

MAKING IT PLAIN

A common mistake which some people continue to make is to accept from a druggist an "extract" of cod livers thinking they will get the benefits of an emulsion of cod liver oil.

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Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

The Web;

OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XXVII Spurred.

Guildford Berton's face resembled the popular idea of a devil's at that moment more than an ordinary human being.

His hands clinched, and he took a step nearer to the old man, drawn to his full height, and regarding him haughtily.

"You—you dare to insult me!" he said, hoarsely. "You treat it as—a jest! You drive me away as if I were a dog! By God, you shall find it no jest, my lord! I've told you that I love her—I say it again. Do you hear? I love her, love her! And I say more, I will marry her! I'll marry her for all your scorn, you old fool!"

He was mad, really mad with fury and disappointment for a moment, and the years of patient service and truckling and dissimulation went for nothing. He even raised his fist as if he were going to strike the earl.

The old man looked at him steadily, a sneer, bitter and galling, on his thin lips.

"In my desire to find some extenuation for your conduct, Mr. Berton," he said, slowly and icily, "I accused you of being intoxicated. I fear I cannot grant you even that excuse. You are simply impertinent. Be good enough to leave the room; to-morrow you will leave the house."

He paused a moment to gain his breath, Guildford Berton watching him, glaring at him.

"You called me, I think, a fool. With humility I admit that you have the right to do so. I have been a fool to place confidence in, to bestow my friendship upon, a person who, if he entered my house at all, should have occupied his proper place in it—that of a servant."

Guildford Berton's face went livid. "And as a last word permit me, while thanking you for the many services you have rendered me, to say that we—persons of our rank, do not give their daughters in marriage to their footman, their butler, or to a—Mr. Guildford Berton."

Guildford Berton uttered a cry, the cry of a wild animal driven beyond endurance, and sprang forward, but before he could strike the earl, if such had been his intention, the tall, thin figure staggered and fell back into the chair.

"Will you—er—ring the bell, my dear Guildford," he stammered and stuttered, brokenly, as a strange and curious twitching convulsed his aristocratic face. "I—er—think it is time to dress for dinner."

Then his head fell forward, and he uttered a crowing kind of laugh. Guildford Berton leaned over him, then dashed to the bell.

In a moment or two the porter and a footman came to the door.

"Quick!" said Guildford Berton. "Run for the doctor! The earl has had a paralytic fit."

CHAPTER XXVIII.
Playing the Hypocrite.

The hall porter tore off for a doctor, and Guildford Berton knelt beside the stricken old man with a feeling of devout thankfulness.

He had narrowly escaped committing a second murder!

He was also extremely grateful to the luck which seemed to stand by him through thick and thin.

For the first time in his life he had been hurried by passion into making a great mistake; he had shown his hand too soon, and but for this sudden attack, would have had to leave the house, would have been kicked out, so to speak, and been beaten in the game he had played so carefully!

But now the old man lay helpless, powerless, smitten, doubtless, to death, and Guildford Berton was saved from the consequences of his rashness.

We are told that the devil looks after his own, and Guildford Berton at that moment believed in the superstition up to the hilt.

In a few moments the room was full of frightened servants, and between them they carried the earl to his room.

"Be quiet!" said Guildford Berton, hoarsely. "Lady Norah must not be alarmed on any account," and he made them walk on tiptoe past her bedroom door.

But, quiet as they were, Norah heard them. She had not gone to bed, but had dismissed Harman, and was sitting wrapped in her dressing gown and lost in thought. She was thinking not only of Cyril, but of what Lady Ferndale had said—"you!"

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Guildford Berton. The pronoun haunted and harassed her. She heard the passing footsteps, and opening her door, saw the still form carried past. For a moment she stood with her hand on her heart, then she sprang forward, with a low cry. Guildford Berton held up his hand and turned his white face to her.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, and his voice sounded strained and forced. "He will be all right."

Norah passed him, and threw herself beside the bed on which they had laid the earl, and took his hand.

She could not speak, could not even ask what had happened to him, but knelt, white and silent, and overwhelmed.

Guildford Berton bent over her, and in answer to the dumb question in her terrified eyes, said:

"He has had a fit. Pray, pray, don't be frightened. I have sent for the doctor. He will get better."

She turned her face from him, even at that moment with instinctive repulsion, and clung to the thin, limp hand, and "Papa, papa!" dropped from her white lips.

"Take her away, persuade her to go!" whispered Guildford Berton to Harman, huskily; but Norah heard him, and shook her head.

"No, no!" she panted. "I will, I must stay! Oh, papa, papa!" and the tears rushed to her eyes and she hid her face upon her arm.

Harman sent the terrified servants out of the room, and kneeling beside Norah, begged her to go, but Norah raised her head and shook it. The

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outburst of grief over, she was calm and collected again, though she was trembling in every limb; and Guildford Berton left the room and waited outside.

