

FATED TO LOVE HER

His eyes were open; the feverish flush had faded.

"Is that Olivia?"

"Yes, I am here—at your side. Do you not see me?"

"I see nothing," he answered, with an awful solemnity. "It is all dark. Yes, call Gabrielle. I think—the solemnity deepened—'I think I am here.'"

Pale, prepared for the worst, yet calm—far calmer than Olivia—the young wife entered, stole to her place beside his pillow, bent and kissed him.

"Gabrielle, there is a light in the room!"

"Yes, dear, a lamp."

"And you can see me?"

"Yes, quite plainly."

"I cannot see you, Gabrielle. I cannot see anything. All is darkness; the shadow of death."

Olivia's sobs thickened; she was obliged to retire to the other end of the room. The nurse withdrew to rouse the servants and to despatch a messenger for Dr. Wallace. But still the young, pale wife—as though upheld by some higher aid—remained composed and motionless. And when she spoke, her voice, in itself, brought soothing, so calm was it—so gentle.

"Would you like to see Mr. Edgumbe, dear?"

"Presently; not yet. Just now I want you; only you, Gabrielle—once more that solemn tone."

Again—stiffing a little cry, a cry of despair—she bent and kissed him.

"That sweet, gentle, forgiving kiss, Gabrielle, I see it all now. I have been selfish—bad; a wicked, cruel husband to you, my gift from Heaven."

"Hush, dear, never mind. I know now that you did love me."

"Love you? Yes. In my blindness I thought I loved you too well. I had set up in my mind a chimerical ideal; a golden image. I could not worship that and you too, so you were sacrificed."

For I thought, only myself, never of my marriage vows, and your loneliness, my child."

"That 'my child' was too much for Gabrielle. It recalled the old days too forcibly. Those old, happy, blessed days; were they all ended? She burst into tears."

"Don't cry; I am not worth it. Only say that you forgive me; and, if it be not too much, that you will try to forget these last two hateful years."

"I will do anything—anything that you ask me, James." She clung to him, kissing him passionately.

"Your sweetness—your patience and goodness; they will be recompensed in heaven; by God—if ever by me."

His voice failed, and an aching pain overcame his face. Gabrielle thought that the last terrible moment was come, but the nurse administered her cordials, and he revived, tightening his clasp of that thin little hand—awake in his eyes.

"I never remembered," he said, "that I could die."

Then, in a tone which seemed to pierce the hearts of the watchers, he said:

"Where shall I go? What shall I be? When my eyes are opened, what shall I see?"

Ah, what? Who could answer? Who, of all that people the earth? Who, of all the wise men, the mighty thinkers? "I thought I was omnipotent; but Reason fails me here. Science—philosophy—all fails. All it nothing; less than nothing. So am I."

He trembled—he so strong, so proud: "James, dearest," whispered the sweet voice of his good angel at his side, "think of your Saviour; he will not fail."

"I cannot, Gabrielle. It is too late."

"It is never, never, James, too late to pray."

Gabrielle, I have rebelled too long. I dare not pray."

"Then," said she, "I will."

And still clinging to him, with the passionate clasp that, in itself, seemed an appeal to the All-Merciful; still holding fast his hands, her tears still wet on his forehead, she—this young, weak being whom, in his pride of intellect, he deemed so far below him—trusting her voice in the silent room, through the darkness which encompassed him, led, as himself he could not lead, him, the powerful philosopher, the self-sufficient, to the foot of the cross.

CHAPTER XLV.

"Cissy!" exclaimed Euphrosyne Pembroke, bursting into the room where Cissy, somewhat pensively, sat, professing to read. "Can you come downstairs? Charlie wants to speak to you; and I am sure he has brought good news."

"What makes you sure?" cried Cissy, starting up.

"Oh, his manner! I asked him to tell me, that I might tell you; but no; he said that he must tell you himself."

They were at the drawing-room door by this time; and it was doubtless to the speed of their descent that the heightened color on Cissy's cheeks was owing as Charlie—who was facing the room, with no slight degree of impatience—advanced to meet her.

"I have glorious news for you. Your brother is really on the mend. Wallace has pronounced him out of danger."

