

# Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

She had decided that it would not be prudent to take him out; she might meet people who would recognize her, and then she would be asked awkward questions about the boy. Besides, he was so fatally like herself she did not dare to do it. There was no mistaking the likeness; it could not be overlooked. It would never do for any one who knew her to see them together.

Another thought occurred to her one day. What of his future? Had any provision been made for it? Or, when the quarter was over, would Dr. Lester send him away? In all conscience and in all honor she was bound to provide for him; she wished to do so. She would have shared her fortune with him; she would have given him all she had—all save Lancewood.

She pondered over this long and anxiously. She had no wish or desire to be imprudent; perhaps her seeming immunity from all danger made her reckless. She resolved upon seeing Dr. Lester himself. Amongst the number of people whom the master of a large school must see, he would hardly remember Mrs. Smith.

Dr. Lester had been rather curious to know who Henry Dorman's visitor was. In fact the pupil himself had been a puzzle to the learned doctor. He had been brought to him a year before by a Mr. Dorman, who had just arrived from America. Mr. Dorman had made all suitable inquiries about the school, and had told the doctor that he was in delicate health, and might in all probability go abroad again. He had asked permission to pay for five years in advance, saying that if he should be traveling it might be difficult to send the money. He had also left a small sum of money with the doctor for the boy's private use and benefit.

"If," he said, "anything should happen to me, and the boy shows talent, you can make him a tutor in your own school first, doctor. He will fight his own way after that."

The doctor had asked one or two questions about the boy, and Gerald had evaded them, and so he knew nothing either of his friends or of his parentage. Hearing, therefore, that a very beautiful lady, who had been a friend of his mother's, often came to see the boy, bringing him handsome presents, and showing a great liking for him, felt some little curiosity about her.

Dr. Lester was a man of science. He was known and valued wherever learning was valued, consequently he had but little time to spare. More than once Lady St. Just asked to see him, but was not able to do so.

One morning she went to Hammersmith. She had with her some books that Oswald had asked for. Just as she was going away again, Dr. Lester, with another gentleman, entered the college. He watched her for a moment, and then he said to a man-servant, who was by the door—

"Which of the young gentlemen does that lady come to see?"

"Master Dorman, sir," was the reply.

"What a mistake some of you have made!" he said. "I was told that it was a Mrs. Smith who came to see young Dorman—that is Lady St. Just. I am going to meet her husband this very day. Dorman must be a poor relation, I should imagine."

Had Lady St. Just left the school three minutes later or earlier, she would have avoided this meeting, and perhaps its consequences. As it was, the doctor thought there was nothing odd in what was going on. He had always admired young Dorman—he fancied there was something noble and refined about him. Dr. Lester had a great admiration for Adrian St. Just—he considered him one of the wisest statesmen and cleverest men of the day. He met him very often, and they had a mutual respect for each other. On this day the scientific meeting that he had to attend took place in one of the large west end halls, and at its close Lord St. Just complimented the doctor on the able speech that he had made. They talked for a few minutes and then the doctor said—

"I am happy to find that I have a protege of yours, my lord, in my school; he is a clever boy, and improves rapidly."

At first Lord St. Just thought that the doctor was speaking in jest, or making some political reference. "I do not quite understand," he replied, politely.

"I say, my lord, that I am pleased to have your young protege in my school."

"I am ashamed to say, doctor," said Lord St. Just, laughing, "that I do not believe I have a protege, in your sense of the word."

"Evidently a poor relation," thought the doctor.

"I thought he was a protege," he said aloud. "Perhaps he is related to you, my lord? He will be a clever man some day."

"My dear doctor," returned Lord St. Just, "you will think me very obtuse, but I have not the faintest idea of what you mean."

"That is speaking of young Dorman," said the doctor.

"Dorman," repeated the peer; "why, he is dead. I attended his funeral some time ago."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that would be the elder Dorman; this is the younger."

"There is no younger. I have heard Lady St. Just say that there were two brothers. One is a solitary book-worm who has an appointment as librarian on the Continent somewhere—I quite forget where; the other died, and I attended his funeral."

"There is certainly a young Dorman at my school, my lord—a clever young stripling—handsome too. Lady St. Just comes frequently to see him."

His lordship looked up quickly. "What," he cried—"my wife, Lady St. Just, calls at your school, you say? You must be mistaken."

"I think not," he replied. "I saw Lady St. Just at the Royal Society—and hers is a face not easily forgotten."

"I assure you," said Lord St. Just, earnestly, "that you are quite mistaken, doctor. Lady St. Just in Hammersmith! She would have told me about it."

"I hope to Heaven," thought the doctor, "that I have done no harm. Perhaps she wished all this kept secret from her husband; if so, I have betrayed her."

Suddenly it occurred to him that possibly Lady St. Just, not wishing to be known, had assumed the alias of Mrs. Smith. It struck him, now that he came to think of it, that all her visits had been rather of a strange, secret kind. What mischief had he done? The doctor was at his wit's end.

"I may be mistaken," he replied; "one ought never to be too positive as to identity. I saw the lady only for a moment, but I fancied that I recognized her as Lady St. Just."

