

## Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"Undo the wrong," he said quickly, "rather than sadden your life."

"No. I have thought it over well. I shall never undo that. It must remain as it is, but I will do my best to make amends. I will do all the good that lies in my power. I will spend the princely revenues of Lancewood in charity and benevolence, but I will not restore to the child of the strolling player the right that should never have been his."

"And you will never marry?" he interrogated slowly.

"No, I shall never marry," she replied.

"What will become of Lancewood, then?" he asked.

"It will be passed to the other branch of the Neslies. I know them—they are simple, loyal, honest people. I shall send for their eldest son in a few years' time and make him my heir. At least, I shall have a gentleman to succeed me. Lancewood will not be the prey of Lady Neslie and her friends."

"It is a cruel decision," said Gerald, sadly.

"I have done cruel wrong," she replied. "And now, Gerald, we have to discuss your departure. I have told you this only to show you that you will not suffer alone."

It was some days before Gerald left, and to him that parting had all the bitterness of death. Yet he saw that it must be. He saw that Vivien would never feel happy or at ease with him again. The sound of his voice, the sight of him brought an expression of pain over her face—her voice took quite another tone in speaking to him. All the intimacy of their friendship was at an end. Between them lay the shadow of sin. He must go. He had imperiled his soul for Lancewood, but Lancewood was no longer a home for him.

There was great wonder expressed on all sides when it was known that Gerald Dorman was going to leave Lancewood; but it was generally understood that Miss Neslie did not require his services, as she preferred to keep the management of matters in her own hands. Mr. Greston thought it rather a pity that Miss Neslie should lose such a valuable and trustworthy friend, but did not interfere.

So the day came when Gerald Dorman left all his hopes of happiness behind him. For long years afterward the memory of that parting remained with him—it broke his heart in the end.

He had made all arrangements about the sending of the money to his brother for the care and education of little Oswald, and Gerald had deferred the parting with Vivien until the last moment, he dared not trust himself with her, but, when the carriage stood at the door, and his luggage was all placed within it, he went in search of Miss Neslie.

She was waiting for him in the library, where they had spent so many hours together. Without a word he held out his hands to her, she clasped them in her own. He tried to speak to her, but his lips quivered, and tears that were no disgrace to his manhood stood in his eyes.

"You are going, Gerald," she said sadly. "My faithful friend, I shall find no one to take your place."

"No one ever will," he answered, coarsely; "no one will ever love you as I do; no one will ever be so ready to live down life and love for you as I am."

"I know it," she said. "You have seen one of the truest of friends to me; but we must part that we may try to forget. Gerald, will you tell me where you are going?"

"Yes," he replied; "I shall go to my brother in America. I shall not stay in England; and, Miss Neslie, promise me—we none of us know what the future holds for us—that if you want a friend you will send for me."

"I promise," she said; and bending down, she touched his bowed head with her lips.

He would have suffered twice as much for such a reward.

"Good-bye. Heaven bless you! You have been my greatest friend. I have seen your worst enemy. Good-bye."

And the next moment Gerald Dorman had left Lancewood for ever.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Adrian St. Just refused to accept the decision of his beautiful, imperious lady-love. On the receipt of her letter he went without loss of time to Lancewood.

"You refused to marry me before," he said, "because you could not leave your home; that was the sole reason."

"I had no other, Adrian," she replied.

"That reason no longer exists. You know how much I would do to please you. I am perfectly willing to live at King's Rest for six months of the year and to spend the other six months at Lancewood. I will help you to take care of your home. Its interests and its welfare shall be dear to me—nay, dearer than my own."

"It is not that," she replied. "I know that you would do just as you say; but—believe me, Adrian, I cannot marry you."

"My beautiful, capricious, darling," he said, laughing, "I shall believe no such thing. Why should I? I know you love me, and I shall listen to no reason, no excuse, no scruple. I shall never cease praying and pleading until you are my wife. You say 'No' this time; I shall come again. You may say 'No' the next time; I shall come even after that. What is to be done with such a determined lover?"

