Continued from Tenth Page. dearest triend, and all the while he knew what we were to one another. It is well that he is not here now, or, old man as he is, I would not answer for myselt. Such devils as he should be swept from the earth.'

He drew ber nearer to bim. This broken-hearted woman was his mother, the only creature—save Spirley in the whole world left him to love, and through his hot mad anger, there came the thought of how greatly she needed his atfection and protection.

He bent down and kissed her, and, with a low, sobbing cry, she laid ber tired face against his breast, and felt that Heaven

had been good to her. Cora, with apparent delicacy, had with drawn; but she was only just outside the

door, her ear close to the keyhole. She could see nothing, but she managed to hear all, and so came in exactly at the right moment, when Lilian West had told her son the sad story of her life, and he having cursed the man who had brought | desolation. her such terrible suffering, cheered her by vowing that now they had found one another, they would never part again.

She shook her head. Her hands were locked in his.

'My boy,' she said with loving pride, 'I am content to have found you. I ask for nothing more. To live with you would | mur of the great city. mean to be a drag upon you. Let us keep our secret—the world need never know. You have a great future before you. Do passed with fixed g ze and white set fa e. not ask me to spoil it. Remember that those that now bow down to you would | sion of hopeless grief than Shirley's when shrink from me. It is cruel, it is unjust, she read that letter. but it is so.

'Those who shrink from from you, shall shrink from me,' he said. But, having found you I will not lose you.' 'It means giving up so much,' she cried.

·The world-He laughed a little bitterly.

'Has he given me up already. stand alone-you and I

She pressed a little nearer to him. 'There is another,' she said, softly. 'What of her ?'

He did not speak; but she felt the muscles, in the arm she was holding, tighten

There was a long silence. Then, at length, he said again-'We stand alone, you and I, It must

It was at this point that Cora thought it expedient to enter.

'May I come in now?' she asked wist-'I felt so alone, I could enduce it no

longer. Ah, but you two are happy! You have found one another. 'Thanks to you,' Vivian said. 'You need not feel alone, mademoiselle; for

here, at least, you have two triends who can never forget your kindness, or cease to feel grateful for what you have done.' 'Ah, monsieur, you make so much of so little,' she said. You were good to me when I was in trouble. Had it been possible for me to have rendered you some great service in return, I would have, oh, so gladly done it; but I am poor and help-

less, and I can do so little. To-morrow I clearly; only one thought stands out bego from this big place, where I came but | fore all others and eclipses all others-we to see you; and, perchance, we shall never | must part, you and I. Shirley, good-bye, meet aga n.' 'After you have given me my son,' Lil-

lian West cried, in her low, sweet voice. 'do you think I would let you go like that?' Cora pulled out her handkerchief, and pressed it to her eyes, then drew it away with a resolute smile.

'Ah, how selfish I am, thinking only of my loneliness! There shall be no tears today, for to-day I have you, my dear friends, and I would be bappy with you' That night, Vivirn West wrote to Sir Martin Metherell.

'I know all,' he said; 'and please God I may never see your face again. Hencetorth my life shall be devoted to the mother I have found at last.'

That was all. He had meant to say more, but, as he wrote, a vision of what his life had probefore his mental geze, bringing with it a ing, beyond all words.

Hot tears blinded his sight; he dashed



Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

anall Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Caller's Little Liver Pills.

them away impatiently, and, folding the letter as it was, placed it in an envelope, from falling. and addressed it.

There was yet another letter to be written that night-it was to Shirley Lorsine. He dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote ley, dear, wh t is it?" the date upon the paper; but, with that see med impossible to write sanely from the | into tears. wild confusion of his thoughts.

She was lost to him. How could be address her?—what was he to call ber?

A'most mechanically he penned the words, 'My darling,' then tore the paper across, and tossed it aside.

She was not his-she could never be his. They were as far removed from one another as if the wild seas rolled between. A groan of anguish broke from his lips.

had come so strangely to him. He felt that he bad lost all, and that the remainder of his life would be one vast

In the utter blackness of that despair, he penned his farewell words to the girl he lower than when she arrived.