"I think not," said Lord St. Just, a little coldly. "It is very unlikely that my wife would visit your school, or any one there without telling me."

"It is most likely my mistake," allowed the doctor; but his lordship saw that he was anxious to lessen the impression of his words, and that annoyed him still more.

"It is as well to be careful," he said, "in making an assertion of that kind; and the doctor saw that he was cooler than usual in his manner toward him. He looked at him gravely.

"My lord," he said, "I am most probably quite mistaken. I see few ladies, and am not a good judge of resemblance."

## Intense Heat and Many Deaths.

### Dreadful Sufferings Among the Poor and the Weak—Low Vitality Unable to Hold Out Against High Temperature—Safety in the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (Pills), the Great Blood and Nerve Builder.

The very old, the very young, and many in middle life, whose health was at a low ebb, met an untimely death in the hot wave which recently swept over this continent.

Is this not an emphatic warning against allowing the system to become run down in the summer time? You say: "I feel so weak and tired," "I have lost all energy and ambition," "I don't sleep well and cannot digest my food properly," "I am losing flesh and have headaches." The fact is you are depressed and debilitated by the summer heat, vitality is running low, and you need something to build you up, to enrich your blood, and to put new life and vigor into your body.

You cannot afford to neglect these danger signals, which tell of a system breaking down. You cannot afford to run the risk of becoming a victim of nervous prostration, paralysis, heart failure or insanity, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) will thoroughly restore you.

By its wonderfully invigorating, strengthening and life sustaining effects, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) makes life worth living even in the summer time. It so fills the body with pure, healthy blood and new nerve force as to overcome disease and its depressing symptoms, and fortify the

system against the debilitating effects of excessive heat.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament street, Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous, her appetite was poor and changeable, she could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung, she could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement."

"As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

The enormous sale of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) attests its popularity. People everywhere are loud in praise of this great restorative. Imitators do not dare to reproduce the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, which are on every box of the genuine. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

blances. May I ask a favor from you?"

"Certainly," replied Lord St. Just, with his usual frank courtesy. "You will honor me by so doing."

"As I have most likely made an absurd mistake, may I request you not to mention what I have said to Lady St. Just?"

The good-natured peer smiled.

"What can it matter?" he replied, "either one way or the other?"

"Still it would oblige me, my lord," persisted the doctor.

"Then I will promise—I will not say a word to Lady St. Just. Are you satisfied, now, doctor?"

"Yes," he replied. "Her ladyship would perhaps think that I was taking a liberty with her name."

They parted soon afterward, both uneasy. When he reached home, the first thing that the doctor did was to summon young Dorman to his private room. He made all kinds of inquiries about the lady who had visited him. The boy assured him that it was Mrs. Smith.

"Did you ever know a Lady St. Just?" asked the doctor.

The boy laughed. "I do not think I have ever seen a lady—that is, a lord's wife—in all my life," he said.

And the doctor was more puzzled than ever. The more he thought of it, the more sure he felt that the beautiful face he had seen was the face of Lady St. Just.

"I only hope," he said, "that I have made no mischief. One thing is quite certain—her husband knows nothing of the motive that brings her here."

### CHAPTER XLV.

Lord St. Just was equally puzzled—not that for one moment he suspected his beautiful wife of anything underhand, or of concealing anything from him—his faith in her was unbounded—yet he was puzzled. Had she been to Hammersmith or not? If she had been, why had she not told him? Why did she not speak about her visit? "Young Dorman"—who could he be? Not the secretary's son, for he had never been married. Why should his wife go to see "Young Dorman" and not tell him about it?

He thought he would try her. He was so true a gentleman that, having given his word to the doctor not to mention what he had said, he would keep it at any cost; otherwise nothing would have been easier than to go to her and put a straightforward question to her. He would try her, and see if she exhibited any consciousness when he mentioned the doctor's name.

During dinner that day, several guests being present, Lord St. Just spoke of the meeting he had attended.

"The best speech," he said, "was made by Dr. Lester, of Hammersmith—one of the cleverest men we have."

Then he was startled, for his wife's beautiful face turned quite white. She was looking at him with fear and wonder in her eyes; he had never seen such an expression on her face before. He saw that her lips were pale, and trembled as she spoke.

Slowly, as from a painful dream, she seemed to rouse herself, and, turning to the gentleman by her side, began to talk; but it was an effort,

and he saw it. He saw, too, that she listened if he again mentioned the doctor's name. He mentioned it purposely, and again he saw a spasm of pain pass across her face.

"There is a mystery," he said to himself—"a mystery that has some pain in it—and my darling is keeping it all to herself."

He resolved to find it out and share it with her. Perhaps, he thought to himself, Gerald Dorman intrusted some secret to her about this young relative, and she thinks that in honor she must keep it to herself.

He noticed that all the evening his wife was unusually thoughtful and abstracted. More than once she answered at random, not knowing what she said; and when their visitors had gone she sat quite still, looking with dreamy eyes at the page of a book, which she did not even pretend to be reading. Suddenly she began to talk to him.

"What meeting was that," she asked, "that you attended this morning?" gradually leading up to the matter she had most at heart. "Who is this Dr. Lester I heard you mention?" she said.

