For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd)

The world seemed to whirl around her and then stand still. She recognized him instantly as the keeper of the Morgue, the man who had been so useful to her in helping to chest Percy Granville into the belief that the dead girl who so closely resembled his lost love was indeed Little Gay.

But in that thrilling moment a daring thought came to the brain of the desperate, guilty beauty—she would deny that she was the came person who came to him on that fatal errand that night.

she was the same person who came to him on that fatal errand that night. She looked at him proudly, defiantly. "You are quite mistaken," she said, curtly. "I have never seen you before." In vain he protested, repeating every word of the conversation that passed between them on that eventful night. She shook her golden head and turned from him impatiently, and the motion maddened him.

He made one great stride toward her. He seized her delicate wrist in his great, strong hand!

"You hypocrite!" he cried, gazing down flexeely into her beautiful, defiant face, "you have used me cleverly for your tool, and now you would deny me. You do not choose to remember how you pleaded with me to help you in your nefarious scheme, telling me I might name my own reward. You gave me a false name and address, but that did not daunt me. I have searched all over to find you and tell you what my reward must be. Listen! you need not try to take your hand away from me, for this hand must be mine! That is the reward I ask for what I have done for you; refuse, and I swear, before the sun sets, the whole world shall know that strange story."

Evelyn St. Claire's lips grew white and dry; she recoiled from the man in loathing too deep for words; he saw it, and it exasperated him.

The effrontery of the man's proposition almost stunned her.

Looking up into the hard, grim face, she saw that he meant every word he had uttered.

Like a flash, remembrance came to her, too, that Percy might come at any moment and find the man there, and her to see the sun and and the seed with hor.

had uttered.

Like a flash, remembrance came to her, too, that Percy might come at any moment and find the man there, and her very soul within her grew sick with horror as she thought of the terrible denouement that would be cure to follow.

"Perhaps my proposition has been too sudden for you," he said, frightened at the deathly pallor that was spreading over her face. "Give me a little encouragement," he went on quickly. "I have no intention of being harsh with you, for I love you—I have loved you from the first moment I looked upon your face. Do not madden me by attempting to deny your identity; your every feature is engraven too clearly and unmistakably for that on my heart. I will give you a week to make un your mind whether you will marry me, or whether I shall tell the strange story I have to tell, to the world."

Even while he spoke, a fiendish thought was flashing through the guilty brain of Evelyn St. Clair.

"We will walk on through the copse-wood and talk this matter over," she said, with a deeperate calmness that surprised even

and talk this matter over," she said, with a desperate calmness that surprised even

herself.

If he had not been so desperately in love with her the glitter in her steel-blue eyes would have warned him against her. Gladly enough he consented, thinking his eloquence had struck through her armer of pride and defiance to her heart at last.

mor of pride and defiance to her heart at last.

Evelyn held out her white hand to him with a pretty gesture that won him completely.

"It is useless to deny longer all that you have asserted," she said in a low voice. "I admit the favor you once granted me, and now I ask if there is no other way in which I can cancel it than becoming your—your wife?"

His wife! she, the haughty, dainty heiress, to mate with this common hireling! the very idea of it made the angry blood leap like fire through her veins; she longed to turn upon him with the fierceness of a tigress and dash him to her feet for the very audacity of his presumption.

"No there is no other way" he re-

tion.
"No, there is no other way," he replied decisively. "You are a beautiful woman, and rich; why should I not exert



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my power over you to make you my wife?"

my power over you to make you my wife?"

"I am rich, as you say," she answered steadily. "I would and could, make it a great object for you to go away and leave me in peace; could gold bribe you?"

"I would rather have your sweet self than all your gold," he replied; "you are the first and only woman who has ever touched my heart. No, no, you cannot buy me off with a less bribe than your own sweet self."

The lines around the heiress' mouth grew harder, and the steel-like glitter deepened in her eyes.

She had led him by a circuitous path through the copse-wood to a stretch of ground which joined her own ground in the rear. It was screened from the stone house on the hill by tall nodding poplars. It was a dangerous locality owing to the fact that a shaft had been sunk there years before, and had been sunk there without being properly covered. And on the very brink of this black, yawning abyes Evelyn paused, casting a quick hervous glance about her.

"Nothing must come between me and my hope of being Percy's bride," she muttered below her breath. "I have swept one life from my path, why should I hesistate at sweeping away a second? The man has brought his fate upon his own head.

"It will not be necessary to wait a week for my answer," she sald slowly, "I can give it to you here and now quite as well."

"I shall be all the more pleased," he exclaimed radiantly. "I can read my answer."

on her by tossing out their arms and striking her dead as ehe passed beneath them.

She reached the house panting and trembling in every limb.

Avice, her maid, met her on the threshold.

Avice, her maid, met her on the threshold.

Thave been looking everywhere for you, Miss Evelyn," she said. "Mr. Granville is here—he looks pale and unlike himself."

Percy Granville turned with a start of surprises as the detective's hand fell on his shoulder, and the familiar voice repeated hurriedly:

"I should like a few words with you, Mr. Granville, if you are not in too much of a hurry."

