

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd)

The days were rolling steadily on, bringing the fatal 20th of the month nearer and nearer; it wanted now but a week to that eventful date, and this knowledge almost crazed poor Gay.

At last, in her frenzy, Gay flung herself at the asylum keeper's feet one day, crying out to him that he must stop the intended marriage, which was to take place on the 20th, for Percy Granville could not marry—he had a living wife—she herself was his bride.

The sneering laugh that followed this piteous recital made the blood almost freeze in her veins, and her heart ceased beating.

"I refuse to interfere in Miss St. Claire's private affairs," exclaimed the heartless, dark-browed doctor, impatiently. "I refuse to deliver your message; besides, he answered, little caring whether his words would break a human heart or not, "as to Mr. Granville's being encumbered with a wife, the law would soon set him free from her, after it had once been proven she had been an inmate of an insane asylum. You will never be able to trouble the happy pair—Who enters here leaves hope behind!"

Gay rose from her knees and stood before him, and there was something in that desperate, beautiful face that made the man tremble almost in spite of himself.

"You refuse to help me?" she said, in a strange, awful whisper; "answer me—yes or no?"

"No, I will not help you," retorted the doctor; "you are foolish to ask it."

"It was my last hope," said Gay, piteously, "and it has failed me. You might have saved a young life, but you refused. I could not live and know that my darling had been won by another—better death than that."

And before he could divine her intentions, Gay had seized from the coils of her hair a long, thin, silver pin, and had buried it to the hilt in her white breast.

There was a hot spurt of crimson life-blood, a sobbing cry of "Percy! Percy! good-by!" then Gay fell face downward in a pool of blood at his feet.

"See!" cried the doctor, spring forward, "the girl has killed herself!"

CHAPTER XXX.

In an instant Dr. Ladeau was kneeling beside the prostrate figure and placed his hand over her heart; there was not even the faintest sign of pulsation.

"She has killed herself," he reflected. "I never dreamed she had nerve enough for that."

He caught her up in his arms and bore her into an adjoining room, hastily calling one of his attendants.

Laying her down upon a settle, he proceeded to make a hasty examination of the wound.

Death resulted instantaneously, he decided, turning away with a muttered curse.

"What shall be done with the body, sir?" asked the attendant, pityingly putting back the matted hair from the marble-white face.

Ladeau turned upon him fiercely.

"What need to ask?" he demanded fiercely. "What's done with the bodies of all who die here—it's to be cold to those sharks that are always on the lookout for them—the medical students, of course. Have the light wagon at the side entrance between eleven and twelve. It may as well be delivered to-night as any other time, I suppose," he went on moodily, as he strode to the door, flung it open, passed out, and banged it to after him.

"What a lovely little creature the girl was, anyhow," thought the attendant, as he too, turned away with a sigh. "It seems a pity that she couldn't have been laid away peacefully to rest with her little white hands crossed over her breast. Ugh! why, I believe I'm growing as faint-hearted as a woman. I've done plenty such jobs for old Ladeau before, but I never have had such qualms of conscience over it. I suppose it's because this one is young and handsome."

He drew a dark cloth over the rigid form to shut out the lovely face and staring eyes from his gaze, and shudderingly turned away.

Night came on dark and starless, and as the last stroke of twelve chimed, the chimes died away in the distant bellfries, a dark wagon drew up before the private entrance to the asylum, and the rigid form of Little Gay, heavily shrouded in sable wrappings, was placed in it.

The man caught up the reins with a nervous hand gave the horses a sharp cut with his whip, and the vehicle was soon whirling rapidly toward the heart of the great, wicked city.

The attendant had taken the stable-boy with him to hold the horse, but neither of them spoke during the long drive.

The trees of the long avenue moaned and whistled as they drove swiftly along, presaging a coming storm; lightning flashed luridly through the dark heavens, mingled with the roar of thunder, and a heavy storm set in ere they reached their destination.

A dozen or more medical students were gathered around the dissecting-table, listening to the discourse of their professor upon some difficult operation in the science of surgery, when a peculiar double knock sounded on the panel door.

An instant later the door opened to admit the attendant, bearing a slender figure in his arms, around which was wrapped a long dark cloak.

It never occurred to either the professor or the students to question this man as to whence he came, or how or where he obtained the bodies which, in the great cause of science and humanity, they were obliged to procure as best they could.

They paid a good price when one was brought them, and asked no questions.

