# In Peace and W

# Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

By way of reply she raised her eyes to his. A faint cloud of tobacco-smoke floated upward, passed overhead, and left his strange incongrous face exposed to the full light of the shaded lamp. The beautiful eyes searched his features, and I maintain that few men could have looked down at that lovely woman, could have met those pleading eyes, could have ventured within the reach of that subtle feminine influence, unmoved. If Trist was uneasy no outward sign betrayed him; no quiver of the eyelids, no motion of the lips. During some moments there was a tense silence, while these two looked into each other's eyes, probed each other's souls. The veil which hangs round that treasure we all possessthe treasure of an unassailable, illegible, secret individuality-seemed to fall away. Without words they understood each other. Indeed, no words could have explained as that mutual searching glance had done.

Alice Huston knew then that she had met a man-the first in all probability-who was totally impervious to the baleful influence of the charms she had wielded so long, without defining or seeking to define them. She only knew that a turn of her head, a glance of her eyes, a touch of her hand, had been sufficient to work her will upon men.

Trist broke the silence at last, and his voice was hollow, with a singular "far-off" sound, like the voice of a man speaking in great pain, with an effort.

"If the world has made a mistake, Alice," he said slowly and impressively, "I hope to God you have not!"

She made no answer. The power of speech seemed to have left her beautiful lips, which were livid and dry. She rubbed her hands tegether, palm to palm, in a horribly mechanical manner, which was almost inhuman in its dumb despair. Before her eyes a veil-dull, neutral-tinted, impenetrable-seemed to rise, and her vision failed. The tendons of her lovely throat were tense, like wires, beneath the milky skin.

At length her senses returned, her bosom rose and fell rhytomically, and she looked round the room in a dazed, stupid way like one who has fallen from a height.

She saw it all as in a dream. The conventional furniture of mahogany deep red velvet, the varigated and deep red velvet, the variegated tic. upon the mantelpiece. Then she looked into the square, open fireplace, where some logs of wood smoldered warmly. these, unaffected by the heat, lay the half-burnt cigarette which Theo Trist had thrown away before upstairs with my mother, and had there was not a woman among them speaking.

room again with drawn and hopeless eyes. Trist was not there. He had left her. There was a simple straightforwardness of action about this man which at times verged upon brutality.

Slowly Alice Huston rose from her chair. For some moments she stood motionless, and then she went to the fireplace, where she remained staring at her own reflection in the mirror. which was only partially hidden by ity was one which I have waited for the glass-shade covering the hideous clock.

she turned away with clenched fists, his gaze elsewhere. "I used to think that we were not

health and strength.

Weak, Languid

Who Grow Up Frail of Body and Exhausted in Nerve Force Are Won-

derfully Benefited by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

punished upon earth. I wonder how painter-t-hat is to say, I am not long . . . . how long . . . . I shall be able to stand this!'

### CHAPTER XXIII.

In Suffolk Mansions the absence of Alice Huston left a less perceptible vacuum than that lady would have imagined. Mrs. Wylie was intensely make a greater name. And in that relieved that the young widow had, so to speak, struck out a line of her own. Brenda was less philosophical. She tried to persuade herself that her sister's presence had been a pleasure, and, like all pleasures withdrawn, had left a blank behind it But the pretence was at its best a

The daily life of these two ladies soon assumed its normal routine. Brenda studied political economy, Shakespeare, and the latest bio-

was sitting alone in the drawing- my wife will find awaiting her. cuted with the usual faultless grace as much as I could tell you." and savoirfairs. He carried a soft | He paused with a graceful wave of black cloak was thrown carelessly readiness to receive her answer. He broad astrakhan collar.

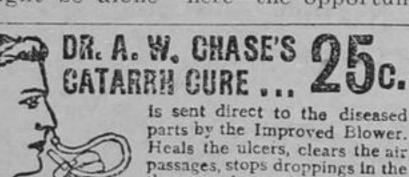
since the death of Captain Huston; when the proper moment arrived. consequently he and Brenda had not stretched hand, but said no word. him. They shook hands gravely, and Brenda resumed her seat.

ly drew off his slate-colored gloves.

prise, and yet it betrayed her know- men in London. A great, though ledge of his possible meaning. Altogether it was scarcely sympathe- dancer-a social lion. He had been

in which to make some sort of reply be universally and impartially polite; or inquiry as to his meaning, but but he had never taken the trouble Upon one of she failed to take the cue.

continued, "that Mrs. Wylie was him. He had not quite realized that just arrived. It struck me that you worthy to button Brenda's glove. Seeing it, she looked round the might be alone here-the opportun- "Will you not," he stammered,



throat and permanantly cures

Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower

free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chasq

Medicine Co., Toronte and Buffalo -so I came."

