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GRAPEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties.

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Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "Parted at the Altar," "Lovely Maiden," "Florabel's Lover," "Ione," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER II Continued

In an instant he had made up his mind what course to pursue. He would save sweet Verlie Setton's life, or he would die in the attempt.

Around the circular path, on with the speed of the wind came the coal-black horse, and again a wild, piteous cry floated to Rutledge Chester's ears; and that cry nerved him for the terrible ordeal that followed.

He saw that the maddened steed must pass within a yard of where he stood fairly rooted to the spot, and if he should sverve a single hair's breadth in his direction, the plunging iron hoofs would crush him.

With a white, determined face, he wound his left arm firmly around the trunk of a tree, and stood breathlessly waiting to grasp the broken, swaying bridle of the infuriated animal with his strong arm as it dashed past him.

The few seconds that passed, as he awaited the terrible moment, seemed the length of eternity. All in a moment a strange truth burst upon him—he loved beautiful, golden-haired Verlie. If fate should part them, all happiness in life would be over for him. He realized too well that upon his agility and strength hung Verlie's precious young life.

Nearer, nearer dashed the coal-black horse with his terrified burden; one brief instant later he was abreast of Rutledge Chester, and in that thrilling instant a strong right arm flew out with unerring certainty; a hand of steel clutched one of the reins attached to the bit.

There was a powerful lunge forward, that nearly tore Rutledge Chester's right arm from its socket. If his left arm had not been wound so firmly around the trunk of a tree we should have had to record a tragedy. As it was, the powerful hand brought Verlie's horse, panting and quivering, but docile enough, to a standstill. He had recognized a masterly hand.

But in that backward plunge Verlie had lost her balance, and would have fallen headlong from the saddle if he had not loosened his grip from the horse and held out his arms just in time to catch her. As it was, she sank into them unconscious.

Involuntarily his arms tightened closely about her, as she fell, a dead weight, against his breast, her lovely golden hair brushing his cheek, as he bent over her. A great, mighty love for her surged through his heart, but he made no attempt to caress her. He would take no advantage of the situation. Rutledge Chester was a gentleman—one of nature's chivalrous noblemen.

By this time quite a crowd of pedestrians had gathered around them, and Uldene rode breathlessly up. Despite the cause, a fierce, deadly pang of jealousy shot through her heart, and her face grew pale as death as she saw her golden-haired sister in the arms of the man she loved with a wild, unreasoning, passionate love.

Verlie was taken home in a coupe, but it was hours before consciousness returned to her. When she opened her blue eyes, and lifted her golden, curly head from her pillow, she found herself



The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives may have seen things that should have aroused his suspicions, but heedlessly put them aside as of no moment. It is the same with the sickness that ends in death. Insidious diseases and bilious spells orders of the digestion and all other ailments are passed by as of no moment. In themselves these complaints may not be dangerous, but if neglected their cumulative effect is terrible.

The man who neglects the little disorders that are the signs of approaching ill-health is walking over a hidden mine that may cause his death. The explosion will come in the guise of consumption or some other deadly disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach and liver. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood, lingering cough, nasal catarrh and diseases of the air passages. It acts directly on the diseased tissues, driving out all impurities and disease-germs. It is the great flesh-builder, blood-maker and nerve-tonic. There is nothing in the medicine store "just as good."

in her own room. Uldene was standing by the lace-draped window, with her back toward her, gazing down into the gasfit. It was evening.

"Uldene," she called out in bewilderment, "have I been ill?" But before her sister could reply she sank on the pillow, with a cry of terror. In a flash memory had returned to her. She sprang from the couch and crept to Uldene's side, with bated breath, flushed cheeks, and shining eyes.

"Did he save me, Uldene?" she whispered. "Was it a dream or reality that he saved me—periled his life for mine?" "Mr. Chester saved you, if that is what you mean," announced Uldene, sharply, shaking off coldly the clasp of those clinging arms. "Any gentleman would have acted precisely the same under similar circumstances. There is no use in making a hero of him for a simple courteous act. I am sure he would not like you to think he did anything out of the ordinary."

Verlie drew back abashed at the coldness and bitterness of the other's tones.

"Uldene," she cried, in sudden fear and apprehension, "are you sorry that I did not die?"

