

## Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLVII.—Continued.

"What name was that you used, sir?"

"Lancewood," repeated the peer.

"Lancewood!" said the boy eagerly. "Why, I believe that I have dreamed of such a name—I believe I have—or I have heard it somewhere? Lancewood—Lancewood—how familiar it sounds!"

"Are you the nephew of that same Mr. Dorman?" asked Lord St. Just.

"Will you wait, sir, one moment? If there are bells of memory, you have set mine all chiming, and their sound is like 'Lancewood.' Why, sir, do you know the very word brings a picture to me."

"What picture?" he asked, wonderingly.

"A picture of a broad stone terrace, with roses and passion flowers climbing the balustrades, and a dark wood in the far distance. I have dreamed it—I have such strange dreams. I cannot tell you if my uncle ever lived at Lancewood—I never heard him speak of England at all."

Lord St. Just, his wife, and "Harry Dorman" stood looking at each other. The boy's description of the terrace and wood at Lancewood had astounded his listeners. An interruption came in the shape of a loud peal at the door-bell.

"That is the doctor," said the boy. "It is his ring. Shall I fetch him in here? He will tell you directly who I am."

"No," replied Lord St. Just, quickly. "Let the mystery—the secret—be what it might, he would have no excuse; he would shield his wife with his latest breath even. 'No, it is not needful,' he continued. 'I called to see the doctor and to take this lady home. I will come again—it is growing late.'"

"Will you come again," said the boy appealing to Vivien.

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "I will always be your friend. I shall come again."

Lord St. Just saw the boy hold up his face, as though Vivien were in the habit of embracing him. He could not tell why, but something in the action made the blood in his veins boil. Then he said—

"Are you ready to go, Vivien? Our carriage is at the door—we can dismiss the cab."

"Did you follow me here?" she asked—and he had never heard her voice so pitilessly stern.

"Yes—and I would follow you anywhere, Vivien, even to the ends of the earth, if I could be of use to you."

He placed her in the carriage, the beloved wife of whom he had been so proud; he looked at her with unspoken anguish in his face. Then he thought—"There is something wrong—not with Lancewood, as I fancied, but with her." He must shield her. Even this little scene might cause remarks—he must save her from them.

"I came to the doctor on a matter of business, Vivien," he said. "I will just return for a few minutes if you do not mind waiting."

"You will not discuss what has just passed?" she said, in a low, hoarse voice that he hardly recognized as hers.

"I will not," he replied—and she trusted him.

He went back to the house, and asked to see the doctor. He was warmly welcomed. He mentioned first the business which had brought him there, and then, trying to speak in a careless, off-hand manner, he said—

"I find you are quite right, doctor—Lady St. Just has a protegee here—young Henry Dorman. His uncle—Lady St. Just did not want her family, and she knew the boy's mother."

"Yes, I thought so," replied the doctor.

Lord St. Just continued—

"Lady St. Just did not want her name to be known—she did not want any fuss or ceremony—so she called herself Mrs. Smith. I have been laughing about it—Lady St. Just has such a dread of ceremony."

In all good faith the doctor appeared to accept the explanation; in reality he said to himself that it was a strange affair. Lord St. Just went on—

"As my wife was coming here this morning, I thought I would take the opportunity of seeing you about those telescopes—then I could drive her home."

The doctor's doubts and suspicions almost died before the matter-of-fact, commonplace explanation. If

her husband knew she was coming, knew that she called herself Mrs. Smith, and was ready to drive her home, there could be no secret, no mystery.

"Lady St. Just is in the carriage, doctor. Would you like to see her?"

"Very much," said Dr. Lester; and, following Lord St. Just, he saw a beautiful woman, pale as a lily-leaf. Her husband introduced the doctor in few words. She bowed to him most graciously.

"Your name and fame are both known to me, Dr. Lester," she said, with the courteous grace that characterized her. "I shall be very pleased to welcome you at Harley House—you see I have been masquerading somewhat at yours."

Dr. Lester laughed, simply because he did not know what to say.

"I knew the mother of young Dorman very well," she continued; "and the uncle was a valued friend of my father's. I have been several times to see him—but he knows me only as Mrs. Smith. I did not tell him my name—I dislike all fuss and ceremony. I thought perhaps the boys might tease him."

Then, with well-bred grace that disguised all his anguish of heart, Lord St. Just joined in the conversation, and after a few minutes the doctor bowed his adieu, and the carriage rolled away.

All had been calm, well-bred, easy, graceful, as though no tragedy lurked beneath.

