MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

income for the haif year, "I can't her to refrain from rushing away think what you do with all the from him and telling all to her mothmoney that passes through your

12

Ē

0

ŧ

"Can't you!" Alaric enquired mockingly, as having stated his business he arose and prepared to go. "That is a pity. But you really need not trouble yourself to think anything about it - it would be quite a work of superogation on your part, my dear! All you have to do is to get the cash-you can leave me all the mental worry consequent upon dispos-

An involuntary sneer sat upon Sybil's lips as without a word he drew her wrap across her shoulders and passed out of the room. No word was spoken by either husband or wife until the Margrave's house was reach-

You have kept us all waiting, datling," was Mrs. Margravo's salutatation to her daughter, and then turning to Lord Huntleigh she said playfully, "Alaric, you have certainly ber the time when you were a most punctual roung man "

"I did not realize then, as I do now, the meaning of the words, 'There is no place like home,' " onswered Alario with a smile that

would have done credit to a scraph Sybil was sick at heart as she saw the indulgent look which this speech won from her mother. How she despised the man and wondered that he could so easily and readily deceive those whose experience of the world and its ways ought to have made them more like the serpent and less like the dove. The dinner was altogether a success, and the Earl and Countess of Huntleigh contributed not a little to make it so

Only one outward circumstance upset Sybil a little, and that was the presence of Felix Woodford. It was the first time they had met since she had become Lady Huntleigh, and sho dreaded hearing his deep mellow voice in words of felicitation, and more than dreaded the glance of his kind, but piercing eyes. He, for his she should not know she had been having any conversation with Sybil. ed at her from a distance, he noticed that her gaiety, her wonderful flow of spirits, her efforts at conversation were a burden to her, that behind all found him out also, and before he these the heart was wanting-the had time to recover his presence was were brilliant

with joy, but with unshed tears Love is blind - blind to the faults -to imperfections - without doubt, but love sees everything elso regarding the beloved, as it were, through a glass of the highest possible magnifying power. Felix loved Sybil, not with any culpable love, but with a love which, having been nurtured by him for so many years, would not now be driven away without many a flerce and bitter stniggle, and so ho saw with love's intuition that all was not well with Lady Huntleigh for one instant, a sharp, clearly defined rush of pleasure followed this discovery. The pleasure was not because he fancied Sybil was unhappy, but because the cause of this unhappiness must of necessity be connected with her husband; she had weighed him in the balance, he had been found want-

The first burst of exultation, however, gave place to a manlier feel-

ing.
"What a brute I am! Heavens! Have I fallen so far as to find pleasure in the unhappiness of the being I love most on this earth? I must be taking leave of my senses!"

As Velix thus astrophised himself, he was making his way into the garden, where he meant to relieve his feelings by smoking a cigar in solitude. The weather was very mild for the time of the year, so he strolled up and down meditatively, wondering meanwhile how it was some people seem to get all, and even more than all they wished for, whilst others dared not even form a wish, for that very act seemed to place the realiza-

tion of it far from them. Philosophizing thus, Felix threw himself into a seat in a sort of rustic arbor, and for some minutes he occupied himself in dreamily watching the wreaths of cigar smoke as they slowly passed between the gnarled branches that supported the frail roof of the little summer-house.

He was disturbed by the sound o an angry voice, and in a moment, before he had time to move, he recognized Sybil's voice in reply.

"Hush, Alarici" she said in commanding tones. "Don't make the secret of our unhappiness known to the world. You are not yourself, or you would not speak to me in this way." "Why don't you do as I ask you,

said Alaric in angry but maudlin tones. "I want money-money, my dear; money, my dear " He said the last words in a half-a upefied tone; then suddenly he took hold of Sybia roughly and shook her, saying loudly, "I am going-going, I say -

"Money again?" Sybil exclaimed, 1 Ho broke off with a hoarse laugh. for she had only a few days before and looked at his wife, who was pale handed over to him her own private and trembling with the effort it cost

> er. "Speak, you --- sulky wrotch," he exclaimed, as he saw Sybil's lips quivering, though she could not form a word in her agitation.

