

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER X.

We must now return to Percy Granville, whom we left convalescing slowly at Redstone Hall.

On the second day, which followed the visit of Evelyn St. Claire to the Hall, Percy had written a long letter to Gay begging her to come to him for he could endure the separation no longer.

"Meet me in the shadow of the lindens near the western wing, precisely at eight o'clock," was the ending of the letter. And, although it was widely at variance with the doctor's express orders that he should not leave the house for another week at least, eight o'clock found him pacing restlessly up and down in the shadow of the waving trees.

The moment dragged slowly by, still no Gay appeared.

"By George!" he muttered, turning very pale, upon consulting his watch and seeing that an hour had slipped by; "I cannot stand this a minute longer. I must go to Gay at once, since she will not come to me."

With a nameless fear clutching at his heart, a dark, shadowy fear like the premonition of coming evil, Percy made his way through the hazy October sunlight to Gay's humble home, cursing himself, the while, that Gay, his darling little bride, was living so plainly, while he was surrounded with all the luxury taste could suggest or money procure.

He had determined to call for Gay upon some pretext. "Surely her sister, Hazel, will not refuse me one minute alone with my darling," he thought. It was rather a bold undertaking, and might cause comment; still Percy was reckless of all consequences, he must see Gay at all hazards.

He leaped up the narrow stairway that led to her humble home three floors at a time. Once—twice—thrice he knocked at the door, receiving no answer to his summons.

"That's strange," he mused, his handsome face paling, "exceedingly strange. Hardly knowing what prompted him to do it, Percy turned the knob; it yielded to his touch, swinging slowly back on its creaking hinges.

For one moment he gazed wildly about him.

"Good Heaven!" he ejaculated, pale as death; "these rooms are empty—Gay has gone!"

He leaned heavily against the doorway, bathed in the cold amber sunlight that streamed in upon the bare floor through the uncurtained window, putting his hand to his brow like one who had received a heavy blow.

The bare walls seemed to take up the cry he uttered, and answer mockingly: "Gone!"

The blow was so sudden and unexpected that he was completely bewildered; his brain was in a whirl.

At that moment he saw a woman in the hall below.

He called to her in a strange, unnatural, hoarse voice: "I was looking for Miss Esterbrook and her sister Gay," he said. "I find their rooms empty; can you tell me, my good woman, where they have gone?"

The landlady, for it was she, looked at the handsome young man before her.

"Miss Hazel is dead and buried, sir, over a week ago," she replied, "and as for the other one, that pretty will-o'-the-wisp they called Gay, the report is that she has left the village for good."

The double intelligence was an astounding blow to him.

"What can it mean?" he asked himself when he reached the pavement. "Surely my dark-eyed, innocent little love does not wish to keep her abode a secret; from me; yet why has she not told me Hazel is dead, and that she intended leaving here?"

Suddenly the hot blood mounted to his temples.

Perhaps Little Gay regretted having married him so hastily and had fled from married him so hastily and had fled from him.

The thought was so bitter it almost took his breath away.

Percy loved his little bride so madly, so passionately, so blindly, he vowed to himself he would search heaven and earth but what he would find her.

And in that terrible hour the young husband tasted the first draught of the cup of bitterness which he was to drain to the very dregs.

Poor Percy; he little knew that this was but the first stroke of the drub's vengeance planned upon him to separate him from Little Gay forever.

In vain Percy made every possible inquiry through the village.

No one had seen Gay Esterbrook for over a week past.

She had left the Passaic Mills after Hazel's death, going none knew whither. Hours later the bells in the bell-tower of an adjoining city were just on the stroke of the midnight hour, as a pair of horses, secked with foam, drew up before one of the principal detective offices on Avenue A.

The famous detective sat in his private office, although the hour was late, trying to unravel the intricate meshes of a broken robbery that his attention had been called to—and his services secured to unravel—that morning.

He heard hurried footsteps in the outer office, but he did not raise his eyes from the note-book before him.

He had no fear of being interrupted, for the great, strong, gilded letters on the door, "No admittance" barred out all intruders.

