

Through Storm and Sunshine

"Some one's mischief," he grumbled to himself, but after a time he felt uncomfortable. Lord St. Just had forbidden the boat to be touched, and, if he saw it on the river, would be displeased. Besides, who had launched it? None of the servants had touched it—none dare. Lord St. Just would never dream of taking it out. Surely the boys had not been near.

He hastened his steps as he saw Lord St. Just riding through the grounds.

"My lord," he said, "the pleasure boat is on the river, upside down."

Lord St. Just looked displeased—he did not like his order to be disobeyed. "Who has had it out, Simmons? It was not safe," he said.

"I cannot tell who has touched it, my lord—I do not know who would dare to do so. The oars are missing too."

Lord St. Just, touched his horse with his heel and galloped to the bank of the river. Yes, there, surely enough, the "Bluebell" was floating upside down.

Lord St. Just looked puzzled. Who could have launched the boat after his express prohibition? He waited until the gardener came up to him.

"Have you no idea," he asked, "who has done this?"

The man replied "No." Suddenly he looked into his master's face. "The young gentleman who is visiting here, my lord," he said—"would he be likely to touch the boat? Perhaps he has not been told about it."

"I never mentioned it to him," replied Lord St. Just, startled.

"Then, may be, my lord, he has taken it out—and, finding it leaked, let it float away. But where are the oars?"

Lord St. Just leaned for a minute against his horse's side. He grew faint, pale, sick with a deadly fear. He said—

"Go to the house and ask for— But no, hold my horse, I will go myself. Oh, my wife, my wife!"

Heaven only knew how he reached the house. The servant who opened the door looked at him in wonder. Lord St. Just placed his finger on his lips.

"Where is her ladyship?" he asked, in a low voice.

"In her own apartment, my lord," was the answer.

"Do not tell her that I have returned," he said.

And then he hastened up to the nursery. What was the horrible fear that went with him—that clutched his heart with an iron hand—that stopped his breath—a terrible, awful, deadly fear? He had seen the two boys running in the sunshine—where were they now? Great drops of agony stood on his brow. Strong man as he was, he stood with the door-handle in his hand, not daring to turn it; then he tried to reassure himself.

"How foolish I am!" he thought. "They are very likely here, and all right. Heaven have mercy on me!"

He went into the nursery. Frank was playing alone, the nurse sewing at the window. The child came up to him and clasped his knees.

"Papa," he said, "I am not friends with Harry and Arthur. I wanted to drive and Arthur would not let me."

"For Heaven's sake, hush, my boy!" said Lord St. Just. He tried to quiet the horrible emotion that was rapidly mastering him. "Nurse," he said, "where is Master Dorman and—Master Arthur?"

The woman looked up with a placid smile on her face.

"They are playing in the grounds, my lord. Master Dorman came for Master Arthur some time since."

"Have they never returned?" he asked, hoarsely.

"No, my lord," was the quiet reply, "they have not."

"Do not tell Lady St. Just that I have been here," he said, as he hastily quitted the room.

He went back to the river-side. Two or three of the men were standing now by the bank. They looked at him with wistful, scared faces, and one of them, drawing near, said—

"We are afraid, my lord, there has been an accident here on the river. These oars were picked up under the bridge near Herton—they belong to the boat—and, my lord—" The man hesitated.

"Go on," said Lord St. Just.

"My lord, one of the keepers says that he saw a boat—our boat—on the river, quite an hour ago, and that a young gentleman and a little boy were in it."

They fell back, scared at the terri-

ble cry that came from his lips, as he fell like one stricken dead to the ground; he lay so only for a few moments, then he rose, shouting wildly—

"The drags—get the drags! But be silent, men—it will kill her ladyship."

On the swift, clear, deep river, with its reeds and sedges, with water-lilies on its bosom, and willow branches bending over it, on the lovely, laughing, gleaming river the water was now shining, and the restless sun looked like a golden stream.