> But at length her power of self-rostraint gave way, and a flood of tears, long pent up, burst forth

> Lord Huntleigh laughed again, and then with unsteady gait walked away and left his wife alone in the midst of her bitter grief and desolation of

What shall we say of Felix? In those builes moments he had suffered as only a strong, chivalrous man can suffer as he beholds the object of his tenderest affection subjected to suffering which he has no power to allevi-

His first thought had been "Sybil must never know that anyone has overheard this agreement. I must not betray my presence here." Then as he heard more, all the pulses of fallen into carcless habits. I remem- his heart throbbed and every dron of his warm, manly blood was heated to I move over to Sybii, when she retreatboiling point How he longed to have the handling of this craven, cowardly earl for a few minutest

It was perfect agony for him to sit there passively, and tear an insult addressed to any woman, much less to this - the one whom he reverenced above every other—the one whom he would have counted it a supreme loy to have lived for - to have kept free and sheltered from every little pain or discomfort — the one, in fine, for whom he would have gloried to shed his very heart's blood Yet, it had come to pass, that he was by force of circumstances obliged to sit still and hear her insulted and jeered | faults? at by the man of all others who ought to have been her chief protector and defender What a false posi-

tion to be in! He telt it acutely. For a low minutes after Alaric's departure Sybil continued to weep softly, yet so despairingly, that Felix could hardly contain himself Forced to remain perfectly silent, so that part, was doing his best to avoid overheard, he bit his lips till the blood came, and dug his nails into for his heart was as yet unhealed and, his very flesh as he clenched his very little would cause its wounds to hands together Suddenly, with a open entirely aircsh. Yet, as he look- whisk and a bound, Mrs. Margrave's net dog found its way into the arbor, what every one else had failed to do, and began to bark and gambol delightedly at finding Sybil there.

Then Felix turned pale as Rough made known to Sybil.

"Forgive me," he said in confusion as she stood before him in some affright. "You did not give me time to speak or to go away. I assure you I m sorry that I was-was-"

'Made-a witness of our charming con, "gal felicity," put in Sybil with a wild, bitter laugh, for her tears had dried up as quickly as they came.

Felix looked at her pityingly "Don't talk like that," he said. "I can't bear it. Your happiness too nearly touches my own.

A strange mist seemed to obscure his vision as he looked down into the blue eyes and noted the tremor that nassed over the sensitive face. "You are good, Felix," she replied,

her bitter tones giving place to gentler ones. "And please - but of course I know it will be so - please forget what you heard. Let it be as though it had never happened." Felix gave acquiescence to the re-

quest, and furthermore promised, never by even a look to undeceive the Margraves as to the absolute happiness of their daughter's married life. Then she went away, and soon af-

ter, in an interview with her father, made her request for the money desired by Alaric. How she shrank from the ordeal no one could possibly have guesred from the charming way in which she went through it

Mr. Margrave, it must be confessed, was a little surprised, but he gave his daughter the amount she asked for as a matter of course. Sybil noted with pain the expression of astonishment which, though quickly banished, had passed over her father's countenance.

"What can he think of me," she mentally questioned, "knowing the income I have?"

"You are always good, papa," she said, with just a little tremor in her voice as she kissed him her thanks "And you don't even ask me what I

"That would be taking away half the value, wouldn't it, darling?" returned the indulgent parent, "besides

"Oh! no papa. There is no fear of that, but I am afraid I musn't wait any longer. Alario has gone. I suppose he had an engagement somewhere. I must go and find mamma. Am I not a nice sort of daughter to come and get what I want from you,

and then hurry away?" Sybil looked wintfully at her father, who hold bet in her arms as he said

"What is a few pounds more or less to me compared with my child's hap-

Sybil had not long reached home when her husband came in. Ho had been drinking freely since leaving her warning into her room. He almost growth fell into a lounge near her and, without any ceremony, proceeded to ask in thick husky tones.
"Have you-got it?"

"Yes," replied Sybil quickly, taking the notes from a table that stood into his habd, in her haste to see him depart.

"Th-that's ri-right," stuttered Alaric as he began to count them in drunken tones.

When he had finished this operation to his satisfaction, he carefully placed the money in his pocketbook, and sat smiling at his wife in a semi-imbecile manner "Well," he said at length, as she

indignation, "you are a nice girl -Syb- Just like old t-t-times, I ddo think " Sybil literally shook with horror. She had never been in such close proximity before to a drunken man.

