BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secre of White Towers," etc.

'At last, yes. Said she felt so very un-

'What can be the matter with her? Do

well, she thought she had better go home.'

you know. Madge? I can't help teeling sorry for her; she will have such an awful

At that precise moment Cora was travel-

She had driven to the station, where she

Another minute, and the train was steam-

The instant they were clear of it. Cora

'You are not Paul Duvet,' she said, in

'I am his brother. Paul has never re-

covered his long imprisonment. He is dy-

'The hour is here!' she said. 'Do you

'This English devil, no; but you will

drew stealthily from its place of conceal-

ment, a long, cruel looking knife. 'With that in my hand, and hate in my heart, he

'It must be done to-night,' she said. 'You

to see you, and show you Jim Hartland.

He goes by the name of Dorrien. You

The man showed his white teeth in a

He was a cadaverous looking creature,

with a thin sallow tace, beady black eyes,

His clothes though respectable, were

'I have carried out all your instructions,'

'I want but sufficient to take me home,'

he answered. 'I do this, not for money,

The journey from Royal Heath to Cod-

Cora's companion was reading the news-

She stepped on the platform without

looking in his direction, and, engaging a

ly, ordered the man to drive to Metherell

Arriving there, she went straight to the

smoking-room, and, flinging open the door

She had expected her appearance would

be an awful shock to Dorrien; but she saw

at once that he had been aware of her

escape, and was prepared to see her at

She wondered how he had heard. and

Cora had taken in the whole situation

while the two men rose to their feet, Gil-

bert exclaiming, in more surpsise than

'Ah, yes, Cora!' she said. 'I grew so

fatigued of it, Gilbert, after you had de-

Might have let us know you were com-

ing, he said, dropping into her chair again.

've just arranged to run up town, and,

unfortunately, can't put it off now. Oh, I

torgot you didn't know each other-

Shattered Nerves and Weak-

ened Heart--A St. John Lady

Mademoiselle Rozier, Captain Dorrien.

parted, that I said adieu, and followed.

dington took little more than ten minutes.

he said, folding his long, bony hands to-

and a great wicked looking mouth.

She gave him her purse.

paper when the train stopped.

'I will send you more,' she said.

man, who at once put down his paper.

He answered in the same language.

ing; but I-I thirst to avenge him.'

time of it with Gilbert Metherell.

ling by train to Coddington.

had taken a first-class ticket.

continued reading his paper.

it after her.

French.

know him?'

cannot hope for escape.'

She smiled.

fierce grin.

none left.'

but revenge.'

Court.

walked in.

any moment.

pleasure-

why he had not escaped.

Thought passes quickly.

'Cora! by all that's holy!'

compartment.

ing from the station.

CONTINUED.

'That is not very likely. I am coming to your wedding-

'My dear boy don't be so absured.' 'You haven't called me that since that atternoon when you jilted me. What did you do it for Shirley? It was a beastly cruel

thing to do.' 'It would have deen more cruel not to have done it,' she replied, gravely. 'I think we won't talk about it—it is rather foolish. We are both engaged, and we

'I am not,' he declared. I never shall be until I have you. You are mine by right; you belonged to me first, before that fellow came aneaking round trying to get you away from me. What are you stopping for-whta are you going to do?"

'I don't wish to walk any further, thanks. I am going to rid.'

She sprang into the saddle, and would have ridden off had he not seized the

'I'm hanged if you shal!' he 'declared, angirly. 'You shall listen to me this once. whether you want to or not. You made me love you—you promised to be my wite. I was a fool not to hold you to that promise. You can't play fast and loose with a fellow like that.

Shirley's face had grown white with anger in which perhaps there was a mingling of fear, for Gilbert Metherell looked rather unpleasantly desperate. 'Let me go at once,' she commanded.

'How dare you behave in this way? Do you hear me, Mr. Metherelll?'

'I see you.' he answered, insolently; that is enough for you.'

Then, before she was aware of his intention, he had flung his arm round her waist, dragged her down, and kissed her, with rough force, half-a-doz n times.