He wrote in blind agony, scarcely conscious of what he said. And when he had finished, he went stay-

gering out into the restless fret aud mur-

People jostled him on the pavement, a policemen eved him suspiciously, as he Not whiter, not more set in an expres-

She had carried it into the garder, think-Her works seemed to cut him to the | ing it too precious and sacred to open beneath her mother's disapproving gaze, and there, in the bright sunlight, she read it. Her brain seemed to reel beneath the sire. shock.

She crushed the papers in her fingers, and walked quickly away out of the garden gay with autumn flowers, down the sandy road to the beach, where the bathing | the truth. machines and the visitors had given place to the fishermen and their boats. She wanted to be alone, to face this

awful thing that had come to her. The tide was high, and the wind strong. The loose shingle slipped beneath her engaged to Gilbert Metherell, and had feet, and the sharp sea breeze wound her | loved Vivian West. skirts about her. making walking difficult; but she toiled on until she had left the with him.

greystone met her eye on either side. Then, utterly exhausted, she sank down, bear. and carefully smoothing out Vivian West's

letter, read it again. It was badly written, and some of the words were difficult to decipher; but patie tly, with her teeth set over her quivering underlip, she made out the the strange, incoherent epistle.

This was what he had written:-'SHIRLEY, - When I last wrote to you, I said I might be away for a day, or longer. | sign came from him. I write now to tell you that it will be for

'I shall never return. I shall never see explain tonight why we must part. My brain scems on fire. I can think of nothing good-bye, for ever.

'VIVIAN WEST.'

Over and over again she perused those blurred and blotted lines and, as she did so, the horror of the first shock seemed

He was in trouble—some terrible mis fortune had befallen him.

But it should not come between themnothing should ever separate them.

She would write at once, and tell him so. Oh, if she could only go straight to him ! Her tender heart ached and yearned for her

She kissed his writing; her tears fell upon it, and made it more blurred than

The evening's mail carried a letter, addressed to Vivian West-a letter full of mised to be, and what it had become, rose a great love which would not be put aside. It he were sad, she would share his sad rush of thought-bitter, terrible, despair- ness; if he were in trouble, she would

share his trouble. No matter how dark the storm-no matter how fiercely it raged— she would

stand by him to the end It was a letter that only a very true aud loving woman could bave written. It was read and destroyed by one who

Cora had used heavy bribes in order to have the handling of Vivian West's cor-

respondence before it reached him. She cared not what she paid; and as those she had to deal with were not proof against such temptation, she gained her way, and Shirley's letter perished in Cora's sitting room fire, and she who had written it waited with slowly-dying hope for the

answer which never came. A week passed away like this during which Shirley went about like a ghost of

Then Lucy Brend ran down for a day and put the finishing stroke to her friena's mistry.

She was in the very highest of spirits herself.

She was staying in town, purchasing fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsi- her trousseau, and had come to see Shirley ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue | who was to be chief bridesmaid, about the chief bridesmaid, about the dresses for the

'You don't look at all well,' she exclaimed, on seeing Shirley. 'I suppose it is all that awful anxiety you went through -thank goodness it is all over now! I saw Vivian yesterday, Had no idea he was in town.

Shirley's pale face flushed scarlet. He has been away some time. Did he -did he look all right?"

Yes. I do think he is quite the bestlooking man I have ever met. I noticed how the women stored at him. He was walking with Cora Rozier. Has she left Coddington ?'

Shirley selt that the room was spinning

'Cora Rozier!' she said, in a hoarse little voice. 'Are you quite sure?' 'Quite. But what is the matter? Shir-

She put her arms round the girl, who tumult of emotion raging within him, it hid her face on her shoulder, and burst

'I don't know,' she sobbed. 'Everya good cry. Don't-don't mind me. I-I shall be all right directly.

Still, it was some time before she grew calm again. Lucy wondered if the fact of Cora walk-

ing with Vivian West had anything to do with it. And afterwards, when Shirley persist-In that hour he forgot the mother who ently avoided all mention of their names, she decided in her own mind that it had.

