

**"I Was Terribly Weak After Baby Was Born"**



Mrs. H. McClure, Norwood, Ont., writes: "After my baby was born, I was terribly weak and run down, with pains across my back. I had heard so much of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that I decided to try it. Three boxes proved enough to make me quite strong and well again. I also used Dr. Chase's Ointment for a rash which broke out on the baby, and the rash disappeared completely in a short time."

**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**  
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

**At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit**  
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXX.

Presently a sound roused her and sent the color in a hot flush to her face. It was the noise of the waves on the shore. She opened her eyes and in their depth there was a look of keen pain.

A few minutes later she was on board the "Queen of the Seas." An elderly lady, plainly dressed, she passed unnoticed. How vividly she remembered the time when, from the moment she had stepped on board until she had left the steamer, she had been the one great attraction. All that was ended now. She had, as it were, been dead and buried all these long years.

The waves beat against the vessel, and the winds wailed her onward; whilst Mrs. St. Ange's heart each moment grew harder and colder.

The white cliffs rose before her at last. She alone knew why it was that she trembled and faltered when her feet touched English ground.

On landing she took a ticket to London, intending, after resting one night there, to go to Deeping on the morrow. It was so strange to hear English spoken all around her, to see English faces again. She felt bewildered.

"I have been buried so long," she said to herself. "I feel like one risen from the dead."

Arrived in the metropolis, she went to a hotel that long years before Mrs. de Ferras had made her home. It had changed since those days, and the proprietor had little time to spare for the plainly-dressed, elderly woman who asked for a bedroom and wanted nothing more.

By the earliest train in the morning Mrs. St. Ange went on to Deeping. There was no clothing of the eyes now. She sat quite upright, watching the familiar scenes. She knew every field, every clump of trees; she saw in the distance the Fielden woods, the gray towers of Scarsdale, and the forest near Deeping Hurst. Ah, Heaven, the path that rent her heart was like the sting of a poisoned arrow! Bitter anguish filled the dark eyes; the expression on the changed countenance was one of mute misery. Once, with some of her old impetuosity, she threw herself back in the carriage.

"I cannot bear it!" she said. "I was made to come!"

But she had more to suffer yet. She stopped at the station, every brick of

which was familiar to her, and on the platform of which, with her kindly, loving mother, she had been hundreds of times, always happy, triumphant, blithe, and gay. Now she came to it alone, unloved, with the seeds of death and a life-long hate in her heart.

There was an omnibus waiting to take passengers to Deeping. The conductor looked at her as she entered.

"Where to, ma'am?" he said, with a touch of his hat.

She remembered the name of only one place.

"The Rhysworth Arms Hotel," she answered; and her blood grew cold as she uttered the words.

At the Rhysworth Arms there were new faces—no one recognized her. She wanted a sitting-room and a bedroom—she could not tell for how long. She was on her way to the North of England, but wanted a rest. She might remain two or three days, or a week—it was uncertain.

Those who attended upon Mrs. St. Ange noticed her curious manner, her bewildered looks, her strange face and wild, burning eyes. Still she seemed to have plenty of money, and that was the chief consideration.

After partaking of some slight refreshment, she went out, saying that the hour of her return was uncertain.

"What does she call herself?" asked the landlady of the chambermaid.

"I do not know. She is a married lady, and I think she said her name was Onge. I did not quite catch it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The morning air was blowing freshly, the rooks were cawing in the great oaks, the blackbirds were singing in the hedgerows, the whole earth lay smiling and glad, when Mrs. St. Ange, left the hotel to revisit the places she had once loved so dearly. They were all in the vicinity of Deeping Hurst. The old home of her rival was nearest; then came Scarsdale; Beaulieu lay at some little distance to the west, and Fielden Manor toward the south. It was a neighborhood singularly rich in grand, old historic houses. Mrs. St. Ange decided to look first of all on the home of her youth—Beaulieu—again; she attracted no attention as she went through the streets.

Once more she trod the old familiar paths winding through the

grounds round to the side-door. In her mind's fancy she could see her mother's face, as she had seen it hundreds of times, looking out of the great bay-window, with its wreath of passion-flowers around it, waiting with loving words to welcome her. "There is no love like a mother's," Lois thought; and a great, tearless sob rose from her heart to her lips.

Could it be that but a few years ago she had been a beautiful, happy, innocent child? She could remember so vividly the day when Mrs. Clifden came from White Cliffe, bringing with her Dolores, and how madame had said they were to be friends and to love each other always.