"This way," motioned the professor, annoyed at the inopportune interruption.

The man stepped forward, cap in hand, unwinding as he advanced the dark cloak from the slender form.

A thrill of horror tingled through the heart of each young student as he gazed. The man had brought them the most beautiful young girl they had ever beheld.

Heaven forbid that the body of such a lovely creature should be sacrificed upon the altar of science!

How bright and shining were the soft rings of golden hair lying like drifts of gold on the marble-white brow; how long and curling the dark lashes against the white velvety cheek; how small and dainty the little white hands, clinched so tightly together over the still breast! How horrible that death should have chosen such a beautiful victim!

The storm outside had increased in fury—lightning flashed, and the mighty crash of the roaring, deafening thunder shook the building to its very foundation.

As the attendant flung back the long, dark cloak, exposing the beautiful face to view, a vivid bolt of lightning struck the angle of the building through the masonry of the stone wall, shivering to atoms the receptacle upon which the lovely young girl had been placed.

And in that moment, over the roar and havoc of the maddened elements, there was a loud hoarse cry from the professor as he sprung toward the rigid form half buried among the debris.

Before we describe to our readers the thrilling scene which followed we must take them back to the mansion home of the Remingtons, and relate the strange events which were transpiring there.

After the first week had passed away and the letter had reached them from Gay, Mrs. Remington commenced growing uneasy—even her dreams at night were troubled with vague apprehensions concerning Gay.

The banker laughed, as men always do, over what he considered his wife's foolish notions.

"Little Gay is all right," he declared cheerily; "no doubt her time is spent in such a round of parties and balls that she has not had time to drop you a note; give the child her own swing, my dear—she's all right, of course."

But Mrs. Remington was not thus appeased.

Another week had rolled around, and there was no word from Little Gay.

"If I do not get a letter to-morrow, I shall telegraph to Passaic to Gay to know the meaning of her silence," she declared at length.

This second week of silence annoyed the banker quite as much as his wife's but, man-like, he was too stubborn to candidly admit it.

One night the matter was brought to a startling climax. In the dead hour of the night Mrs. Remington clutched her husband's arm with a terrible cry.

"I have had such a horrible dream—a vision," she declared vehemently, in a tone that awed him into silence in spite of the angry rejoinder that was on his lips at being aroused at that unseemly hour.

"It was about Little Gay," she added, weeping hysterically. "She appeared before me as plainly as she ever did in her life. Her lovely face was white and wild, and her golden hair fell in matted, wild disorder about it; there was a great wound in her white breast from which I could see the crimson blood oozing in great drops; the lovely, dark eyes were turned imploringly toward me, and she held out her little white hands, sobbing in an awful voice:

"Come to me, I am in great danger—I am in sore distress."

"I am going down to Passaic to bring Gay home with me to-morrow," she declared, emphatically. "You must not laugh at me and call it woman's nonsense. I tell you I am greatly distressed about Little Gay."

"Pshaw! a dream's only a dream," commented the banker. "Go to sleep and let it trouble you no more. Passaic to-morrow, that would be the very height of absurdity; send a telegram, that will answer the purpose quite as well."

"It was a warning," declared his wife, emphatically, "and I shall go to Passaic on the first train to-morrow morning."

She shivered as she related to the terrific warring of the storm outside, but she made up her mind that that should not deter her.

So, despite the terrible storm which still continued next day, the banker was obliged to take his wife to the depot, seeing her depart, on what he called her "fool's errand."

It was almost noon when a close carriage dashed up the avenue to Evelyn St. Claire's home.

"Who can that be, I wonder," thought the heiress, peering out curiously from behind the lace draperies of the drawing-room window; "and in all this storm, too?"

She was not kept in suspense long; a servant soon appeared with Mrs. Remington's card; and a moment later that lady was ushered into the sumptuous drawing-room.

Evelyn greeted her warmly, declaring herself delighted at this unexpected visit, adding in the same breath:

"Why didn't you bring Gay with you?"

"Gay," repeated Mrs. Remington, in blank bewilderment; "why, she is here, is she not?"

"Here!" echoed Miss St. Claire, opening her china-blue eyes very wide, as though she was greatly amazed at the question; "dear me, no—what in the world made you think she was here, Mrs. Remington? I have not seen her since I parted from her that afternoon at the opera matinee."

"I took the five-twenty train for home. I sent you a note yesterday evening explaining that I was called home suddenly."