and though this one happened to be her husband, she was none the less terrified of him. She rose to her feet and took two or three steps in the direction of the door, but again stood irresolute,

afraid of making a sceno. "Come, Syb-le-let's make it uple-let's b-be friends Wo haven't been on vo-very good terms-bit-Here he rose, and was preparing to ed a few more steps-and he, losing

his balance, fell forward on the floor, where he lay, not hurt, but stunned and motionless. Sybil, conquering her disgust, bent forward and touched him, but finding him insensible, she rang for his valet, and then, with a sense of relief as she saw the inanimate figure carried

oned herself to a flood of sad and even terrifled thoughts. To what would Alaric's line of conduct lead eventually? What would be the bitter end of all this, despite all her efforts and anxiety to conceal his

away, she locked her door and aband-

She passed the whole night in weary reflections, questionings, and conjecture - in making plan after plan as to what she would do in the future. But each seemed so utterly impracticable and distasteful to her that at length, as morning dawned and she fell into an uneasy slumber. it was without having yet decided upon any future course to pursue.

CHAPTER IX.

The cloud which we mentioned in a previous chapter as having overshadowed Dollie would not have proved a cloud to many of the other nurses; but to Dollie it became, as time wore on, more tangible than the thickest of ds; it threatened her happiness and became to her a real evil.

The fact of the matter was that one of the visiting surgeons, a very clever and able man, had so far lost his head as to fail in love with Nurse Dorothy. No man could have withheld admiration for her lovely facethe more so as she was not in the least self-conscious That she was beautiful her looking-glass must have told her day by day, but she took no pride in her beauty - there was not the faintest tinge of vanity in her composition.

Yet she had more than the attraction of mero personal beauty. Her manner had a charm that was irresistible; full of natural sweetness, grace and courtesy. To converse with her for a few minutes was to love her. Added to these gifts of nature there was the character which she had herself built up upon her already good dispositions. Many were the weary acts of self-denial and mortification she had practised before she had become so perfect in her devotion to duty, in her fidelity to the smallest details of her daily work, in her never-tiring patience and never-flugging zeal. Truly the Dollie of old had developed into a noble woman - tow noble no one knew to the fullest extent.

And now Dr Clive loved her She knew it, as all women know wi.en they are loved. There is no need for words to be spoken. Love speaks for itself in a thousand ways which need no interpretation.

Dr. Clive's love was a love to be proud of. His was a life that had so far been devoted untiringly and unselfishly to his fellow-men. He was an eminent surgeon, and his aid was much sought after by the wealthy Yet, despite the large fees which he received from his rich patients, he was a poor man. The reason was not iar to seek, his patients were by choice the poor. And to them he gave the greater part of his income Ilis was a name loved and revered in the dark, desperate slums of London, and am not at all airaid of your having many a poor factory girl, many taken to gambling, or any other of slaving dock laborer, many, indeed, the modern amusements akin to it, of the absolute scum of humanity, poured-forth their prayers as well as they knew how for the blue-eyed doctor, with his low, musical voice and

his tender, womanly touch. Yet that the whole true love of so heavily upon her. She felt a dread fear of the day, which would surely come, when she must speak plainly to Dr. Clive and tell bim that there

could never be anything between them more than acquaintanceship. She admired and respected him, but her heart felt no pain on her own account, for the love that had been so bitterly crushed and blighted at tho in the garden, and she absolutely outset of her woman's career had not loathed him and his handsome face as yet recovered sufficiently to put forth he staggered without any preliminary oven the faintest sign of another

But put it off as she would, the time came when Dr. Clive at last pleaded for an understanding. There had been a grand fete on the occasion of the opening of a new wing at the hospital, and the nurses had been sent near her, and almost thrusting them | in batches to take part in the rejoic-

Nurse Dorothy was one of the last to go Dancing was an art which she had never learned, and so she found herself wandering about examining some of the rooms alone. It was a warm June day, and as she stood at the window on one of the landings looking out upon the busy metropolis, and listening to the subdued roar of its traffic, she was lost flushed with powerless disgust and in thought So deep was her reverlo that she did not hear an approaching step, and it was with a start that she heard Dr. Clive's voice near

"Not dancing, nurso?" he asked.
"No, I am airaid I must plead guilty to ignorance of that and many other accomplishments."

"Not a great loss, I think," replied the doctor, seating himself on the window-sill. "I am behind the times in my ideas, doubtless, but I never could see much smusement in dancing - in fact, sometimes when I stand by and watch a dance I begin you-painful as it is to me to have "You are a naughty little puss," to think there is an air of lunacy it in a different light "

"Very likely," was Dollie's answer. and she began to wonder how ste could get away and rejoin her companions downstairs.

