ife or death of a woman makes no difference to the man she loves what else can be concerned to the man she loves what else can be concerned to the man she loves what else can be concerned to the man she loves what else can be concerned to the man she loves what else can be concerned to the self that it is bounded by one man. What he thinks of her, feels towards her, how he behaves to her are alone of importance; to the feelings, opinions, and conduct of the world beside she is indifferent; she has no room for such considerations in an existence completely filled by one object."

Barly being puzzled, remained silent.

"When does he come back?" she asked, passing her handkerchief under the veil to wipe her forehead and cheeks.

"I really cannot say; his movements are always uncertain.

"You don't expect him tomorrow or next day. Tell me the truth, he may regret you did not speak frankly."

"I don't expect him, but at the same time is should not be surprised if he returned any day.

"But others may care for her."

I should not be surprised if ne returned any day.

"But you are not sure he will come," she asked in plaintive tones.

"No. I'm not sure," he answered.
"I could wait a day or two if I were certain to see him, but it may not be—it may not be," she said sadly.

"Then you are going out of town?"

"Out of town—oh, yes, a great distance."

"Out of town—oh, yes, a great distance."

"But you will return, I hope?" he asked, feeling inexpressibly sorry for her.
"I don't know if I can. I shoulze." to come back to see him; perhaps I may be permitted; people say that sometimes the—..." She broke off suddenly, and gazed around her wildly.

For the first time it struck her hearer her mind was unhinged, and her strange manner, as well as the matter of her speech, confirmed his suspicions. Sympathy for her affliction took possession of him; he desired to help her
"If you will give me your name I shall write and tell the captain you called, or if you will leave a note I can forward if the him," he said.
"No. He would not believe it was I who called or wrote."

"But you will see him when he comes to

"I shall then have gone back to the dead."

"I shall then have gone back to the lead."

Barlyl set down her words as the ravings of a lunatic. "Will you not leave your didress?" he asked.

"I have none," she replied. "London is a large city, but it has no room for me, am going home," she murmured, in her laintive tone.

"Where?" he inquired.

"To the place I came from."

She stood up and calmly walked across he room until she stood beside a little ble, the contents of which—books, a aper cutter, a letter weight in the shape a bronze elephant, and a Japanese bacco jar—she examined curiously.
"It's not here," she said at length.
"What?" asked Barlyl, who had closely the she was the said at length.

"What?" asked Barlyl, who had closely stehed her.
"His photograph; it stood on this table sen I was last here."
"Oh, it has beeen shifted to the chimney."

then I was last here."

"Oh, it has beeen shifted to the chimney oce."

She held out her hand, and he gave her photograph framed in brown leather, are carried it across to the window where light was yet sufficient for her to exine it closely, and then raised her veil, an Barlyl saw a pale face that must once been decidedly handsome, for not-instanding its careworn look and well-ked lines, it still bore traces of beauty-expression of gentleness and refinement her sorrow nor change could ever re-re. The rich brown hair with its bands liver, contrasted with a certain youthess the features yet retained; and when smiled at the portrait in her hand, her was momentarily lighted by a pleasure belied its usual haggard appearance, addenly she raised her head and ced towards Barlyl with a strange, wild in her dark eyes, then turned from As he moved towards the further of the room he saw her lay aside the graph frame with its face downwards et able. She walked hurriedly tos the door, paused and turned round her fingers on the handle, and said ink you."

y.

ou have nothing to thank me for," he
d, "but if you will allow me I shall
d to do you any service in my

or all."

I, she replied almost in a whisper,
I am already amongst the dead.

not tell you I was going home?"

strange expression that lighted her

careworn face startled him even strange expression that lighted her careworn face startled him even han her words. He had less doubt at she was a lunatic. What grief or was it he wondered, that caused her to lose its balance; what strange had been enacted in the tragedy of 2. That sense of mystery which efirst he felt surrounded her had increased; and his interest in her became deeper yet.

d-night!" she said in a low soft ll of pathos, "good night and good-

(To be continued.)

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