The men dragged it, while the unhappy father stood by, his white wild face raised mutely to heaven.

Half an hour afterward the missing were found—surely the bright summer-sun had never shone upon so sad a sight—little Arthur clasped in the elder boy's arms.

They laid them side by side on the green bank, while Lord St. Just, kneeling by them, tried frantically to bring back some sign of life.

"It is of no use, my lord," said one of the men, pityingly—"of no use at all—they are stone dead."

Stone dead, the slender, handsome stripling who was that week to have found his inheritance and his name! Stone dead, the lovely, laughing boy who had passed him so short a time since laughing in the sunshine! The pink rounded limbs were still, the shining curls all wet, the laughing eyes closed, the sweet lips white and fixed. Ah, it was too terrible that this still cold body should be that of his lovely boy! Oh, if the sun would but cease to shine!

He raised the little body in his arms, he called it by a thousand tender names, with all the passion of a man's love and grief he kissed the quiet face. He opened the white lips and tried to breathe in them—it was all in vain, and he laid the child down again with a cry that was never forgotten by those who heard it.

Presently he looked round.

"Will any of you men," he said wildly—"fathers and husbands yourselves—tell me how I am to break this news to my wife?"

It had to be told. When he entered her room she saw something in his face that caused her to spring from her chair and cry to him—

"What is it? What has happened?"

He held her in his arms, fast clasped to his breast.

"My darling," he said, "the worst that could happen to us has happened—the worst."

"It is Arthur," she cried, her thoughts flying straight to the best-loved object on earth—"it is Arthur, Adrian!"

Holding her clasped to his breast, his strong arms round her, he told her all.

She did not faint or cry; she neither wept nor swooned. An awful calmness came over her; she turned a face to him that he never forgot.

"Adrian," she said, in slow, measured tones, "it is Heaven's punishment of my sin. They are both dead, you say—the boy I robbed and my son, whom I meant to put in his place? They lay locked in each other's arms under the cold deep wa-

ter—my little boy and the brother I robbed? You are sure they are dead? The light has gone from my darling's eyes, and his little lips are closed. Oswald's arms were round him, you say? So my sin is punished. Oh, just Heaven, let me die!"

He almost blessed the unconsciousness that came over her.

Many long days and nights—many weeks—passed before Lady St. Just knew what was passing around her.

They could form no satisfactory conjecture as to how the accident had happened. It seemed reasonable to suppose that Oswald had discovered the boat-house, and, seeing the boat with its oars lying idle, had resolved to use it. He knew how to row—it was one of the things Gerald Dorman had taught him. He must have offered the little one a treat; and the child, knowing no better, was probably delighted.

They might have rowed on until the boat filled, or—what seemed more probable—the little child might have leaned over to grasp at a water-lily, and, in so doing, have upset the boat—that seemed not unlikely—and the elder one, springing after him to save him, perhaps caught him in his arms, and they were both drowned together.

The two so strangely united in death were laid in the beautiful grounds of Nutwell church, while the unhappy mother lay battling with death.

On Lady St. Just's recovery there was no need to tell the secret, nor to reveal who it was that tried to save her son from drowning, and in so doing lost his life—no need to tell the sin of her life-time.

What Vivien St. Just suffered in her illness was known only to herself and Heaven. She recovered in time, and in time another little son was born to her, but she never lavished on another child the passionate love she had given to little Arthur. It was four years after Arthur's death that the little boy came, and she named him Adrian, after her noble husband—Adrian Neslie of Lancewood. But she never told him of his title that was to be. She did not hold him as an idol to be worshipped, but in the dewy summer evenings, when she wandered by the river-side, she prayed that he might make a good man and be kept from sin.

She was never the same again. She recovered from her long illness; she had a lovely little daughter who grew up the picture of herself. She took her place in the world; she fulfilled every duty; she was a model wife, a true lady, a true friend, a noble mother—but she was never the same again.