But it did not prove effectual in this case. The knob was hastily turned, and a young and handsome man with a white, haggard face stood on the threshold.

It was Percy Granville.

"I am in great trouble; I wish to see you about a lovely young girl who has who has—"

"Why keep on coughing? Here is a Remedy That Will Stop It. Do you realize the danger in a neglected cough? Then why don't you get rid of it? Yes, you can shake it off, even though it has stuck to you for a long time, if you go about it right. Keep out in the fresh air as much as you can, build up your strength with plenty of wholesome food, and take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne.

This reliable household remedy has broken up thousands of hacking, persistent coughs, which were just as troublesome as yours, and what it has done for so many others it will do for you. Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne contains absolutely no harmful drugs, and so can be given safely to children, as well as adults. Your physician or druggist can confirm this statement, for we are ready to send them on request a complete list of all the ingredients.

Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

Here Percy stopped short in the greatest confusion, breaking down completely.

The famous detective smiled grimly under his gray mustache.

"I thought his visit had something to do with a love romance," he mused, looking at the handsome, troubled face. "If young men would only be more careful, he thought, they are always in trouble about their love affairs. They do the most absurd and unfeeling things, then come to us to assist them. Some angry papa has nipped an elopement in the bud, and spirited off the pretty daughter, no doubt."

These and a hundred thoughts probably just as wide of the mark passed through the detective's brain, as he courteously waited for the young gentleman to regain his composure and proceed.

"I have a strangely curious story to tell you, sir," said Percy, "and quite sure you will say I am more careful of a romance than reality. No book ever contained such a strange story, but I assure you that it is true."

The detective smiled.

"He, however, uttered no word; and, true to his business instincts, he looked very sympathetic and profoundly interested. "The young girl whose whereabouts I wish to engage your valuable services to discover, is—my wife," said Percy, hesitatingly. "She has left me suddenly—she has fled, leaving no clew by which I may trace her—left me suddenly without word or note."

It hurt Percy Granville's pride cruelly to make this admission, and a painful flash crept up to the fair rings of hair on his white forehead.

The detective was decidedly amazed. He could not understand how any sane young woman could leave so handsomely a young fellow as the one before him. In most cases the slipper was on the other foot. But he was too thoroughly master of his business to express surprise in his face. He merely said:

"Go on, sir, go on—never sparing yourself in describing how he urged Gay to marry him when they were returning home together from the grand ball—pleading with her until at last she consented. How they had parted with kisses and fond caresses at the parsonage—of his subsequent illness through which he had written faithfully to his pretty little bride every day, receiving no replies—and how at length he could endure it no longer, and had gone in desperation to Gay's home; only to find it empty and his lovely little bride gone—none knew whither."

"But I will find my darling," cried Percy, with energy, "I shall search the world over for her. If it takes every cent of my fortune, I shall find Gay."

For some moments neither spoke.

"Perhaps," said the detective, breaking the silence, "there was a previous lover in the case."

"I am sure there was not," replied Percy, quickly.

Still the idea was new to him. He adored dark-eyed Little Gay with a mad, idolatrous love—and a love so intense is susceptible to the poisonous breath of Percy Granville's jealousy and jealousy ran in Percy Granville's veins.

He could not endure the thought of Gay's—his Gay's—eyes brightening, or her dimpled cheek flushing at the approach of a lover—the very thought was maddening.

"Well," said the detective, as Percy rose to depart, "I will do all I can for you. Leave me your address, please, in case I should wish to communicate with you."

He jotted down the address, feeling actually sorry for the handsome young husband clinging to such a frail straw of hope.

In his own mind, long before Percy had concluded his story, he had settled his opinion—that from some cause the young bride had fled from him with some rival, bitterly repenting her mad, hasty marriage.

"I will be able to trace the young lady if any one can," said the detective, bowing the young man to the door.

"I have the utmost faith in your acknowledged ability," said Percy, grasping the hand that was stretched out to him. "I shall rest my hopes upon your finding Gay. I cannot, will not believe she is false to me. I would as soon think of the light of Heaven playing me false as my sweet little love."

Percy Granville returned to Redstone Hall half-distracted. All that night he paced the floor of his room battling with the mightiest pain that ever racked a man's breast.