"The lovely, defiant face into which she gazed so eagerly grew white. Heaven forgive beautiful, faulty, treacherous Uldene; such a thought had darted through her bitterly jealous heart; but she dared to deny it.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE MASK BALL.

Uldene turned toward the window again with an impatient gesture.

"You talk like a child, Verlie," she cried. "Of course I cared whether you lived or died. When you spoke to me so suddenly I was thinking of quite another matter—whether or no you would be able to attend the mask ball at Mrs. Warrington's to-morrow night. For, of course, if you were too ill to go, I would stay at home too."

"You shall make no such sacrifice for me, Uldene, darling," exclaimed Verlie, throwing her arms around her sister's neck and affectionately and eagerly kissing Uldene's beautiful false face. "Of course we shall go to the grand mask ball. I wouldn't miss it for worlds. I am not ill, you know. I am not even hurt; only shook up and frightened. I shall be all right by to-morrow."

A tap at the door interrupted their conversation. It was Mrs. Chester.

"What! up and around so soon, dear?" she exclaimed, pleasantly. "Rutledge will be delighted to hear such a pleasant account of you."

"I was more frightened than hurt, Mrs. Chester," replied Verlie, with a blush; adding, falteringly: "You must thank your son for me, for his timely assistance; but for him I should have met a far worse fate."

"You must keep your room for a day or two," returned the lady, kindly, "even though you forego the festivities of to-morrow night."

"Indeed, I am not as weak as you imagine, Mrs. Chester," exclaimed Verlie, gayly. "Why, I wouldn't think of missing the mask ball, not for worlds."

"As you please, my dear," responded Mrs. Chester, smiling. "Of course, young girls will be young girls. I have often known them to plead to get out of a sick-bed to attend such gala affairs."

"But you know I am not ill," persisted Verlie, lifting her blue eyes coyly.

The grand mask ball which was to be given in a neighboring mansion had been a much anticipated event to both Verlie and Uldene, it being the first of its kind which either had been invited to attend.

The costumes had taken fully a month's planning; they were marvels in their way. Uldene was to take the character of the beautiful, fatal, irresistible Helen of Troy, whose smile was more dangerous than a draught of poisoned wine, and whose wondrous dark eyes led men on to their doom.

Her dress was to be cloth of gold, draped with crimson tulle, caught up here and there with clusters of blood-red passion roses; crimson satin slippers were to enclose her tiny feet; glowing crimson rubies were to encircle her white throat, and her bare, rounded arms. Her dark, curling hair was to be completely concealed behind a golden veil, and a golden mask to cover her dark, lovely face—all save the red lips and dimpled chin.

Verlie was to be a fairy bride. A fierce pang of envy shot through Uldene's heart as she saw her golden-haired sister standing, dressed and ready, before the long French mirror in their boudoir the next evening.

It was indeed a beautiful picture the gilded mirror reflected—a lovely slender, girlish figure, draped in shimmering white satin that fell in graceful folds to her slender ankles; white kid gloves, extending to the elbow, set off the pearly pinkness of the lovely rounded arm above it, and white kid slippers that Cinderella herself might have worn, they were so exquisitely trim and dainty, peeped coyly out from beneath the shimmering silvery skirts.

"All I need is a magnolia blossom to make the costume complete," laughed Verlie.

"You can get one in the conservatory," remarked Uldene, indifferently. "Ring for one of the servants to fetch you one."

"I will go myself," declared Verlie, darting from the boudoir, tossing her white mask into Uldene's lap as she

passed her. But in less than a moment she came fluttering back, her cheeks all aglow with excitement. "Oh, Uldene! I had such a narrow escape!" she panted. "I had no sooner reached the corridor when the library door was suddenly opened and Rutledge Chester came hurriedly out. I slipped behind a marble Flora, but I am not positive whether he saw me or not; but I think not, though. He passed on toward the conservatory; so I did not go there. Oh, dear! it would spoil half the fun to have any one recognize me before the time for unmasking. Mr. Chester has not commenced to arrange his toilet yet, isn't it getting rather late?"

"I suppose so," returned Uldene. "The senator is to accompany us there, and Rutledge is to bring us home. I believe that's the arrangement, isn't it?"