"Now I wonder," said Dr. Lester to himself as he sat in his studio, "if that is really all as right as it seems to be? Her ladyship laughed, and his lordship jested; but she was very pale, and his hands shook. Thank Heaven I never married! There can be no peace, no security, where there is a woman. Good Heaven," he cried aloud, for it had suddenly occurred to him, "how much alike they were, her ladyship and young Dorman! Now I come to think of it, there is a wonderful likeness—the self-same curve about the lips; the same beautiful chin; and his uncle was secretary at her father's house. He has her face. Heaven keep me from thinking evil—I wish to be at peace with all men. I am glad nothing ever tempted me to get married. I have an idea that this will end queerly."

So mused the doctor while Lord and Lady St. Just drove home together—drove through sunlit streets, while the soft summer air floated round them, seated side by side, but for the first time estranged.

He was thinking of the hour when he saw her first, weeping passionate tears in the ruins by the Rhine. He thought of her refusal to marry him while Lancewood was a prey to the spoilers—of her refusal afterwards, even when Lancewood was her own—of her sudden relenting in his favor. It came home to him then—a certain strong conviction that there was a mystery in his wife's life which she had always kept from him; and now, cost what it would, he would know it.

He spoke no word to her during that homeward drive, while she occupied herself in revolving that she would rather suffer death rather than betray her secret—rather than yield up Lancewood.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Vivien," said Lord St. Just, when he and his wife had reached home, "I will come to our boudoir. I wish to speak to you."

"Not now," she replied quickly.

"Yes, now, if you please. I will follow you."

She went to her room—the pretty little room prepared for her with such lavish generosity. She threw off the dark cloak and veil which had so little served her purpose. The mass of dark shining hair fell in picturesque disorder over her stately figure.

"What am I to do," she cried, with clenched hands and trembling lips—"what can I do? I will die rather than yield."

She drew her stately figure to its full height as her husband entered. But it was no proud, angry man she had to meet—his face was pale and sad.

He went up to her and took both her hands in his.

"Hivien, my beloved," he said, "this is the first cloud that has become between us—the first estrangement that has arisen. Darling, it must not continue—we must end it."

"I am quite ending it," he said, touched by his tenderness.

"It would be easier for flowers to live without sunshine and dew, than for

me to live at variance with my wife," he remarked gravely.

"Then we will not be at variance," she said.

"Yet, my darling, I must say what I think. Ah, Vivien, there has always been a sealed corner in your heart, a secret kept from me! I can trace it through your life. It was that which, preying on your mind, has lately changed your whole character—it is of that secret you whisper in your sleep, and over which you brood continually in your waking hours. Vivien, the time has come when I must know what it means—what it is."

She knew now that further disguise was useless. He had observed her too keenly to be mistaken. It would be folly to deny that she had a secret. She raised her white face to his.

"I do not deny that there is a secret," she said, "but, Adrian, it does not concern you. You have no share in it, and I decline to tell it to you."

"You must," he replied, sternly. "This is our first disagreement, Vivien—our first struggle for supremacy. You owe me at least wifely submission—you have never refused it. You must not refuse it now—you must tell me your secret."

"I refuse absolutely," she said. "I tell you again that it does not concern you—you have no share in it—no right to ask to know it."

"Nevertheless, I do ask. I can see some little way into it, but not far. Your secret concerns Lancewood, and it has also something to do with this boy whom you have been visiting."

She started, and then controlled herself. It seemed to her that her whole life depended now on her self-possession, on her self-control.

"If you refuse to tell me your secret, if you refuse to give me your confidence, you cannot surely refuse to tell me who that boy is?"

"I do refuse," she answered.

He drew her nearer to him.

"Ah, beloved," he said, "do not be so cruel, so hard—do not be unjust! We are husband and wife. We have but one heart, one soul, one love, one interest between us. I would tell you the dearest secret of my soul. Why do you shut me out in the chill of doubt and suspicion? Who is the boy?"

"He told you himself, Adrian," she replied.

"But you know that story is not true. He is no nephew of poor Dorman's, I am quite sure of that. Why did he speak so strangely? I shall never forget his words."

It was strange that he should, as it were, beat round the secret, yet never suspect it—that, while he felt sure it concerned both Lancewood and the boy, he should never connect the two.

"I do not understand," she said, coldly, "why you should refuse to believe him. Surely it is no uncommon thing to have a nephew."

"It is your conduct which is uncommon," replied Lord St. Just, "not the fact of poor Dorman having a nephew. If he be, as he says, Gerald Dorman's nephew, why have you never mentioned him to me? Why have you kept his very existence a mystery from me? Why have you gone to see him under a false name? Why does the fact of his existence prey upon you like a secret curse? You think," he continued passionately, "it is chance that has led me to see and to notice all these things. I tell you, Vivien, it is the finger of heaven. Answer me one thing—you, my wife, you whom I believed one of the purest,

best, and noblest of women, answer me one thing. If that boy is Gerald Dorman's nephew, how comes he to have your face? I repeat it—your face the curve of your lips, the shape of your features—how came he by those?"

