

Love Finds the Way

Presently there was a ring at the front door, but my lady, who usually started aghast at such summonses, took no notice of this, and, when a servant opened the door and admitted a gentleman, she still seemed unconscious of everything save her miserable solitude, and it was not until the stranger had stood in the center of the room looking at her for some minutes with a sombre pensive air that she raised her head.

When she did so, he came forward, dropping his cloak, and, with a smile, held it for her.

"Leonor!"

She rose, fixed her eyes upon the bronzed face, and dropped into the chair again.

He started and looked at her attentively. The color forsook his face and left it for a moment livid.

"Great Heaven!" he murmured, hoarsely. "She's going mad!"

He wiped the perspiration from his brow, covertly; then, going up to her, touched her on the arm gently.

At this she sprang up.

"Who is it?" she asked, trembling. "I thought I was dreaming. Who is it?"

"It is I, Leonora; do you not know me?" he said, softly, bending over her and gazing into the thin, wasted face. "I, Melchior Clifford, your old lover!"

She looked at him, breathing slowly, her eyes distending, her color coming and going at each pulsation.

"You!" she said, hoarsely. "You, come back from the dead!"

"No, Leonora, not from the dead. I am alive and well—give me your hand."

He put out his hand as he spoke, but she struck it away quickly.

"If you are Melchior Clifford—and no ghost—give me back my boy, my child-my child!"

"Poor Leonora!" he murmured. "And you believe it all? Alas! think you if I had been I that had stolen him that I should not have cherished him for your sake?"

She stared at him for a moment, her lips forming the words over and over again:

"My child; my child!"

He took her hand.

"Leonora," he said, solemnly, "the child died." It was not I that stole him. A man your husband had injured robbed of your child. I was in France—he was in France ever since."

"It's false!" she retorted. "I heard your voice in my shrubbery a few days ago!"

He started and turned pale.

"So be it!" he muttered, savagely. "I must change the tactics."

Drawing himself to his full height, he seized her arm roughly and brought her close to his hers.

"And, if you did, what then, woman?

Look me in the face, the man you played false—the man whose life you ruined. Look me in the face and tell me what you see there. Is it a face you can conquer—or will it conquer you? Tell me, weak idiot! I am here to-night to pay back old scores in a new way. Collect your senses, Leonora, Lady Melville, for I, your old lover, am here to woo again; this time to wed!"

She still stood like a thing of stone, looking at him with wild, distended eyes.

"Sit down," he said, "and listen. Drink this—and I'll give you a small bottle of cordial from a side table and forced it to her lips. "Collect yourself. You used to be a sensible woman. Look at me. You remember me! I am Melchior Clifford, and I have come back to marry you."

"To marry me!" she breathed, with a shudder.

"Ay!" he said, with a short laugh.

"And to save you, to save you!"

"To save me?" she repeated.

"Ay," he said again. "Do not ask what from? I reply—the gallows."

She shuddered from head to foot, and shrank from the scoffing interrogator as if he had been the loathed thing itself.

"I want Kate Lucas," she said, passing her hand over her forehead.

"Kat Lucas you will never see again," he said. "She is gone, with all your other troubles," and he waved his white hand.

"Never again," she said, looking troubled and bewildered. "Never again."

"Never!" he said.

"Why? How?" she said. "She will come back."

"No," he said.

Then, seeing she had lost the thread and was groping for it helplessly in her confusion, he helped her.

"She was in my power, Leonora. Poor girl! she deserved a better fate. Now she is yours."

"In mine!" she repeated, monotonously.

"Ay," he said. "Go upstairs and look at your jewel case. In a single stone or trinket remain, Rose is not half so sensible a girl as I thought."

"My jewels!" she repeated. "Stolen them!"

"Ay," he said, holding the hands at his back to the blaze, and smiling at her with the old masterful smile.

"You are the cursed doctor, who murdered—poisoned Sir Ralph and Lilian Melville!"

"I am," he said, "but an accomplice and servant of yours, my lady. You may remember, perhaps, bestowing a pretty little casket with a pretty little enclosure on a certain governess—"

"Oh heaven! You, too, are in league with that she-fieid, and between you have worked my ruin in this world and the next?"

"A very comfortable ruin," he said, waving his white hand round the luxuriant room with a smile.

