

Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland)

For human bliss and woe in the frail thread of human life are all so closely twined...

CHAPTER XI.

The days and weeks dragged on wearily, and then, slowly and imperceptibly, the old life was resumed at the cottage.

And gradually Isabel's grief, though as profound as ever, became softened. She began to talk with some composure even, of these last precious hours with her beloved husband...

"The stronger she gets the better," she would tell herself, and then he would sigh and groan, remembering that, terribly as she had suffered, she knew nothing of the real tragedy of her life.

"But often as he came to the decision that the time had come to tell the full story to her, often as he went across from his mother's cottage at Grove Ferry, where he was staying, he determined to tell Isabel everything, his heart always failed him, and he would leave her good evening as good as nothing, and hurried away without saying a word that would even arouse her suspicions or make her ask any questions that would help him to explain matters to her.

"The thing they discussed constantly, and that was the advisability of returning with her children to New Zealand. She had friends, relatives there, he reminded her, who would be glad to welcome her and her children back amongst them. He himself, as she knew, would look after and cherish the little ones as if they were his own. Her comfort and well-being would be his first care.

"But, whilst thanking him for his advice, Isabel resolutely set her face against leaving Meadow View Cottage for us, and in it I remained," she said decidedly. "I am not rich, but my means will allow me to live here with my children, quietly and respectably. My dear husband," her lips trembled, though the tone of her voice was softly caressing as she said the sweet name, "loved the land of his birth, and for his sake I love it too. He is buried somewhere—not very far away—and by-and-by, when I grow stronger, my comfort will be to visit his grave and erect a stone to his memory. You, dear friend, should help me to do this before you go. You have done much more for me, Jerry, and you will, I know, do more, but you must allow me to stay as near my beloved Archie as possible."

"Oh Isabel," Jerry cried, in a choking voice, "you only knew. She smiled, and her eyes lit up with a gleam of real love and affection as she looked at him. "I know, Jerry. No woman ever had a better friend. True as steel Archie would say you were. And you know what a judge of character my noble husband was."

ger of this. Before long many difficulties would arise to prevent the keeping of the secret. This desire to visit his grave would probably be the first. If she persisted in wishing to do that the truth must be told. "I don't believe Archie ever made a mistake in that way," continued Isabel, not noticing his silence or agitation. "He was too honest and straightforward ever to suspect anyone, but he seemed to know a man by a sort of intuition at once, and I always had the greatest faith in his opinion, and I don't think I ever found him wrong. Certainly," smiling again, "in your case, dear friend, I don't know what I should have done without you all this terrible time, and I am deeply grieved that you have to leave us and go back to New Zealand."

"Come with me, Isabel," Jerry cried impulsively. "Your happiness there will be my one thought, my—"

"Hush! It is impossible. I am resolved to bring up Archibald's son as an Englishman. When he grows up he may choose for himself—go where he pleases, but as long as he is under my control he must remain in England with me. So, pray, urge me no more."

"I will not," Jerry bowed his head feeling sad and disappointed. "But you know my feelings upon the subject. They will always be the same. So, remember, if at any time you should change your mind and think it well for you and the children to get away from this you have only to let me know, and I will find you a home. Promise me, Isabel," he spoke with great earnestness—"that in any trouble or difficulty you will always turn to me for help and advice."

"Assuredly I will. The children and I both love you dearly, Jerry. After their father, my beloved Archibald," her voice shook—"there is no one they love so well."

"Thank you, dear Isabel, and believe me, you and they are all the world to me."

There was a short silence. Isabel, sitting with clasped hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, had drifted away again into thoughts of her beloved dead Jerry's love and goodness, his very presence, were quite forgotten, whilst he watched her every movement, absorbed in her, and her only thought was to be with her.

John laughed. "She's always longing for me when I'm away. When I'm there she takes me pretty cool. But, I say, you're looking green, Mr. Otway. Aren't you well?"

Jerry struggled hard to recover his self-possession. "Well? Of course I'm well! But run off John. Do."