In her room at King's Rest, hangs the picture of a lovely laughing boy with a noble face and sweet, dimpled cheeks—a picture that she shows to no one, but before which she likes to stand in the twilight or when the sun throws a golden light on it. Underneath is written, "Arthur Neslie, heir of Lancewood," and in the green churchyard at Nutwell there rises a marble monument—a broken column—bearing the name of Henry Dorman, telling how he died. There was no need to reveal who Henry Dorman was. The secret lay dead and buried—the sin of a life-time was ended.

As years passed on and all things

prospered with him, Lord St. Just gradually forgot the tragedy. Francis was to have King's Rest, Adrian to have Lancewood, and his lovely young daughter was to be richly dowered. He was himself one of the most popular men in England, and it pleased him that rich and poor, great and small, high and low, should unite in praising and blessing his wife. They said her charity was without bounds, her goodness without parallel.

"What are you thinking of, Vivien?" asked her husband one day, long after these events.

She looked at him with her beautiful, dark, mystical eyes.

"I am thinking," she said, slowly, "how strange it was that, after pretending Oswald was drowned in a river, he should be drowned in a river eventually."

"Try to forget it," advised Lord St. Just, for he knew not what better counsel to give.

Did she forget it? People said she must be happy. She was beautiful, wealthy, good. She had a devoted husband, lovely children. She held a high position; she was blessed by every one who knew her. But her face, beautiful with a calm, unearthly beauty, has a whole story in it—that story is the sin of her lifetime. The End.

A HOROLOGICAL ACHIEVEMENT.

One of the Most Interesting Clocks of the Century.

Messrs. William Potts & Sons, the well known clock makers of Leeds, England, have just constructed for that city what is claimed to be the greatest horological achievement of the century. The clock is a huge one, and in it are combined many features of the most remarkable clocks in the world, such as those at Berne and Strasburg cathedral.

The huge clock dial, which is of polished copper with the figures inscribed upon it in blue, is flanked upon either side by a mail-clad knight, each holding above his head a battle ax, which serves to strike the gongs at the quarters and hours. Above the clock, upon a kind of perch, stands a large cockerel. In front of the dial is a platform.

When the quarters of the hour are reached the mail-clad knights strike their gongs. Immediately on the left hand side of the dial a door opens automatically, and there issues forth a British soldier in uniform. When he reaches the center of the platform he halts and salutes in precise military manner. He then passes on to the left, and is followed by a kilted Highlander, who repeats a similar performance when he reaches the middle of the platform. Then comes an Irishman in the old dress of his country, brandishing a shillelagh; then a Canadian boatman with his paddle, and finally a Hindoo, wearing his turban and loin cloth. When the figures have passed round the platform they disappear from sight through another door, which closes automatically upon the last figure's exit. Then the cockerel overhead flaps its wings, raises its head and gives three lusty crows. The figures are manufactured of copper bronze, while many of the other parts of the clock are constructed from gun-metal. The escapement is the double three-legged gravity of Lord Grimthorpe, who is probably the greatest living authority on clocks and bells.

THE NEW INVENTIONS ARE ALWAYS THE OLD ONES DONE OVER.

It is really one of the most astonishing things in the phenomena of human intelligence, the incapacity of the mind to create anything worth having, except as the slow result of other men's experience. It is tacitly accepted as true that nothing really new is ever invented. With all its vast gains in physical science, and still more in the scientific method of study, the present epoch, is, with regard to that which is as yet unthought of, much as the sixteenth century was towards that which had not yet crossed the boundaries of its conception; and an invention or a pretended invention which does or claims to do something not yet asked for—not sought for—not on the notebooks of would-be investors or aspiring inventors is as if it were non-existent.

"SOLITAIRE" DOMINOES.

Dominoes is quite a game for people who understand it, and one may play dominoes solitaire. A Cliftonian who has a husband devoted to it has purchased for him a handsome set made of mother-of-pearl.

SAVED THEIR BOY.

HE HAD BEEN WEAK AND AILING FROM INFANCY.