"I cannot tell," she replied; "but you will find, Adrian, that I mean what I say."

"So do I, my darling, and I would wager my whole fortune that you are Lady St. Just before long. I will not take 'No' for an answer, unless you tell me that you have ceased to love me. Is it so? I know you speak truly when you do speak? Have you ceased to love me?"

"No," she replied, "I have not."

"Will you tell me why you refuse to marry me?" he asked.

"I cannot; but the reason is a grave one," she replied sadly.

"I shall come again," said Lord St. Just. "You love me, and you will marry me in time, I am sure of it. These recent terrible events have startled and unnerved you. Vivien, my queen, my darling, I will be generous; I will give you a year to reflect your decision, and after that period has elapsed I shall come again."

He went away, and she was left alone to do the best she could with her life. She did the best she could have done. She spent no time in idle lamentation and mourning. An ill deed had been done. She would not undo it; but she would do her best to atone for it.

From that hour she commenced a life that was given up to doing good. Never had the honor of Lancewood been upheld as it was now. As first she directed every energy to the reforming of abuses. She sent for all the old servants whom Lady Neslie had dismissed—she placed the household on the same footing on which it had been during her father's life-time. Order, punctuality, neatness, regularity, and method once more reigned within the house. Once more the bell rang morning and evening for the servants to assemble for prayer in the hall—a proceeding at which "miladi" had laughed scornfully. Once more Lancewood took its proper position; it became the leading house in the county—the house to which all others looked up. Once more the owner of Lancewood became the great county magnate; carriages stopped be-

fore its gates, people looked up to its residents as they had been accustomed to do.

It was a work of time, but Vivien accomplished it at last. It seemed to her that the traces of her ladyship's residence at the Abbey could never be effaced. The pictures had all been removed and changed; the magnificent old oaken furniture, so thoroughly in keeping with the grand old walls, had been exchanged for modern trifles that appeared out of place.

When the old Abbey looked once more like itself, Vivien began her out-of-door reform. She worked incessantly that she might have no time for thought. She filled her days with good deeds that the hours might not, as they passed, remind her of her sin. She was not happy; every one remarked how changed she was. She had grown thoughtful, sad, reserved. If any one found her alone, there was a strange nervousness in her manner—a half buried fear, as though she expected something unwonted would take place. She was kinder, more patient, more considerate—she forgot herself in attending to others.

A few months passed, and there was no one left uncaared for on the estate. The sick, the aged, the poor, were all relieved. People, speaking of Miss Neslie, said that she was especially kind to children. She never passed a child without thinking of little Oswald. A little scene that occurred in the Hydewell Road struck her once like a blow. She was driving along when she saw two boys fighting. One was much older, much bigger than the other. Vivien could never, without remonstrating, pass anything of that kind. She stopped the carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

"He has taken threepence from me!" sobbed the little boy.

"Is that true?" asked Vivien of the elder.

"Yes, it is true enough," was the reply, "but I am his eldest brother."

"Why have you taken his money from him?" asked Vivien.

"Because he would have spent it all on a cake, and have eaten it. I shall buy something that will last."

The children wondered at the expression that came over the beautiful, sorrowful face. The words struck her like a blow. What could she say? On a larger scale, this was just what she had done—taken her brother's inheritance because she could put it to a better use. Then she said to herself that her motives were nobler—so noble indeed that they justified her almost in what she had done. She drove on quickly, and never staid to see how the combat ended.

Time passed on, and the beautiful order in which the Lancewood estate was kept was noticed by every one. There seemed to be no poor. The laborers were well paid—they had decent houses to live in. Schools were built for the children, almshouses for the aged. From between the tufted trees one saw the spire of a new and beautiful church. The farmers were not asked to pay a rent that was ruinous. People thought themselves fortunate in being under the rule of Miss Neslie.