"Gertainly," responded Percy, shaking the proffered hand heartily. "I am entirely at your disposal; we will go to your office or walk up to the avenue, just as you like."

"Thanks, I haven's time to exchange more than a word with you just now, replied the detective. "I want your address, I may drop you a line upon a very important matter one of these days."

Percy Granville stopped short and looked the truth out of him of how my darling for day until I have taken that cursed villain by the throat and forced the truth out of him of how my darling little Gay met so foul a death. By Heaven! he shall rue the day he ever crossed my path!"

"Gently, gently, my dear sir," responded the detective, laying his hand on the excited young man's arm. "I did not refer to Tremaine just now."

"But he must be brought to justice, my darling ideath must be avenged!" he cried hotly, his fair, handsome face paling. "I had great hopes that your skilled housed here was something pitiful in the ardent adorating." I had great hopes that your skilled hotly, his fair, handsome face paling. "I had great hopes that your skilled hotly, his fair, handsome face paling." The had great hopes the verget with the summon courage to tell her that which was to blight her beautiful which was to blight her beautiful which was to blight her beautiful him that which was to blight her beautiful which was to blight her beautiful which was to blight her was tribed in the rest. She

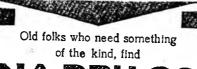
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wav for my spirit to revisit the earth, I would haunt you until the day you died. I could never express how much I love you, dear—you are my world."
"How much you care for me, Evelyn," he groaned.
The pale, blonke face drooped until it rested are into the shock largery.

you, dear—you are my world."

"How much you care for me, Evelyn," he groaned.

The pale, blonde face drooped until it rested against his shoulder.

The great love she lavished upon him wearied him. He could not help contrasting her at that moment with his little lost Gay, whom a bold wooer would have frightened as a huntaman frightens a timid bird.

It would have been quite as easy to have plunged a dagger in the white breast of Evelyn St. Claire as to speak the words he had come there to utter.

That is just the question I have come to discuss with you, Evelyn," he said, "whether or not ours would be a happy union. I almost hate myself for the words I am about to speak, still, they are better said before marriage than after." He stopped abruptly and looked at her. Still no gleam of the truth dawned upon Evelyn.

"Every heart should be mated to the one for which Heaven intended it. Is it not so?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes," replied Evelyn, slowly.

"You would not care to keep your pledge to me to be my bride if you thought I did not love you, would yon?" he pursued, flushing painfully.

"No," replied Evelyn, little dreaming what he would say next.

"Evelyn," he went on huskily, "what should you say if I were to lead you to the altar, it would be as an unloved bride? I would save you from this before it is too late. I throw myself upon your mercy to save yourself and to save me. I will live up to my engagement if you hold me to it," he said slowly, "but I cannot deceive you. I must tell you the truth—my heart has gone out to another, and yet my word is pledged to you. You hold your fate and mine in your own slender white hands, Evelyn, my dear iril," he whispered hoarsely, "and I leave it with you to decide what our future is too be."

How little he knew there would be little hone for him if the decision rested in the hands of her who was deaf to all

How little he knew there would be little hope for him if the decision rested in the hands of her who was deaf to all else save her deep and desperate love for himself.

She had sinned so terribly for his love —was Heaven intending to wreak this bitter vengeance upon her for spoiling the life of Little Gay?

But no—she would marry him in spite of all—she would hold him to his promise though he hated her. She would never give him up.

give him up.

(To be continued.)



EARTHQUAKE FOR WEEKS.

The Natives of Hayti Call It "The Gouffre."

Earthquake sounds have been variously described and might be expected to differ widely according to circumstances and locality. The island of Hayti, which is situated 10 o'clock at night, the sound ended in a neighborhood where the earth with a loud detonation much is in a continual state of tremor, is stronger than in the day, followed visited by a peculiar earthquake sound which is locally called the 'gouffre," and an account of it appears in the Bulletin Semestriel of the Port au Prince meteorological observatory.

The region of the "gouffre" is in the mountain range of La Selle, which is about seven thousand feet high, and which, unstable still pices."



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gives much evidence of past volcanic activity. The sounds are apparently the same as those accompanying noticeable earthquakes. and the name "gouffre" is applied to both.

Its noise extends sometimes over periods of weeks and the vicar of Croix des Benquets, fifteen miles north of the mountain range, gives the following description of it: 'During the day the sound was heard from the south-east and seemed to come from a great depth. It was like a deep roaring and then at times like the howling of a dog. from time to time it stopped with a hollow boom which might be taken for a distant cannon shot. "During the night it was differ-

ent, although the sound came from a different direction; there was a perfect tumult, rumbling of thunder, howling and a sound like the rushing of a strong wind. There was no wind, however. Sometimes. one heard all the noises at once. Generally and above all, from 7 to by a long echo. Then again would be heard an outburst that cannot be imagined. It was as if a mountain of glass were shattered and the noise echoed in all directions. At times it seemed as if one could hear the roar of surf, or even the dead thud of objects falling, such as blocks of stone rolling down preci-



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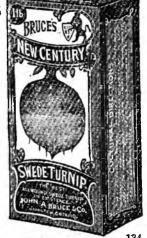
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