She longed to know all, and offer what comfort and consolation she could; but she tailed to find out anything, and finally took ber leave, with her spirits sereral degrees

After that the days went by in slow, terrible monotony.

Shirley had given up all hope. She knew he would never write now. Since Lu y Brend's visit, she had given Vivian's letter another interpretation.

He had grown tired of her. He had tallen in love with Cora. He could not bring himself to tell her so. He was sorry for the pain he knew he should cause her, and so had written in

A scorching blush dyed her face as she remembered what she had written in reply. No wonder be had found it impossible to answer a letter full of love he did not de-

Why, she asked herself, had she been so blind?

Surely that day, when he had come in the garden, she ought to have guessed She remembere I how he had stood hold-

ing Cora's hande, and the look in his eyes when he had turned to find her there. This love had come upon him unawares. She recalled the time when she had been | great relief to Madge to hear of this.'

As it had been with her so it had been

When another week had gone by, and still no answer came from him, she took off his ring, and packed his presents to-

gether, and sent them to him. 'He will at least, acknowledge them, she thought torcing back the tears that filled ber aching eyes.

But after awhile, she found that he did not even juter d to do this-no word, no

After the first few weeks of suspence and agony, when the sharp desperate pain had settled to a dull ceaseless ache, she made you again. Forgive me the pain I have an effort to take up her old life again, and brought you-and torget me. I cannot to teel some interest in her surroundings; but the throb and joy had gone out of all

Nothing gave her pleasure, nothing brought h r peace.

Pride helped her to hide this from others and forced her to go about as usual, with a smiling face; but she could not bring the roses back to her cheeks, or the brightness to her eyes—a shadow lay in their blue depths which made them always sad, even

Her changed appearance irritated Mrs. Loraine. Sne looked upon it as a personal annoy-

She had been inordinately proud of her

pretty daughters. It was trying to find the one left in the nest growing pallid and wan.

'I can't think,' she cried, fretfully, one afternoon, when Shirley, coming in from a walk, sank, wearily, into a chair by the fire, 'what has come to you. You are growing positively plain. 'I am sorry,' the girl said, listlessly.

cannot help it.' It struck Mrs. Loraine that, but a short while ago, Sairley would have given her

some pert answer. She felt that the old happy, independent way was infinitely preferable to this quiet

'I shall have the doctor to see you; he will give you a tonic,' she said her face all puckered with tretful lines. 'Perhaps a change would do you good. I am sure I am quite willing to do anything to make you look better.

Mrs. Loraine had a shrewd suspicion that

## Could Unly Whisper.

Often Colds settle on the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, and make the voice hoarse and husky, and an effort to speak, distressing. It may be reduced to a whisper or lost entirely for a while.

In cases of this kind nothing will so soon give relief and restore the voice as

Dr. Wood's **Norway Pine** Syrup.

This is what Thos. J. Smith, Caledonia, Ont. writes: "A year ago I had a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs and throat. I got so bad I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several Cough medicines but got very little relief until I used two and one-half bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me." Price 25c.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure constipation without any griping, weakening or sick-ening. Price 25c., all druggists.

Shirley. had given her had disappeared from her lest her worst fears should be realized.

hand and wrist. She was continually trying to make up her mind to ask Shirley if the engagement was really broken off; but, though she was fore her. always fault-finding and nagging at the girl, she stood rather in awe of her where Vivian | head in his hands, and his moody eyes thing seems to be going wrong. I have was concerned, and, somehow, never man- fixed on the Persian rug at his teet. been very miserable. It is a relief to have | aged to summon up sufficient courage to mention his name.

But on this particular afternoon she did arrive at the question she had been simply

dying to make. 'Do you still continue to see Mr. West ?' Shirley was lying back in her chair, gez ing into the fire; the afternoon was closing in, and the room was full of shadows

She did not move as she answered-'You know that he is not down here.' 'I mean, do you correspond?'

