

Through Storm and Sunshine

"I often fancied that he had, but he was too true a gentleman to breathe them. I am like one chained to a rock; I long to get away, yet I know my duty lies there."

"And the boy who is to inherit Lancewood, what is he like?" asked Lord St. Just. "How old is he?"

"He is nearly six—very clever, but wanting in truth and honesty. Hard discipline, good training, might have prepared him to be a good man; as it is, he is simply ruined. (His mother considers his wickedness cleverness. Heaven help Lancewood when it falls "It is a sad story," said Lord St. Just, thoughtfully; "the ruin and decay of many an ancient house could be traced to a foolish marriage, I believe. I wish I could think of some way to help you, Miss Neslie."

She raised her beautiful face to his, and he was struck by its expression of patient devotion.

"I see no way in which I can be helped; my only hope lies in patient endurance."

"But," he said, gravely, "you do not surely intend spending the whole of your life in a place and in society that must be hateful to you?"

"I must obey my father. He wished me to remain at Lancewood until Oswald was of age. Only Heaven knows what would become of the house if I left it."

"But you may marry, Miss Neslie," he said, with a flush on his face.

"No," she replied, gravely. "I never shall—I could not; because I could never leave Lancewood—and I have never thought of marrying."

"How is that?" he asked, amused at her simplicity.

"Before my father died all my love and all my thoughts were given to him and to Lancewood. Since he died I have done nothing but grieve over it."

"I see. You have had no time for thoughts of aught else?"

There was not the least consciousness in her face as she answered.

"No, I have had neither time nor inclination. See, Lord St. Just,—the shadow of the trees is falling over us—the sun is setting—we must go."

He walked by her side through the park. They trampled the wild flowers under their feet; they stopped to listen to the low song of the birds; they talked of the setting sun and the distant hills, of the wheat-sheaves and the bloom in the hedges; they admired the same views; they often gave expression to the same thoughts; yet, while Adrian St. Just vowed to himself that he would win the beautiful, imperial, dark-eyed woman for his wife, Vivien never dreamed that she was in love.

Lord St. Just made no secret of his devotion; he became Vivien's shadow; every one perceived it long before she herself knew what it meant. She had promised to remain for three weeks at the Park, and she fancied that the new, vague, delicious happiness was the result of peace.

She had been so unselfish all her life; she had thought so much of Lancewood, of her father, of her ancestors, that she had never given her mind to girlish dreams of romance and sentiment. Another girl would have known what this new feeling meant she did not. She thought Adrian St. Just very kind, very clever; she was thankful to have so true a friend;

she knew that she liked to be near him, to listen to his voice, to watch his face; but she did not know that she loved him.

CHAPTER XXX.

Vivien was now in the sweetest phase of her love-story. Life was all different—the world was a thousand times more fair. She wondered why the sunshine seemed more golden, and the flowers of brighter hue. What caused the new and beautiful light that had fallen on everything? What was the music always rising from her heart to her lips? Why did the world seem full of strange, sweet melody? She grew more beautiful; the proud expression of her face had given way to one of tenderness, the light in her eyes was softened and sweet, the beautiful lips curved more graciously.

Was this the same dreary world that so lately had seemed to her all sorrow, all darkness? Not that her sorrow had grown less, but that this beautiful light seemed to have absorbed it. The Neslies did nothing by halves, when they loved at all they loved deeply, truly and well. Vivien had begun to love unconsciously, and when she awoke to full and complete knowledge of the fact, it was too late for any change.

It was three weeks of love, poetry and romance. There could be no more charming companion than Lord St. Just. He had traveled—he had studied, read and thought. He had resolved quite early in life that, though fortune had favored him with plenty of money, with a fine estate, an ancient title, he would not on that account fritter his life away. It should not be spent in a round of senseless amusements. It should not be passed in dissipation and folly. He cultivated his mind by reading the choicest books—his intellect by travel and the society of clever men—his taste for art by working hard at it. One thing he had never done—he had never indulged in the idle flirtations that so often lead to ruin and sorrow. He was heart whole, fancy free. He had a fervent admiration for the sex, but not for any one woman in particular. He had never made love, played at love, or imagined himself in love. The first time his heart or fancy was touched was when he met Vivien Neslie. He carried the memory of her beautiful, sorrowing face with him, and that memory was dearer to him than the living presence of any other woman. He thought so much about her that she grew into an ideal love for him.

He resolved to find her out as soon as he returned home. It would not be difficult to discover the whereabouts of the heiress of Lancewood. True, he might find her married,—she might even be dead; but, if she were living and well—if she were unmarried and to be won—he would win her.

He remembered that it was with Lady Smeaton she had been staying. He did not have much difficulty in making the acquaintance of the kindly-natured woman, and in securing an invitation to the Park. There he met Vivien again, and there he heard her sorrowful story. His love increased with every moment that he spent in her presence, until the time came when he knew that life without her would be blank and dreary to him. He had some little hope, but she was

so unlike other girls that he could hardly judge whether she loved him or not. She was above all coquetry and affectation, above all little acts of meanness. He saw that her face brightened for him as it did for no other, that her voice took another tone, in addressing him, that her eyes had a deeper light when they met his; but in her proud, noble simplicity there was something which half-frightened him. She seemed too lofty in her aspirations; the woman who was so ready to lay down her life for the honor of her house could hardly care for love as other women did.