He stopped abruptly, for the pale, beautiful woman had slipped from his arms and fallen like one dead to the ground.

At any other time Lord St. Just would have been terribly alarmed, now his fears were lost in anxious wonder.

What was this secret that she persisted in withholding? What could it be? Had Gerald Dorman contracted a private marriage, and left his child to the care of Lady St. Just? There was neither sense nor reason in supposing such a thing—that would not explain the mystery of the resemblance between this boy and Vivien.

"Who would have thought," said the unhappy nobleman, "that I should ever have such a sorrow as this! Only a few short weeks since, I considered myself one of the happiest of men, and now—"

He raised the pale, lovely woman in his arms, and laid her on the couch; he bathed her face with fragrant waters, and opened the windows so that the fresh sweet air might play over her; yet even as he rendered her these services his heart did not warm to her.

He loved her none the less; but it was not in human nature to forget—he had loved her with all his honest heart. He had devoted himself to her, he had lived for her, and her alone, and now he had found that she was keeping a secret from him—that, while he thought himself soul of her soul, he had never even known her thoughts—that one part of her mind and heart was barred from him. It was not pleasant; no man living no matter how much he might trust and love his wife, would care to look upon her face and know that she was keeping a secret from him.

Lord St. Just bent down and kissed his wife's pale face.

"Vivien, my darling," he murmured, "what is this dark horror between us? My wife, my love, trust me."

Her dark eyes opened slowly. He was shocked at the pain and despair in them.

"Do you really love me, Adrian?" she asked. "Do you love me enough to care to keep me alive?"

"My dearest, Vivien, most certainly. What do I care for in life except yourself?"

"Then, if you love me, cease to ask me any more questions. The secret is not all mine; you have no share in it; so I cannot tell it to you—I will not reveal it. If you love me, cease from speaking of it."

"No," said Lord St. Just. "I am certain of one thing—no wife has a right to keep such a secret from her husband; moreover I am quite sure that the hand of Providence has led me so far, and will lead me still further, even if you refuse to tell me. Now I shall consider it my duty to find out what you have chosen to conceal. In all sincerity, in all sorrow, I say still more—there can never be peace between us until you have trusted me fully and entirely. We may sit at the same table, live under the same roof, but we shall be almost as strangers until you have told me all."

To Be Continued.

## The Best of Advice

TO THOSE WHO FEEL SICK, WEAK OR DEPRESSED.

Miss Belle Cohoon, of White Rock Mills, N.S., Tells How She Regained Health and Advises Others to Follow Her Example.

From the Acadien Wolfville, N.S.

At White Rock Mills within sound of the noisy swish of the Gaspereau river, is a pretty little cottage.

In this cottage there dwells with her parents, Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Acadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of the great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words, Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by an awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition, a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

### THE HOOPSKIRT.

Some Arguments Pro and Con—What Many Dread.

A strong movement is again being made in favor of reviving the wear of the odious hoopskirt, in direct contrast to the present clinging style of dress. It is to be hoped that as emphatic and prompt a protest will be made against the fashion as there was several years ago, when Mrs. Arthur Stannard's "John Strange Winter," crusade against its adoption brought 72,000 signers, including women from every walk in life, from Duchesses to dairy maids.

Lady Jeanne, with strict impartiality, had something to say both for and against the skirt. She defended its wear on the ground that it supported the weight of heavy dress skirts and petticoats; and, for a second reason, that it was unique, namely, that "it would at least do away with spindle-legged furniture and sweep the drawing room clear of a multitude of foolish, fragile knick-knacks."

### FLOATING EXHIBITIONS.

Germany conquers markets by her "floating exhibitions," which are sent all over the world. A steamer is chartered by a syndicate of merchants, furnished as an exhibition of their goods, and dispatched from port to port. Representatives of the firm go ashore and secure orders. They speak the language of the country well, distribute samples and catalogues, and so further the interests of the firms. They report to headquarters, and commercial travelers follow in their wake. Besides these exhibitions there are export associations which maintain bazaars for showing their wares.

## A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

Suffered Terribly with a Volient Form of Itching, Protruding Piles—Escaped a Dangerous and Painful Operation, and Was Thoroughly Cured by

### Dr. Chase's Ointment.

While scores of thousands of people in all walks of life are being cured of the miseries and discomforts of itching piles by using Dr. Chase's Ointment, comparatively few are so considerate of the welfare of others as to help to make known this wonderful preparation. The following letter from a Methodist minister, who is held in high esteem in central Ontario, where he is well known, represents the experience of very many ministers and others who recognize in Dr. Chase's Ointment the only actual cure for piles and itching skin diseases.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist Minister, Concession, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no

faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

No physician or druggist would think for a moment of recommending any other preparation than Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles. It is the only remedy which has never yet been known to fail to cure piles of any form. 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.