OR, THE DUEL IN THE GLEN.

CHAPTER XXV.-(Cont'd)

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd)

Very slowly the dark eyes open; Irene springs to her feet with a low, terrified cry. Was it some dark, terrible dream that had clutched so heavily at her heart? Her eyes encountered the vial that had fallen from the doctor's hand to the floor, then wandered to the white face lying against the pillow, and then, Heaven help her, Irene remembered all, and the cry that fell from her lips was pitiful to hear.

She sprung to her feet, gazing in terror at that stark, white face, crying out that she had killed him.

"God be mereiful to me," she moaned, in her terror. "Oh, if it were to be done over again, Leon Forrester, and I could give my life to save yours, I would do it," she cried.

When the doctors entered, and gathered around his bedside for consultation, what would that ghastly, grayish face tell them, she wondered, vaguely? Would they discover the cause of death—that the medicine had not been administered? What could she say in self-defence—that sleep had overcome her? Sleep! how could she say that she had dared to sleep when a human life was entrusted to her care? Kneeling there, beside that couch, Irene suffered a lifetime of misery.

How the terrible moments passed she never knew. She heard the tread of feet in the corridor without, and she knew that it must be the consulting physicians, who made their tours at regular intervals—they are coming at last.

Irene could hear their low, hushed voices as they entered the door, their expression of hope that they would find the condition of No. 23 much improved; the powerful inhaling vapor would draw him back from the gates of death, if anything could.

How the beautiful, hopeless woman cowered as she heard the words; how she

back from the gates of death, if anything could.

How the beautiful, hopeless woman cowered as she heard the words; how she wished in that moment that God would strike her dead for yielding to the bitterly-cruel temptation to withhold the life-giving inhalation.

There had been a time when in this very hospital they had given her the name, "the Angel of the Helpless." Oh, if they but knew—oh, if they but knew what she had done!

Very softly they advanced, and stood around the sufferer's couch. "How is our patient?" asked one of the doctor's, bending his ear down to listen to the faint throbbing of the sufferer's heart.

The words were addressed to Irene, but she dared not look up or raise her head from the coverlet lest they should read the horriblwe guilty fear and despair in the doath-white face and terrir-stricken eyes. She neither moved nor spoke; she could not have replied if her life had depended upon the utterance of a single word.

For a moment, that seemed the length

could not have replied if her life had depended upon the utterance of a single word.

For a moment, that seemed the length of eternity to the guilty creature crouching there, a death-like silence reigned in the room. Were the doctors looking a seach other with horror in their faces, Irene wondered, vaguely. Would the horrible stillness be broken by the stern, awful words, "What does this mean? The medicine has not been given the patient!" For, of course, the wise doctors would know—oh, yes, they would know! How oppressive the silence grew. Were they pointing to her with significant faces? How she wished she dare raise her face and see what this silence meant; see what was passing and her! It was one of the matrons who make he had bent over the dark face lying against the pillow with bated breath; then a sharp cry broke from her lips.

"Doctor," she cried, her low voice quivering with alarm, "this is not life! See the gray pallor round the mouth—the glaze of death is creeping over these eyes; death-damp stands out on the high forehead. The sight of death is not new to me—the man is dying!"

Ah, me! how the wind among the trees, whose leafy branches fluttered against the casement, seemed to take up the word with a low, moaning shriek and whisper it to the whole world outside! And it whispered something else, too; something that only Irenc, kneeling in such abject terror at Leon Forrester's bedside, knew and understood. Irene wondered vaguely why the doctors did not answer the startling, vehement words that fell from the matron.

"It looks strangely, startlingly like it." responded one of the physicians, gravely.

was passing areas here in made the matrons who areas in the matrons who areas in the prior with the state of the control of th

recommended Bovrii for these reasons and they have now been established by strict physiological tests made by W. H. Thompson, M. D., D. So., of Trinity College, Dublin.

How long Irene knelt in the garish sunlight, among the tall grasses, she never knew: a step aroused her; she looked up i affright and saw one of the doctors

knew; a step aroused her; she looked up in affright and saw one of the doctors approaching.

"He is coming to tell me Leon Forrester is dead." she thought. "He knows all He has come to accuse me. Hencen pity and direct me! What shall I do?". The doctor rapidly came nearer. A vague presentiment crossed Irone's mind that he was searching for her, and a wild, mad impulse to fly, to hide herself anywhere—anywhere—occurred to her. She saw now how imminent was her peril. She had stood quietly by while a life had slowly drifted out, without lifting her hand to save it, yet she might have saved Leon Forrester if she would. Ah yes, she could have saved him, but she did not. Now they were coming to accuse her of it.

could have saved him, but she did not. Now they were coming to accuse her of it.

