

G. A. LITTLE

PERFECT PARKER PEN

To those who have never used a Fountain Pen, the "Parker" is a delight. To those who have tried others, it is perfection.

Price \$2.00

FOR SALE AT.....

G. A. LITTLE'S,
OPP. POST OFFICE

KENDALL'S...

SPAVIN CURE



The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Ringbones, Sore shins, Curbs and all forms of Lameness. It cures without a horse being shod. It does not blister. North P. Adams, Ont., Feb. 10, '98.

Dr. E. J. Kendall Co.

Price \$1.00 per bottle. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, on application.

Dr. E. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

BEGIN RIGHT

Pause a moment and take a retrospect of 1900. Think of the amount of money you have spent in groceries and other necessities. You will have to spend just as much in 1901—perhaps more. If you want to economize, your grocer is the man to help you. If you can save a few cents on every order the amount saved at the end of the year will be considerable. Does your grocer help you to economize? He would if you bought your groceries here.

LOOKING BACKWARD

We find our business has increased and we take this opportunity of thanking our many friends for their liberal patronage during the past year. We value your friendship and will try and make it lasting and well merited by guaranteeing you absolute satisfaction at all times.

W. M. ROBSON

WEST END STORES
Telephone 82

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effective in its results.

Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

Parted by Fate

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

Uldene bowed her hapless head until the angry tumult which the man's words had evoked had died down and silence was again restored.

"Let me be brief," Uldene went on, speaking with difficulty, as though the words pained her, and never taking her great dark eyes from the face of the stern judge. "Soon after, I became engaged secretly to Rutledge Chester. I was on the point of writing this home to honest Mark Sefton when I made a startling discovery, which was written in a letter from the Seftons to Rutledge's mother, and which by accident I came across.

"In it Mark Sefton warned the lady to nip in the bud any flirtation which—being of a very romantic turn of mind—might fall into a young and handsome man should cross my path. She must never love, for she must never marry; so ran the letter. And I, full of curiosity, read these lines, which had never been intended for my eyes, carefully to the end. It was a history of my life, that read like a tragic romance. It was then I made the discovery that I was not Mark Sefton's child—but a waif clasped close in my dying mother's arms—who had been saved from a wrecked steamer, which was drifting toward the light-house one terribly stormy night. My young mother did not live long enough to tell who we were, or from whence we came. She cried out to Nella Sefton to take her hapless child—for she was dying—and rear it as her own. 'The child must never love, for she must never marry,' for a curse most terrible hangs over her hapless head that will blast her life, mock her love, until death ends it all. Listen while I tell you what it is. But first you must swear never to reveal it even to the child herself—it is so full of awful horror! Ere she could breathe the horrible secret she fell back dead, with the bitter secret untold."

"Now, you see," wrote Mark Sefton in conclusion, "why you must guard her, dear madam, more carefully, while she is under your roof, than most girls." There the letter ended. I threw it in the fire, and as I watched the glowing coals I cried out to myself, "Why should I care for those written words? Why should I let them rob me of love and happiness? I could not—no, I would not! I would brave fate itself and marry Rutledge Chester.

"I was on my guard now, and I resolved Rutledge's mother should never know I loved her son, lest she should warn him against me. In his mother's absence one day, Rutledge and I were married. Oh, fatal day! Oh, bitter hour! In that hour I brought my own doom upon my head. And ah! God help me, the penalty was worse than death. But I must not deviate. When Rutledge's mother returned and discovered that we had been suddenly married she threw up her hands with a wild cry, fell upon her face and never spoke again. The horrible secret those lips might have told died with her. I knew what the blow that killed her—oh! I knew but too well.

"I have often since cried out wildly and bitterly to Heaven: 'Why could I not have died then, in my youth and my happiness?' But I must not digress. I must be brief while you have the patience to listen to the bitter sorrow that followed," murmured Uldene, while tears fell like rain from the beautiful dark eyes and down the marble-white cheeks.

The silence of death reigned throughout the dense, packed room; no sound broke the breathless silence save the quivering sob that broke from Uldene's white lips as she went on with her piteous story—ah, yes, surely the strangest, as she had said, that ever fell from mortal lips.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE CURSE.

Rutledge Chester sprang to Uldene's side, almost overcome by intense emotion, but she waved him off.

"Do not touch my hand until you have heard all," she said, piteously. "You must not! I pray you let me continue, while I have the strength. Across the sunshine of my happiness a dark cloud drifted, bringing with it—my doom. All unawares the cyclone burst above my head; the volcano broke beneath my feet.