"All right, I'm going." And whilst stilling and throwing an occasional stone at the birds as he passed under the trees, John at last vanished into the cottage.

Jerry strode rapidly backwards and forwards on the lawn. His heart throbbed painfully. He did not dare to look at Isabel, and, much as he longed to soothe and comfort her, he knew not what to do or say.

Presently Isabel raised her eyes, full of utter bewilderment, from the portrait on her lap, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Jerry!" she gasped. "Tell me; what does this mean? Who is this Lord Linton?"

Jerry shivered. The moment he had dreaded so much had come. His face twitched, and he pressed his hands spasmodically together.

"Sit down, do, and speak to me," stammered Isabel, and quivering all over. "There is something you dread to tell me, Jerry, I must know. Who is this man? Oh, God! It is—it is—it must be Archibald!"

"I am uncommonly lucky, 'pon my soul," he said to himself one evening about six weeks later, as he sat over his wine in the beautiful oak-paneled dining-room at the Abbey, and glanced approvingly at the Vandykes and Rembys decorating the walls, "for if Archie had married and had a son after I wrote telling him of the real Madeline's death my fate would have been very different, for I now know that she did perish in that hotel years ago, and he, of course, knew the truth that night. Well, all's well that ends well. So his gone and left no heir. So much the better for me, for I was well nigh at the end of my resources. Debt pressed heavily. There was scarcely a town or place in Europe where I could manage to escape from my creditors. These men are so importunate. They will worry for their money. It's really too absurd!"

He lit a cigar. "And then there was Miriam Danvers. She would have her pound of flesh, and was perpetually threatening to hand Margaret back to me unless I paid up for the child. She is an austere and unfeeling person, is Miriam. I could never make her understand that a gentleman must live as a gentleman; that he must dress and play cards, and drink wine, and smoke cigars like his fellows. But she and poor Meta were not fancy," with a sarcastic laugh, "far from it. Their former father had very different ideas from mine. Well, no wonder. And decidedly my marriage with Meta, as I soon found out was a mistake. But men are mostly fools when they are young, and I was no worse than many another. Then, when I first saw Meta she was pretty and a lovable enough little soul, so much so that I was really sorry when she died."

"If Margaret promised to be one-half as fair, I might bring her home now, and make much of her as my daughter. But she's plain, distinctly, and decidedly, so Miriam may keep her. I'll raise their allowance, and then, except an occasional visit, trouble little about them. I have a great future before me. I am a comparatively young man, and by-and-by a girl of that sort would be surely in my way. One day, and that not very far distant, I may marry again—and well, Tristram Fane, Lord Linton and Tristram Fane, bankrupt and beggar—for I gave my uncle little peace with my constant petitions for money—are very different people. From this hour I'll have the entrée to houses whose doors were once closed to me. The magic key of gold and title will open them. To me now, I shall have my pick of the best families in the land. But the first thing to be done before launching my new life is to come to an arrangement with Miriam. Tomorrow then, I'll make my way to Canterbury and interview my sister-in-law."

"No, dear. Alas! No. Would that he were—!" A sob choked him. "But now, Isabel—I must—must tell you all." And, sitting down by her side, he told her in a low, broken voice the whole story exactly as it is here given in the papers.

Isabel remained strangely calm, and listened and weighed his every word in a manner that surprised him. "There is a mistake—a mystery here that must be cleared up," she said, thoughtfully. "Archibald's first wife died some time before he asked me to marry him."

"He told you so—"

She turned upon him with blazing eyes. "He never told me a lie in his life. You know him, Jerry. Could you believe him capable of deceiving anyone?"

"No; and yet the fact remains—Madeline Delorme, his wife, was alive till a few days ago."