The doctor came and examined the stricken man with the professional, leisurely gravity which carries so much weight. They had got the earl into bed, and he lay, apparently, unconscious and as like death as life can be.

"Is—he very ill? What is it?" asked Norah, in a dry voice, her eyes fixed on the grave face.

The physician dropped his eyelids in the way a doctor has when he does not mean to tell the whole truth. "The earl has had a fit, Lady Norah," he said. "Yes, he is very ill; but do not be alarmed. There is always hope, always. Do not distress yourself. Were you with him when he—"

Norah shook her head and glanced at Guildford Berton, who stood, white and anxious, at the foot of the bed.

The doctor nodded, and after a while motioned to Guildford Berton to follow him out of the room.

"It is paralysis?" said Guildford Berton.

The physician nodded. "You were with the earl when the attack occurred?" he said. "Was there any sudden shock—excitement?"

"None whatever," replied Guildford Berton, quietly. "I had come in from the theatre and found him sitting here, in that chair. He was given to sitting up late, reading and writing."

The doctor nodded and waited. "We talked about one thing and another—ordinary topics, and not in any way exciting."

"You are sure of that?" interrupted the doctor.

"Of course. I could repeat almost every word," answered Guildford Berton, glibly. "I had said something that made him laugh—but not heartily or excitedly—and a moment after he fell forward."

"Strange," said the doctor. "These attacks generally follow upon great excitement or display of passion. There are certain signs which indicate the usual cause, too—hem!"

"Is it a bad attack?" asked Guildford Berton, sorrowfully.

"Yes, it is."

"And—and you think he will die?" he asked, his heart beating quickly.

"I don't say that," replied the doctor, gravely. "The earl is an old man, his age is against him, but on

the other hand he has led a remarkably quiet life of late, has he not?"

"Yes, I can say that positively," said Guildford Berton. "I may tell you that I am his most intimate friend, and acquainted with his habits. A very quiet life."

"That's in his favor. He may live for some time."

"But he will not recover from his paralysis," asked Guildford Berton, almost quickly.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It is scarcely probable," he said, and Guildford Berton drew a sigh of relief which the physician might easily have mistaken for one of sympathy and regret.

The doctor wrote a prescription. "Send for this, please," he said. "I will remain here for the present. The young lady is Lady Norah, I presume?"

Guildford Berton inclined his head. "Hem, yes, the earl's daughter. There is no son, I believe?"

He was a fashionable physician, and had the peerage by herit.

"No, a nephew," replied Guildford Berton, fully understanding the purport of the question.

"Yes, the Viscount Santleigh. I think it would be well to send for him in case of accidents."

Guildford Berton shook his head sadly. "That is easier said than done, doctor," he said. "Lord Santleigh's whereabouts are not known."

"Then they should be discovered without loss of time," responded the doctor, rather grimly. "Mind, I don't say that there is any immediate danger, but—"

"I understand," said Guildford Berton. "I will do my utmost to find him; but, as you may be aware, the earl and he have not met—"

"I have heard something of it," said the doctor. "But surely there can be little difficulty in finding him! Meanwhile—"

"Please tell me what is to be done," put in Guildford Berton, suavely. "I am staying in the house, and will see that your instructions are carried out."

The doctor inclined his head and went upstairs again, and Guildford Berton followed him.

Norah was still kneeling beside the bed, the earl's hand fast clasped in hers, and she looked up eagerly as the doctor entered.

"What is it?" whispered the doctor. "I—I think he moved!" said Norah, almost inaudibly.

Even as she spoke, the old man stirred and opened his eyes. They wandered vacantly round the room for a moment, then, as they fell upon her face, a gleam of something like intelligence came into them, and his lips moved.

"Guildford Berton, standing at the foot of the bed, felt a sudden thrill of fear. Was the old man coming to his senses? Would he be able to speak, reveal the truth, and expose him?"

The earl looked at her piteously, and then, as he caught sight of Guildford Berton's face, his eyes seemed to flash and he looked from him to Norah, and his lips moved.

"It is something he wants to tell me," she murmured. "Oh, what is it, what is it? Papa, papa! It is I—Norah! Speak to me."

The doctor did not interfere, and she bent lower, until her face was close to the old man's lips.

"Yes, papa!" panted Norah. With a great effort he gasped:

"Scoundrel! Scoundrel! Don't— Then a vacant smile played over his face, and he wandered off. "My daughter, your ladyship! My daughter. Beautiful! Yes. Her mother— Then his eyes closed, and the face seemed to fall back into death-like rigidity.

Guildford Berton almost uttered a cry of thanksgiving.

"He is delirious," he said, sorrowfully.

Norah, with a moan, hid her face, and the doctor laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"You must bear up, Lady Norah," he said, gently. "I am not sure that he is quite unconscious, and—"

"Yes, yes, let me stay!" she pleaded, piteously. "I will not let him see, I will not distress him. You will let me stay with him?"

(To be Continued.)

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