Dr Clive seemed to have anticipated the thought, for he said in more serious tones, and with a little agitation. "I hope you are in no hurry to go away, nurse. You know - you must know. I have long waited for this opportunity of talking to you "

A flush began to mount to Dollie's brow, but before she could open her lips to speak the doctor resumed: "Nurse-Dorothy-it would be ab-

surd for me to tell you that I love you You are as well aware of the fact as I am, and such an avowal would convey to you only a tithe of my feeling for you. I am often set down as a cold, hard man-a veritable butcher sometimes - and people have wondered with that absolute incapacity for minding their own business that characterizes certain members of society, why I have not married before reaching the mature age | half-expecting to be told to remain | mony performed."

of thirty five years. The reason - if I had given it - would not have satissled them, but I give it to you, it is that my heart was never given even in part to anjone, save to you

Dollie stood motionless, with a face from which every tings of the bright crimson had fied, and with hands out stretched as though to avert some impending calamity.

"Mr. Clive," she said, when, having finished his speech, he was standing confronting her, "I am sorry it has come to this Yes, you are right I knew it might come, and if I could have prevented it eatlier I would have done so-but how could I?"

"But why - why should you propang of despair at his heart. "Do you love another?"

Dollie clasped her hands over her speaking.

"Then you must love me-you shall love me," returned the doctor, hope once more asserting itself within him He took Delite's white wrist in his strong hands and drew her trem- made myself so scarce." bling ones from before her face.

"Do you think you could ever love mot" he asked, so gravely and tenderly that already Dollie's heart was moved and a certain magnetism in his firm yet gentle touch seemed to have Dollio answered "He has been tellawakened a feeling towards and sain.

log "I know a good many other people "I know a good many other people they awakened a feeling towards him that ling me that he does not like dancmixture of pleasure and pain.

however, and with an effort at selfcomposure said hastily:

"Forgivo me for trifling with you, Mr. Clive. It cannot be. I must tell Ella's glanco to you. I cannot say any more. I such chaff." have a history. That is saying enough, is it not?"

possibly be the obstacle you suggest between us? I will take you, history and all, if you will only let me " The doctor's eyes were full of trust

and unspeakable love. "Oh, no, not" exclaimed Dollie, in again I assure you that I am grateful for the honor you have done me,

little sob that completely upset the to make adoctor. "Hush, hush," he said, as though tress you. I won't say another word to you until you give me permission What do you think of that from a

not very successful.

"If you would be so good! the disappointing answer.

Three minutes later the great surgeon was making a sort of friumphal progress through the crowd in the toones and galleries below, for, with all his assumption of coldness and indifference in society, he was one of the lions of his profession, and as such was made much of whenever he deigned to appear at any feative or social gathering.

Dollie waited a little longer to regain her wonted composure, and had just prepared to descend the stairs when Nurso Islia appeared in search of her

"I have been looking for her everyvent it?" the doctor asked, with a | where," she said, giving Dollie one of her pert and inquisitive but goodnatured looks "Sister Leopold sent mo quito fifteen minutes ago to tell eyes and shook her head without you that some one had called to see 20n',,

"I should think that some one will be out of patience, then, by this time," returned Dollie. "Thank you for coming. I am so sorry to have

Ella tossed her head coquettishly. "I know." she said, with a smile "It was Mr. Osborne Clive who told me where to find you." "What a good thing you met him."

She extricated her hands from his, who would say the same if they could stay up here talking with you instead." was Ella's answer. Dollie blushed a little as she met

to make such a confession-that there she replied, "but you forget what a about the whole affair If I had been are episodes in my past life that staid person you are trying your prettaught to dance in my young days, , would prevent me from accepting any ty speeches on I am too old and senthough, perhaps, I should look upon man's love. It would be an injustice | sible a creature to be caught with

"You may be sensible, but you are not so dreadfully old as you try to "I don't think your history could make out," said Ella, as they threaded their way through various rooms Is it only this history that stands and galleries to the tenanted portion of the hespital, "and really I am afraid that Mr. Clive is quite in love with you."

"Suppose he is," rejoined Dollie, with composed countenance, though an agony. "Please don't ask me she was surprised to feel a little fluttering at her heart on hearing this from a third person, "I have yet to but I cannot. I cannot really so- fall in love with him. If it takes two cept-" Here she broke off with a to make a quarrel, it also takes two

"Oh, not Not at all," interrupted Ella. "You know that the 'greatest soothing a child. "Don't let me disyou, that is good enough. The rest will follow."

