



CHAPTER XVII.

It was useless to fight any longer. That was the burden of Lola's thoughts as she sat with Pierre's short, premonitory note lying on her lap.

She had done her utmost in the fight for happiness. She had striven hard to retain it in her hands, but the fate of fighting against her, and there was nothing left but to own herself beaten and accept the defeat as best she could.

It was hard to give it all up—hardest of all to lose Jeffrey's love and to feel that he would know her for a cheat and a liar and worse.

She ran back in thought over the events of the time since her arrival in England and smiled at herself contemptuously as she saw one after another the objects of false she had taken. How paltry and unworthy seemed now the little ambitions which had cherished then, how utterly weak and poor the objects for which she had striven.

To be the wife of a rich man she had schemed and plotted and intrigued. And what had it proved to be? The one sacrifice that now caused her the least regret was that of her money and position. The one thing she dreaded to lose now was the one thing which she despised then—Jeffrey's love.

She had traded on his love to win wealth and honor for herself, and she had nothing but dishonor for him and a desolate, broken life for herself.

Yet he had loved her—loved her like the true, gallant man he was. The thought cheered her, though it brought scalding tears to her eyes, which she gathered and blurted all her sobs and then fell unheeded. In all the years to come and whatever might befall her or him he would never blot out from his memory the love he had once had for her, and she loved the thought of that.

If only the truth could be kept from him for always! She would give her life, she thought, if that could be. What would he think of her if she were to die? How would he feel if he were to come into the room and find her dead?

Now she recalled some words that Pierre had spoken about drugs that told no tale and left no mark. What were they? How could they be obtained?

How would it be to go to Pierre as he said in his letter, to seem to fall from him the drug for that purpose and then herself take it? That would be easier than to find some poison by herself. It did not need any such elaborate preparation as she had feared.

She had but to feign a bad headache with sleeplessness and take a sleeping draft strong enough—for her to wake no more.

No one would think of poison. Her life lay all before her, bright with a dazzling promise of happiness, thought the world. How little the world knew! Two people would understand, however, and know the truth—the man who held her in his merciless power and Beryl, who had guessed the secret.

What would they think? Nay, what would they do? Would Beryl tell? She thought of the girl's cold, firm, deliberate nature and for a moment wavered how to answer the question. No; Beryl would not carry any feeling, however keen, beyond the grave. She felt that. If she had paid the penalty with her life, Beryl would be as silent as the grave in which she herself was to bury the secret.

But what of Pierre? As she thought of him she was cold and sick. She knew too well what he would do. He would seek at once to threaten on the shameful knowledge. He would tell all the whole story to Jeffrey, threaten him with exposure if he were not paid hush money, and thus hold him in bondage by the knowledge of her shame till Jeffrey should come to hate her very name and curse the day when he had grown to love her.

The gates of death were thus shut against her, and she felt that she must work out some other means of escape. Not once in all her misery did she think of telling Jeffrey. She knew him so thoroughly and knew how he would turn from her act and her shame that the mere thought of facing him at such a moment was more than she could endure.

For this there was another reason, known only to herself, and the knowledge of it had set up in her mind hundreds of confusing thoughts, fears, impulses and emotions. There was the hope of a little life that was some day to be born, and, like a sword piercing the flesh and turning in the wound to prolong the agony, was the knowledge that the child—Jeffrey's—would be the child of shame.

She knew too well what Jeffrey would feel and think and say if once this knowledge were forced upon him, and the fear, and the shame, and the love, and the misery all blended to drive the wretched girl to distraction.

Gradually out of the blinding mist and sorrow an idea began to take shape. If she were to see Pierre and lure him to delay any longer, she might have formed by promising to wed with him something might happen to prevent his doing any harm.

and a last bliss that his recollection of her might be all of love and brightness, she sent him down stairs happy and loving.

In all the moments of stress and pain that followed that last look of her haunted eyes, she had not been able to learn to blame himself solely for having been so dull and blind as not to have seen before him the stormcloud of trial and trouble and suffering that was about to burst.

As it was he thought chiefly of her love for him and only speculated in a vague and general way as to the cause of the moodiness in which he had found her.

At dinner time Lola did not appear, but a message came from her that she had felt uneasy about Beryl and had determined to go over and see her.

"How odd Lola is!" exclaimed Mrs. De Witt when she heard this. "Why, this afternoon she got me to go over to Beryl, and then when I got back I couldn't find her anywhere to give Beryl's message."

"She is strange about Beryl; that's all," said Sir Jeffrey, and so the subject passed, but the dinner without Lola was very constrained, and Sir Jeffrey was more disturbed than he cared to show.

As soon as it was finished and he was alone he told the butler to find out what time the carriage was ordered to bring Lola back. The reply was that the carriage had been sent back without any orders, and that Lola was to return in one of the Leycester Court carriages.