With a white, ghastly face, and eyes disting with fear. Irene struggled to her feet, and fled swiftly through the green, sunlit grounds that surrounded the hospital, ran fleetly—swiftly, to hide in the thick green coverts of the park; but the swift footsteps seemed to gain upon her. It was no delusion then; they had discovered what she had done, and they were pursuing her. At that moment she was mad with fear. And of all the pain she had suffered none was so great as this she suffered none was so great as this she suffered none was so great as this she suffered hiding among the green trees on which the golden sunlight fell, hiding in fear, and abject terror.

No one could deny the swift and surrounishment of sin who could have seen that white terror-distorted face; and the wild, frightened eves peering out from the midst of the thick, green leaves.

She had hoped that the doctor had not seen her, that he would pass her by: but when he had reached the lilac brshes behind which she crouched in the long, green grass he paused.

With folded arms young Dr. Ross gazed bityingly down on the white face cowering at the foot of the grarled beech trees. With gentle hands he raised her placing her upon one of the garden chairs.

He was touched by the sight of her uter terror and abject fear. Alas! how fatter terror and abject fear. Alas! h

rified her more than words could have done.

"It is right that you should feel remorse for what you have done: or rather for what you failed to do," broke in Dr. Ross, sternly, "still, you need not strnd in such terror of me, although. I know all. I and I alone am possessed of your secret," he said, slowly.

With a superhuman effort Irene raised her dark dazed eyes to his face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I know all," he repeated: "bw chance I offered my services to take the place of another doctor by the bedside of No. 23 As I entered the ward, approaching the cot, I could not help but hear the words that fell from your lips, which fairly paralyzed me with horror. Suffice it to say I administered the inhaling "apor you dashed from you, and which has saved the patient's life—he will live."

"Ob sir, as you are strong, be merciful!" she wailed: "I was so sorely tempted, I did not mean to do wrong. I could have died sconer than harm one hair of his head—I—oh, be merciful, and spare me."

tor."

His face darkened angrily when he heard her say that, and the hard lines set led about his mouth.

"Tell me what it is that you want me to do." he said. "I am not quite sure that I understand."

"I want you to keep my secret for."

"I want you to keep my secret, for-ever," she sobbed,—"my husband does not know that I was ever his—his—wife."
"Forrester's you mean," he interrogat-

"Forrester's you mean," he interrogated, grimly.
She nodded her head dumbly—
"Frederick does not know one word of the past," she sobbed—"nor, need he ever know. This man is blind, he could never find me. See how humbly I plead with you on my knees, Victor, to keep my secret. You loved me once—by that love snare the new."

"I love honor more. You are nothing to Frederick Esmond; by your own confession you are this other man's wife; Esmond has no claim upon you"—and a strange light flashed into his eyes as he utered the words—a flerre light that made her cower and tremble.

"Do you remember what I told you once, Irene?" he said, "on the day when I parted from you?"

She shook her dark head, and he went on slowly, "I told you then that I should be the bitterest foe—even to the death—as long as my life lasted, of the man who won you from me; and now, with the weapon, so to speak, in my hand, which will part you from him, think you I will fail to use it? There is but one means of keeping this scandalous story from the world. You must part from Esmond at once and forever—part from Esmond at once and forever—part from im and his child. Go where you will. Under that condition, and that condition only. I will take a solemn vow that your secret shall never pass my lips."

"I cannot give up Frederick and my little child," she moaned, "the pangs of death would be casier to bear. Oh. Victor! what would the alternative be?"

He stooped down and whispered a few words in her ear; she fell back against the garden bench, white as death.

"Oh God, be merciful, I cannot give up Frederick and my little child," she repeated, vehemently, "they are part of my heart, part of my soul."

"Then I will go' to Esmond, the man you are now duping, and tell him all." cried Dr. Ross, hoarsely. "Think how Esmond will scorn and abhor you, when he has heard your story. He will turn you from his door." he went on, vehemently. "Leave him quietly. Irene, and save your reputation before the world; stay, and you face the penalty. You must decide here and now."

"Give me a little time to think," she wailed, "one short hour."

He bowed "I will leave you, Irene," he said; "in an hour from now I will return-you will be here?"

She bowed her dark head.

He turned and walked away. The sound of his footsteps died away shuddered at the bare here of the last hour," she saked her

for a tooth, and a life for a life, are its sentiments.

She tried to look the great sorrow that had fallen upon her, fully in the face.

She thought of her luxurious home, of the handsome young husband, awaiting her return, who was dearer than life itself to her; of the lovely, laughing child, whom she had left playing on the lawn, round whom her heart was twined so closely.

