

"Not one cent, you cowardly hound!" he roared. "Not one cent shall you have; do you hear? I thank God that I am here to stop you robbing these, your mother and sister." Mrs. Malling tried to interfere, but he waved her back. "I've come at the right time, and I tell you that you shall not take one cent of the money. I will never leave you lest you should wheedle it from them. I will spoil your game. This is what I intend to do. You and I will set out for Winnipeg to-night, and together we will interview the Commissioner of Police. Do you understand me? I have the whip hand now. And I promise you your silence shall *not* be bought."

Prudence interfered.

"Listen to me, George. I implore you not to do this thing. Hervey can have all he wants—everything. You are innocent we know, but you cannot prove your innocence. Why should you break my heart when there is a way out of the difficulty? There is but one person who can denounce you, and his silence we can purchase. Oh, George," the girl went on passionately, "as you love me, listen. My heart will break if this thing you meditate comes to pass. Oh, my love, say you won't do it! Let mother pay the man off that he may pass out of our lives for ever. See, mother is going for the money now. It is so easy; so simple."

Mrs. Malling had risen from her seat and moved away to the door. Hervey stood at the far end of the parlour facing the open window. He saw his mother pass out, and a great look of satisfaction came into his eyes. After all, these women meant to treat him fairly, he thought.