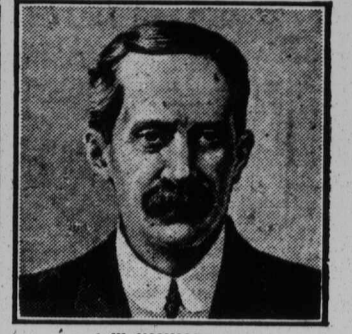


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J. W. HAMMOND Esq. SCOTLAND, Ont., Aug. 26th, 1913. "Fruit-a-lives" are the only pill manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no griping whatever, and one is plenty for any ordinary person at a dose. My wife was a martyr to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-lives". I cannot say too much in their favor.

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Germany has circulated a pamphlet throughout Italy entitled "The Truth about the War." Rome—The Italian authorities have issued a decree prohibiting all aerial navigation over Italian territory.

The bombardment of a defenseless public by British war poets is a plain violation of the laws of humanity.—Washington Post. Among the points still to be settled is whether an abundant supply of princes is an asset or a liability.—Springfield Republican.

Kaiser's order forbidding prayers for British success in English churches in Germany, indicates distrust of his Junior Partner.—Wall Street Journal. The Kaiser seems to have gone to a retreat. But judging from the way the British bulldog is hanging to his flank, he doesn't seem to be getting much of the rest cure.—St. Thomas Journal.

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A CRUEL DECEPTION

OR WHY DID SHE SHUN HIM? BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS

(Continued)

It seemed to say that he would not relinquish her without a great struggle, and that though he bowed to her dismissal this time, he would wait his opportunity, and then— Alwyne covered her face with her hands. She dared not let herself think of the pain, the horrible pain, that must come to her then. Now more than ever was the question of a union between Hugo, Earl of Taunton and Torre, and herself, Alwyne Brabante, an absolute impossibility. She had sent him from her on the ship as much from a feeling of pride and maiden modesty and dignity as for any other reason. The social difference between them had, of course, a place in her thoughts, but only in the last few hours had a horrible and vague doubt been growing into a more horrible conviction.

the sometimes unpleasant familiarity of manner adopted by men whom they met traveling, the veiled amusement and surprise, that sometimes tinged in the admiration she excited by her fresh young loveliness—all was explained to her agitated mind. She seemed to know why she had always shrunk from the thought. The future her mother desired for her in this great, cruel London suddenly grew black and awful to her. If Honorine, her girl friend, her bosom companion, if she had turned away from her, neither seeing nor knowing her, how could she expect mercy or even kindness from a world of strangers? She started and shivered as the door opened, and Marie reentered, with the white gown lying lightly on her arm. The maid glanced at the silent figure just discernible in the dusk, and spoke as she put the gown carefully on the bed: "It grows late, madame. Shall I not light the gas? Madame is at ready returned."

You are acting today as though you had some brain disorder! I do not understand nor like it!" Alwyne paused a moment. Her heart was beating so suffocatingly on her breast. It seemed to rise in her throat and choke down the words that were hovering on her lips, the words that were burning and searing her very soul, as it were; the words that must be spoken before another hour, another moment, was gone; the most bitter words for any child to utter to its mother. CHAPTER VIII Mrs. Brabante turned and faced her daughter, magnificent in her natural beauty—a queen with her regal bearing and the imperious carriage of her well-poised head. "Well, Alwyne, I am ready to hear what you have to say; but please make haste. Time flies, you know. You have now only fifteen minutes before Lady Marbury arrives. I don't suppose Sir Henry will escort her, although, of course, he may do so. In any case, you know he is never unpunctual."

Alwyne's heart began to beat quickly as thought followed on thought. Mixed with her growing misery was a surprise that she should have never questioned this matter before. She was enough of a woman now, alas! to see, how open the matter was to such questions. On all hands, on every side, the people she met had family connections—some one, many, indeed, belonging to them. She could not remember a single instance, from her happy, happy school days up to now, when she had met a single individual who was as destitute as she and her mother of family relations. At school every girl had seemed to be surrounded by such ties. Alwyne had never missed them there for, apart from her comrades' love, the explanation of having lived always in a foreign country had much to do with encouraging this feeling, but now—now, looking back, Alwyne wondered with a pang, how even then she could have been so blind, how it was she could not have seen the difference between the other girls and herself! It was like recalling a burst of sunshine, the remembrance of those days! How happy she had been, and how much love and sympathy she had received!

Marie had not been blind, and Lord Taunton's attentions had been as evident to her as to Mrs. Brabante. She had to her knowledge of what had happened, only she felt sure that the present shadows on her dear one's face were occasioned in some way by the dangerously interesting man. "I go to madame now—I return immediately," she said softly, as she passed out. And her big, brown hand went tenderly toward the slender figure as though it would have rested a moment on the beautifully bowed head. She closed the door softly, and Alwyne gave a hurried sigh—a sigh drawn from her very heart of hearts. "I must know the truth!" she said to herself. "I must know the whole, the absolute truth! Know it to-night—now, at once!"

The girl threw out her hands with a sort of desperate agony. She forced her voice from her aching throat. "Mother, mother!" she said and the notes of her usual clear, sweet voice were husky and strained. "Mother, what are we? What right have we? Who am I? Who—what was my father?—I—I must know! I must know!" Mrs. Brabante had turned as white as the marble of the toilet table upon which one of her shapely hands was now leaning with such force that the veins rose large and dark beneath the white skin. She looked at the girl deliberately. "You—are mad!" she said, speaking as calmly as she could. "Mad or ill! What is it? Have you a fever? You must be delirious. Go back to your room. Go to bed. I will send for—"

Alwyne put out her cold hand. "I am neither mad nor ill," she said, and the strength of determination was in her voice now. "I am neither mad nor ill, mother, and you know it. If I have been mad at all it has been in the past—in these last three miserable years that we have spent together, you and I, alone!" Mrs. Brabante's face changed suddenly; a dull-red flush mounted to her brow, her cold, hard eyes grew brilliant. She looked at the girl as though she could have struck her to the ground. "How dare you! How dare you speak to me like this! Do you forget I am your mother?" Alwyne shivered. She had her two hands tightly clasped together. "Forget it? No, no, no!" she cried passionately. "Do I ever forget it? Through all my pain, through all my misery, I have never forgotten this. I would have loved you always, as I did three years ago but you would not have my love; you cast it from you, you—"

She walked to one of the windows, pulled up the blind, and pushed up one of the panes. The damp, cold air was refreshing; but the desolation of the world outside struck on her soul. She felt an awful weariness and hopelessness of life upon her in this moment, a sensation that in after days she had never been able to describe, even to herself, in remembrance. Turning suddenly she walked from the room. Her mother was located a few doors away. She knocked, waited for the clear voice to give her admittance, and then turned the handle. Mrs. Brabante was almost dressed for dinner. Her blue velvet gown was receiving a few finishing touches from Marie's deft fingers, and she herself was putting on one of two small yet exquisite jewels amid the priceless lace that surrounded her handsome neck. She frowned as she caught sight of Alwyne's figure in the mirror. "Not ready, Alwyne! You will be very late!" she said sharply. "Marie is just done with me. We have only eighteen minutes before Lady Marbury and Sir Henry arrive."

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She passed one cold hand over her eyes; her head and throat were burning as with fever. She suffered now as she had never known it was possible for a human creature to suffer. Scenes and memories returned to her, all bearing some small trait to make up the whole. The curiosity awakened always by her handsome mother,

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