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Deceived

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CHAPTER XXXI. PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

He could not let the death and murder of poor Polly pass by unregarded. Morgan Verner was as surely responsible for that death as if he had stabbed her with a knife. Reuben felt he could not let the woman he loved marry such a man without making some protest, even though he himself was blamed for interference. Morgan Verner had proved himself to be utterly base and merciless. He would drag Olive down to his level, and crush the joy out of her life. He groaned aloud in his perplexity, as he made his way to a quiet hotel.

One thing he had determined upon: whether Olive married Morgan Verner or not—and the thought of her doing so was agony to him—he determined that she should know the true character of her fiancé without delay. On the following day, he returned to the lodging house where Polly Styles had spent the last few months of her life, and arranged for the modest funeral. The woman who had let the poor girl occupy the room gave him a fuller account of the misery she had endured, and again Reuben regretted bitterly for his promise. He recompensed the woman liberally for her kindness, not forgetting the little maid, through whose chance meeting he had come there, then set forth on his journey to hunt down his foes, the Verners; for it was to them he attributed the plots which had soiled his name.

Meanwhile, John Verner's fortunes were also on the turn, though not for the better; and the source of his downfall was here in London, in the person of Julian Normandy. Parliament was sitting, and the House was crowded. One of the most important measures of the session was under consideration, and it was feared that the bill, which affected the poorer section of the working classes, would be lost. An eager crowd of sympathizers with the bill waited and watched outside, while the excitement within the time-honored building was intense.

"There is only one chance," whispered one member to another, "and that is Normandy's speech." Even as he spoke, that gentleman was seen to rise from his seat; and a sudden hush prevailed. He had indeed made himself a power within the House. With a look of quiet consciousness of strength, he glanced across at his opponents; then he began his great speech—which was to be his last.

At first collected and serene, he reviewed the speeches made against the measure; then, with critical gravity, he emerged on his advantages, marshaling fact after fact, till finally,

"It will be all right, squire, now Master Morgan has come home." "I doubt it, Griley," sighed his master. "See what he looks like, with his drinking and fast ways. How can I expect any girl to keep her word?" "Tut! tut! He'll settle down all the better when he's sown his wild oats." "Meanwhile," continued John Verner, "what's to be done for money? I'm in the power of that man Normandy—I'm up to my ears in debt. 'Pon my soul, I'm nearly mad!" "Nonsense, squire—never say die! See how we got Bingleigh! That's ours, untied by deed or settlement, if we play our cards well—you leave it to old Griley."

Meanwhile, Sir Edwin, alas his re-

with a burst of eloquence, he seized on the weak points of his opponents, holding them up to scorn and laying bare their fallacies.

He resumed his seat amid a hurricane of cheers—a roar of approval that some minutes after was echoed by the crowd outside, as they learned the news that the bill—their bill—had passed, and passed through Normandy.

Yet it was to this same man that John Verner and many hundreds of others owed their financial ruin. As he sat at breakfast on the morning after his political triumph, his brow was furrowed with anxious thought. Beside his plate was a pile of bills and papers, and it was these that seemed to trouble him.

Crossing over to his desk, he hurriedly went through paper after paper. The Verners had indeed borrowed large sums of money on the strength of their getting Bingleigh Hall into their power, which they meant to sell, immediately after Olive's marriage to Morgan, and with the cash thus obtained pay off the money owed to Normandy.

The fortune accruing to Olive, under her mother's will, Morgan thought he would coax or threaten from her. The great thing was first to seize Bingleigh, and it was with this knowledge that Normandy had gone on assisting the Verners, though when once he had regained his money, he meant to foreclose on every bill of theirs in his hands, and thus bring them down to poverty.

"It is an immense sum of money," he muttered; "I did not think the Verners owed me half so much as that. Yes, there is no help for it—I will call it in, and close down on the Grange. After last night!—his face lit up as he recalled the scene—"I shall need a country house, and the Grange will suit my purpose as well as any other. Morgan Verner shall sell and cut the entail, and then I will wipe them out, root and branch."