"Is that all?" cried the naive Euphrosyne. Then—as both looked at her, astonished—blushing, and hastening to explain:

"I did not mean—it was only—I thought this piece of news must be very particular indeed. Charlie seemed so wonderfully anxious to tell you himself."

"And is it not very particular indeed?" said Charlie, smiling, though with something of embarrassment. "Here's a note," he added, turning again to Cissy, "from Miss Gordon. She was on the point of sending it by a servant, when I called, and volunteered to save him the walk."

"You will stay to dinner, Charlie?" said Euphrosyne, as Cissy tore open the envelope, and proceeded to devour its contents.

news that our beloved James is, humanly speaking, out of danger. To us who have been with him, this borders on a miracle; for last night, the night of the crisis, we all thought that he was dying. He, poor fellow, was in terrible distress of mind, as so many of our best and greatest have been, in similar circumstances. The best, dear Cissy, are ever the humblest. I will not dwell upon this, but will only say that, early as I have loved Gabrielle, never till then, was I conscious of her true worth. She was the strongest of us all. How I wish you could have seen her—yes, and heard her; but I must postpone details. I think it was her presence that soothed him, at last, into a tranquil sleep, from which he only awoke at ten o'clock this morning, the crisis past, the fever gone. It has left him of course, deplorably weak, but his constitution is so vigorous that, with common care, Dr. Wallace foresees no difficulty in bringing him around. There is only one drawback—a dreadful one: I have not dared, as yet, to suggest it to Gabrielle. He is, at present, quite blind, and Dr. Wallace fears that the optic nerve may have sustained—as in these malignant fevers, is not unusual—some irreparable injury. At first last night's horror fresh in my mind—I felt that nothing, so long as my wife was spared, could materially afflict us. But when I try to realize—However, I will write, and, if possible, think no more of this calamity now. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

For, darling Gabrielle has not escaped the natural reaction from which I must call her supernatural calmness and self-command. I am writing beside her sofa. Dr. Wallace insists on her spending one day of entire rest, and she is now lying in a dreamy state, half awake, half asleep, and looking—poor, dear child!—far less fit for this world than for the next. I fear James misses her sadly, but he is very patient; and I trust she will have full time to gather in a stock of strength for whatever may come. James blind? But I dare not dwell on this, and my time is gone, so good-by, dear Cissy.

By the bye, pray remember your gold-ohases; and if you should be caught in the rain at any time, be sure to take some camphor. Believe me always your affectionate sister,

P. S.—Mr. Godfrey has just called, and begs so politely to be allowed to carry this letter that I have consented, though somewhat against my will. I object, on principle, of riding a willing horse to death.

Dr. Wallace's suspicions, Olivia's fears, were too surely realized. James came up from the gates of death, bearing with him one lasting memorial of all that he had learned and suffered there: one ineffable stamp; the stamp of blindness. He never saw, with mortal eyes, again.

All that could be done, was done; but all failed. Two celebrated oculists came from London; this, however, merely to satisfy Olivia and Gabrielle; for Dr. Wallace, even while summoning them, knew well that, in this case, celebrity was useless. The optic nerve was, as he had feared, irreparably injured. There was no visible defect. The bright, dark, beautiful eyes were still as bright, as dark, as beautiful as ever. The gifted soul still lightened them from within; but they no longer lightened the soul.

It was long before any one could summon courage to inform James of this—it could not but be called—terrible trial. At last, Olivia, having screwed up her fortitude to an elevated pitch, proposed to take the painful task upon herself.

Gabrielle declined. She alone, she had from the beginning determined, must apprise her husband of what she feared he would regard as a deathblow to his hopes of fame.

One afternoon—a still, melancholy November afternoon—when, very pale, very weak, very thin, in Gabrielle's dressing-room, she had been reading the leading article to him, in a voice which every now and then faltered and threatened to die away. She was glad when she had finished, and could lay the paper down, drawing her seat a little nearer to his, and resting her head on his shoulder. Somehow, this seemed to nerve her; to give her strength for the undertaking which, now that he was so far recovered, she had resolved must be postponed no longer.

"You are out of spirits this afternoon, Gabrielle. Tired?" said he, at last, while his eyes by instinct sought her face and rested on it.