'You have taken the advice of your friends, and those who wish you well?' 'No: I have not done so.'

Mrs. Loraine made an impatient move-

'One would think I was not your mother,' she cried. 'You never tell me anything. You never c nfide in me. I irritably. 'Can't you offer a tellow a little only have your welfare at heart, and you sympathy in all the curred worry and treat me as if I were your enemy.'

'I have not meant to do so,' Shirley said, gently. 'When one has a great and real trouble to bear, the small frets and jars of everyday life do not seem of much consequenc-, and one grows far more tolerant of them.'

'Then why,' Mrs. Loraine demanded, 'do you leave me to guess at everything? Is it pleasant for me to be completely in the dark with regard to your future ?"

'I can tell you nothing of the future,' Shirley replied, with a dreary little smile. But I am no longer engaged to Vivian West. It is his wish, not mine.'

Mrs. Loraine received the news with visible satisfaction. 'He is a very sensible fellow, and, in

'If you don't mind,' Shirly said, still staring at the fire, 'I would rather not talk

about it ' 'I am sure I have no wish ever to mentown far behind, and only dreary masses | But, oh! if he had only trusted her, and tion his name, her mother declared. 'Still, the world, you know. With Caraborough told her, it would have seemed less hard to what you have told me is a great relief to to back me up, I should have pulled about you. I assure you I have lain awake reckoning comes, I suppose everything at night thinking about you. I had even | will go. determined to visit Sir Martin, and implore him not to encourage you in your tolly. I had ordered the pony-carriage for that purpose the very day he was stricken

·Poor Sir Martin! Shirley said, pityingly. 'It is awful to think of him lying there, helpless and friendless.'

'A man who shuts himself up, and behaves in the curious way he has, cannot expect to have many friends,' Mrs Loraine said.

She seldom had any pity to spare away from herselt, and was already conj cturing what the next baronet would be like. It was quite possible, she thought, that,

after all, Shirley might be Lady Metherell. She was rather given to counting her chickens before they were batched. Up at Metherell Court a solemn silence reigned from early morn till dewy eve, for

helpless and well nigh speechless. He had been found lying upon the floor

in his study, with Vivian West's unfinished letter curched in his fingers. The doctor took possession of that un-

signed scrap of writing. He did not know who had written it; but out of respect for his old friend and patient he locked it away out of sight, and kept his

Every day Shirley came, and, sitting beside the dying man, talked or read to him. And he would watch her, always with an awful look in his eyes, a cumb appeal for ful of guests, when her mind had been so

something, she knew not what. There were times when he would make pititul attempts to speak; but only strange inarticulate sounds would come from his lips, and his poor drawn face would become all distorted with the struggle and the dis-

appointment. And rone guessed that his one silent cry and prayer was, that he might see Vivian,

his son, before he died. Since young Metherell's death a heavy gloom seemed to have settled upon Coddington and the neighbourhood.

Every attempt at gaiety fell flat. Shirley, who had been the life of the place, and the promoter of most of the fun,

was no longer of any use in that way. Everyone grumbled and complained at the duiness, so that, when the news got about that the Aversts were coming to Royal Heath, for Christmas, there was widespread r joicing, and a great deal of chatter as to why they were coming, and how

remarkably strange it was. Royal Health had been looked upon as essentially a summer residence. her hand in silence. Sir Henry had never come there at any

other time, and not always then. It was the smallest of his estates, and the one he cared the least about. Many were the corjectures and surmises

amongst the Coddingtonites. Some held that it was one of Lady Ayerst's fads; others, that Si. Henry was to hunt for a wite." ealous of the attention she received, and Jorkins: 'Did he get one?' intended hiding here in the country for a while; tut they all agreed that it was a good th ng they were coming, tor, anyhow, they would bring a little life into the

place. The Ayersts had come down about three weeks before Christmas, with a party of

Madge was looking more beautiful than ever; but Sir Henry had aged—his hair seemed to have suddenly grown very grey indeed, and the expression of his face had altered-it had become careworn.