"I was in a picture gallery one day, with the young girl who sits beside the prisoner—Miss Temple will remember the occurrence well—when suddenly I was aware—painfully aware—of the fixed, burning gaze of a pair of eyes bent upon me, and looking up, I beheld a stranger scrutinizing me closely with a look that burned down to my very soul; I could not tell why. I hurried Neddy away from the gallery, but all the way home the dark-bearded, evil face of the stranger haunted me. One evening, two days later, while walking through the garden at the rear of the villa, I came suddenly face to face with the same stranger, within the grounds.

"I would have cried out and turned and fled, but he held up his hand with a gesture of warning, calling cautiously, in a hoarse, awful voice:

"On your life raise no outcry—no alarm; I am no thief, no intruder. Summon help and your doom will be sealed."

"Who are you? What do you want here? And how dare you, a stranger, address me thus?" I cried, fairly raging at the man's insolence, and trembling with dismay.

"One who has been searching the whole world over to find you, I answer to your first question," he said; "to the second, I say, I am here to avert—a tragedy! and as to the third question, as to why I, a stranger, dare address you, I answer, by the right of an uncle, who has been appointed your guardian, and who would have striven to prevent you, the last daughter of an accused race, from marrying had it been in human power; but it seems I have come too late. You are married, but I can

save you from the doom that follows."

"I stood motionless, rooted to the spot," moaned Uldene, "too terrified to cry out or utter any word. Like a flash of fatal words of the letter occurred to me—the words my young mother had uttered on her death-bed, that love was not for me.

"What is your purpose here? I murmured, desperately.

"To persuade you that you must leave Rutledge Chester at once and forever, or I shall publicly announce that which will cause you to be sent from him by his own command—that which will cause him to turn from you in horror and fear too great for words. I will tell you first the doom which hangs over you, and which has fallen upon every daughter of your race for generations back; then you must choose whether you will go quietly back to France (from where you were stolen in your infancy) or enter a convent there under an assumed name, and where you will shut out from the world for life.

"I will give you proof, first of all, that I am indeed what I claim to be, your uncle and guardian; then I will tell you your story."

"I examined the portrait of my mother, which he had brought with him, which was so like my own face it might easily have been taken for me. Beneath it was my mother's name—Uldene. I knew he spoke the truth. I could feel it in my heart. Every pulse thrilled as I gazed at the pictured face in the white, bright moonlight. One by one I examined the papers he had brought with him; and no doubt was left in my mind but that he was indeed my uncle.

"The daughters of your race were all beautiful women," he said, slowly; "but none were so beautiful as you, who seem to have inherited all the beauty of your race. You have inherited, too, their quick, passionate nature. Quick to love, and to love intensely, and quite as quick to hate, and hate bitterly."

"I knew his words as to my disposition were quite true."

"Some three or four generations back," he said, thoughtfully, "there belonged to your race a handsome, debonaire, reckless fellow, who did more harm in the world than good. He owned a princely chateau and a large estate, and spent money like a prince. At the age of thirty he had enjoyed every happiness—every pleasure that life holds. Just as he was tiring of it all most profoundly, a beautiful gypsy girl chanced to cross his path. Her dark, glowing beauty pleased him, and obeying a sudden impulse, he made her his bride. The flame so quick to light in his capricious heart, as quickly died out; and the fetters that bound him to the beautiful gypsy were gall to him, and a thousand times he cursed himself for wedding her; and always to the face of her who would have given her life-blood for one word, she kindly smile from him whom she idolized as a living god. About his time came a fair-haired maiden, whom, with him, to see was to love, and love with all the mad ardor of his passionate nature. But for the gypsy girl, he told himself, he would be free to woo and win the only woman he could ever love. In speaking of the matter to a bosom friend, he was shown a loophole in the marriage bond which held him, and he was not long in availing himself of the opportunity of turning the beautiful gypsy girl from his doors.

"It was on her eighteenth birthday that the beautiful gypsy girl fled from her husband's home back to the nomadic life of her people, whom she had forsaken, and all for love of him.

"The scene between them was fierce and terrible. He thrust her from the grounds, and maddened to frenzy, she attempted to draw the silver arrow that caught back her long, dark hair, and bury it in his faithful heart.

"In this she failed; but she left with him a curse more bitter than to have been slain by her hand would have been; and this was her curse:

"That if he married the fair-haired maiden to whom his heart had turned, that every daughter of their race should be accursed; and if they married young—as she, the hapless gypsy girl, had done—that their marriage should end in a broken heart, as hers had. She sank down on her knees amid the blizzards of the open glade, and prayed the great spirit of her people, who had witnessed her dejection, to make the eighteenth birthday of the daughters of his race—should he marry again—as memorable in sorrow as hers was on that day. She prayed that they might on that day lose hope and reason. Aye, that they might go raving mad, as she was going; and that their white hands on that day be stained with the life-blood of him whom they loved—the man who was found bold enough, despite her warning, to lead them to the altar.