"No, I am not tired, thank you."

"Then, you are not well—something is the matter, I wish," he burst out, with his old vehemence—"I wish this confounded blindness—"

Then, suddenly checking himself, and subduing his tone. "When does Wallace expect my eyes to be right again?"

"I am afraid—not for a very long time," began Gabrielle; then stopped. Her manner struck him; gave form to a vague dread, which had, during several days, been hovering in his own mind.

Pale as he was before, he now became paler; then flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Gabrielle, you are concealing something. Don't be afraid. Tell me the worst. I can bear it."

Still she paused; articulation failed her.

"This blindness is likely to last some time? Years, perhaps?"

Still that silence. His agitation increased.

"Those fellows who came over with Wallace; they were oculists, I suppose. What did they advise, Gabrielle? What did they say?"

"They said—oh, James! it is a heavy trial—but we must bear it—"

Her voice broke.

He had a shade over his eyes. It was a pretense merely; placed there—as he said—to save—to baffle his suspicions. Passionately, with trembling hands, he tore it from him; flung it to the other end of the room.

"Am I a child," said he hoarsely, "that they should humbug me like this?"

Then he sat speechless; his arms folded.

"James!" he felt Gabrielle's kisses and tears together on his face; heard, close at his ear, her eager voice, struggling through sobs. "James, I will see for you. I will write for you—read for you—everything. You shall lose nothing that I can supply. And perhaps—perhaps, at first, it seems so hard—perhaps, in time, you may be able to feel resigned."

"I am resigned now," he answered, with a strange, fixed calmness; "I am resigned. I acknowledge that it is just."

"How do you mean, James?"

He sat immovable, his arms still folded.

"I defied God, my Creator, to bind me against my will. Now I see what His power is, and what mine is. Yes, Gabrielle—He has humbled me, and it is just."

"But you shall be humbled no more than I can help—dearest!" she had never loved him so much; he had never seemed to her so truly noble, as now.

"It will not humble you to be waited on by me—a part of yourself."

"Will it not? Yes, to the dust. I am not worthy that the same roof should cover us. Suppose we had both died, the week before last? You would be in heaven now, and I—"

"Ah, James! a fearful shudder convulsed her whole frame; he felt it, as she clung to him—"ah, James—don't. I cannot bear it."

"My child, I won't. I won't do or say anything to vex you any more, to my life's end—that I can help. But you need not wonder if the blindness seems to me a trifle to me, after—"

And yet—

He paused; for, as he spoke, came realization, believing his words. "Yet—never to see again. Never again—"

Once more—long—long—he paused. Then, slowly, as striving to take it in: "Never again—the wood—the fields—the sun—my books—your face, Gabrielle—"

Groping uncertainly, he put out his arms; drew his little comforter to his breast; and they wept together.

CHAPTER XLV.

The second week in power witnessed a general reunion at Farnley, James, Gabrielle and Olivia returned, after a month at Hastings, and on the following day were joined by Cissy, who had been making a little tour of visits among her Yorkshire friends. James and Olivia were out when she arrived, and Gabrielle alone was waiting to receive her, of which arrangement Cissy highly approved. The cousins were speedily seated side by side, upon the crimson sofa in that cozy little room which had been Olivia's room in former days, and which still retained its name.

"Well, dear! you have gone through a good deal since we met last," said Cissy. All preliminaries of small talk and small pieces of information having been duly interchanged.

"I have, indeed," replied Gabrielle, with a sigh, "and so has poor James."

"James! ah, well—"

Cissy stopped abruptly. She had been about to add—"James deserved it."

"He is quite well again now," went on Gabrielle, not seeming to notice either the exclamation or the pause; "and in time I trust he may grow accustomed to this dreadful blindness."

"It is dreadful!" said Cissy, shuddering.

"Yes; and he bears it so well. He is so patient—never complains. I believe—and she colored—"I believe, Cissy, you will see a great change in him, in more ways than one. You used to think him conceited."

"(A mild way of stating the case!)" thought Cissy. "But now his failings are all on the other side. He is sometimes so despairing about himself, and his own deficiencies, he sinks quite down into the depths."