She would never marry, it was said; she was devoted to Lancewood; she intended to spend her life there in doing good. Those who saw her, beautiful, rich, the mistress of a large estate, the worshipped head of a large household, said to themselves that she, above all others, was to be envied; they little knew what was hidden under the calm, proud beauty of her face.

## Very Much in Earnest

Are the People Who Testify Below to the Benefits Derived from the Use of the Famous Remedies of Dr. A. W. Chase.

Both the Recipe Book and the great Family Remedies of Dr. Chase attest his earnestness and sincere desire to benefit his fellow-beings. His just reward is found in the grateful appreciation of his grand work by persons who have been benefited. Here are three earnest letters:—

### BAD CASE OF PILES.

Mr. W. E. Sheppard, travelling excursion agent, Sutton West, York County, Ont., writes:—"I must send a word of commendation for Dr. Chase's Ointment. I was badly used up with piles, and in misery most of the time, when I heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first application had such good results that I continued using it until thoroughly cured."

### SICK HEADACHE.

Mrs. Don, 350 James street north, Hamilton, Ont., says:—"I have been a martyr to sick headache. Though I tried numerous remedies, none seemed to bring relief. At times I found myself on the verge of despair; nothing met my case. I recently procured a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and am thankful to say that at last I

have found the right medicine. At once I obtained relief. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have worked wonders for me, and I shall always recommend them."

### HEALTH FOR OLD AGE.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes:—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind."

"Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old and quite fleshy, I do my own house work, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedies do not dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are found on every box of his genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A year passed, and Adrian St. Just came again. But this time she refused to receive him; she

went away to the sea-side to avoid him, and he had to return without having seen her. She told him frankly why she had done so; it was because seeing him gave her more pain than pleasure—she would have had to say "No," to him again—it was better to avoid the meeting. But his lordship did not give up hope—he said to himself that the task of his life would be winning this beautiful, noble woman, who seemed so resolutely to flee from all love. He wrote to her, telling her that he should return the following year, and every year in fact until she smiled upon him.

"I shall live unmarried for your dear sake," he said; "and while I live I shall never despair."

She was not happy—perhaps in all the length and breadth of the land no one was more unhappy than she. There were hours when she could not endure the memory of her sin—when her proud, noble nature recoiled from it, and she hated herself with an intensity of hatred—when she could not endure the sight of the sunshine or the song of the birds—when she dreaded the light of day and the darkness of night—when life was a torture, and the memory of her sin a terrible burden that seemed to grow heavier. There were times when, kneeling, with contrite tears, she begged of Heaven to pardon her, and repented with her whole soul; but the day never came in which she was willing to undo what she had done, or restore what she had unjustly taken.

So far as human life could be perfect, hers was perfect, with the exception of one blot. With tears and sighs she owned to herself that above all others it was the sin of her life-time; yet she would not undo it or wish it undone.

To be Continued

## POKING FIRES FOR A LIVING.

Curious Occupation of Some People to Earn a Livelihood.

The trades of London are many, and some of them seem very strange. One occupation by which a score of Britons are said to earn their livelihood is that of "poking fires." It is thus described by a London exchange, and whatever else may be thought of the story, it speaks well for the Jews of England as faithful keepers of their law.

By the Rabbinical law, no Jew is allowed to kindle or mend any fire on the Sabbath; and in certain places in England, where Jews are very numerous, this prohibition makes it necessary that persons shall be employed from sunset on Friday to the same hour on Saturday, in going from house to house lighting fires and lamps, and attending to them.

One woman in the East End of London often has as many as fifty houses to attend to, and draws small fees from each of them. It is not long since a male "fire-poker" in that quarter died worth more than three hundred pounds, which he had saved out of his earnings.

It often happens at the East End that a strict Jew goes out into the street and says to some Christian passer-by, "Would you be so kind as to come indoors and light my lamp? The 'fire-poker' has failed me."

Many a tip do the police constables get for services of this kind. One of them said that he had received scores of small presents for putting kettles on the fire.