This surprised him very much, and he ordered out a saddle horse and rode to Leycester Court, saying nothing to any one of his intention.

When he came back, his face was very stern and pale. "Has Lady Walcott returned?" he asked instantly, and the servant told him she had not and handed him a letter, which he opened and read with a gasp. It was from Lola, and he caught his breath as if in pain.

"When did this come and how?" he asked shortly. "I answered Sir Jeffrey after a moment's hesitation. 'I found the bag actually trying to hurt Lola. I believe he meant mischief, too, and I horsewhipped him and turned him out.'"

"You frightened me," he said, claiming his mother, turning pale and grasping the arms of her chair. "Can there be any connection between that and this?"

"I never thought of that," he answered in a voice low and anxious. "I'll find him and drag out of him every syllable he knows."

"Be cautious, Jeffrey. He may be a dangerous man. I can see that—and you are blind. Where is that Turanian?"

He started at her words and looked earnestly at her for a moment. "I'll tell you tomorrow," he repeated. "I mean to be away."

"Why don't you tell me?" she asked a little warmly and with a suggestion of reproach and defiance in her looks. "It is not a case of trust or distrust, but tonight there is nothing to tell."

"As you will," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Still you can have my advice even if you won't give me your confidence. Find the Frenchman."

He made no answer, but turned and left the room, and went to the library. Taking up the London directory, he searched among the private inquiry agencies until he found a name which he remembered—Gifford of Southampton Row, London. He wrote out a telegram asking him to come to the house at once, and he rode off fast through the night to Mrs. Villiers' house to try to gather from her some clue to Lola's movements.

As he went he took up the train of thought which his mother's words had suggested and pondered it over and over. Was there any connection between that scene of the morning and Lola's flight? Had that villainous coward anything to do with forcing them apart? Or, if not, how had he so suddenly derided Sir Jeffrey's words a deep, strong oath—he should pay dearly for it.

But how could it possibly be so? If the signs of a true and deep love were ever shown for a man, Lola had shown them for him that day both by word and act. Not for a moment would he distrust her—not, if all the world were against her to swear away her faith and love for him.

He would find her and bring her back. That he vowed to himself, and the thought that he could do it comforted and cheered him and lifted him in a measure above the choking flood of misery and regret. He would find her to that resolve—to that and to his undimmed love for her.

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS. RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM, N. B. Successors to Gillespie Foundry. Established 1852. Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing, Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country. All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere. Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc. in stock and to order. JAS. G. MILLER.

Established 1866. Dunlap Bros. & Co., AMHERST, N. S. Dunlap, McKim & Downs, WALLACE, N. S. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S. DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS, GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS AMHERST, N. S.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND HARDWARE. Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated WEATHER AND WATERPROOF, THE BEST EVER MADE. School Blackboard Paint. Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing. Graining Colors, all kinds. Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades. Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint. Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rose wood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof. Kalsomine all shades. 7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure. 1 " Turpentine. 100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints. 1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil. Ready Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron. 10 Kegs, 100 lbs. each Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron. Paint and White Wash Brushes. VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Driers. Joiners' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty. Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc. Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps. 75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper. 75 Kegs Wire Nails, \$2.45 per Keg. 30 Boxes Window Glass. 20 Kegs Horse Shoes, \$3.90 per Keg, 15 Boxes Horse Nails \$3.00 box. 19 Tons Refined Iron, \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones Grindstone Fixtures. WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS \$1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS \$2.50, DAISY CHURNS \$3.75.

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns. Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Ac cordeons Violins, Bows and Fixings. FARMING TOOLS. ALL KINDS. Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each, Knife Heads, \$3.00. Guards, 35c. each, Rivets, Oilers. My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention. All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest prove this by calling. J. R. GOGGIN.