"It was horrible—this curse the wild, untamed child of nature uttered; but it has followed them," he said, "from generation down. Each daughter, braved fate by marrying, and on her eighteenth birthday, her doom fell upon her. Bereft of reason, a tragedy ensued. They lifted their white hands against him whom, in reason, they had loved best; but they never knew the sad end, for each daughter, in turn, spent her lonely life after that in the old stone house on the river road that had been set apart for their use.

"Your mother, Uldene, he continued, "was nearly eighteen and married, when she first heard the story, and to avoid the curse, fled from her husband, taking with her the shock of the story she killed her husband. Then we heard she came to America. We followed her, but found trace of her too late.

"Now, Uldene, you see Rutledge Chester's danger, he went on. "If you love him, fly from him—save him; better that than stay him, or, knowing your story, have him turn from you in horror, and seek measures to confine you in an insane asylum.

"If you refuse to fly, I will proclaim your story to the world. Choose. Take

your fate in your own hands."

"I went," faltered Uldene, "although it nearly broke my heart to part from him. Still, I must save him from myself. I cried out to my own breaking heart. In my desperation, I cried out that I would enter a convent, and there, hidden from Rutledge and from the eyes of the world, end my miserable days.

"He was to accompany me there, but on the journey Heaven interposed. There was a terrible railway accident, and he was accompanied me—aye, the whole world—believed that, then and there, I met my death. A young girl, sitting in a seat back of me, held my cloak and satchel, supposing I intended getting a cup of tea at a railway station where the train was to stop. I had conceived this idea while he was in the smoking-car ahead. I had changed my mind about entering the convent. I aighted from the train, it thundered on, and you know the rest.

"I read in the papers of my supposed death—how I had been identified by the cloak and satchel, and how, afterward, my supposed mutilated remains had been placed in the family vault by my grief-stricken husband.

"He believes me dead!" I cried, with a bitter sob. "And dead to the world and to him I must ever be!

"What it cost me to live apart from him only Heaven knows, and the pining angels, for one glance at his well loved face, I dared go to Washington, where he was. I was heavily veiled as I passed him by, and looked at him with yearning, wistful eyes; but he did not know me. He never dreamed the dark-robed figure he had so carelessly passed by knelt on the spot where he had stood, and, with passionate, burning tears, kissed the cold pavement over which he had passed."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU TO SAVE YOUR LIFE."

"Matters might have drifted on in this way forever, had not an unexpected event happened," sobbed Uldene, breaking down completely now, "and that was the announcement that greeted my eyes in the paper one day—of my husband's approaching marriage. Only God knows what I suffered as I held the paper in my hand. The words seemed to stand out before my dazed eyes like a great, awful fire. My heart gave one great, awful throbb, and I fell to the floor like one dead. It was many a day before I regained consciousness again, and realized what was transpiring around me.

"Was I in time to stop the marriage? I asked myself, wildly, for it must be stopped at any cost. I dared not offend God and man by letting the ceremony go on; and then—though severed from Rutledge as completely as though I were indeed dead—still he was my husband; yes, he was mine—mine!

"I made my way to Black-Fox Light-House, reaching there one hour in advance of the ceremony. I had barely stepped upon the island ere a man came hastily up the path, and I drew back into the shadow of the trees until he should pass. As the moonlight fell across his face, I saw, to my horror, it was he—the man whom you are holding ponder—er, who had wrecked my life by telling me the fatal story of the past—he who claimed to be my uncle and guardian.

"Another step was heard, and he drew back motionless, among the trees—so near the spot where I had shrunk back that I could have put out my hand and touched him. As the third person advanced hastily, a terrible imprecation burst from my guardian's lips.

"It is Rutledge Chester," he cried fiercely, below his breath, yet loud enough for me to hear. "He shall not marry the woman I love to-night. I—I will kill him first. I owe him another grade, too. It was he who forced me from the ranks of society; he it was who found me out and hunted me down, discovering that I was a sinner, a robber, and all that was infamous to his virtuous eyes; and he even traced to me the duel that took place at midnight in the graveyard, back of the old church that there and then I first met sweet Verlie Sefton, and held her captive in our rendezvous until she escaped. I would never have harmed one hair of her golden head, I loved her too well, even though she abhorred me. I paid back the old debt I owed Rutledge Chester in parting his first bride from him, but it has recalled on me. He is about to marry the woman I love; but I say he shall die first—here and now."