It was a noble love that he had to offer her—noble in its simplicity, its integrity and purity; it was the one love of his life-time—he was never to know another. Would she accept or reject it? He was a brave man, but he trembled for the answer to that question. Day by day he said to himself that he must ask it, yet the bright days passed on, their golden calm unbroken. He was so truly happy that he dreaded to interrupt his happiness. He was aroused from his dream by hearing that Miss Neslie would return to Lancewood in two days,—her three weeks' visit had drawn to a close. He must wait no longer—back to that wretched home, if he could help it, she should never go.

Dinner was over at Smeaton Park; the visitors, availing themselves of the warm, balmy night, had gone out on to the lawn instead of remaining in the drawing-room. Vivien was standing watching the light fade in the western sky, thinking of the dreary lot to which she was returning, when Lord St. Just went to her. From one look at his grave, handsome face Vivien knew by instinct what was coming.

"Miss Neslie," he said, "I have something that I wish to say to you. Will you come away from these people? Come through the rosery."

Without another word he took her hand and laid it on his arm.

"I want you," he said, "away from all the world. Sit here amongst these roses, and let me tell you something."

She sat down, and he knelt amongst the fallen crimson leaves at her feet, clasping her white hands in his. He looked up into the lovely face.

"How am I to speak to you?" he said. "Kneeling here at your feet, you seem as far above me as the darkening skies. How am I to tell you that I love you with all my heart and so pray you to be my wife?"

She did not rise in wonder, nor turn angrily away. She sat perfectly, passively silent. He went on:

"It is the whole love of my life I have to offer you, Vivien. You will let me say 'Vivien'? It is the sweetest of all sweet names. I have never given one thought to another. I loved you the moment I saw you lying on the grass, my darling, your face white with despair. I loved you through all the months I spent in travel. I love you now more dearly than words of mine can tell. My queen, will you accept my love and give me yours in return?"

She made no answer—there was no movement in the silent figure—he could not read the expression of her face.

"I have longed to make you happy. I have longed to brighten your life. Oh, my darling, give me the power! Let my love brighten the dark clouds that hang over you. You shall know no more trouble, no more sorrow, if you will love me."

She raised her face to his, and he saw that the dark proud eyes were filled with tears.

"My darling," he cried hastily, "let my love bring you happiness, not sorrow! I see tears in your eyes. I want to save you from sorrow, not to bring it to you. Tell me, will you try to love me?"

"I do love you," she replied. "I did not understand at first. I could not tell what strange change had come over my life. I thought it was due to my removal from scenes of strife and dissipation to a home of peace. Now I know that it is because I love you."

The light from the western sky illumined the pale noble face. Adrian St. Just looked at it in wonder; it was like the pictured face of a saint, but there was in it none of the radiance or brightness of happy love.

"I shall always cherish your love," she said gently; "it will live in my heart forever—it will never die."

"My darling," he returned, "you make me so happy!"

She held up her hand.

"Nay, listen. I love you," she said softly—"I love you with all my heart; but I can never marry you."

He looked up in utter wonder.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because I cannot leave Lance-

wood. Nay, do not try to persuade me. I know all that you would say, all that you would advise. I know that most girls would seek refuge from such a home as mine in marriage, setting aside love. I cannot marry, because my father left the honor of his house in my hands, and if I leave Lancewood I fear all honor will leave it too."

"But you can do so little, my darling—and you suffer so much. If you could do anything, I would not seek to prevent it; but you are quite helpless."

"I know it all," she sighed. "It is as you say, a hopeless struggle with evil. Still, I must endure it. Do you think, Lord St. Just—"

He interrupted her.

"You have said that you love me, my darling; do not call me 'Lord St. Just' again. Call me 'Adrian.'"

She was too earnest, too dignified, for the petty affections of coyness with which some girls would have received these words. She listened to them in all simplicity.

"Do you think, Adrian," she said, wistfully, "that if I yielded to my love and to you, that if I married and left the scene of so much unhappiness, do you think that I should ever be happy?"

"I hope, I believe so," he replied.

"No, never. I am not happy now, but I have the consciousness that I am doing my duty. If I went away from Lancewood, I should feel that my duty was neglected and my father's command disobeyed. He left his honor in my charge. I must guard it."

Lord St. Just began to find that she was most terribly in earnest. He despaired at the thought.

"Vivien, you cannot mean that you intend to sacrifice your whole life to the chimera of duty—this morbid feeling that you are needful for the honor of your house? You cannot intend to sacrifice yourself and me—your sweet bright life, your love, your happiness—to this notion?"

"I must do it," she replied.

"But you have said you love me, Vivien."

"So I do. You are my only love. My first and last love; I shall know no other. But I cannot marry you—do not ask me."