'I will never torgive you!' she cried passionately, as he released her. 'I will never speak to you again.' 'I don't care,' he returned, surlily. 'I

have done what I have been wanting to do ever since I went to Royal Heath.' He stood on one side, and watched her

ride away. He knew that he had offended past all forgiveness; but he had kissed her.

Shirley had never felt so angry in the whole of her life. She went along with her little teeth set

firmly together, vowing vengeance on Gilbert Metherell. Her face still burnt from his kisses.

She felt that the horrible sensation would never pass away. She was close to Royal Heath when she

met Vivian West.

He was strolling down the road to meet her, so he said. He had been playing in a cricket-match

that afternoon; it was just over, and he was still in his flannels, looking- so Shirley thought—handsomer than any man she had ever seen.

She had jumped off her bicycle on meet.

He took her hand, and would have held it to his lips; but she jerked it from him so suddenly, that he looked at her in amaze-

'I am not mad,' she explained. 'Only furious.' Why! What has happened? What

have I done?" 'You?- nothing. It is Gilbert Metherell. I think he must have been tipsy. He was most insolent. I don't want you to touch me anywhere where his horrid hands have been.'

What do the hasn't dared to insult you?'

'He has-he kissed me, not once. but heaps of times. He dragged me off my bicycle—he behaved like an utter cad.' It relieved her feelings to recount the

way in which she had been treated. It was not unt l afterwards that the thought crossed her mind that, perhaps, it would have been wiser to have held her

West received the news very quietly, so quietly, indeed, that Shirley telt rather hurt until she met his eyes, and saw the passion burning in them.

He left her at the gates. 'I shall, probably, be late for dinner,' he said. 'Will you make my excuses to

Madge? 'Where are you going?' she questioned, 'To see Mr. Gilbert Metherell,' he re-

'Don't!' she cried, laying a detaining hand upon his arm. 'He is not worth it. 'Perhaps not; but I am going.'

'What will you say to him?' 'Nothing,' with a curl of the lip. 'I shall give him a thraching, that is all.' Vivian, for my sake don't do anything foolish,' she implored, nervously. 'Besides,

he is so vindictive, he will never rest until he revenges himself on you. Leave him alone, and let us torget him.' 'I will thrash him first and we will for-

get him afterwards.' The expression of his face showed her that it was utterly useless to argue with him, and so she let him go, knowing that she had not the power to keep him.

It was then that she wished she had said nothing about it. Madge, to whom she told the whole story, comforted her by saying that a ho se-wipping would do Gilbert good—

Aud,' she added, 'he will have Cora Rozier to console him atterwards. 'Has she gone?' Shirley exclaimed.

Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous

and run down. "I suffered very much from Indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I doctored with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they

have completely cured me. "My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the Indigestion and can eat any-

thing I choose.
"I am only too glad too testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, Indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists.

rien,' Cora said, 'I feel quite happy to with the in solence of his expression. meet him.'

'It is very kind of you to say so, mad-Dorrien's voice shook a little, in spite of

'And Sir Martin, Gilbert, how is he?' Same as usual. He is in the library. Go

and see the old chap. Cora seated herself in an armchair. The awful thought flashed through Dormind that she never intended to lose sight

of him again. Her presence meant that mischief was close at hand; he was certain of that. Every step be took, every move be

made, would have to be done warily. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead.

'I fancy they are very well matched.'
'I suppose they are, Shirley agreed.' 'It Would he be able to make his escape? Would he be able to baffle her? is impossible to say which is the most un-He got up, and walked to the door.

> 'Are you going out Monsieur Dorrien?' 'Yes, mademitelle, for a little turn, before dinner.'

'Ah, let us go also, Gilbert!' she cried. 'It is charming out.'