A cruel, bitter smile curled her lip. "Well," she said, "if I have suffered, she has suffered more; and that was all-I asked."

Her heart grew hard and cold again. She looked into the old hall, nothing was changed. It might have been only yesterday that she placed the flowers she had gathered on the hall table, and laughed at her own fancy for calling herself a red rose.

She walked back to Deeping. In the High Street she saw a fruit-shop where some fine grapes and peaches were for sale. She was thirsty and faint from fatigue, and she thought that nothing would be more delicious and refreshing than a bunch of purple grapes. She went in to purchase them, and sat down. There was some little delay in serving her, and while she was thinking that this would be a good opportunity to ask a few questions without attracting attention, a smart, little pony carriage stopped at the door, and a beautiful girl in a blue dress descended from it.

Mme. St. Ange, watching eagerly, with eyes full of pain, fell back with a low, startled cry when she saw the girl's face, and clung to the chair, as though to prevent herself from falling. It was Sir Karl's face under another guise; there were Sir Karl's clear, blue eyes, with no shadow of guilt or guile in their depths. There were his clustering waves of hair, there was his mouth, at once so gracious and so proud. For a few moments it was as though the slight had stricken her dumb. Then the girl was by her side, and a sweet, silvery voice was saying—

"I should like some of those nice grapes, Mrs. Grey, for a sick woman whom I am going to see."

The low voice was like Sir Karl's. The soft blue eyes glanced carelessly but kindly at the bent figure in the black dress. If each could have but have known! If some good spirit could have told Gertrude that this was the woman for whom she had sought, the woman with whom rested the knowledge of her father's fate, what grief and trouble might have been spared her.

Mme. St. Ange watched each movement of the graceful girl. She listened to each word she spoke; she could have cried out, "Karl, Karl!" She was nearer losing her senses and reason just then than she had ever been. Karl's yes, Karl's voice! Her head drooped on her breast; she could not hold it up.

"I am afraid you are ill," said a sweet, kindly voice; and the eyes like Karl's were bent upon her compassionately.

"Thank you, I am quite well," madame answered, coldly, and the young girl drew back with a chilled and disappointed air.

Mme. St. Ange did not hear what else passed; it seemed to her that her mind was all chaos. That some one spoke of Lady Fielden she knew, then the beautiful girl was gone, and she sat there with her grapes before her.

She raised her miserable eyes to the woman who had just served her.

"Who is that young lady?" she asked.

The woman replied coldly. She had been displeased by the stranger's repulse of Gertrude's well-meant kindness.

"That is a visitor of Lady Fielden's—Lady Fielden of Fielden Manor," she said.

"But who is she—what is her name?" cried Mme. St. Ange.

The voice was so earnest that the woman felt compelled to answer.

"Her name is Allamora," she replied. "She is the only child. I have heard of Sir Karl Allamora, who ran away from his wife and his home many years ago."

"He—what?" asked a voice that was hardly human.

**MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY**

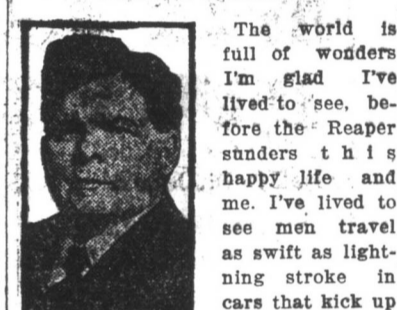
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MODERN MARVELS.



The world is full of wonders. I'm glad I've lived to see, before the Reaper sunders this happy life and me. I've lived to see men travel as swift as lightning stroke in cars that kick up gravel and leave a trail of smoke. And no one ever bothers to think of olden days that saw our patient fathers behind their plodding bays. The might of science reaches around me everywhere; I hear great songs and speeches come sifting through the air, the comic and the tragic, the spiel by frenzy warmed—I've lived to see the magic of radio performed. My good old Uncle Peter, he died long ago; the angels watch him feckle where Eden's roses grow; had any person told him that his name would arise, I wonder who could hold him, for he detested lies. I often wonder greatly what long dead men would say, if they, severe and stately, could from the churchyard stray, and hear the purring, sighing, of countless motor cars, and see the airmen flying among the clouds and stars? I often wonder vainly what sights my eyes might view, if I should leave, insane, my grave beneath the yew, when I've been calmly sleeping a hundred years or three; the outcome of my peeping would sure astonish me!

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