As He Grew Older His Trouble Seemed to Increase and His Parents Thought Him Doomed to an Invalid's Life—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When Hope Had Almost Departed.

From the Post, Thorold, Ont.

Mr. James Dabault and wife are two of the best known residents of the town of Thorold, where they have passed many years. In their family they have a little son, who, although but ten years of age, has experienced much affliction, and his parents expended many a dollar in the search for his renewed health—all in vain, however, until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought into use. A Post reporter hearing of the cure called at Mr. Dabault's cosy home and received full particulars from Mrs. Dabault. "I am pleased," said Mrs. Dabault, "to have the public made aware of the facts of my boy's case if it is likely to help some other sufferer. Charley is now ten years of age. In infancy he was a delicate child, but from four to seven he scarcely passed a well day. At four years of age he began to complain of frequent headaches, which later became almost continuous, and soon symptoms of general debility developed. His appetite was poor and he grew pale and emaciated, and the least exertion caused a severe palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and dizziness. At times there was considerable derangement of his stomach; a blueness of the lips and a shortness of breath. He would often lie awake at night and rise in the morning haggard and unrefreshed. During his illness he was treated by two doctors. Both differed in the diagnosis of his case. One said it was catarrh of the stomach, and while his treatment was persisted in there was no improvement. The second also attended him for some time with no better results. Some time after my attention was attracted by my aunt to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about September, 1897, I procured the pills and he began taking them. We had long before come to the conclusion he would be an invalid for life, but believing it a duty I owed to my child to procure all means of relief, I was determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. The good effects of the first box was apparent, and five boxes were used, which were taken in about six months' time, when he was strong and well, and could attend school, and play and frolic as other healthy boys do. As every symptom of his old trouble has vanished, I consider his cure complete. The pills have certainly done him a world of good, as nearly three years have since passed away and he has not seen a sick day in that length of time. I shall ever feel that we owe our boy's health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and believe that their prompt use would relieve much suffering."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

WHAT ECONOMY IN COAL MEANS.

If the American housewife knew political economy, as indeed many do and all should, she would be conscience stricken and declare herself a miserable sinner because of the way she wastes fuel. Kitchen fires strong enough to run an engine broil the breakfast chop. The furnace is heated with coal and forgotten until the house is unbearably heated; then windows and doors are thrown open to cool it off, and no one heeds that energy—heat—sufficient to bring wonders in producing wealth is being cast to the winds. The same housewife who permits this wrong is sensitive to the fact that her moral and intellectual acts the future of unborn generations is conditioned. She knows she has it in her power—the power of every individual—to increase or diminish the moral force of humanity. Is it not worth while remembering, too, that she has it in her power to increase or diminish the industrial force? The greatest single factor of industrial force is coal. The housewife who economizes coal does something more than save her husband's money. She is conserving for all humanity a necessary of life, on which, in the first instance, the bread and butter of present and future generations depend.

Feeble Wasted Nerves Aroused to New Life.

The movements, the functions and the very life of each and every organ of the body are under the direct control of that great organism—the nervous system.

Whether weakened and exhausted by overwork, worry or disease, the effect is always to produce derangements of the most serious order, and the result is usually paralysis, locomotor ataxia, prostration, epilepsy or insanity.

When nervous, irritable, sleepless and despondent, revitalize the wasted nerve cells by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills.) Don't wait for neuralgic pains and nervous headache and dyspepsia to drive you to the use of the great nerve restorative.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalf street, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I was nervous, had headache and brain fog. I was restless at night, and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months, I can frankly say that I feel like a new man."

"My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Pills are certainly the best I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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 obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for several weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight the color came back to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proved such a blessing to my daughter."

The longer you delay treatment, the more distant will be your recovery. Nervous diseases never wear away, but gradually get worse. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, pills, is the only preparation which is certain because it contains in condensed form the very elements of nature which go to form new nerve tissue. It cures by building up the system, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.