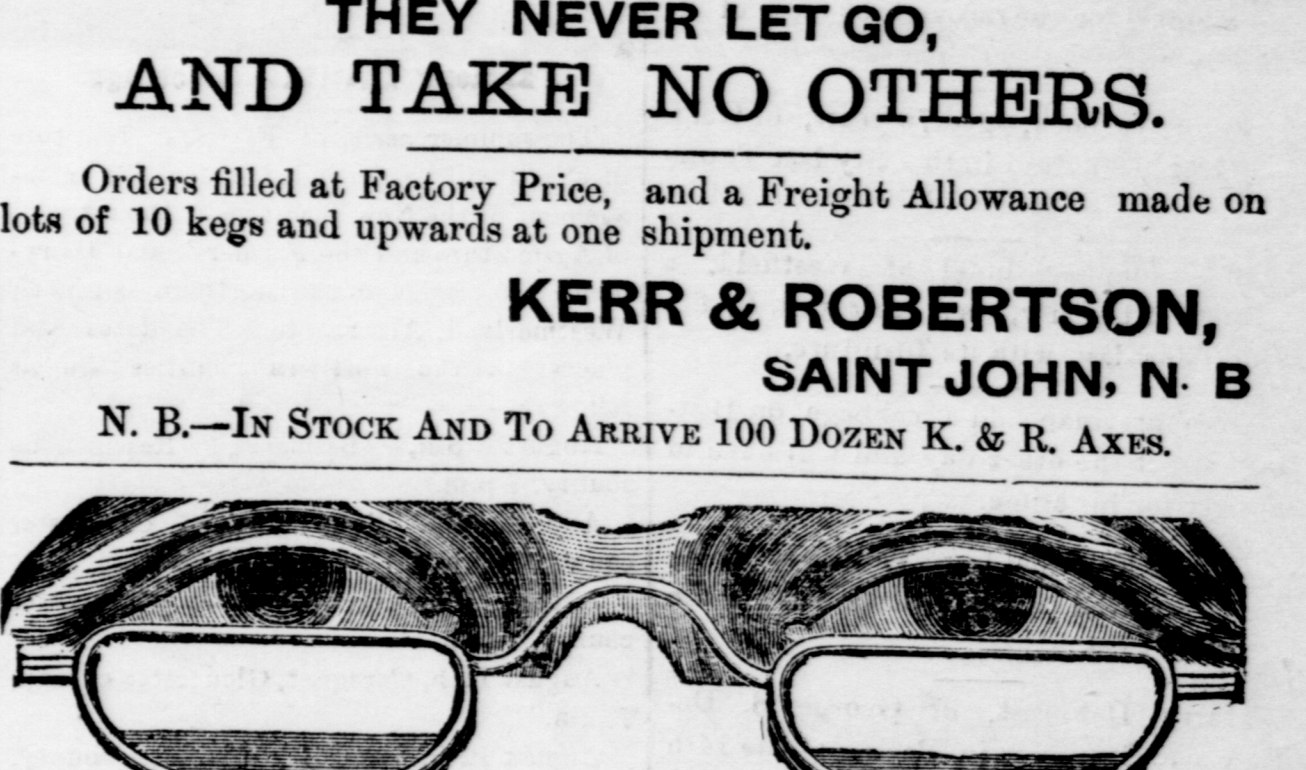
OPENING OF NEW SPRING GOODS, AT J. B. SNOWBALL'S. BLACK AND COLORED DRESS GOODS IN ALL THE LEADING STYLES, BLACK AND COLORED FRENCH MERINOS AND CASHMERS, PRINTS, SATEENS, MUSLINS, SCOTCH TWEED SUITINGS AND PANTINGS, BLACK AND COLORED WORSTED AND DIAGONALS, CANADIAN TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS AND CAPS IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. A Large Stock of Gents' Furnishings. White and Colored Shirts, Ties, Braces, 1-2 Hose, Etc. WOOL UNION, TAPESTRY, BRUSSELLS AND HEMP CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTH, 4-4 5-4 6-4 8-4, LINEN TOWELS AND TOWELLING, TABLE LINEN AND NAPKINS IN GREAT VARIETY. TRUNKS AND VALISES.

FURNACES FURNACES, WOOD OR COAL, REASONABLE PRICES. STOVES COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES AT LOW PRICES. PUMPS, PUMPS, Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also all kinds of hardware and mill work in stock. A. C. McLean Chatham. Building Lots. FOR SALE on Prices, Victoria and Howard Streets. Sizes of lots 50x100 50x125 50x150. These lots are situated in the most desirable part of the city and will be sold at reasonable terms. J. B. SNOWBALL. Chatham, 12th April, 1895.

OUR GROCERY AND PROVISION DEPARTMENT IS ALWAYS WELL STOCKED AND ALL GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES TO MEET COMPETITION. J. B. SNOWBALL.

Miramichi Foundry, STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS, CHATHAM N. B. JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, PROPRIETOR. Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished, complete. GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. CAN DIES. IRON PIPE VALVES AND FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS. DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. ASK FOR MONARCH Steel Wire Nails, THEY NEVER LET GO, AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Prices, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment. KERR & ROBERTSON, SAINT JOHN, N. B. N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.