He pushed away his breakfast untouched, and he had barely risen from the table ere Evelyn St. Claire was announced.

It was a very pretty picture that he saw as she stepped in to the morning-room to greet her, the tall, slender figure standing in the sunlight, holding in her plump riding-habit thrown over one gauntleted hand, holding a dainty pearl riding-whip with the other. Her snowy plumes drooping coquettishly over her yellow curls, her blonde face fresh and blooming as the morning itself.

She glanced at that glance at his handsome face that he must have discovered Gay's departure from the village.

"How he must love her to grieve for her like this," she thought bitterly, striving to keep the wrath that was devouring her. "Now is my time to sow the first seeds of distrust and hatred in his heart against the girl that has come between me and his love."

She forced a smile to her lips, holding out her dainty gloved hand to him.

"I was out for an early morning canter, and could not resist the impulse that prompted me to run in and see how you were getting along," she said sweetly. "You are very kind to take so much interest in me," he replied with grave courtesy. "I thank you, Miss St. Claire."

The girl flushed hotly at the coldness in his words and tone.

At that moment her sharp eyes espied the postman advancing up the broad pebbled walk.

Shortly after the servant placed three letters on the silver salver on the center-table.

No flush dyed the fair, blonde face of Evelyn St. Claire, although she had recognized instantly one of the letters as the one which Harold Tremaine had inclosed with one to herself, asking her to mail it in the village post-office, that it might bear the village post-mark, thus completely throwing Percy Granville, to whom it was addressed, off his track.

Evelyn St. Claire knew the contents well. It was the arrow which was to give the death-blow to an already sore and bleeding heart.

How she longed to have him read it in her presence, that she might note its effect upon him.

"Do not let me interrupt you in looking over your morning mail, Percy," she said gaily. "I see you are more than anxious to peep into those white missives."

At that moment he gave a quick start of surprise; he had recognized the writing on the uppermost envelope, which was addressed to himself, as Harold Tremaine's. He bowed to Miss St. Claire for her kind permission, and, taking up the fatal envelope which was to his death-warrant, hurriedly broke the seal.

CHAPTER XI.

A week had passed since the memorable night Percy Granville had secured the services of the famous detective in un-

raveling the deep mystery that shrouded the sudden disappearance of Gay.

If the earth had opened and swallowed her, she could not have been more completely forgotten; not the faintest New York detective was completely baffled.

During that week, however, Gay was passing through thrilling experiences—commencing with the night she stood in such deadly peril, facing the occupants of the stone cavern, a death-like silence reigned.

The girl had surprised the counterfeiters in the very midst of their nefarious work, and Harold Tremaine realized, with a thrill of horror, even before they spoke, that the doom of the beautiful, fearless Gay was sealed.

He turned upon them haughtily. "Lower your revolvers, comrades," he said. "I will hold myself responsible for this young girl's appearance here."

"She was spying upon us, chief!" they cried hoarsely. "You know how we are bound by our iron-clad oath to deal with a spy, though it be a brother, or a wife."

Harold Tremaine held up his white hand with a gesture of silence, his eyes flashing fire at the muttering group around him.

"I will be responsible in this case," he repeated sternly. "She shall never leave this house; the discovery she has made renders this imperative; furthermore, she shall be forced to take our oath of secrecy."

"Never!" burst out Gay, shrilly, facing them in all her proud, defiant young blood. "I can make my own way, I can escape from this horrible place! I shall let the whole world know your terrible trade, that you may be brought to speedy justice!"

Hoarse cries answered this fearless remark.

"Are you mad, girl?" cried Tremaine, springing forward and grasping her white wrist so tightly that she winced with pain. She flashed him a look of unutterable scorn from her great dark eyes.

"Do not touch me!" she cried. "I despise you before; now I loathe you, knowing what you are."

He set his white teeth hard together, smiling grimly.

"Come with me," he said abruptly, drawing her back into the passage.

He did this so forcibly that the dark curls came in sharp contrast with the die he held in his right hand.