"And then, I suppose, you haul him up again. What would he do without you?"

(To be continued.)

MERRITT SETTLEMENT

The prospects of a fruit crop are good in this vicinity. Apples, pears, plums and cherries are loaded with blossoms.

Miss Mary Bartlett has gone to Pelham to reside with her brother, Norwood, for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Valmar Bartlett have returned home after a wedding tour of two months in California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Nelson and daughters visited relatives in Kimbo last Sunday.

Mrs. L. Lampman and Mrs. James Lampman recently spent a day with Mrs. Isaac Swartz, Canboro village.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Walker and daughter, of Hamilton, visited relatives here last week; also at Canboro, Caistor and Freeton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Merritt called on relatives at Grimsby village on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lampman spent Tuesday of last week with Mr. M. Merritt, of Freeton.

Mr. J. B. Havens and son, Willie, of Winona, spent a couple of days last week with Mr. J. Pearce. They were putting a new roof on the house.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Bartlett, of McCallum's, visited their daughter, Mrs. W. Merritt, here one day last week.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP.

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes the cause. Take the genuine, call for full name and look for signature of E. W. GROVE, 25c. 60c.

THE POWER DEBENTURES.

Will Not Be Charged Against the General Purposes Account of City.

Toronto, May 25.—The \$2,750,000 needed for the construction of a distribution plant for Niagara power will not be charged against the amount which the city is permitted to raise for general purposes. Premier Whitney has sent a letter to Mayor Oliver, notifying him of the fact, and stating that the Government would ask the Legislature to provide that the debentures shall not be charged against the general purposes account of the city, but shall be considered as special.

The Welland Canal has been repaired and is again opened to navigation.

Mr. William Prince will run as an Independent Liberal against Hon. Dr. Reame in North Essex.

THE AIRSHIP BURST.

Sixteen Men Injured in Trial at Berkeley, Cal.

Oakland, Cal., May 23.—A mammoth airship on its trial trip in Berkeley today rose 300 feet from the earth in view of 10,000 spectators. Liked, burst and dropped to the ground with its crew of sixteen men, every one of whom was injured. With the possible exception of L. V. Rogers, engineer, who was injured internally, all will recover.

The airship was the largest ever built, being over 500 feet long and 36 feet in diameter. It was said to have cost \$60,000. Mr. Rogers announced that it was a one model, as he intended to build a ship 1,300 feet long and capable of carrying 500 passengers.

William Beswick, of Toronto, was arrested on a charge of forgery.

AT R. McKay & Co's, WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1908.

HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE

LARGE ASSORTMENTS AND HONEST VALUES

Have built up for this store one of the largest and best regulated and exclusive businesses of the kind in all Hamilton—never losing sight of what we are striving for—the greatest good to the greatest number. That's what we are striving for, and the business activity all through the store from day to day gives the strongest evidence that we have succeeded.

Great Bargains in Long Gloves

Elbow Length Silk Gloves 89c pair
Some 30 dozen of Heavy Milanese Silk Gloves, in full elbow length, come in pinks, blues, greys, navies, browns, tans, blacks, whites and creams, all sizes, regular \$1.25, for 89c pair

Long Silk Gloves 98c pair
50 dozen of Heavy All Silk Milanese Gloves, in 24-inch length, with buttons, double topped finger, leading shades of tans, browns, resedas, greys, navies, pinks, champagne, skies, black, white, cream, sizes 5½ to 8½, regular \$1.50, for 98c pair

Long Silk Gloves \$1.39 pair
Extra heavy Milanese Silk Gloves, in 24-inch length, Jersey or mousetail, single or double tipped fingers, in all the popular shades, tans, greens, etc., also fine frame all Silk Woven Gloves, with lace arm, in black and white only, regular \$1.65 and \$1.75, for \$1.39 yard

Frame Lisle Gloves 89c pair
Fine frame Lisle Lace Gloves, in black and white only, nice woven fingers, no seams, plain hand, with fancy lace arm, come in black and white only, regular \$1, for 89c yard

SPECIAL NOTICE

ABOUT OUR SEMI-ANNUAL HURRY-OUT SALE

Which Starts On Thursday

This store takes pleasure in announcing the dates of our Semi-Annual Hurry-Out Sale, from Thursday, May 28th, to Saturday, June 6th—nine days of the greatest value-giving ever offered to the women of Hamilton. Watch this space to-morrow night. It will contain stirring news for the first day of the sale.