"That other villain, too," she continued, running over the past and its complications, and trying to unravel the skein which she herself had helped to entangle.

"You, too, helped him, perhaps, to tyrannize over and tantalize me."

"Lord Harcourt, you mean," he said, and a dark frown knit his brow. "No, Leonora, he is as much my enemy as yours; my lord and I have a little matter to settle; but all in good time. No, Lady Melville, there is no sympathy between my Lord Bully and me. Call me what you will—the fiend if you like—but you cannot say I ever treated a woman like a cur. Come, sit down and be calm; what good can you find in going over the past, and trying to connect me with every link of it? It is enough that I am here at your feet as of old, to woo and to win."

She let him take her hand, seeming unconscious that she did so, and he led her to the couch, where she sat staring at the fire and plucking the crepe of her dress with her thin, nervous hands.

He watched her closely in silence. Suddenly she looked up and round like a fugitive surrounded on all sides, and then, fixing her eyes upon his face, said, pitifully:

"Is there no escape?"

"From me? None. What would you escape from? Look at me. I am not old. I am not wrinkled nor decrepit—not like the man you played me false for, Leonora—and I am rich. Marry me, redeem the pledge of your sweet girlhood, and you have a good husband and a powerful guardian. Refuse, and—well, what better hands do you fall into?"

Lord Harcourt would be back directly to bully you into your grave, Kate Lucas will return to dominate over you and, lastly, some pining official will get upon the scent of that deeper and darker mystery, and—"

"Enough," she breathed, putting up both hands to shut the words out. "I was mad, mad with jealousy and rage; tortured out of my senses by that dreadful woman—your tool. I swear before heaven that I meant them no harm, that I regretted with the bitterest remorse the work of that moment. Oh, merciful powers! what remorse I have endured since. I have seen them night after night, standing in their grave clothes at my bed. I meet them on the stairs of this great, gaunt house. They gibe at me from their frames in the gallery, and they sit by my side at meals and flavor each morsel I eat. Oh, heaven! that we were dead! that I were dead!"

Had the creature at her side had anything further than the mere form of a man he would have had mercy, had taken the fearful load off his victim's heart, but he said nothing and smiled!

"Leonora," he said, presently, "it is the weak—guilty who suffer; drop the past, forget it. What is done is done, and cannot be undone. Long years are before you. You are young yet—"

"Young," she retorted, with bitter scorn. "Look at my face! Yours tells nothing of the crimes you have committed. Mine is seared and stricken with my one. Oh, man, man, by the love you once bore me, leave me to my fate!"

"Ah!" he said; "that's the word. It is fate, Leonora. It was your fate that you should marry me; you fought against it, have fought against it all these years, and see to what effect. Fate has unshamed you in your own toils, and, unalterable as death, still decree that you should be mine. Marry me you must; afterwards, if it please you, we will go to France, Italy, where you will, and in other climes forget the past and build up for ourselves another future."

She shook her head with grave solemnity.

"Forget!" she said. "Never; I have but one hope—and that is death."

"No, no," he said, with a smile. "That is child's play. Let me give you some more cordial. Don't say no. Now you look better. Can you smile? If so, do, for I am going to ring the bell. Will you order a brougham to take me to the inn? To-morrow I shall away to town to get a special license; two days hence, Leonora, you will be the wife of Melchior Clifford, who has waited all these years for you."

She had sunk into her old seat, now, but when he rang the bell she looked up, and, with his eye fixed on hers, ordered the brougham as he had directed.

"Good night, master."

(To be Continued.)

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27, 1909

STORE CLOSES 5 P. M. (EXCEPT SATURDAY)

Great Sale of 2,000 Yards of Fine Corset Cover Embroidery

Former Price 45c, Sale Price 25c Yard
Former Price 75c, Sale price 39c Yard

Immense selling followed our first announcement of the splendid manufacturer's stock of fine Corset Cover Embroideries, purchased in Switzerland much below regular prices for prompt cash, consisting of fine qualities in dainty cross bar, polka dot and floral designs, on sale again to-morrow sharp at 8.30 a.m. 25 and 30¢ per yard.