John Verner, down at the Grange, little knew of the ruin overhanging him, as he paced to and fro in moody meditation. He blamed himself bitterly for ever letting Sir Edwin out of his sight. He had always been avaricious and grasping; even on becoming possessed of his brother's estate, he had plotted for more wealth; and, with the infatuation of the gambler, still played and lost large sums in the hope of acquiring something more. No trick had been too mean for him, no company too good for him. He had, by a series of cunningly devised schemes, obtained a hold upon his neighbor's estates, and yet things were not prosperous with him. Speculations upon which he had depended had gone wrong; men cleverer than himself had duped him; even as he had duped and robbed others. His house—his land—his business were all mortgaged to Julian Normandy, whom he hated as much as he feared, and at any minute his ruin might be proclaimed to the world; although he had no idea that it was so near.

As usual, old Griley was with him, trying hard, in his croaking voice, to comfort him.

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turn from Australia, had improved in health, till he was once more like his old self. He had, of his own accord, resisted John Verner's demands for an immediate marriage between Olive and Morgan; and the joy in his daughter's face when he told her of what he had done had amply repaid him for the bad quarter of an hour he spent with Squire Verner. He did not mention Reuben's name, either to the squire or to Olive; he had made no comment whatsoever on Reuben's confession, and it seemed as if he were waiting for his reappearance before proceeding further.

As for Olive, her beauty seemed to ripen daily. Poor though they were, in comparison with earlier days, Olive was happier than she had ever been in her life. Her father was again better in health; his wedding was still in the background; and Reuben—her Reuben—was alive, rich, and what was of even greater importance—innocent of all wrongdoing save of loving her. It was little wonder that she sang the livelong day, and John Verner frowned darkly on her.

She would have been happier still had she but known how close her lover was to her. Reuben had found it impossible to stay in town; the bustle, the din, and, above all, the loneliness—for there is nothing so utterly heartless as a crowd—drove him from London. He took his ticket for Woolcot, meaning to stay at the inn there and pay a visit to Sir Edwin and Olive on the following day.

Immersed in thought, he watched the landscape fly past him with unseeing eyes. At any other time he would have contrasted the green English pastures with the scrub and bush of the land he had so lately left; but he noticed nothing till a prolonged delay at a little wayside station arrested his attention. The guard told him that there was a stoppage on the line, and the train would probably have to wait for an hour or more. There was nothing to be done; so Reuben, taking the matter with his usual calm, strolled into the village high street.

It was of the usual rural order, but boasted of a building which was called the "Theater Royal," and was used impartially as a theater, lecture hall, or committee-room; this particular week, it was being used for the purpose, and the public were informed by large posters that the play of "Richard the Third," by William Shakespeare, would be performed by John Wynter and his well-known London company.

The play first drew Reuben's attention, as he thought, with a sad smile, how often he had been through every line of it with his grandfather, with whom it had been a favorite, perhaps because of his deformity; then he started, as he saw the familiar name above the title. Wynter—could it be possible?

Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration - Lost Twenty Pounds - Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

St. Catharines, Ont., January 25th.—Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system. When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body. Mrs. Geo. S. Elise, 46 Davidson Street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them very excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Mother! Your Child is Cross, Feverish, From Constipation

Its tongue is coated, breath bad, stomach sour, clean liver and bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once - a teaspoonful to-day often saves a sick child to-morrow.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

As one inspired with fresh hope, he rushed around to the entrance to the building, and, by dint of various colms, impressed himself favorably upon the caretaker. He soon obtained the address of the lodging whereat the actor manager, Mr. Wynter, was staying. It was in Market Street; and, without another thought of the train or his destination, Reuben betook himself there.

He was ushered into a stuffy little parlor by a comely serving maid, who was awed by his comparatively fine clothes and London manners. Wynter, who was reading an old copy of "The Stage," looked up impatiently at the interruption, as the door closed upon the girl.

"Well, sir," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Gran," said Reuben, springing forward. "Don't you know me?"

The old man looked at him in almost incredulous joy.

"Reu—my boy—at last!" he cried. He was almost overcome for the minute; for in his pleasure at thus finding his boy alive, he had forgotten Bingleigh and all connected with it. Presently, he said affectionately, but with deep sadness in his tones:

"Ah, Reuben lad—why didn't you come with me that night? I'd sooner have stolen myself than have you blamed—"

Reuben started up, staring at him almost as he had done at Sir Edwin.

"Gran!" he cried. "You, too! What awful plot is this, that you, also, should believe me guilty. I am just back from Australia."

"Australia," he echoed, "and yet you know all about it?"

"Yes, but only six weeks ago," returned Reuben sadly. "Then he related how he had met Sir Edwin and Miss Seymour, and of their belief in him."