Brenda's eyes were much steadier "And," she muttered brokenly, as than his, and he was forced to turn

"It is very good of you," she said

Children

of my solitude."

Hicks caressed his matchless mustache complacently, although he very sorry!" was in reality not quite at ease.

"I wanted to speak to you," he said, in a tone which deprecated the thought of a purely unselfish motive in the meritorious action.

"About . . . . what?" inquired the girl, without enthusiasm.

"About myself-a dull topic, I am

afraid."

"Brenda," he said, in a carefully modulated tone, "I am only a poor making much money out of art. am, however, making a name which will no doubt be valuable some day. In the meantime I am fortunately in a position to disregard the baser uses of art, and to seek her only for herself. I have a certain position already. I intend to do better-to aim-you can help me!"

"Are you," she inquired, "asking me to be your wife?"

Hicks stared at her vacantly. He was wondering what sequence of thought brought Theodore Trist into his mind at that moment. The question remained unanswered for some

"Yes," he said at length weakly. "I have," he said eagerly, giving her no opportunity of interrupting him, "known many people-moved graphy by turns in her unproductive. in many circles. I am not an inexresultless way. Her mind craved for perienced schoolboy, and therefore food and refused nothing; while, on my conviction should carry some the other hand, it possessed no de- weight with it. I am certain, Brencided tastes. Before January had da, that I could find no more suitrun out its days she heard from able wife if I searched all the world Alice, who had moved southward to over. Your influence upon my art Monte Carlo with her friends the cannot fail to be beneficial-you are eminently fitted to take a high place One afternoon in February Brenda in the social world; such a place as room in Suffolk Mansions when a vis- have made no secret of my financial itor arrived. It was no other than position; and as to my place in the William Hicks. His entree was exe- art world of this century, you know

hat, for it was foggy, and his long his white hand, and intimated his back to the full advantage of a even moved a step nearer to her, in order that he might with grace lean This was the first visit he had paid over her chair and take her hand

met since the ball to which Trist had side. William Hicks had delivered conceived the bold idea of bringing his words with faultless intonation his enemy. With this fact in view | -perfect pitch-allowing himself (as William Hicks smiled in a sympathe- an artist) a graceful gesture here and tic way as he advanced with out- there. Brenda took her cue from

"It is very good of you to make me such an advantageous offer," she "Mrs. Wylie has just gone to your said, in an even and gentle voice, in mother's," she said, in some sur- which no ring of sarcasm could have been detected by much finer ears than Hicks laid aside his hat, and slow- those of William Hicks, whose organs were partially paralzyed by "Yes," he answered meaningly; "I |self-conceit; "but I am afraid I must refuse."

Brenda turned her small, proud | The artist was too much surprised head, and looked at him in silence. to say anything at all. A refusal-Her attitude was hardly one of sur- to him! One of the most popular unappreciated painter-a perfect run after, I admit that, for most Hicks allowed her a few moments men are who take the trouble to of investigating the desirability or "I found out by accident," he otherwise of those who ran after

with blanched face, "re-consider your . . . determination)"

The girl shook her head gravely. "No!" she replied. "There is not the slightest chance of my ever doing that, and I am very, very sorry if from anything I have said or done you have been led to believe that my answer could possibly have been otherwise."

To this Hicks made no direct reply. He could not with truth have accused her of the conduct she suggested. The fact merely was that he had not excepted Brenda from the rest of womankind, and it had always been his honest conviction that he had only to ask any woman in the world to be his wife to make as well as the proudest. There is nothing extraordinary in this mild self-deception. We all practise it with marvelous success.

Hicks had never been refused before, for the simple reason that he had never hitherto thought fit to place his heart at any maiden's feet

"But why," he pleaded, "will you not marry me?"

Her answer was ready.

"Because I do not love you."

"But that will come," he murmur-She raised her eyes to his face

In the meantime Hicks had realized Mrs. George F. Brisbin, Lake St., "I now take pleasure in stating the emptiness of his boast. From vanity, his conceit, his affectation; for I verily believe that Brenda curmoments.