"Well, I leave it to you," smiled Dollio "Plan it all out, arrange evman who is supposed to be in love?" The doctor tried to smile, but was erything, and when it is settled to liking kindly let me know the day, "Shall I go?" he asked, as though | and where you wish to have the core-

th, ses, sou are using to be warcastle now. But I am quite resolved upon the whose course of events.

Don't disappoint on Both times lau, and as they propared to go their strong water But Dollie a laugh somminet away when the cause of her consended disagpeared. She burned in its reception immi, where her to the nat waiting, and quickly opened in the resists an apology on her lips to the thay, (To be continued)

OUTOVIL VOL

There's a very strainte country calmi Outovolaco

(I'vo been there quire offen, have rou?) Where the people can a find the thirks

they want, And hardly know what to do

If a boy's in a hurry, and wants his

Or a basin to wash his face, He never can find that on its mil. Or this in its proper place.

His shoo hides far away under the lounge: His handkerchief's gone astraf; Oht how can a boy get off to school,

If he's always bothered this way? Oh, a very queer country is Outovplaco-

(Did you say you had been there?) Then you've seen, like me, a slate cm the floor

And a book upon the stair.

Alas! that Isn't the way.

You think they are easy to find, all leastf Oh, yes! If they would but stay Just there till they're wanted; but, then, they don't,

When a boy wants his hat he sees him As plain as ever can be; But when he has time for game, not

Of a bat or a ball finds be. Sometimes a good man is just off to the train (That is, it is time to go), And he can't put his hand on him

Sunday hat! It surely must vex him, I know. If somebody wants to drive a mail, It's "Where is the hammer, my

dear?" And so it goes, week in, week out, And truly all the year.

How 'twould gladden the women of Outorplace, If the boys and girls themselves Should wake up some morning deter-

mined quite To use hooks, closets and shelves,

Put New Energy and Vigor Into the System by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



Mr. M. Mowell, Baker, 198 Mauro street, Toronto, Ont.,

states:-"I used to be very nervous and my system was quite run down and out of order. At times feelings of weakness and dizziness would come over me. procured a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and it proved to be exactly what I needed, steadying the nerves and genearly toning up the system. I can re-Lerve tonic and system builder."



Mrs. J. Pennylegion, 17 Arthur street, Enclyh, Ont., and whose amband is a barber, states !-

"I used to be troubled a great deal with headache, which was caused, no Yet that the whole true love of so generous a nature was hers could be nothing but pain to Dollie, for the restantiance of what had been present the local beautiful to be the very treatment. needed. It seems to have set order, and as a result the have entirely disappeared."

It is only when the blood gets thin, watery and impure that the nervous system becomes starved and exhausted, the action of the heart weak and irregular, the digestion impaired and the whole mechanism of the body more or less deranged and diseased. It is then that headaches torture, dizziness and fainting spells come on and one is cast down with feelings of languor or despondency. You can overcome these ills and weaknesses by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the most potent blood builder known to the medical profession. Study these testimonials and benefit by the advice they contain. They are the earnest opinions of these people and given in order that others may profit by their experiences.



Mrs. Thomas Peacock, '93 Minwatha St., St. Thomas, Ont., and

whose husband is conductor on the Wabash Rullway, states:-"I was quite run down in health, was very nervous, did not sleep well and had frequent dizzy spells. Believing this to be the result of an exhausted nervous system I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and can say that this medicine did me a world of good. It entirely freed me of the symptoms stated above, built up my health generally so that to-day I fee, that I am

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Is above all ples a system builder. By nourishing and enriching the blood and revitalizing the wasted nerve cells it brings new vigor and health to every muscle and fibre of the human ed a great deal from rheumatism. Reing body. You can prove that this food cure increases flesh by Food, I procured a box and found its weighing yourself while using it.

weighing yourself while using it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is for sale by all dealers 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Every box of the genuine bears required to a serie of the genuine bears. signature and portrait of Dr. A. W. Chase.



Mrs.A.Lebb, 204 Rectory street, Lendon, Ont., states:— "I was troubled to a great extent with sick headache, and in fact I was so had that I became very nerveus and unable to rest or sleep. I had not mad Dr. Chase's Nerve Food long balors 1 noticed that my sleep was better and the headaches less severe. I can say now that I am as well as I ever was and give all the credit to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."



North, Mamilton, Ont., and wh employed with the Mamilton's and from Co., states :—

"For the last two years I have a