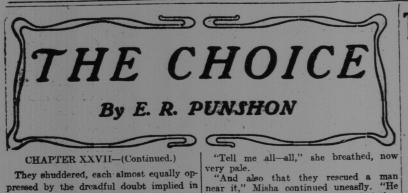
## POOR DOCUMENT



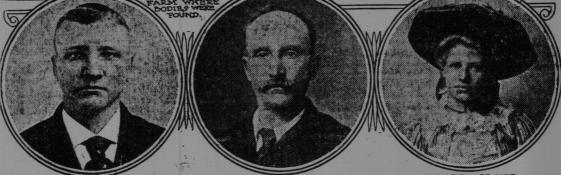
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1908

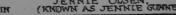


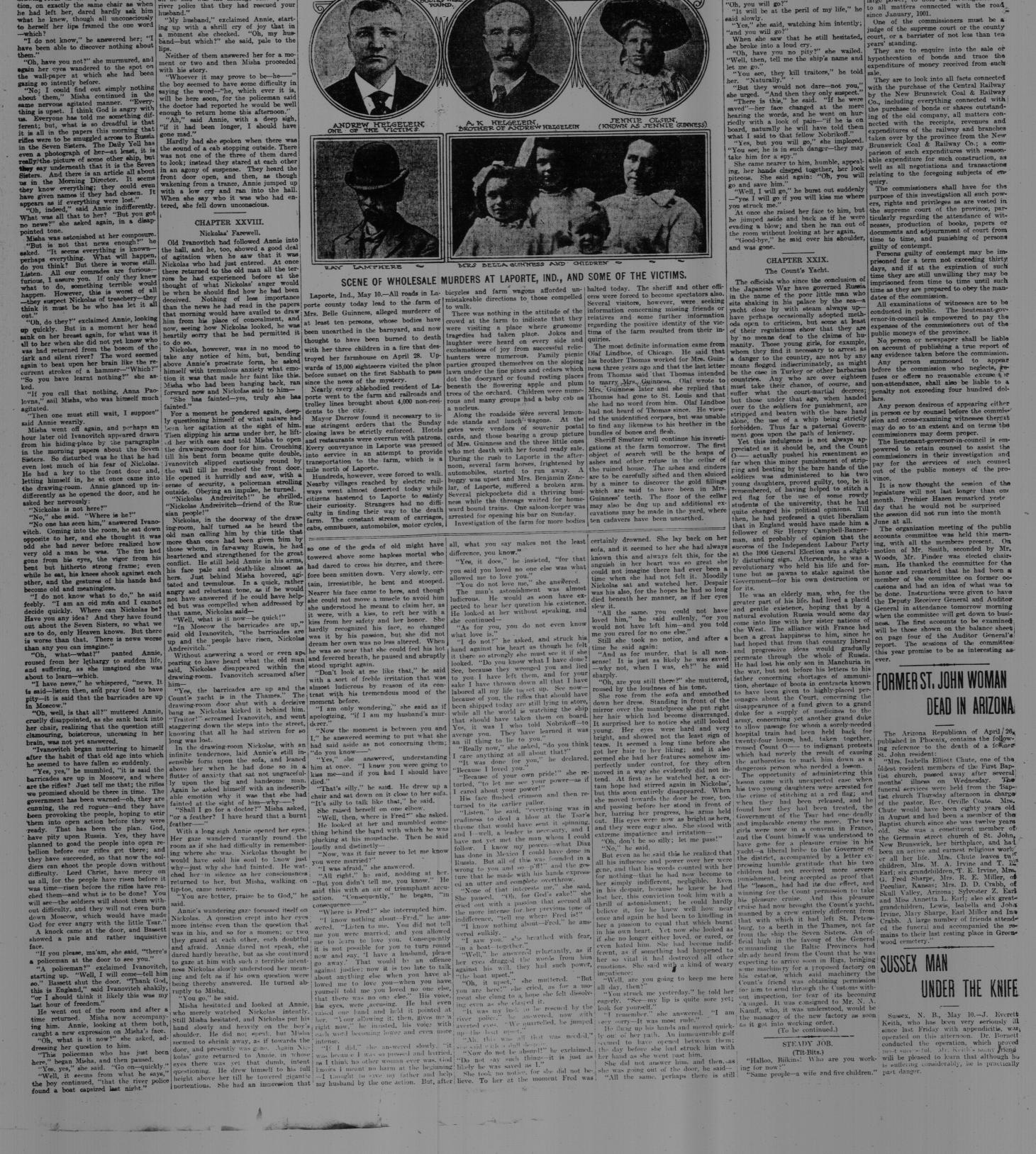
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## THOUSANDS OF PICNICKERS AND RELIC HUNTERS SUNDAY VISITORS TO BURIAL PLACE OF MRS. GUINNESS' VICTIMS









something I can tell you. When I say it is likely he was saved, I have a reason." She turned back to him at once, all swiftness and eagerness. "What-what reason?" she asked, pal-

What—what reason?" she asked, pal-itating with anxiety. "When the boat upset," he told here sulkily, "I shouted—I knew where with were—that we were close to the Count' yacht on which there was sure to be a watch kept. So I shouted out as I went over certain words that have been a kind of signal or password among us." "Yes, ycs," she said eagerly; "then per-haps they saved him—then perhaps he is on the yacht. Oh, where is the yacht then? What is her name?" "Be reasonable," he said. "If you went they would pretend ignorance." "Oh, but—but"—she said hesitating-"they would tell you," she said quickly. The suggestion staggered him, for he understood at once what it meant. None the less he was conscious of a keen joy that he was no longer negligible to her. "Yes, but they suspect me already," he said "They think I betrayed them."

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that he was no longer negligible to her. "Yes, but they suspect me already," he said. "They think I betrayed them." "Yes, but they only suspect," she urged. And it seemed to her she dared hardly go herself, not knowing how Fred felt to-wards her, or what greeting he might give her. "Suspicions do not matter," she said to Nickolas. "You ask me to go to find out there?" spicions do not matter," to go to find out there?" athed, "I am nearly mad, know if I am mu hus 'You ask me to go to find out there?" he said slowly. "Ah," she brea

"An," she breathed, "I am nearly mad, with longing, to know if I am my hus-band's murderer. Yes, go," she said. "Oh, you will go?" "It will be at the peril of my life," he said slowly. "Yes," she said, watching him intently.

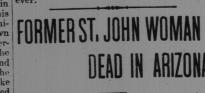
said slowly. "Yes," she said, watching him intently; "and you will go?" When she saw that he still hesitated, herein intents is a load gry

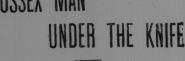
When she saw that he still heshated, she broke into a loud cry. "Oh, have you no pity?" she wailed. "Well, then, tell me the ship's name and let me go." I have the ship's name and let me go."

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