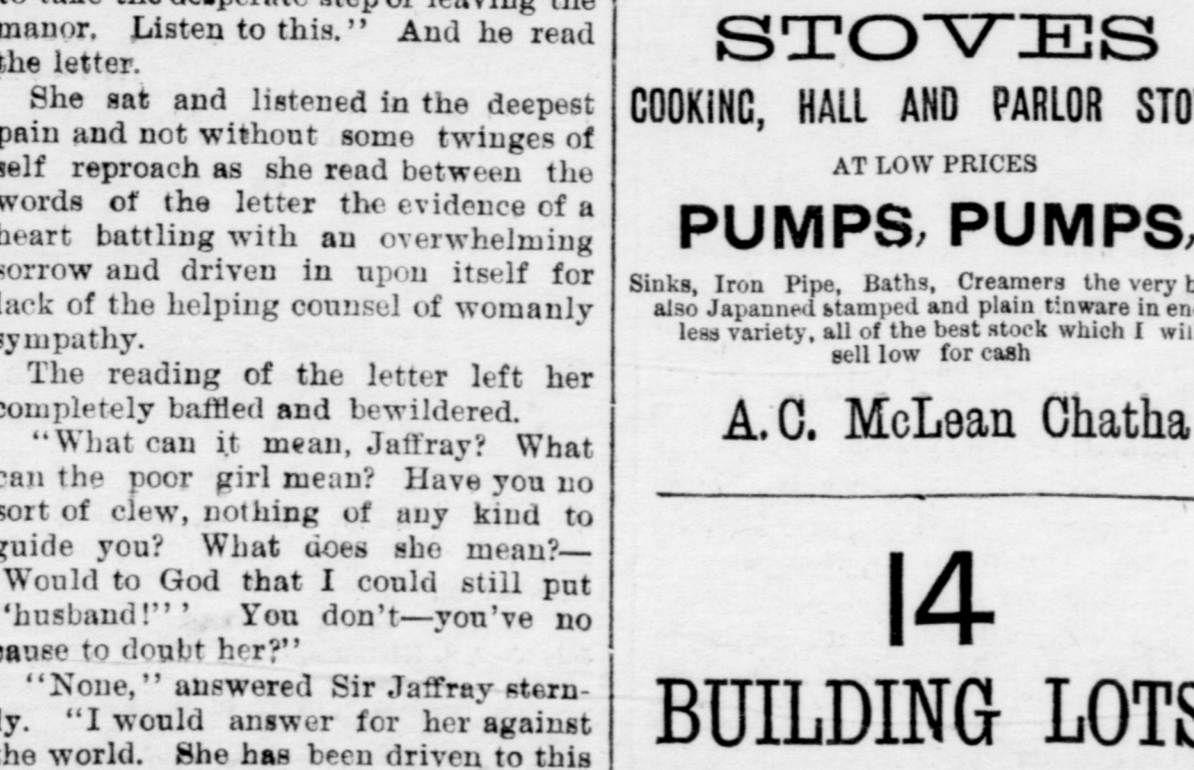
The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles. 1st.—That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they ASSIST and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary. 2nd.—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of EASE and COMFORT not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers. 3rd.—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched. 4th.—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect. The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glass so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge. J. D. B. MACKENZIE. Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

Miramichi Advance, CHATHAM, N. B. THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING. TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

JOB PRINTING AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE. ALWAYS ON HAND: RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS, FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE, MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND, MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES, BILLS OF SALE, DRAFTS, SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETARIES' BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS, TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES, DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

THREE MACHINE PRESSES and other requisite plant constantly running. Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province. The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both MEDAL AND DIPLOMA AT THE DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AT ST JOHN IN 1883. Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS. Following are our Prices for Dyeing. Orders Promptly Attended to. Satisfaction Guaranteed. PRICE LIST. DYEING. SUITS, \$2.25. VESTS, \$1.00. OVERCOATS, \$1.00. UNDERCOATS, \$1.00. LADIES' WEAR. DRESSES DYED, WHOLE, \$1.50. DRESSES DYED, HALVES, \$1.00. SKIRTS DYED, WHOLE, \$1.00. SKIRTS DYED, HALVES, \$0.75. WAISTS DYED, WHOLE, \$0.75. WAISTS DYED, HALVES, \$0.50. SHAWLS, \$0.50. CLOVES, \$0.50. SHAWLS (Belgian), \$0.50. SILK DRESSES, \$0.50. SHIRTS, \$0.50. DRESS GOODS, per yard, \$0.50. WINDOW CURTAINS, per yard, \$0.50. FEATHERS, DYED, \$0.30. FEATHERS, CLEANSED, \$0.25. 10c. to 75c.



"When did this come and how?" he asked shortly. "I answered Sir Jeffrey after a moment's hesitation. 'I found the bag actually trying to hurt Lola. I believe he meant mischief, too, and I horsewhipped him and turned him out.'"

she said, her lips trembling and half refusing to frame any words at all. "Well, read your letter. Perhaps Beryl has some good news for you about her father. Read it and then let me see whether I can't cheer you up a bit. You are so strong usually that you startle me when you are like this."

GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.