## ONE LANGUAGE.

China Has One For the Eye and a Hundred For the Ear.

Chinese has a written and many spoken languages. One says: "China has one language for the eye and about a hundred or so for the ear." This refers to the tones and local changes of dialect. The fact that there is one language for books and many for speech makes the acquisition of this peculiar lingua exceedingly difficult. The colloquial dialect is known as the Mandarin and is the official language. The Wen-li is the literary style. The native dictionaries show a collection of 44,449 characters or hieroglyphics. They are ideographic, pictorial and phonetic. The language has neither alphabet, inflection, declension nor conjugation, and consists of 400 or 500 spoken monosyllables which have different meanings, according to intonation and connection. Time, number, gender, &c., are expressed by using 2 or more words. The characters are written or printed in vertical column, beginning at the right hand top corner of the page. One can read the classics with a knowledge of 5,000 characters.

## YEARS OF PAIN.

The Experience of Mr. William Smith, of Hawkesbury, Who Suffered for Many Years From Kidney Troubles.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Everybody in Hawkesbury knows Mr. William Smith. He came here when the town was yet in its village days, as one of the lumber company's staff of mechanics. In 1881 Mr. Smith was appointed town constable, and filled that position until very recently. As is well known to many of Mr. Smith's friends, he has suffered much from kidney trouble for quite a number of years past, and at times the pain in his back was so great that he was almost physically incapable of exertion. He doctored a great deal, sometimes getting temporary relief, but the cause of the trouble was not removed, and soon the pains, accompanied alternately by chills and fever, returned. At last he came to look upon his condition as one which no medicine could permanently aid. Indeed his condition might still have been one of much suffering had not Mrs. Smith ultimately prevailed upon her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. "It seemed," said Mr. Smith to a reporter, of the Post, "that it was a useless experiment, and yet I was willing to do almost anything that would bring relief. I had not used the pill long before there was undoubted relief, more in fact than I had obtained from any other medicine. I continued their use, and soon all symptoms of the trouble that had made my life one of much misery for many years was gone. I feel that I am cured, and have no hesitation in saying that the cure is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never lose an opportunity of recommending the pills to neighbors who may be ailing."

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. 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, OOnt.

## LASTING QUALITIES.

The Chinese Would Accomplish Much If Turned to Good.

The Chinese have many traits which, if properly developed, would cause them to assume a leading place among the nations of the globe. The people are industrious, hospitable, temperate and devoted to learning. They are strong and wiry. They have lasting qualities. The Chinese can live anywhere, eat everything and believe anything. They outwear the tribes of Southern Asia, are more conservative than the Japanese and less poetical than the Hindoo. They are possessed of much common sense. Their religions and superstitions enter into everything, even their cheating and lying. Gambling is the national sin. The little children on the street throw dice for the candy with the salesman. The missionary from the Occident, outnumbered by the opium vender and the whisky peddler, has been unable to keep the vices of the West from being introduced along with the virtues, and, after five centuries of contact, the Caucasian has done the Mongolian more harm than good.

## QUEER CUSTOMS.

The Chinese eat rice three times a day. They ply their chop sticks as dexterously as we do knife and fork. They say our use of the knife is barbarous. Men shave their heads and grow pigtails. The "pigtail" is the badge of servitude forced on the Chinese by their conquerors, the Manchus. Women, that are married pull out the hair over the forehead. Some finger nails are six inches long, and are protected by bamboo and silver tubes generally worn over the third finger. A coffin is a fine present to either father or mother. It is often kept in the bedroom. Incense burns around it night and day to keep away evil influences. When a person dies the body is elaborately dressed and paper money is piled in the coffin. This pays the way to Nirvana.

## AHEAD OF SOME OF THEM.

I regret to say that my daughter can't sing a note.

But does she think she can?

No, she knows she can't.

Then there's no reason why you should regret it. If she doesn't become a social favorite I miss my guess.