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almost marvellous. They made me
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stored my health. I would urge every
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diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
ized for the Counties of York Sun-
bury and Queens, and the City of Fred-
ericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
retary.

All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned disabled soldiers as employees
and all returned discharged soldiers
wanting employment residing therein
are requested to notify the secretary

JUDGE WILSON,
T. C. ALLEN, Secretary
Chairman.

BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XV—Mrs. Desmond in her
effort to get to Brood to inter-
cede for Frederic, but is prevented
by Yvonne, who tells her that she is too
late, as the two men are now together
and Brood is telling Frederic.

CHAPTER XVI—Brood tells Frederic
the story of his dead wife and the music
master. Yvonne tells Brood he has struck
a man sleeping, and that his own heart
is breaking.

CHAPTER XVII—Yvonne goes to Fred-
eric in the jade-room and asks him to go
away with her. He refuses. She taunts
then tempts him. Brood comes through
the doorway. Ranjab behind him.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I am
ready to go away with you."

He fell back stunned beyond the
power of speech. His brain was filled
with a thousand clattering noises.

"He has turned you out," she went
on rapidly. "He disowns you. Very
well; the time has come for me to
exact payment from him for that and
for all that has gone before. I shall
go away with you. I—"

"Impossible!" he cried, finding his
tongue and drawing still farther away
from her.

"Are you not in love with me?" she
whispered softly.

He put his hands to his eyes to shut
out the alluring vision.

"For God's sake, Yvonne—leave me.
Let me go my way. Let me—"

"He cursed your mother! He curses
you! He damns you—as he damned
her. You can pay him up for every-
thing. You owe nothing to him. He
has killed every—"

Frederic straightened up suddenly,
and with a loud cry of exultation
raised his clenched hands above his
head.

"By heaven, I will break him! I
will make him pay! Do you know
what he has done to me? Listen to
this: he boasts of having reared me
to manhood, as one might bring up a
prize beast, that he might make me
pay for the wrong that my poor
mother did a quarter of a century
ago. All these years he has had in
mind this thing that he has done to-
day. All my life has been spent in
preparation for the sacrifice that came
an hour ago. I have suffered all these
years in ignorance of—"

"Not so loud!" she whispered,
alarmed by the vehemence of his re-
awakened fury.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" he cried, sav-
agely. "Can you imagine anything
more diabolical than the scheme he
has had in mind all these years? To
pay out my mother—whom he loved
and still loves—yes, by heaven, he still
loves her!—he works to this beastly
end. He made her suffer the agonies
of the damned up to the day of her
death by refusing her the right to
have the child that he swears is no
child of his. Oh, you don't know the
story—you don't know the kind of
man you have for a husband—you
don't—"

"Yes, yes, I do know," she cried, vio-
lently, beating her breast with clenched
hands. "I do know! I know that he
still loves the poor girl who went out
of this house with his curses ringing
in her ears a score of years ago, and
who died still hearing them. And I
had almost come to the point of pity-
ing him—I was failing—I was weaken-
ing. He is a wonderful man. I—I
was losing myself. But that is all
over. Three months ago I could have
left him without a pang—yesterday I
was afraid that it would never be pos-
sible. Today it makes it easy for me.
He has hurt you beyond all reason, not
because he hates you but because he
loved your mother."

"But you do love him," cried Fred-
eric, in stark wonder. "You don't care
the snap of your finger for me. What
is all this you are saying, Yvonne?
You must be mad. Think! Think
what you are saying."

"I have thought—I am always think-
ing. I know my own mind well enough.
It is settled; I am going away and I
am going with you."

"I cannot listen to you, Yvonne,"
cried Frederic, almost. His heart was
pounding so fiercely that the blood
surged to his head in great waves, al-
most stunning him with its velocity.

"We go tomorrow," she cried out,
in an ecstasy of triumph. She was
convinced that he would go! "La
Provence!"

"Good God in heaven!" he gasped,
dropping suddenly into a chair and
burying his face in his shaking hands.
"What will this mean to Lydia—what
will she do—what will become of her?"

A quiver of pain crossed the wom-
an's face, her eyes fell as if to shut
out something that shamed her in
spite of all her vainglorious protesta-
tions. Then the spirit of exultation re-
sumed its sway.