'Repenting at leisure,' the gossips said, and sighed over the folly of marrying a pretty face.

The owner of the pretty face was more

She clung to a chair to prevent herselt | Vivian West was the cause of the change in | conscious than anyone of her husband's altered appearance; and, while she longed to She noticed that the ring and bangle he know the cause, she was atraid to ask it,

Then, one day, the ugly truth was blurted out, and, with blanched face and darkened eyes, she stared at what lay be-

Ruin !- that was what he said, with his

She had found him sitting in this attitude as she entered her boudoir, and the question she had so long retrained from asking escaped her almost naswares.

She felt she had known the answer all

She repeated it after him, and, as he did so, she caught sight of her own reflection

in a long mirror upou the opposite wall.

She was dressed for dinner. The light of the room gleamed in the tol is of her satin gown, and, at every breath she orew, the diamonds at her throat and breast shot out a thousand brilliant sparks; and above them her white face

and frighten eyes. 'Ruin!' she said again and he moved im-

'Can you say nothing else?' he asked,

troutle he is going through? Perhaps it was as well he did not see the look of aversion which swept across his

She moved slowly towards the fire. The delicate pertume she used scented

the room. 'If you would explain,' she said in her cold, quiet voice, 'I should be glad. At present I am completely in the dark.

He regarded her with gruding admira-'By Jove! you are a woman! Any other would have bad hysterics, or some thing feminine and human; but yougad! is there anything that could rouse you? Explain? Well, is it not such an easy thing to do. Things have gone from this case, at least, he has shown himself a bad to worse since Carsborough so oddly very honorable one. I am sure it will be a dropped our friendship. If you were the cause of it—as I have thought lately—you are well paid out for your folly. The very man I told you to take some trouble with, you let slip away and forget you. You are not the only handsome woman in my feelings. I have been most unbappy through. As it is-well, when the day of

She was ashy pale, but still kept her voice under control, as she said-

'Has he refused to help you?' 'Not in so many words; but he is letting things slide, and delay means ruin. She tried to grasp the full sense of that

She pictured herself in a small, mean house, with shabby dresses, and a husband she loathed.

Then she glanced down at the ring Lord Carsborough had placed on her finger. That evening a neatly sealed packet was carried to the post amongst the letters from Royal Heath, and a ruby ring disap-

peared from Lady Ayers,'s white hand. That Lord Careborough might not answer the summons never occured to Madge until two days had gone by and he had made no sign; then a terrible sense of Sir Martin had been stricken down with shame took possession of her, and she felt paralysis, and was now drifting to his death | that it would have been infinitely preferable to have faced the direst poverty than

Why had she sent? she asked herself, in angry self-reproach—why had she been such a fool as to imagine he would keep to

a promise made months ago? And then, when her thoughts were most bit er, he came. She was sitting alone in the glow of the

A slight cold had been her excuse for not joining the skaters on the lake. The strain of having to entertain a houseracked with thought, had been great indeed, and she had eagerly seized upon the chance of a few hours' rest, when she could put aside her society smile, and,

with teeth set together, think of the dark and terrible future. It terrified her, and, now that Carsborough had failed her, she felt utterly lost and helpless.

'All men are faithless,' she said, aloud, and an instant later a servant, entering, handed her a card. The name upon it brought the hot blood

to her face, and set her heart beating in

qui k glad throbs. She stood up, and, looking in the chimney glass, pulled a loose carl into place with trembling fingers. He had come; but why had he delayed

so long? She did not hasten to him, but waited until all sign of emotion had gone; then, in her most stately manner, she entered

the drawing room.

'You have come,' she said, with a cold To be Continued.

He came forward to meet her, and took

. As it Ended.

Perkins; 'Brown started out a year ago Perkins: 'Well, not exactly; one got

will cure Biliousness, Constipation, all Liver com-plaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicate women find sure relief from using them

To Cure Sick Headache and remove impurities from the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians everywhere, as the best Liver Pill made. Sixtyfour page book sent free by mail. Sold by all Druggists, or sent post-paid for 25 cents in stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per-