"A gentleman who keeps a school at Hammersmith," he replied.

"Do you know him?" she asked; and, though she spoke so quietly, he detected the keen anxiety underlying the low tones.

"Yes, every one in London knows Dr. Lester. He lectures admirably, and he has written two or three valuable works. He is quite a public character."

She looked relieved, and he saw it. "Do you often see him?" she asked, after a short pause.

"Not very often. We meet at lectures and soirées. I do not remember to have seen him elsewhere."

She took up her book and said no more. But he, watching her, saw that she did not read—that she never turned a leaf. He saw that she was so deeply, so completely engrossed in her own thoughts that she had forgotten all else. He believed that she would have sat there for hours.

What could it all mean? He had noticed the great change in his wife, her fits of absence of mind, her gloomy abstraction, the brooding thought that seemed to lie like a dark shadow over her. Could it be possible that the mysterious visits to Hammersmith had anything to do with the change in her manner, the engrossing care and thought that now characterized her? If so, what could they be for? He was startled. Then he reproached himself. What could there be wrong in this proud, stately wife of his?

He watched her for quite half an hour—she never moved nor spoke. Then he went to her and took the book from her hands.

"Adrian," she cried, with a start, "I—I had forgotten you were here."

"That is a poor compliment, Vivien. You had forgotten that I was here—may I ask of whom you were thinking—or of what—that you could forget me?"

Her face flushed crimson under the searching gaze of his eyes.

"You spend a great deal of time in thinking now," he said. "Pray tell me what it is all about."

"Who can describe an unknown world?" she asked. "And thought is an unknown world."

It was an evasive answer, and he felt it. He raised her face between his hands.

"Let me look into your eyes, darling, and see if I can tell what you are thinking about."

But her eyes fell before his, the white lids closed over them, the long dark lashes lay on her cheeks.

"Why, Vivien, you will not let me see!" Then he changed his tone to one of grave, tender earnestness. "My darling wife," he said, gently, "is there any secret that you are keeping from me?"

He could tell how the words pierced her by the shudder that passed over her.

"A secret!" she cried, wildly. "Why should you say that? A secret, Adrian! What secret have I?"

"I cannot tell. Is there one? Are you keeping anything from me, darling? Have you any secret that you will not share with me?"

She seemed to recover herself by a marvelous effort. She freed herself from his arms. She raised her hand to the diamond circlet on her hair.

"See," she said, "you have spoilt my coiffure—and it was very pretty. How you have startled me, Adrian, talking about secrets! See, too, how late it is. And you have that long speech to make to-morrow! I insist upon your going to rest."

Lord St. Just felt his heart sink within him. There was a mystery, a secret, and his wife was keeping it from him. She had tried her best, but she had not deceived him.

To Be Continued

## A WOMAN'S FACE

PLAINLY INDICATES THE CONDITION OF HER HEALTH.

Beauty Disappears When the Dyes are Dull, the Skin Sallow, and the Wrinkles Begin to Appear—How One Woman Regained Health and Comeliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards but it is nevertheless as these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, fickle appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure; a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Poirier, of Valleyfield, Que., Mrs. Poirier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years; she had taken treatment from several doctors, and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results. Mrs. Poirier says:—"Only women who suffer as I did can understand the misery I endured for years. As time went on and the doctors I consulted, and the medicines I used did not help me, I despaired of ever regaining health. There were very few days that I did not suffer from violent headaches, and the least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently. My stomach seemed disordered, and I almost loathed the food I forced myself to eat, I was very pale, and frequently my limbs would swell so much that I feared that my trouble was developing into dropsy. I had almost constant pains in the back and loins. It was while I was in this sad condition that I read in La Presse of the cure of a woman whose symptoms were much like mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told my husband, and he urged me to try them, and at once got me three boxes. Before I had used them all I felt better, and I got another supply of the pills. At the end of the month I was strong enough to do my household work, and before another month had passed I had entirely recovered my health. I am sorry that I did not learn of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for I know that they would have saved me several years of sickness and misery, and I feel that I cannot too strongly urge other sick women to use them."

The condition indicated in Mrs. Poirier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills the blood is enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and sallow cheeks. There would be less suffering if women would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### LONGEST BRIDGE SPAN.

The longest span in the world will be that of the great bridge which is to be erected across the St. Lawrence at Quebec. This is to have a central span of 1,500 feet. The Phoenix Iron and Steel Company, of Phoenixville, Pa., has received the contract. The bridge is to cost \$4,500,000.

The longest bridge spans now in existence are the two main spans of the Forth Bridge, which are 1,710 feet in the clear. The Brooklyn Bridge, which once held the record, measures a few feet under 1,600 feet between the towers.

The new Quebec bridge is to be of the cantilever type. That this type was chosen over that of the suspension bridge is probably due to local conditions, for the cantilever is by far the more costly type, the difference in cost increasing at a multiplying ratio of the increase in length.

### MORE SUITABLE.

I object to the personification of time in the guise of man, said Tenspot.

Why? asked Whiffett. So inappropriate. It should be a woman.

Why? You know the old proverb says, "Time will tell."