When the train came it, she walked Dorrien almost groaned aloud. quickly past the carriages till she came to He found it was impossible to collect his one, on a window of which a tiny threethoughts, or form any plans, while Cora's cornered piece of white paper was stickdark eyes were watching his every ex-

Opening the door, she jumped in, closing 'You, also, purpose going to town?' she said to him, as they paraded the lawn. A man was sitting at the other end of the 'We did make some such arrangement,'

he answered, evasively. He glanced at her as she got in, then 'It's awfully unfortunate your turning up like this,' Gilbert interposed. We are

bound to go now.' By that train which leaves. I think,

sprang up, and seated herself opposite the about nine?" That's the one.

'Why not wait until to-morrow?' 'Oh, we can't-can we, Dorrien?'

'Not unless you particularly wish to, he replied, guardedly. It would not do to let Cora think he was anxious to get away. 'Ot course we might manage.'

'Impossible, impossible!' Metherell cried. You know it is. I am really very sorry, Cora, but-who the duce is this?' point him out to me, and I—see here! He From where they were walking they

> could see a figure coming up the drive. 'It is a man, a stranger,' Cora cried, wi well feigned surprise. 'Who can it be? He is not sure where to go. Shall we inquire of him what he desires?

must come up to the house with this'-pull-The stranger stood looking helplessly ing a bracelet off her wrist—'say that you round him; then, seeing the three people on the lawn came towards them. found it outside the gates. I will contrive

'I have found this,' he said, speaking in good English, though with a foreign acmust lose no time, or he will give us the cent. 'It lay at the gate.'

It was a gold bracelet he was holding It flashed in the sunlight.

'By Jove! Cora, it is yours!' Metherell exclaimed. 'The last one I gave you.'

'It is true,' Cora cried, in feigned amazament. 'But how did I come to lose it? My good man, I am most grateful to you for so kindly restoring my property. Come to the house and I will reward you. together. 'They have cost money. I have But wait one moment. Captain Dorrien, will you fasten this for me?

She held the bracelet to him. He clasped it on her wrist, while Metherell drew a half-crown from bis pocket, and tossed it to the man, who, with profuse thanks, bowed, and turned

'But a leetle half-crown, Gilbert ?' she cried, reproachfully. 'Ah, but I must make it five shillings

She ran after the man, and. under pretext of giving him the money, whispered-'At half past eight. in the plantation!'

An expressive glance in the direction, old him where she meant. Captain Dorrien went to a seat and sat

He felt that all the strength had suddenly gone from his limbs.

For, in a flash, he had understood why the man had come, and who he was.

Perhaps it was his likeness to Paul Duvet, whom he well remembered-perhaps the emphasis Cora had laid upon his name when she asked, in so marked a manner, for him to tasten her bracelet.

been, he had guessed the truth, and knew to punish. as surely as if he had seen the knife, that the mad was to be his assassin. 'Suspicious looking party, that,' Methe-

rell said. 'What the deuce is he doing down here? Give me a match, old fellow.' Dorrien tumbled in his pocket for his now. Is anything wrong? Has there match-box, took it out and dropped it, picked it up and dropped it again. Metherell burst into a loud laugh.

·What's come to you? Throw it here.' Cora came across the grass to them. 'Monsieur Vivian West is coming up the

drive,' she said. 'Wes!' Metherell exclaimed, pauring in the act of striking a light. What is he always sneaking about here for? Beastly.

under-bred upstart!' 'Monsieur West, to Gilbert, is like a red rag to a bull!' Cora said to Dorrien, who, with a might effori, forced a smile to his

'He's a miserable cad,' Metherell went on, spitefully. 'A fellow who has sprung | you any,' out of the gutter, and is trying to cut a Martin the with hope of being able to beg, borrow, or steal.'

'A nice customer!' Dorrien said; the knowledge that Cora was narrowly watching him giving him courage to hide the deadly terror he was in.

'He sees us—he is coming this way,' she said, as Vivian West caught sight of them, turned in their direction, and came slowly across the lawn, his fine muscular figure showing to advantage in his loose flannel been before.

