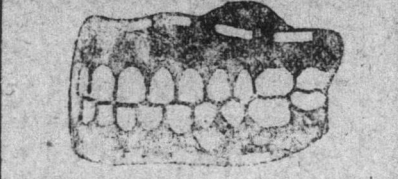
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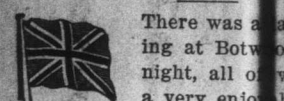
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There was a very enjoyable night, all of which was a very enjoyable part. The opening scene produced, fifteen performances. The opening scene of the Blue Bell Inn kept the audience for; Song, "Are we done were represented as follows: "The Keeper," Mr. Charles Tender," Mr. John Baldwin Constable," Mr. Geo. O'Connell," Mr. Albert White," Messrs. W. C. French, Max Colton, E. Bishop, G. Cranford, E. B. Baddock.

Following the revue a programme was gone through consisting of the following: Opening Chorus, "Here Again" Song, "Somewhere" Mr. W. C. French, Recitation, "Concern for Miss" Misses; Song, Mr. Jas. L. New; Mr. Edwin Ebsary; Recitation, "Grady's Goat," Mr. John B. "The Woman Slacker," Mr. Duett, Messrs. Ebsary; Song, "Are we done Master E. Cranford; Closing, "We're all under the same Tableaux "Britannia" Misses.

Little Boy Had

On Face and Hands—Lotion Treated Him in Value—Was Finally Elected.

Trenton, Ont., April 18th. A little boy will interest all mothers and children, because it tells of medicines obtainable of the annoying and torturing sores which come to so many. Mrs. Waldron had several treating her boy for eczema. For the last two years he has been using Chase's Ointment and he has of the wonderful results of the use of this soothing treatment.

Mrs. Samuel Waldron, street, Trenton, Ont., writes four years ago, my little boy rashed on his face and hands. A doctor called Eczema. He washed for it, and some ointment we used, but without benefit. We tried all the doctors here, we tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It gave it a good trial. We thought it was gradually getting first it appeared to burn the skin, but it peeled up, and rid of it entirely. During the next two years he had no symptom of the disease on his skin. Each time we used Chase's Ointment, curing him. For the last two years he has had any return symptoms at all that he is now entirely cured. Dr. Chase's Ointment, etc., all dealers, or Edmondson, Ltd., Limited, Toronto.

A Lucky Soldier

Mr. Joseph Morgan, of Mar B., is in receipt of an interesting letter from his son Joe, who is with the Canadians in France, spent two years in the fighting up to the time of writing, he received a scratch or had a sore on a day's illness. He says is going on just as well as the Hun are about to win it. Very few of his men went to France with him, and he says he hopes the young home are offering themselves listment and adds "I am not sure I came even if I got killed, for a good cause." He wishes some of the ladies at "Topical presents and comforts them. The "bit" they are doing is a cause, he says, is greatly appreciated by those in the trenches.

High Prices Expected

With so many fresh fish being operated in a short while, will doubt will greatly benefit the men through competition in the fresh cod, the price of direct from fisherman to consumer. St. John's is expected to be ably high.

Electric Smelting

The electric apparatus used in connection with the Hydro-Smelting Plant at the railway, which was torn down to allow construction of the new fresh water has been taken to the sub-station carefully stowed away. Understand the whole outfit will be date be shipped to Little Bay B., where it will be used to operate a sufficient large power can be reached at very little cost in the near future the old smelting days of Little Bay revived.

GOES COLLECTING SEA S. S. Viking, we understand north to-morrow to bring along of the seals taken at the places. She will likely make trips. There were enough seals by landmen along the coast the ship several times.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DAN-DRUFF.