"I tried to cry out, but the sound died on my lips. The tall form drew nearer, I, who knew Rutledge so well, saw that it was not he; yet the young man approaching was fatally like him. In a moment he was abreast of the trees; then the would-be assassin sprang from the shadows. I heard a cry, I saw the flash of a cruel weapon, and only the mercy of Heaven prevented it from being buried in the young man's breast. In the excitement following the wounded man's startled cry, the man yonder hurriedly up the path, stumble over the prostrate form in surprise, and there they came upon him, it seems.

"In the confusion I made my way to Verlie, whom I found alone in her bridal robes. She thought me a ghost at first, risen from the dead. I told her all, and she knew, poor girl, that her marriage with Rutledge could never be—had a living wife. She could see, too, that I must never reveal myself to Rutledge, but go quietly away again.

"Verlie fainted, and I, with bitter tears, silently as a shadow, glided swiftly away. That is why poor Verlie has been tossing in the ravings of a brain fever ever since that night—Heaven soften the sorrow that will be hers with the return of memory. I would have gone down to the grave without revealing myself if it had not been for the pitiful crime fastened upon the innocent prisoner here, and from which I, an eye-witness, alone can save him from the unjust sentence of a term of imprisonment for long years.

"I have told my story—saved from infamy an honorable name. I have done my duty. This is the fatal day—my eighteenth birthday—and here and now let me die. My own confession has sealed my fate, but I implore you not to incarcerate me in an asylum. I am weak. I feel that I am dying—dying."

"I have parted you from Verlie," she sobbed, "but you will forgive me—forgive—I love you—so."

The words trailed off heavily from her white lips, and for the first time, she turned her eyes, in affliction, toward her handsome young husband.

Should she find horror and dismay on his face, or gloomy sorrow because she had parted him from his love?

"Rutledge," she murmured, holding out her white arms.

But ere he could reach her side she had fallen back in a deep, death-like swoon at the judge's feet.

Of course, the greatest excitement reigned, and the stranger soon found himself in the prisoner's box, in the place of noble Captain Lansing, who had been honorably discharged.

"I am now in the hands of the law, where you have always wished to behold me," cried the stranger, turning fiercely, yet with a mocking smile, to Rutledge Chester; "but I have cheated you, after all, from wedding the woman I love. I wish you joy with your maniac bride, for such she will surely be when she recovers from this shock and returns to consciousness."

Loud cries and hisses from the crowd greeted this remark, and the judge, fearing personal violence to the prisoner, had him conveyed immediately to an inner room, and the throng was summarily dispersed.

Uldene was carried to a coach, and Rutledge gave the order:

"To the nearest hotel."

"Poor Uldene! Poor, hapless Uldene!" he murmured, laying the beautiful, marble-white face against his bosom, while tears, that were no shame to his manhood, stole down his face. "How well you have loved me!"

In that moment his heart fought a great battle with right and wrong. He must put Verlie out of his life forever, and turn his every thought to poor Uldene. He was only human, dear reader, and if he shed a few bitter tears over his vanished hope of winning his lost love for his bride, we must remember "to err is but human." Let it be said of him, he struggled manfully to put all thoughts of Verlie's fair face from him, and to learn to face the world without her, and remember only Uldene, his young wife, who had been restored to him from the very grave, it seemed.

An old physician was soon in attendance upon Uldene. It was the same old physician, older and grayer now, who had held Uldene in his arms when she was a little babe, and who had predicted such a strange, uncommon life for the child as he gazed at the wee, pink palm lying like a crumpled rose-leaf within his own.

"In my opinion," declared the doctor, "there are no symptoms of hereditary insanity here, and I am counted an expert in such cases. I firmly believed, as I listened to her remarkable story to-day, that the man claiming to be her uncle, is, in reality, a true descendant of the gypsy girl she spoke of, and that for generations past they have deliberately set about preparing this story, which has been handed down from father to son, and setting it afloat to terrify and destroy the hapless daughters of this race. These frail and beautiful women were so shocked by the prediction, and brooded over it with such horrible anticipation, that constant brooding in time turned their brains and made in them raving maniacs. The child of each fair daughter was born before this period, therefore no taint of the malady was handed down to the child."

"The man is a villain, an old offender against the law," replied Rutledge. "No crime is too atrocious for him to attempt.

"I imagine he is at the end of his rope; he is wanted for too many crimes to ever again regain his freedom."