There was a gasping cry from the girl's white lips, a spout of crimson blood from the lovely, blue-veined temple, and she sank back without a moan into Tremaine's arms.

"Of my way!" he exclaimed harshly, gathering the slight, girlish figure in a closer embrace. "I will give her into Chloe's hands for the present," he said. "Before we disperse to-night we will settle the defiant little beauty's future."

With dark muttered threats they fell back, and Tremaine strode toward the apartment Gay had so lately quitted.

She had not fainted, as he had at first supposed. The dark eyes were looking into his own with defiance and horror in their lovely depths.

He placed her in a chair, standing with folded arms before her.

"I know now what little respect you have ever had for me is dead," he said in an agitated whisper, "but I must tell you the fatal consequence your discovery has brought down upon your head. These men intend to show you no mercy; the sentence in having the law of God, they will either death or imprisonment in this gloomy house on the river road for life."

Gay was young and brave; life seemed sweet to her. She realized what he said was perfectly true—these men who could thus defy the law of God would have no scruple in having the law of God. They would murder her here in this isolated place, because she had by chance discovered their terrible secret, and the world would be none the wiser.

She held out her white arms to the star-gazed sky with a bitter cry, and Tremaine's rage knew no bounds when he heard his rival's name upon her quivering lips.

"What shall I do?" gasped Gay, wringing her little white hands. "Oh, Heaven help me! what shall I do? Peril besets me on every side; the hand of fate is thrusting me upon you."

"There is no time for useless speculation," returned Tremaine. "I must save you—you must fly with me from this house. I will make you my bride within an hour. When daylight breaks we will be far away. Trust yourself to me."

"That would be flying from one peril to engulf myself in a greater one," sobbed Gay. "Would it be of any use to kneel to you, to pray you to take me from this house and let me go free?" she urged. "I will bind myself by the most solemn vow that ever was uttered, never to reveal what I have seen or heard, or when I have been since the night you so cruelly forced me to accompany you here."

"It would be worse than useless for you to plead with me to give you up, my beautiful Gay. You are mine!" he cried passionately. "You cannot change the fate destiny has marked out for you. You are mine by all the powers of love, mine you shall be while you live."

"I could not—indeed I could not—"

He interrupted her with an exclamation of impatience.

"I will return in half an hour for you," he said; "be ready, we will have no time to lose. I will have a close carriage in waiting in the copse-wood by the Heron's Pool. We will leave this place together to return never more. You may know how well I love you, my beautiful dark-eyed Gay—I give up everything, for your sweet sake and fly with you."

A wild hope sprung up in Gay's heart while he was speaking. He would conduct her from this terrible house. When the air of freedom blew across her face would not Heaven show her some way to escape from him in the impenetrable darkness?

It was her only hope, and she grasped at it as a drowning person catches at a straw.

Tremaine was completely deceived by her ready consent.

(To be continued.)

Taking Eskimo Census.

The "work" ahead was to find out how many Eskimos and other human beings lived along the barren coast of Hudson Bay, between Fort Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet. It was only one small end of the gigantic task of making an official Government census of all human life in the 800,000 square miles of wilderness and Polar barren between Hudson Bay and the Great Bear, on the east and west, and the fifty-eighth degree and the Arctic Ocean on the north and south. The work was begun more than two years ago, but it isn't completed yet, except in the 100,000 square miles along the west shore of the great bay.

Doctor—"Do you talk in your sleep?" Patient—"No; No; I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman."

Years have really very little to do with age. Some people are old at 26, and others rather childish at 65.

Why use Teas of uncertain quality and value, when delicious

"SALADA"

Tea can be had on demand.

Black, Green or Mixed. Sealed Packets Only. FREE Sample Packet on Enquiry. Address: "SALADA," Toronto

STRANGE REGION OF THE SEA

Phenomena on Line Between Madeira and Brazil.

Mariners say that in the midst of the Atlantic, about where the twenty-fifth meridian west from Greenwich crosses the equator, there lies a region of mystery. It is on the line that ships take from Madeira to Brazil. Only within the past half-century has it been sounded, and its strange phenomena reported.