"You cannot marry Lydia now," she
said, affecting a sharpness of tone that
caused him to shrink involuntarily. "It
is your duty to write her a letter to-
night, explaining all that has hap-
pened today. She would sacrifice her-
self for you today, but there is—to-
morrow! A thousand tomorrows, Fred-
eric. Don't forget them, my dear.
They would be ugly after all, and she
is too good, too fine to be dragged
into—"

"You are right!" he exclaimed, leap-
ing to his feet. "It would be the vilest
act that a man could perpetrate. Why—
why it would be proof of what he
says of me—it would stamp me
forever the bastard he—No, no, I could
never lift my head again if I were to
do this utterly vile thing to Lydia. He
said to me here—not an hour ago—that
he expected me to go ahead and
blight that loyal girl's life, that I
would consider it a noble means of
self-justification! What do you think
of that? He—But wait! What is
this that we are proposing to do?"

Give me time to think! Why—why,
I can't take you away from him,
Yvonne! God in heaven, what am I
thinking of? Have I no sense of
honor? Am I—"

"You are not his son," she said,
significantly.

"But that is no reason why I should
stoop to a foul trick like this. Do—
do you know what you are suggest-
ing?" He drew back from her with a
look of disgust in his eyes. "No! I'm
not that vile! I—"

"Frederic, you must let me—"

"I don't want to hear anything
more, Yvonne. What manner of wom-
an are you? He is your husband, he
loves you, he trusts you—oh, yes, he
does! And you would leave him like
this? You would—"

"Hush! Not so loud!" she cried, in
great agitation.

"And let me tell you something
more. Although I can never marry
Lydia, by heaven, I shall love her to
the end of my life. I will not betray
that love. To the end of time she shall
know that my love for her is real and
true and—"

"Wait! Give me time to think," she
pleaded. He shook his head reso-

lutely. "Do not judge me too harshly.
Hear what I have to say before you
condemn me. I am not the vile crea-
ture you think, Frederic. Wait! Let
me think!"

He stared at her for a moment in
deep perplexity, and then slowly drew
near. "I do not believe you mean to
do wrong—I do not believe it of you.
You have been carried away by some
horrible—"

"Listen to me," she broke in, fierce-
ly. "I would have sacrificed you—ay,
sacrificed you, poor boy—for the joy
it would give me to see James Brood
grovel in misery for the rest of his
life. Oh! She uttered a groan of
despair and self-loathing so deep and
full of pain that his heart was chilled.
"Good Lord, Yvonne!" he gasped,
dumfounded.

"Do not come near me," she cried
out, covering her face with her hands.
For a full minute she stood before him,
straight and rigid as a statue, a tragic
figure he was never to forget. Sudden-
ly she lowered her hands. To his
surprise, a smile was on her lips. "You
would never have gone away with me.
I know it now. All these months I
have been counting on you for this
very hour—this culminating hour—and
now I realize how little hope I have
really had, even from the beginning.
You are honorable. There have been
times when my influence over you was
such that you resisted only because
you were loyal to yourself—not to
Lydia, not to my husband—but to
yourself. I came to this house with
but one purpose in mind. I came here
to take you away from the man who
has always stood as your father. I
would not have become your mistress
—pah! how loathsome it sounds! But
I would have enticed you away, be-
lieving myself to be justified. I would
have struck James Brood that blow.
He would have gone to his grave be-
lieving himself to have been paid in
full by the son of the woman he had
degraded, by the boy he had reared
for the slaughter, by the blood—"

"In God's name, Yvonne, what is
this you are saying? What have you
against my—against him?"

"What! I shall come to that. I
did not stop to consider all that I
should have to overcome. First, there
was your soul, your honor, your in-
tegrity to consider. I could see noth-
ing else but triumph over James
Brood. To gain my end it was neces-
sary that I should be his wife. I be-

(To be continued.)

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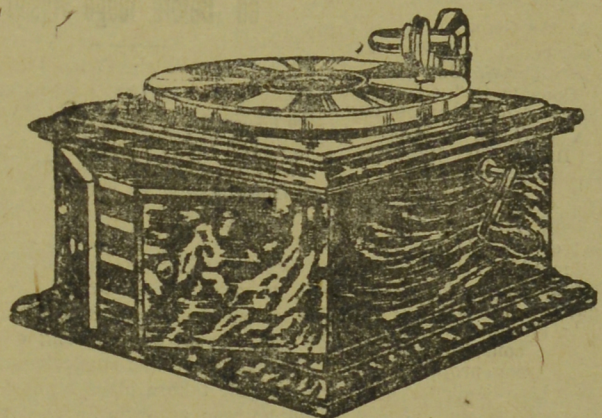


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