It is presumable that the man knew this, for in less than an hour there was news that he had, by his own hand, buried his unfortunates into eternity. He left a written confession behind him, however, and, strange to say, it was almost word for word the same as the doctor had predicted. He was the last descendant of the gypsy girl, and his people had for generations back deliberately destroyed the fair daughters of a bonny race, and all for revenge's sake.

The man died as he had lived, unrepentant.

While this scene was being enacted, quite another, and a sweeter one, was being enacted in the shady orange grove that skirted the beautiful island tipped by the silvery waves of the glistening sea.

Two persons sat on a mossy, fallen log; they were pretty, capricious, black-eyed Neddy and gallant Captain Lansing.

"You will answer my question, won't you, Neddy—dear Neddy?" he said, winningly, edging up a little closer to the slender figure, and attempting to take one of the little, restless hands that were toying with the wild flowers.

"You have been my staunch, true little friend through the darkest hours of my life. Be my sunbeam in brighter hours. Say that you will be my little bride, Neddy, darling."

"I wouldn't marry you to save your life, Captain Lansing," she declares, starting up from the mossy log.

"Will you tell me why, Neddy?" he persists.

"Because I—I—don't care very much for you; no, not a bit," she persists; but the blushes on the dimpled face tell him better. She does care for him.

The smiling captain catches the wifely little beauty in his arms, and holds her there until she has answered his question; and the answer must have pleased him vastly, for, half an hour later, Neddy, blushing rosy red, slips into Verlie's room at the great, dark light-house, and holds up a little white hand, on the betrothal finger of which a diamond glitters like a star.

"Oh, it's true, Verlie," she pants—"quite true, after all. Captain Lansing loves me, and only me; and, oh, Verlie, I'm so happy! I have promised to be his bride."

Verlie looked with quivering lips into the bright face so transfixed with staring and beaming love; and she kissed the girl's ripe, red lips.

"May you ever be happy in your love, Neddy," she whispers, softly. "Remember, love is the sweetest boon Heaven does not give to all."

"Then they talk of Uldene in low, tender whispers.

one is very low, they say," Neddy whispers. "May God grant her life instead of death."

"Amen!" breathed pure, gentle Verlie, uttering the word in which a whole prayer was compressed with all her heart.

And how fared it with Uldene at that critical moment? We shall see.

CHAPTER XL.

"LIVE FOR MY SAKE, DARLING."

All day long Uldene had lain in a death-like stupor, from which she aroused just as the bells in the far-off belfry tolled the midnight hour.

Raising her great, dark, fathomless eyes, she saw the face of the good old doctor, whom she had known from infancy, bending over her.

"Where am I? Have I been ill?" she murmured, attempting to struggle up from her pillow, but the effort was too much for her, and she fell backward, half fainting.

"You are very ill, my dear," said the doctor, gently; "so ill that your life hangs by a single thread. You must not exert yourself if you would live. Here, drink one drop of this," he said, taking a small vial from the stand close by the (Concluded on Page 11)



We give a handsome Watch with polished Nickel case mounted with Gold and Silver, and second-hand watches, to the first person who sends us a testimonial for Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Mail this advertisement, and we will send you a watch, and your watch will be sent you absolutely free. The Dix Co., Box 34, Toronto.

IN ORDER

That the children may not come from school heavy-eyed, languid, and listless.

IN ORDER

That they may be cheerful, happy, and contented, growing stronger and sturdier day by day.

IN ORDER

To have strength for pleasure after the duties of the day are accomplished.

IN ORDER

Not to have the body so tired that the mind cannot be cultivated.

IN ORDER

To have the sensibilities keen, the wits sharp, perceptions clear, and the ability to make affairs run smoothly, take

Dr. Ward's
Blood and Nerve Pills

Systematically, and you will be delighted with the result. Why? Because they will enable you to sleep soundly, eat heartily, and digest what you do eat, thereby keeping mind and body in proper condition.

50c. per box, five boxes for \$2.00.
All Druggists, or Sam Williams & Co., Toronto, Ont.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING
Distinguished every where for Delicacy of Flavour Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 3-lb tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Aneurism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

Wood's Phosphatine

The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.25, 5c. One unit given. Six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphatine is sold in Lindsay by R. G. W. Morgan, 405, A. Higginbotham and S. Penz, druggists.

SOLID GOLD

We give the beautiful Solid Gold Ring with a Ruby and two Pearls, for selling only 10c. to the first person who sends us a testimonial for Wood's Phosphatine. Mail this advertisement, and we will send you a watch, and your watch will be sent you absolutely free. The Dix Co., Box 34, Toronto.