Metherell stuck his hands in his pockets, and puffed hard at his his pipe, giving a surly nod as West litted his cap.
'Good evening, mademoiselle. I did not

expect to find you here. I have come over determination of going straight to the to see you, Mr. Metherell. Can you spare woman he had so basely deceived, telling me a few minutes?"

eyes warned Gilbert as to what was about I that fa'al want of moral courage, that

'I have heard so much of Captain Dor- to beetall him, for a look of fear mingled

'To see me! What the duce about!' 'A matter of some importance, or I should not be here.' 'I don't know about that. You seem to be pretty often here-rather too often, if

you ask my opinion.'

'I do not ask it,' They stood there, in the sunlight, facing one another.

Metherell scarlet with rage and fright, his hands still in his pockets, nervously claping what they, contained, his shoulders humped up, his shifty eyes looking unwillingly at the man standing before him, perfectly calm and self-possessed, but horribly determined. 'What do you ask, then?' Metherell cried, impatiently. 'What have you come

here for ?' 'To settle a small matter with you,' was

the quiet reply. 'It will be better, perhaps, if we settle it privately.' What the deuce do you mean?' Metherell blustered. 'Speak out, for Heaven's sake! I hate this hinting sort of business.'

'Then, perhaps, Mademoiselle R zier will be kind enough to leave us.' 'I! Ob, certainly. Monsieur the captain

and I will take a little strell.' Metterell watched them go off, then he sat down in the place Dorrien had just va-

When your knees are knocking together, t is easier to assume a nonchalant air sitting down than standing up.

'Now, then,' he said, out with it; no beating about the bush !' 'Miss Loraine called here this afternoon.'

'Well, what of that ?' 'You met her, and were insolent to her.

I have come here to thrash you for itthat's all ' 'You thrash me!' Gilbert cried, in shrill accents of wrath and fear. Great Scott!

I'd like to see you try. I'll-I'll have you kicked out of the place by the servants, you miserable cad ! 'You had better make less noise about it,' West said; 'unless you are anxious for

Mademoiselle Rezier to hear of your con-'I don't care what the hears!' Metherell declared; but, all the same, he got up and began moving in the opposite direction to the one taken by Cora and Dorrien. 'I call it infernal impertinence, your daring to come here and question my conduct,' he raged. 'You have been taken out of your place, and don't know where to stop, that's what it is. There is a short

You had better take it, and thank your stars I have let you go so easily.' Vivian West bad uttered no word. His grey eyes had darkened to black ness, and the muscles about his mouth stood out as if his teeth were clenched together, but he showed no other sign of

cut through the plantation to the road.

They had reached the edge of the planta-

Metherall stopped and turned round, as if about to go back; but a sudden grip upon his arm drew him up with a jerk.

'You can thank your stars,' Vivian West said, grimly, 'that I am going to thrash you in private instead of public. Come

Gilbert struggled, and fought, and kicked, but all in vain.

West almost carried him into the planta-As luck would have it a long ash rod, which someone had cut and flung away, lay

right in his path. With an exclamation of satisfaction he

picked it up. 'Let me go, you cowardly brute, let me go!' Metherell cried, fighting with all his

puny strength. 'When I've whipped you, you cad, I will,' West said, bringing the ash with a stinging switch across Metherell's kicking

A howl of pain followed the blow.

'Help!—help!—murder!'
His thin, high voice came out in piteous squeals, till West, flinging the stick away,

dropped him upon the ground. 'You miserable reptile!' he said, con-Anyhow, whatever the clue may have temptuously, 'you are too poor a thing even

> As he was striding away, he suddenly came face to face with Sir Martin. 'You here, West!' the latter exclaimed, in surprise. 'I had no idea you were over. I thought I heard cries for help just

been an accident? 'No, sir, there is nothing wrong,' Vivian replied, feeling some slight regret for having touched the baronet's son, how ever richly he had deserved chastisement. 'Ars you quite sure, my boy ?' Sir Mar-

tin questioned, looking him in the face. 'I fancied it was Gilbert's voice I heard.' 'It was. We had a disagreement. threatened to thrash him, and struck him

two or three times. I did not hurt him. But I am sorry now that I touched him. It is a poor return for your kindness to me.' 'My kindness to you!' Sir Martin ecbced bitterly. 'Would to God I could comfort myself with the thought that I had shown