IRISH LANGUAGE AND HISTORY

Tournafulla, Newcastle West, County Limerick, 31st October, 1902. To the Editor of The Register. Sir—During the twenty years that I was a resident in London I spent a considerable time at the British Museum, the State Paper Office and other libraries collecting materials for a thorough and impartial history of Ireland, and an Irish Dictionary. During the same period I spent my holidays in Ireland along the western and northwestern coast and the adjacent islands, where our mother tongue is still a living language. The English-Irish portion is now ready for the printer and I am bringing it out by subscription—for Great Britain and Ireland 10s. to subscribers, America and the Colonies, three dollars post free; to non-subscribers at home 12s 6d, abroad, four dollars post free.

I am very glad to be able to state that I have already received splendid support from men of all classes and creeds in Ireland irrespective of politics, including His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, His Grace Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of all Ireland; the Lords Dunraven, Mayo, Ardglass, Barrymore, Iveagh, and the following Bishops: Dr. Jas. Browne, Bishop of Ferns, Wexford, Dr. Robert Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, Cork, Dr. John Coffey, Bishop of Kerry, Dr. John Conroy, Bishop of Nisibis, Dr. John Foley, Bishop of Kildare; Dr. Jno. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, and Henry Henry, Bishop of Down, and Connor, Dr. Joseph Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh, Longford, Dr. Francis J. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, Dr. John K. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry, Dr. Patrick O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, Donegal, Dr. Edward. Thos. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Richard Alphonsus Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, the great majority of the parish priests and other priests, both secular and regular, whose names appear in the list which will be inserted at the end of the book, as well as the professors and presidents of our colleges and the lady of every denomination.

The ancient nobility of Ireland is represented by many grand old names, amongst them being "The O'Morohoch" (lineal descendant of the Kings of Leinster). Then I have members of Parliament, magistrates, doctors and merchants, and farmers too numerous to mention. My knowledge of and love for the Irish language dates back as far as I can remember, and I was only very young indeed when I could read and write it. I was born some fifty years ago near Bresna, in Kerry, where Irish was then and still is spoken in the sixties. I had a good collection of Irish books and nothing used to delight the neighbors so much as to come into our kitchen in the evenings to hear me read out Oislin and his son Oscar, Fain MacCool, Goll MacMorra, Cucullian, Drarmid and Grainne, Conan Maol and the other great personages of the heroic period of our history. The same thing gives me the greatest possible pleasure now which only serves, once more, to show the truth of the saying that the child is father of the man.

I am bringing out the English-Irish portion of the Dictionary forthwith because we have at present no book of the kind on the market and because it is needed now more than ever was before. The revival of the Irish language is practically accomplished and some of our students will be making translations into Irish of the Masterpieces of the world. For them my book will be absolutely indispensable as the old dictionaries contain but a small section only of the spoken words.

I trust that such of my Irish brothers and sisters in whatever part of the world they may be, who can without detriment to themselves or their families afford it, will subscribe for a copy of the book I should like to see a large number of their names in my list of subscribers, apart from any pecuniary advantage which it might bring me. Irish is one of the fundamental languages of the world. It has undergone comparatively small change and little corruption during the lapse of ages. Its natural growth was, however, rudely checked centuries ago and it could not, therefore, keep pace with the spread of knowledge and the growth of science, consequently there are few scientific terms in our dictionaries. I have endeavored to repair this loss and I think I have succeeded.

The work was conceived and has been executed for the honor of Ireland and the glory of our Grand Old Native Tongue, and I am anxious to make it a complete success—Sian Ith go leir o'm'anam istig (Health to you all from my innermost heart). Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P. and other Irish scholars have kindly undertaken to read through the proof-sheets for me, which will materially tend towards its complete accuracy, which has been my great aim. I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully, T. O'NEILL LANE.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age.

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted might say, every physician of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN.

478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont. DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS) JAS COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

85 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., 189 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm, my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pain. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc. ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

Toronto, April 10, 1902. MR. JOHN O'CONNOR. DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found household duties, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily work with the same ease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING, 18 Spruce Street, Toronto, Toronto, April 18th, 1902.

J O'CONNOR, Esq., City. DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, 72 Wolseley Street, City. J. J. CLAREN.

114 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith. Address C.W. JOHN O'CONNOR, 189 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.