The artist dropped his argument great change in his condition. His a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, at once. He turned away and walked to the window, where he stood with his back toward her, looking out into the dismal misty twilight. Thus the girl allowed him to stand

with a strange simplicity, "to think for some time, and then she rose and went to his side.

"Willy," she said, "I am very,

She was beginning to think now that he really loved her in his way, although by some curious oversight he had omitted to mention the fact. He turned his head in her direc-

tion, and his hand caressed his mustache with its habitual grace. "I don't quite understand it," he

murmured. "Of course . . . it is a bitter disappointment to me. have been mistaken."

She made no attempt to alleviate his evident melancholy-expressed no regret that he should have been mistaken. The time for sympathy was past, and she allowed him to fight out his bitter fight alone. Presently he went toward the chair where he had thrown his cloak and hat. These he took up, and returned to her with his hand outstretched. "Good-bye, Brenda!" he said, for

once without affectation. "Good-bye," she replied simply, and long after William Hicks had left the room she stood there with her white hands hanging down at either side like some delicate flower resting on the soft black material in which she was clad.

When Mrs. Wylie returned home about five o'clock she found the drawing-room still in darkness. The maid had offered to light the gas, but Brenda told her to leave it. In the pleasant glow of the firelight the widow found her young friend sitting in her favorite chair with interlocked fingers in her lap.

Mrs. Wylie closed the door before she spoke.

"This is bad," she said. "What is bad?"

"I believe," replied Mrs. Wylie in her semi-serious, semi-cheerful way, that I have warned you already against the evil practice of sitting staring into the fire."

Brenda laughed softly, and met the kind gaze of the gray eyes that were

searching her face.

"It has always seemed to me," she said, "that your philosophy is wanting in courage. It is the philosophy of a moral coward. It is braver and better to think out all thoughts-There was no emotion on either good and bad, sad and gay-as they come."

Wylie loosened her bonnet strings, unhooked her scalskin jacket, and sat down.

"No," she answered argumentatively. "It is not the creed of a coward, no more than it is cowardly to avoid temptation. A practical man, however brave he may be, will do well to avoid temptation. sensible woman will avoid thought."

"I was thinking," replied the girl

diplomatically, "of tea!" From the expression of the widow's face it would seem that she accepted this statement with reservasions. She made, however, no remark.

After a little pause she looked across at Brenda in a speculative way, and no doubt appreciated the grace and beauty of that fire-lit pic-

"Willie Hicks," she said, "has been here?"

"Yes. How did you know?" inquired Brenda rather sharply.

"Emma told me." "Ah!"

"Brenda," said the widow in a softer tone, after a pause of some duration.

"I have constructed a little fable for myself, in some part founded upon fact. Would you like to hear

"Yes," replied the girl with a slightly exaggerated moue of indif-

ference; "tell me." "Shortly after I arrived at the Hicks', Willie went out. I happened to know this, because I was near the

window in the drawing-room and to know that he has gone out.' On it all." my way home I met him going in the contrary direction. He avoided seeing me, and did it remarkably well, in hard luck. He married a girl that woman the happiest of her sex as might have been expected. But and she ran away from him." "Yes; there was a change in his gait, and he took her for a mate; but she was even in his attitude. The strange a skipper." thought came into my head that he had been here to see you. Then I began to wonder what had caused the change I detected. It seemed as if William Hicks had passed through some experience-had received a lesson. The final flight of my imagination was this' that you, Brenda, had given him that lesson."

Mrs. Wylie ceased speaking and leant back comfortably. Brenda was sitting forward now with her two hands clasped around her knees. She was looking toward her companion, and her eyes glowed in the ruddy

"I think," she said, "we should respect his secret. Naturally he would prefer that we were silent."

"We are neither of us talkative. . . Then . . . . then my fable was

Brenda nodded her head.

"I am glad," murmured the widow after a short silence, "that he has brought matters to an understanding at last. It is probable that he will turn out a fine fellow when he has found his level. He is finding it now. His walk was different as he returned home. All young men ed him of them all in those few are objectionable until they have failed signally in something or other. Then they begin to settle down into

> "He misrepresents himself," said Brenda gently. "When he lays aside his artistic affectation he is very new born babe. Sold by medicire

> > (To be continued.)

THE SAD PLIGHT OF ANAEMI PEOPLE.

They Have Headaches and Back aches-Are Languid and Unable to Stand Exertion.