'You have been my best friend,' Vivian dash. He is always hanging about Sir West said, as they walked on together. 'My acquaintance with seem to mark the turning point in my career. From that time I began to succeed. You brought me good luck, sir,

The elder man made no response. He walked slowly with his head bent Since that day, when his old love, Lilian West, had so strangely appeared th him, the agony and unrest of his mind had been ten times more terrible than it had ever

He felt that Heaven had mercifully sent him an opportunity for making some reparation, and he had but added to his

Time after time he bad risen up with the o see you, Mr. Metherell. Can you spare her all—kneeling at her feet, and pouring out the story of his temptation; and then that fa'al want of moral courage, that

terrible weakness of will, which had been the ruin of his life, still kept him from rising out of the depths to which he had sunk.

He tried to persuade himself on this occasion that he had acted for the best for Vivian West. Vivi in West little dreamed of what was

passing in his campanion's mind, as they moved on side by side. He roticed that he was looking more worn and hollow-eyed than usual, his

shoulders more bent, his step more lagging, and a great compassion arose within him. 'You are not feeling so well to-day,' he said, breaking a long silence.

Sir Martin started. He had been thinking so deeply that he had forgotten he was not alone.

He had not heard the remark, only the voice. He looked at Vivian questioningly. 'I did not hear you, my boy. I was

thinking of you and your future.' 'My future looks promising enough just now,' Vivian West replied, happily. 'I have all I can desire, with just one except-

'Aud that is---'

'The mystery of my birth.'

Why think about it? Let it remain a mystery. After all, what does it matter? You have your name and position.' Vivian West litted his hat, and brushed

back his soft dark hair. 'I sometime think,' he declared, impetuously, 'that I would willingly give up both for the truth. It is the little cloud on my horizon, which I always feel may one day

grow immense and cover my sky.' 'That is a morbid fancy.' Perhaps; but it is possible for it to become a horrible reality.'

'Not after all these years.' 'Why not? I must have had parents; they must have had friends, relatives. They cannot all have been swept away. The world is not so very wide. Some day I shall meet some ot them, and then-perhaps to late-I shall know the truth.'

'Too late! What do you mean?' 'I mean that to know the worst now, would only be pain and misery to myself. Very shortly it will include another. The thought that has haunted me lately is, ought I to risk this?"

'What is it you fear ?' Sir Martin asked. after a few moments' thought. 'I can searcely tell,' Vivian West replied. 'But I know I would rather give

up all that now makes life worth living than bring shame to Shirley 'You have been thinking to much about this,' Sir Martin said, uneasily. 'You are over-sensitive. Don't try to meet troubles half way. Probably those you expect will never come at all. What, are you going?

Stay, and have some dinner.' Vivian declined. He had a long walk before him. He was glad of it, for it gave him plenty

of time for thought, and he was in a thinking mood. Sir Martin did not return by the plan-He had no wish to meet Gilbert just then.

He had often been struck by the offensive-

ness of his manner towards West, and felt tolerably sure that he deserved any punishment he had received. It was strange that these two, who had

the same blood in their veins, should be so entirely opposed to one another. Strange still, that the son whom the father had never known until he had reached manhood, should be dearer to him than

the son he had watched grow from childhood. But it was so. For the one who was to inherit his wealth and litle he felt an affection in which a

pitying contempt was largely mixed; but all the love he was capable of was given to the son who knew him not. As he reached the terrace the dinner

gong went blooming forth. He found Cora and Captain Dorrien waiting for him; but Gilbert was not there nor did he come in durning the meal, which would have been a very dull affair had not it been for Cora, who chattered incessantly, making up for the silence of the two

That dinner was purgatory to Dorrien. He had to eat when every mouthful threatened to choke him; to appear the the same as. usual, placid and contented. Coatinued on Fifteenth Page.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agreeto refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills's English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince

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