"I cannot part from them," she wailed;

closely.
"I cannot part from them," she wailed;
"Oh. God. I cannot!"
Then on the other hand, she could see the black horror and disgrace that would fall upon her if they knew all. Would it be best to leave quietly, leave her husband and little child—letting Frederick think what he would; or, re-

Because they act so gently (no

purging or griping) yet so

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

are best for the children as well as

National Drug and Chamical Co. of Canada, Limited

25c. a box at

thoroughly

the grown-ups, your druggist's.

main, to disgrace them before the world—and then to be turned from Frederick's door after all.

The picture was maddening!
She knew well that he might have forgiven her the bitter deception of keeping that horrible past from him. But would he ever forgive her for yielding to the awful black temptation that had prompted her to see that convict's life drifting from this world, to the unknown, when, by stretching out her hand, she could have saved him.

No matter whom or what he was, a human life was worth saving.

She could picture Frederick's horror and dismay. Ah, she could never endure to see that look on his face; better exile—death—than that. Ah, yes, surely he would abhor her when he knew all; after all it was showing her mercy, as Victor Ross had said, allowing her to go quietly away and keeping her pitiful secret. The sound of footsteps on the gravel path warned her of Victor Ross' return. A moment later and he stood before her.

"I'wo have come to a decision, Irene?" he said.

She raised her great, dark, woful eyes to his face, and in a voice that sounded like nothing human, answered:—

"I'will go—away. God help me! I will leave Frederick and my child—my darling! If you will pledge yourself to keep my bitter secret from the world and from them, forever. But—II—cannot go and leave them—I cannot part from them without looking on their faces just once again!"

CHAPTER EXVII.

Irene turned, and walked slowly away, Victor Ross gazing after her with a strange light in his eyes.
"You won her from me, Frederick Esmond," he muttered, "and now, I have parted you two forever. I told you once I should take a bitter vengeance of the man who came between us if it were ever in my power, and I have kept my word."

word."

He knew it was an ignoble thing which he had done—holding his knowledge of her secret as a sword over her head to part her from his rival, but he excused himself by declaring over and over again, as he paced up and down under the trees, that the course he had pointed out to Irene was the only one open to her. Part from Esmond she must—there was no question about that; and, keeping that which he had discovered from the world, was an act of kindness toward her.

The girl soon returned with Nanette ligence the child was out with Nanette level the thread of her guest's conversation, to reply to their small talk; and it was the greatest effort of her life. Ah. They took their departure at last, just as the great lamps were being lighted in the parks, and the stars were commencing to come out in the evening sky.

(To be continued.)

Would she ever turn to him in the far-off future for advice or comfort? he won-dered, vaguely, and wild, exultant day-dreams filled his brain of that future, which was built around Irene.

Extra Granulated

Sugar contains 5

pounds full weight

of Canada's finest

sugar, at its best.

Ask your grocer

for the Redbath

5-Pound

Package.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., Limited, Montreal.

Each and Every 5—Pound

Package of De

Meanwhile Irene had entered the wide corridor, and had groped her way like one suddenly stricken blind to the reception-room; there she found her friends waiting for her.

"Oh, Irene," cried Miss Reynolds, "we have been looking everywhere for you; where have you been? We—"She stopped short, as she caught sight of Irene's face.

"Oh. Irene," exclaimed her companions in a breath, "are you ill? Your face is as white as death, and you are trembling violently," and they crowded about her with great solicitude.

with great solicitude.

By a great effort, Irene rallied; she forced a smile to her lips. They did not see how tightly the white, ringed hands were clutched together over her heart.

"I felt a little faint," she said, "and I went out into the grounds and sat down under the trees. I—I—am better, now. I pray you do not give yourselves any uneasiness on my account; do not let me spoil your pleasure." During the drive homeward, she talked, laughed, and jested; no one would have thought to have seen her, that her heart was breaking. She was crying out to Heaven, that this ride would never end.

They were to dine with her. She must

They were to dine with her. She must sit through torturesome hours and entertain them.

When they drove through the high arched gateway, Irene looked eagerly around for her child. Little Ruby was not in sight. As soon as they reached the drawing-room, Irene rang for her maid

"Send Ruby to me, here, at once," she ordered, and to the maid's astonishment she added,—"Ruby will dine with us to-day."

The girl soon returned with the intelligence the child was out with Nanette, her nurse.



When President Taft and Col. Roosevelt are through with their mud slinging, they must clean up.

"2 in 1" Shoe Polish. is the very best thing for their boots as all good Canadians and Americans realize.



Best by test. Will not soil the daintiest garments. Quick brilliant, lasting. No other even half as good.