"Then, my darling, what do you mean to do? You cannot be so cruel as to send me quite away from you?"

"I do not wish to be cruel," she said, slowly.

"You will not engage yourself to me by any promise of marriage? he asked.

"No," she replied, "the sorrows of my life have made me something of a fatalist. Love brings its own fate. If we are to be married, dear, in the years to come, something will happen that will remove my difficulties; if not, I shall go on loving you until I die."

"And I," he said, "would rather love you even without that faint hope of marriage, than be the husband of any other woman living."

There was a few minutes' silence. The golden light died in the west, the wind ceased to stir the crimson leaves the song of the birds was almost hushed.

"These are hard terms, Vivien," said Lord St. Just. "You will not allow any promise of marriage between us, you will not give me any hope of calling you wife, although you love me?"

"I cannot," she replied. "It is the same to me as though I stood by the grave of my love. I must not desert my post, let me be unhappy as I may—I must remain at Lancewood."

"And what of my unhappiness, Vivien? My life will be a blank without you."

She looked at him with tenderness that he never forgot.

"I am more sorry for you than for myself," she said gently; "but you will not urge me to do what is not right."

"May I come to Lancewood to see you?" he asked.

"No, I should not like to see you there."

"At least you will write to me—you will allow me to write to you, Vivien? Oh, my darling, how hard it seems!"

"I shall be pleased," she replied. "Your letters will be the only gleam of sunlight that will come to me."

"Vivien," cried Lord St. Just, "can you not reconsider your decision? It is so cruel to me, dear."

"I cannot," she replied; and he saw her lips grow white with pain.

"I must bear it like a man," he said, To Be Continued.

The chiffon scarf is one of the most popular and becoming neck garnitures of the spring.

Paris is favoring the tailor-made cotton frocks for afternoon.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. B. L. MASTIN.

After Long Years of Perfect Health He Was Attacked With Kidney Trouble and Other Complications—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Him New Health.

From the Picton, Ont., Times.

Mr. B. L. Mastin, of Hollowell township, Prince Edward county, was a caller at the Times office the other day and during his visit told of his great suffering from kidney trouble and rheumatism, accompanied by dyspepsia, cold feet and a generally broken down constitution. Mr. Mastin is one of the first settlers of Prince Edward county. He is in his seventy-first year and is the father of a grown up family of well-to-do farmers. In the course of the conversation Mr. Mastin said:—"I had never known what it was to be sick. I have always had good health and worked on my farm every day until some months ago, when I was taken with severe pains in my back and shoulders. I consulted a doctor but received little benefit. I was told by one doctor that I had rheumatism and kidney disease, but his treatment did not help me and I continued getting worse. My appetite failed me and I fell away in flesh. I became irritable and could not sleep well at night. Nobody can conceive the intense pain I endured. Not deriving any benefit from the food I ate and having a constant pain in my stomach I soon became aware that I had dyspepsia, and the pain in my back and shoulders intensified by the stone-like weight in my stomach, made life to me almost unbearable. I was also a great sufferer from cold feet, nearly every day my feet would get like chunks of ice, and unless I was constantly by the fire the soles of my feet would feel as though they were wet. One day I told my wife I was going to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having read so much of these famous pills, I thought that what they had done for others they might do for me. I procured a box from Mr. E.W. Case, druggist, and to my great delight before I had used quite one box I had improved. When I had finished a couple more boxes I felt like a new man, and I gladly tell this for the benefit of all who suffer as I did." Continuing Mr. Mastin said:—"My rheumatism is all gone and I can come and go and enjoy as good health as well as ever I did." With these remarks Mr. Mastin got up to go, but added that his wife was receiving much benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "I took home a couple of boxes the other day and she thinks they are splendid."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

A Knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle, with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk-hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold, and bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," also in gold, is buckled about the left leg, below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of 26 pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback, encountering the dragon. The "lesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon, worn over the left shoulder. The star of the Order consists of eight points within which is the cross of St. George encircled by the garter.

SIDE SHOWS IN PARIS.

A careful estimate reveals the fact that enormous sums have been invested by private speculators in the side shows organized for the double purpose of enriching their promoters and furnishing endless diversion to the countless throngs of amusement seekers who will come to Paris for the Exposition. Just how many of these enterprises will be in operation during the coming summer it is impossible to say, but facts and figures have been obtainable to 53 of them, which show that the total capitalization stock value of the same is quoted to-day at \$13,192,600.

The Inspector of Steamboats

For the Dominion Government was unable to find a cure for Itching Piles—After 9 years of torture he was positively cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. O. P. St. John, the Dominion inspector of steamboats, residing at No. 246 Shaw street, Toronto, was for many years chief engineer on the lake steamers, and is a prominent citizen.

In the following voluntary letter Mr. St. John tells of his efforts to rid himself of the misery of Itching Piles, and of his final success by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. He says:

"I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to sleep on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom have been cured by its use."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles. It is the only remedy guaranteed to cure piles, whether blind, itching, bleeding or protruding. It is the only pile cure having the endorsement of eminent physicians, and of the best citizens in the land. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.