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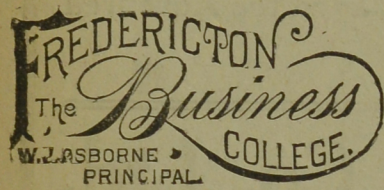
PRICE :- is what you pay for a thing when you get it. You pay it Once.

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The Lash of Circumstance

— BY —
Harry Irving Greene

Author of "Yosonde of the Wilderness"

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service, Limited.

"But nevertheless I am going to do it. Soul and body, I want you to prevail, and your sacrifices to the common cause shall be mine. There will be enough wine left for us when we do not have to think of a to-morrow. Come. Let us go now." I looked around and then glanced at my watch. It was 11 o'clock, and a steady stream of humanity was flowing towards the exit, as we wedged ourselves into it. Once outside the enclosure I started the motor, and taking my place, assisted her to her seat, standing erect for a moment thereafter as I allowed my eyes to wander over the outpouring stream. Through the midst of it I saw a big man with a coarse face and flowing moustaches plowing his way, his small evil-set eyes rivetted upon me with ominous fixity. It was Richard Mackay, and the malevolent jealousy of his expression filled me with an unholy joy of triumph. I laughed point blank in his face as I seated myself beside my fiancée and tucked the robe close about her with lingering and ostentatious familiarity before throwing forward the lever. A side-long glance stolen at her told me that she had not noticed him in the press, and with no reference to his having been present, I sent the car humming homeward.

She asked me if I cared to come within for a few moments, and together we were lifted to her floor. In her reception parlor I seated myself close beside her, gathering her hands in mine. The first intoxication of success had passed, and a great, quiet joy had settled upon me, soothing and reposeful. Never had I been filled with better impulses than in this hour. In my victory the better side of my nature came uppermost in my gratitude to the Infinite. Firmly I resolved that my life in the future should be one of which no man might be ashamed, and for what I had done in the past that was unworthy I silently avowed amends. For the sake of the woman by my side I should lead a life that our sons would be proud to emulate. I would command her respect in all things. Speculation I did not consider a moral offense. It was but a battle of money and wits, and to the victors of the earth the spoils legitimately belong.

I told her the general trend of my thoughts, with much earnestness, and she listened without comment, her face slightly averted and her hands resting contentedly in mine. I kissed her eyes and forehead, and she sighed softly as her bosom rose. Just what the sigh meant I did not know, and did not ask, but believed it was the responsive chords of her nature sounding to my touch. She had told me that she cared more for me than for any other man, and that under conditions which I appreciated were not unreasonable, she would rather live within my arms than those of any other person. Neither had she made my financial success an unqualified condition of our marriage, but had merely pointed out the great desirability of it as an added stimulus to my endeavors. That the principal reason she had advanced as to why she wished me to possess wealth was that I might be able to be more often at her side thrilled me with joy whenever it recurred to me. Had she not really loved me her desires in this respect must have been just the reverse.

The buzzing of the door bell aroused us from our close communion with a mutual start. It was an unusual summons, one sharp pressure upon the button closely followed by two more of some seconds duration each. At the first alarm her hands involuntarily tightened in mine, and as the longer notes hummed their insistence I saw the color rush from her cheeks in a scurrying tide. Her form straightened and grew tense, and arising she glided with swift noiselessness across the room and touched the button that summoned her maid. As though she had been waiting in the doorway, Janet slipped into the room. Her mistress addressed her swiftly.

"Janet, say that I am not at home. Under no circumstance permit him to enter. If he says that it is important, tell him that he may call me up in the morning." Beyond all question greatly agitated, she returned to near where I sat, placing herself before the piano in the attitude of one about to play. Her face was unnaturally bloodless, and a thin, hair-like line about the corners of her mouth seemed to be constricting her lips. Altogether the change in her appearance was not to my liking, and the quick stealth of her movements caused a most uncomfortable sensation to run through me; a mingled feeling of guilt and doggedness, as though I had been surprised in a forbidden bower by its rightful lord. A totally different type from the soft and perfectly poised creature of the moment before was revealed to me in those fleeting seconds of quick action and swift sentences, and my breath came faster before the contrast. In the few steps that had been required to take her across the room and back, her face had become that of an older, harder woman. The sensitive beauty of her mouth had been lost in its compression; her cheeks were like polished marble; the soft lustre of her eyes had turned into the glinting brilliancy of gems. Whether it was fear or anger or a blending of the two that had wrought this magic transformation I could not determine.

Almost breathlessly I watched the maid as she swung the door slightly and stood blocking the opening with her little form. From without rumbled the heavy tones of a man unsteady and thick from drink. "Good evening, Janet. I would like to see Mrs. Dace." The girl's answer was softly apologetic.

"My mistress is not at home." The reply which followed was preceded by a low

"You know better, Janet. Tell her I wish to see her. Tell her, also, that it is a matter of importance."

"But I have said that she is not at home. But of course she will be here in the morning and you can then communicate with her. I have no doubt she will be pleased to hear from you."

In the instant of heavy haggard silence which followed I shot a glance at Mrs. Dace. She had leaned slightly forward, her hands clenched and her ears strained in the direction of the door. Then the notes of the man arose again, a sullen growl sounding through them.

"Did she order you to tell me this nonsense or are you acting upon your own responsibility?" The voice of the yellow girl, theretofore respectful, took on a cold insolence.

"That is a matter for you to form your own opinion about. At least I am willing to accept any responsibility for what I may tell you. You may ask her concerning it when you see her again."

Plainly and distinctly Mackay swore, and I saw the door yield slightly to the pressure of a heavy hand from without. In the twinkling of an eye the maid's slender figure became that of an enraged panther, and her tones rang out with positive viciousness. "If you try to force your way in here against me I will have you thrown head and heels into the street by the employees. Release that door instantly."

He swore again, the pressure ceased and I heard his heavy step as it retreated down the hall. In a trice the maid had closed the door behind him and stood before us with a hot flush upon her face and her eyes aghast. Mrs. Dace drew a long breath, and her form and features softened. Once more she became the low-spoken, perfectly self-controlled woman of a minute before. "You did very well, Janet. I think that is all for the present. You may retire now." Noiselessly the girl slipped past us and disappeared behind a portiere.

I turned to her mistress. "What does this mean, Marie?" I asked quietly, but with the sickening sensation that I had experienced once before, making my knees weak and my throat dry. She faced me with an almost imperceptible lifting of her eyebrows and shoulders.

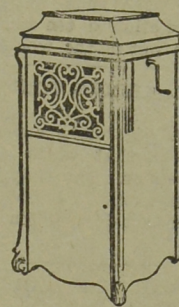
"So far as I know it means nothing except that Mr. Mackay has been drinking and wished to see me for some reason of which I am as ignorant as you are."

(To Be Continued.)

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GONE TO TORONTO—Dr. Inch, chief superintendent of education, has gone to Toronto to have a conference with the Ontario minister of education. He will also attend a meeting of the Methodist General Conference.

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