"Thank Heaven!" said the old man devoutly. "I see it all now; it was Morgan Verner; but he was dressed like you, and I ought to have known better—I ought to have known my boy wouldn't have done such a thing. Can you forgive me, Reu?"

"Why, yes, Gran; I know there must be a good reason for this story—but I'm going to find it out."

"So you shall, lad," said the old man. "And it's only I can help you."

"I knew that," said Reuben affectionately. "I came back to look for you. I should have come before, only I meant to make a fortune."

"You are my fortune, Reu," the old man sadly said. "You are all I care for in the world—and now I have found you again I shall lose you."

"Nonsense, Gran!" said Reuben cheerily. "We don't lose sight of one another again, I tell you. I'm rich now, and you shall buy the Theater Royal, if you like."

Then he told old Wynter of the Australian mine, of his meeting with Lord Craven, and lastly how Olive was rescued.

"You still love her, lad?" asked the old man, with a strange earnestness in his tone.

"Yes," Reuben said grimly, his face paling. "I do. But it's an idle dream; rich or poor, I am not and never shall be good enough for her. It's birth she wants, not sold."

Old Wynter's eyes gleamed. (To be continued.)

NEW FURNITURE

We have just received another shipment of New Furniture, Bought at Last Year's Prices, which we will offer at Old Prices to clear,

as prices will positively be much higher. Those intending to buy Furniture within the next three months, will do well to see same. It consists of:—

Sideboards, Extension Tables, Bureaus & Stands, Chairs, Rockers

in various sizes and prices. Also, a small shipment of BEDS,

we offer with our Springs and Mattresses, at special prices.

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Casino The W. S. Har Open To

TO-NIGHT AND TO- MONDAY AND TUE "It Pays to

WEDNESDAY AND TU "The Man Who S

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.30. SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEE MATINEE PLAYS ANNOUNCED Advance sale for first 3 plays in 178 Water Street. Evening Prices, 75, 50, 30, 20.

Horse Runs Away.

Last evening as a horse and sleigh driven by Mr. Michael Power, and owned by Mr. Stewart, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, was coming down delaware Street, a dog ran in front of the horse which became greatly frightened and immediately bolted, dragging the driver about 100 yards before he could get clear. The animal went down Water Street at great speed and was stopped by the sleigh colliding with a pole opposite Smyth's. Fortunately no pedestrians were hurt. The driver, though somewhat shaken up, fortunately escaped serious injury. The animal, however, was not so fortunate as on examination it was found that the hind leg was somewhat injured and had to be removed to the stables, being unable to walk.

Doing Their "Bit."

Dear Mr. Editor,—Please allow me space in your esteemed paper for a few words concerning the work of the I.O.A. at Engloe. We are somewhat pained by the noble heroes who so gallantly are laying down their lives in trying to lay low the cruel Hun. Jan. 4th we held our parade, after which an entertainment was conducted. Hot dinner was served by the indefatigable ladies who always play a noble part in our social gatherings. The night was spent in speeches and singing after which a collection was taken, when men and women alike shelled their pockets, to help sustain the noble heroes who so gallantly are laying down their lives in the cause of righteousness and liberty. The sum of \$274.77 was realized. The meeting closed with cheers and while all present united in the National Anthem. Yours in defence of the glorious old Union Jack, Engloe. I.O.L.

"Louvain."

Quite a large and representative gathering attended the lecture given by the Aula Maxima, St. Bonaventure's College, last evening by the Rev. Dr. Kitchin, who kept the audience spell bound for one hour and a half relating his sojourn (as an ecclesiastical student now eighteen years ago) in Louvain and comparing it with Louvain as it stands to-day—his ruins through the hands of those barbaric German soldiers, her beautiful Cathedral, University and Library all gone to ashes. The learned Lecturer was introduced by the Hon. J. M. Kent and by vote of thanks was proposed by the same gentleman and carried by acclamation. Included in the audience was His Grace the Archbishop, Mgr. McDermott, Mgr. St. John (Torbay), Rev. A. Maher (St. Lawrence), Rev. Frs. Sheehan and Pippy (St. Patrick's), the Christian Brothers (Mt. St. Francis), the St. Bonaventure's, (Mt. Cashel), and many prominent citizens.

A Perpetual V

In every human body the forces of health and disease and frequent colds mean weakness. In changing seasons your

SCOTT'S EMULSION to increase the red corpuscles resistive power which troubles and rheumatism. Scott's is high-powered harmful drugs. One bottle Scott & Bown

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