You can always tell anaemic mer

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

They are pale, weal and women. and languid. They have headacher and backaches. They can't eat-or they can't digest what little they do eat. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. Banist anaemia at once by enriching your blood and toning up your nerver with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thous. ands of grateful women have said that these pills have restored them after all other means tried had failed. Mrs. Josias McIlroy, of Orangeville, Ont., was a great sufferer for several years and spent much money looking for a cure. To a reporter of the Sun Mrs. McIlroy taid: "Several years ago my health gave out completely. I was so weak that I could not do my housework. If I went upstairs my heart would palpitate violently, and sometimes I would faint away through weakness, My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered much from dizziness. I tried many remedies, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to do so. I am glad I did for the pills soon built me up and made me a well woman. My health remained good until last spring, when I was again taken with weakness. I now knew by experience the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once got a supply. The result was as beneficial as before and I can conscientiously say the pills have done me antold good. I am grateful for this and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more sickly, pale-faced girls and women than any other medicine ever discovered, for they supply new, rich, ed blood and so strengthen every part of the body. They are equally suitable for men, women and chik dren, and cure not only anaemia, but decline, consumption, indigestion, theumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ailments which all women dread. These pills can be had through any druggist, or will be sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxis for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Look for the full name on every box, so that no worthless substitute may be palmed off on you.

# HE HADN'T A DOOR.

A stubborn horse is an annoying creature under any circumstances, but the story of an incident which happened during a regimental drill raises the question whether such a horse may not simply be over-conscious.

The sun blazed down on a field of hot, tired horses and excited men, all waiting for a big, raw-boned animal to succumb to the urgings of a trooper and get into line.

"Bring up that horse!" shouted one of the officers at last, his patience having given out. "You'll get into trouble if you don't!"

The youthful rider of the refractory horse looked at his officer despairingly.

"I'm as tired of it as you are, sir," he said, with dull resignation, 'but I can't help it. He's a cab horse, sir, that's what he is. won't start till he hears the door shut, sir, and I haven't got any

door to shut!"

Sillicus-"They are really the most saw him. I also noticed that his devoted lovers I ever saw." Cynicus gait was slightly furtive. I thought |-"Yes; it seems a shame that they That young man does not want me are going to get married and spoil

"I hear Jones, the sea captain, is

# THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD

Summer is the most deadly seacon of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets, A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes-that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. 1 gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a bo by writing to the Dr. Williams Med

cine Co . Brockville Ont

# confident that he is improving right thor, are on every bex.

Peterboro, Ont., states :using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It sent on purpose." was not long until we noticed a Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents

It is a puzzle to many parents to along under this treatment." know just what to do for children Mrs. D. Ardies, Brandon, Man., when they get pale, weak and lan- writes :- "My son, aged fourteen, guid, lose their appetite and ambi- and little girl of three years, were tion, and seem to gradually fail in both stricken with St. Vitus' Dance ed. "I will teach you to love me!" The doctor told us what the ail-, There is probably no preparation ment was, but could not keep them and looked calmly at him. more effective for such cases as this from getting worse and worse, so respected him-not individually, but than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This when I received a book about Dr. generally-because he was a man, great restorative is mild and gentle Chases' Nerve Food, I decided to and because she felt that some woin action, and yet powerful and cer- try it. The boy had lost eighteen men could look up to him and adtain in its upbuilding effects. It is pounds in two months, and could mire him for his mere manhood, if especially suitable for children and scarcely take hold of anything. The she herself was unable to do so beendorsed by a great many grateful little girl lost the power of her ton- cause he fell short of her standard. gue, and could scarcely speak.

that they are both quite well, and her calm glance he had read that her "One of my children, a boy of you would never know there had will was stronger than his own-that about fifteen years, did not have been anything the matter. The boy she did not love him, and never good health for a year or more. He has gained twenty-five pounds in would. We, who have passed through teemed to have no energy, was weak weight. I am very thankful there the mill can sympathize with this and languid and suffered from ner- is such a medicine on the market, young fellow, despite his follies, his rousness. The doctors said that he and that I happened to get the was growing too fast, but we be- little book just when I did. It just came alarmed about him, and began came in time as though it had been

uppetite improved, he had a better Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect solor and soon became stronger and you against imitations, the porrealthier. He is still using the trait and signature of Dr. A. W. Nerve Food, and we are perfectly Chase, the famous receipt book au-