Special Staple Values

White Cotton 8½c
500 yards fine round thread White Cotton, close even weave, special value 8½c

Bath Towels 22c
Extra large Striped Bath Towels, firm absorbent quality, worth 30c, special 22c

Pillow Cotton 17c
42 and 44-inch Pillow Cotton, close even weave, splendid wearing quality, special 17c

Linen Suiting 40c
Irish Linen Suiting, round even weave, 40 inches wide, regular 50c value, for 40c

Mosquito Net 4c
Mill ends Mosquito Net, 1 to 5 yards, worth 8c, for 4c yard

Sheeting Specials
Bleached Sheetings, firm close weaves, free from dressing, special value 23c, regular 27c; 27c, regular 32c; 30c, regular 37c.

Four Grand Curtain Bargains

\$3.25 Curtains at \$1.97
Splendid Double Thread, Cable Cord and Duplex Scotch Thread Lace Curtains, in a beautiful assortment of designs. Reliable overlock edges. In ivory, cream and white, full 3½ yards long by 52 and 60 inches wide, Wednesday at \$1.97 pair

\$5.00 Curtains at \$2.98
We've never offered more dainty or more lacy Curtains under \$5.00 pair. These will make lovely curtains for any window, will wear and launder well; exquisite designs, all full length and width. In white, ivory and ecru. Were \$5.00 pair, Wednesday at \$2.98 pair

Some Special Cuts
\$1.75 Curtain Stretchers at \$1.18 set
\$1.75 White Bed Spreads at \$1.18 set
\$2.50 Upholstery Tapestries at \$1.48 yard

More Reduced Necessities
20c English Cretonnes 12½c yard
25c White Curtain Rods 15c each
22c Silkoline Drapery 17c yard

R. MCKAY & CO.

MADAME GOULD WILL WED.

Wedding With Prince Helie de Sagan Takes Place in Fortnight.

Paris, May 25.—The opposition of the Gould family to the marriage of Madame Anna Gould and Prince Helie de Sagan has been withdrawn, and the marriage contract is now being prepared.

The banns will be published next Saturday and the marriage take place a fortnight later, the French law requiring that the banns be published ten days in advance of the wedding. There will be both civil and religious ceremonies, the latter under the Protestant rite.

The couple will be married under what is now known in France as the "separation of property regime," namely, each party to remain in absolute control of his or her own fortune, which, in the event of death, shall not pass to the survivor, but to the heirs of the deceased.

A TRIPLE DROWNING.

Three Men Swept Over the Falls in Kootenay River.

Nelson, B. C., May 24.—A triple drowning accident took place this morning at the Upper Bonington Falls, twelve miles west of Nelson, when John Miles, John Sharples and—Richmond lost their lives through the upsetting of the boat in which they were crossing over Kootenay River.

All were unmarried. After the upset the men were carried over the Upper Falls, and met instant death. The bodies have not been recovered.

SHIPBUILDERS' STRIKE ENDS.

By General Vote, Men Decide to Resume Work This Week.

London, May 25.—A general ballot of the men involved in the shipbuilders' strike was held to-day, and resulted in favor of accepting the terms offered by the employers. Consequently work will be resumed May 28. Fully a quarter of a million workmen were involved in this movement. The trouble began in January.

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Sixteen Men Injured in Trial at Berkeley, Cal.

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William Beswick, of Toronto, was arrested on a charge of forgery.

REJECTED SUITOR'S CRIME.

Murdered Former Sweetheart and Then Committed Suicide.

New York, May 24.—Lippman Kessler, said to have been a rejected suitor of Miss Nina E. Deane, shot and instantly killed his former sweetheart late yesterday as he was entertaining her fiancée, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner was also wounded in the cheek at the same time by Miss Deane's assailant.

Kessler escaped, but returned early today to the neighborhood of his crime and committed suicide by shooting himself in the breast. His body was found in the street by the police.

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