Verlie nodded. Ah! there is the coach at the door now. Wrapped and hooded, they were soon whirling away toward the grand ball.

(To be Continued.)

HE THANKS HEAVEN

That he Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and Saved his Life

Bowmanville, Jan 21.—Marvellous indeed is the case of Mr A W Gibbons, miller of this town.

Here is his story, as he himself tells it: "I couldn't eat, nor sleep; had terrible pains in my back and stomach.

"Doctors said I had Bright's Disease. But they couldn't cure me.

"Thank Heaven, whether it was Bright's Disease or anyone else's, Dodd's Kidney Pills soon cured it.

"I hope the news of my cure will spread over the whole country, so that all sufferers will hear of the greatest kidney remedy in the world—Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that has ever cured Bright's Disease.

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According to the latest verdict of the New York courts in a suit for breach of promise it is no defence to plead that the promise to marry was made when the man in the case was drunk.

Dr. Chase Cures Catarrh after Operations Fail.

Toronto, March 16th, 1897. My boy aged fourteen, has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the Central Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

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Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

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To all who find themselves with health gradually slipping away, Kidneys and Liver so disorganized that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous waste material, Stomach disordered, Bowels Congested, Head Aching, Back Pain, take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The quick way they help you back to health will surprise you.

London enjoys a greater area of open spaces than any other capital in the world.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

The bitterness of a grain of strychnine can be tasted in 600,000 grains of water.

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Baron Rothschilds left £100,000 to the Evelina hospital for children.

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P. E. ISLAND COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

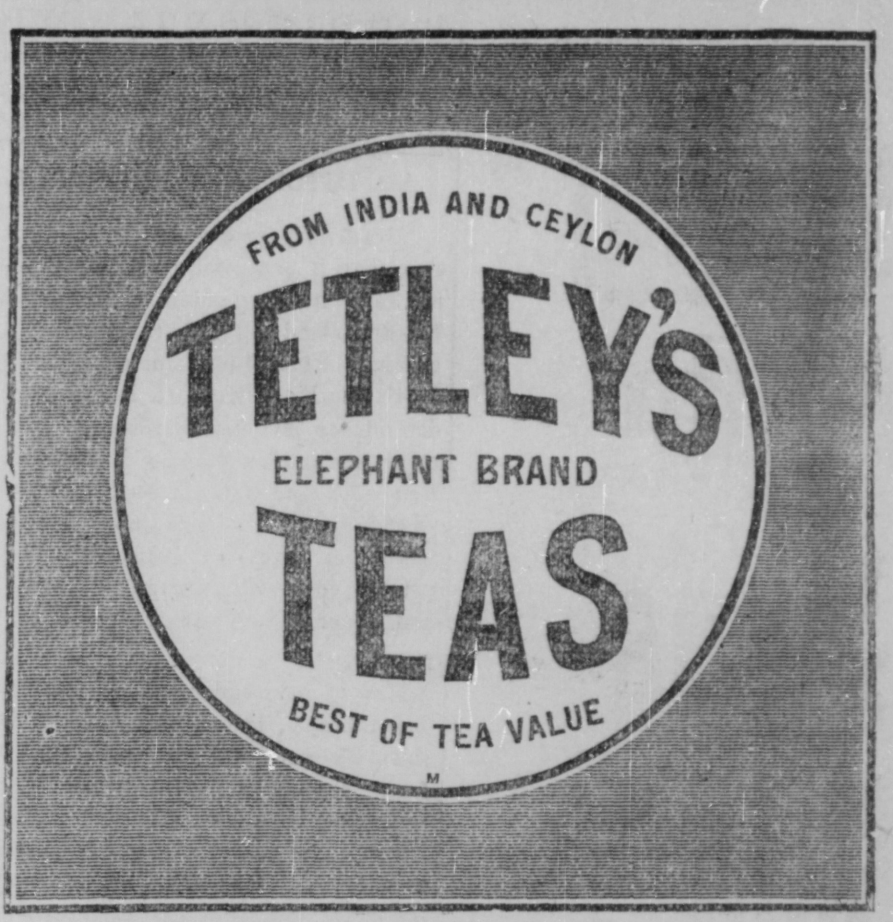
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