One investigator declared that he saw the sea about half a mile from his vessel suddenly disturbed. For about two minutes it boiled up violently as from a subterranean spring. Throughout the day there were observed great patches of discolored water, which had exactly the appearance of extensive shoals.

These and similar phenomena are frequently observed in this part of the ocean. Often a ship reports that she has experienced a violent shock, similar to that which is felt when a rock is struck. Sometimes a great rumbling is heard, like that of a heavy chain running through the hawse-pipes, and the vessel quivers like a leaf in the wind. At another time, in smooth water, a vessel has been known to heel over

suddenly, as if she had run on a sand bank.

Before this part of the ocean was as thoroughly sounded and surveyed as it is now, these phenomena were attributed to the presence of unmarked sand-banks and rocky shoals, and the old charts were marked accordingly. But it must have astonished the mariner somewhat to find that he got no soundings with his deep-sea lead immediately after experiencing one of these shocks.

It is now generally believed that submarine earthquakes are the true cause of these convulsions.

Left Workman's Wife \$75,000.

Mrs. Langson, the wife of a shipyard laborer, of Dunston-on-Tyne, near Gateshead, has come into a fortune of \$75,000, left to her by a youth whom she once befriended by giving him food and shelter before he went to Australia, where he prospered as a farmer. As all his relations had died he left all his property to Mrs. Langson, who intends going to Chili, of which country her husband is a native.

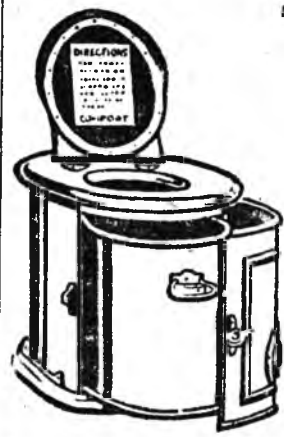
"Pa, why do you always insist on my singing when Mr. Spoolston comes here?" "Well, I don't like that fellow, and yet I hate to come right out and tell him to go."

Syrup and Sugar Makers have Chance to Win Gold Cash Prizes of \$5.00 to \$100.00 in Our \$500.00 Contest

In order to stimulate interest in your syrup and sugar making we have decided to hold a prize contest for the best samples of syrup and sugar sent in by users of our CHAMPION EVAPORATOR. Full particulars of contest involving the sum of \$500.00 will be mailed on request. Every user of the CHAMPION EVAPORATOR has an equal chance of winning a prize. We aim at quality, and if you pride yourself on the excellence of your syrup and sugar, now is your chance to benefit financially. Non users of the CHAMPION EVAPORATOR had better get in line to enter the contest by purchasing one. Write stating number of trees you tap and we will quote you price on required outfit. Contest closes on April 15th, 1913. Exhibit of samples from every competitive user of the CHAMPION EVAPORATOR will be displayed by courtesy of the Star management in their magnificent show windows, Montreal, during the last two weeks in April. Close Word—Send at once for "Prize Contest Circular," giving full information concerning this competition.



THE GRIMM MANUFACTURING COMPANY LIMITED
58 Wellington St., Montreal, Que.



THE CURSE OF FARM LIFE

The outside closet—that abominable accumulation of disease-laden filth—is the curse of farm life—directly responsible for nine-tenths of the diseases existing in the rural districts.

There Can Be No Doubt About This

Just consider. Here within a few steps of your home—poisoning every breath of air you breathe—you have built a pest house—a foul-smelling sink—which must be used by you and your family.

And you willingly subject your wife, daughters and sons to this risk of disease, publicity and discomfort—in all weathers—winter and summer. Probably you never thought of the outside closet in this light before. Now you know. Make up your mind to blot it off your farm at once. Install a Good Health Sanitary Closet—it doesn't cost much—and you can have it right in your home. Think of the convenience, comfort and protection from ill health. Make up your mind to have one without another day's delay. Let us tell you more about the Good Health Closet.

Mail This Coupon to Us RIGHT NOW

THE GOOD HEALTH COMPANY

Brockville Ontario

COUPON
The Good Health Co.

Gentlemen— Please send me literature giving full particulars of the Good Health Sanitary Closet.

Name

Address