Magnificent Display of the New Autumn Dress and Suit Fabrics

The New Fall Suits Are Here

Exclusive styles will again reign supreme in our Ready-to-Wear Department, one of the finest display departments in the city, situated on the second floor. Come in and see the new Fall Suits. You will find them here in great varieties. Let us show you through our fine stores.

Ready-to-Wear Dept. Specials for Friday

Cloth and Tweed Skirts \$3.49

In different colors and styles, plain gored and side pleated, a splendid bargain, regular \$5.50, for \$3.49

Cloth Suits \$9.98

A special line in black and some in Tweed and different colors, long coats, beautifully tailored and lined, regular \$16.50, for \$9.98

Black Silk Coats \$9.98

In Taffetas and Peau de Soie, long, semi-fitted and loose styles, beautifully trimmed with applique, regular \$18.50, a bargain for \$9.98

Friday Specials--Worth Reg. 20c

Nainsook 15c

A fine quality of Nainsook, nice, even thread, 42 inches wide; special value 15c yard

Tea Towels 12½c

Tea Towels, bordered and hemstitched, ready for use, pure linen; regular 15c, special 12½c each

Table Napkins

Odd Napkins, 3-8 size, splendid value, excellent for lunch use, etc.; special value 7½c each

Friday Curtain Bargains

Double Thread Curtains

Strong, good wearing styles, very durable, neat attractive designs, all full length.

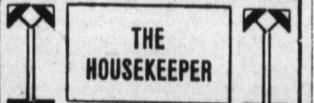
Regular \$2.25, Thursday \$1.48 pair
Regular \$2.75, Thursday \$1.95 pair
Regular \$3.50, Thursday \$2.44 pair

\$3 Screens \$1.50 Each

Just to clear out odd lines. A snap. Filled with fancy art filling.

J. D. CLIMIE
30 and 32 King West

R. MCKAY & CO.



THE
HOUSEKEEPER

BAKED TOMATOES WITH SHRIMPS.

For one can or its equivalent of shrimps broken into small pieces prepare six round, medium sized tomatoes by cutting off a good slice at top, removing the pulp and inverting on a sieve to drain. Melt two tablespoonsfuls of butter and cook in this slowly three slices of onion until slightly browned, then remove and add tomato pulp. Cook this for a few minutes, then add about one and a quarter cupfuls of bread crumbs and enough cream to make a soft paste—nearly one-third of cupful. When blended, put the pans in slow oven for about forty minutes.

CHEESE-TOMATO STEW.

Pel six medium sized tomatoes (canned tomatoes may be used), cut in pieces, and boil until thoroughly cooked. When tomatoes are well done add one-half pound grated American cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Let mixture cook until it is right thickness to spread on toast. After cheese is added stir constantly to prevent sticking to pan.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Take twelve large smooth tomatoes, one teaspoonful salt, little pepper, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of onion juice, cut a thin slice from the smooth end of each, with a small spoon scoop out as much of the pulp and juice as possible without injuring their shape. Mix pulp with the other ingredients and fill tomatoes with this mixture. Put on tops, arrange in a baking pan that has been buttered and baked slowly three-quarters of an hour. Lift with cake turner to platter, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH CHICKEN LIVERS.

Take nice fresh tomatoes, cut off the tops, scrape out all the inside, and fill with the following mixture. Bake on a buttered tin. Serve each tomato on a crouton of bread. Serve hot on dish with little white of egg whipped to a stiff froth on each.

Lash for a Wife-Beater.

Winnipeg, Aug. 25.—The magistrate here is a great believer in the lash for brutal husbands who beat their wives, but he has not heretofore imposed such sentence until to-day, when he ordered F. Rich to receive twelve lashes, in addition to three months in jail, for battering his wife.

The coachman tightened his reins and was about to start when a man, a farm laborer by his dress, walked across the road with a true yokel lurch and stopped the carriage.

When a man's faith makes his head hot it conceals his heart.

The sense of imperfection may be the best evidence of a saint.

The light from the entrance hall

was calling at the office for the first call.

GREEN BROS., Funeral Directors.

DR. O'HARE'S OINTMENT.

STEAMSHIPS

White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships

MONTREAL—QUEBEC—LIVERPOOL

LAURENTIAN—TRINITY—QUEBEC

DOMINION—TRINITY—QUEBEC

MEGATHON—QUEBEC