"But Gay—she came with you," gasped the poor lady, turning very white and sinking into the nearest seat.

"Indeed you are quite mistaken," said Evelyn smoothly, and with pretended surprise. "I cannot imagine what gave you that impression. I have not seen Gay since I parted from her that afternoon at the opera; now that I think of it," she went on artfully, "I believe she did tell me of an engagement she had with a young gentleman to visit a flower show, and she feared she would be quite late."

Mrs. Remington fell back in the cushioned chair in the wildest of hysterics; her incoherent cries as she called upon the name of Little Gay arousing the whole household.

"There's blood streaming from a wound in her breast!" she shrieked. "Oh, God! some one has murdered her!"

Evelyn St. Claire was quite frightened at her work as she saw the strange turn affairs were taking.

A doctor was summoned in all haste, and the banker was telegraphed for; but by the time her husband reached Passaic, his wife was restored to very near her natural self.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried, springing to meet her husband, and burying her white face on his breast, "I knew something terrible had happened to Little Gay, my heart told me so. Oh, just think of it; while we were resting quietly at home, our tender little darling was in

some wretch's power, and—oh, I fear they have murdered her."

Mr. Remington soothed her as best he could, declaring that he would put the case in the hands of the best detectives in the city forthwith, and before twenty-four hours Gay's mysterious disappearance should be unraveled.

Money and skill combined would work wonders, he assured her.

That afternoon he held a long private conversation with Evelyn St. Claire in the library.

"Of course I do not wish to insinuate anything," she said, raising her pretty blonde face blushing to the troubled face of the banker, "but it really looks to me as though Gay had eloped."

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Remington, frowning down the preposterous idea at once.

She interrupted him with a little laugh. "What one has done once, one does not find it so hard to repeat," she said impressively. "If you knew her history you must know when she left Passaic, she eloped with the handsome, discarded nephew of the old general—handsome, reckless Harold Tremaine. He abandoned her; but if she were to see him again, the old love might reassert itself, and woman-like, she would leave all to fly to the ends of the earth with her old lover. Why search for a girl who could leave you so heartlessly without one pang of regret?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The banker was certainly astounded at the construction the heiress, whom he had quite believed to be Little Gay's bosom friend, put upon the mysterious disappearance.

He stared at the beauty aghast.

"Great Heaven!" he thought, "how eager are they to search for her! How spread a scandalous report about another at the least opportunity!"

He scouted the notion straightway; still the evil seed of distrust had sunk deep into his heart, as Evelyn St. Claire knew it would.

She made the banker and his wife aid with a very sympathetic face, trusting that they would soon find Gay through the aid of the great detective in whose hands they intended to place the mysterious affair.

"The fools!" muttered Evelyn St. Claire, contemptuously as she watched their carriage from the porch, and bend the road hid it from her sight. "Let them get their great detective to trail down the missing Gay; he will never find her; I have covered up every trace too carefully for that. I defy them to discover her within the walls of the old asylum, even if they wish to search through every chance. There's so many secret vaults and paneled recesses about the uncanny old place in which she could be concealed until the storm blew over. But, pshaw! why should I allow myself to think over it, or let it worry me a single instant? That is the last place in the world they would think of searching."

She turned and ran lightly up the grand staircase, the mocking smile still on her crimson lips.

"Only five days now until my wedding-morn," she murmured, with sparkling eyes and beating heart, as she entered in an instant the parlor, and bend her bending over a great box full of wedding finery; "only five days more and I will be Percy's wife. Ah, if Percy were not so cold a lover!" she sighed wistfully. "Still I would rather be his wife, though he hated me, than be the bride of any other man though he adored me to distraction."

"I wish to goodness I had openly asserted that Gay had eloped with Harold Tremaine," she thought, her mind recurring to the guests who had just left. "If it were to be done over again I would tell them that. Harold is in Europe; no doubt he will never come back here again; he would never know of it. But I must not allow my thoughts to dwell upon harassing subjects," she thought, shaking back her blonde curls, "for Percy is coming this evening and he must find me all smiles, not frowns. He has been here only twice during the last fortnight, he murmured, twisting the magnificent engagement ring she wore thoughtfully about with her slender white fingers; "even my servants notice how cold a lover he is."

If she had but known how wretchedly Percy Granville had passed those two weeks, she would not have wondered that he was so cold a lover.

The rain was over at last, and the setting sun peeped out.

She caught up her garden-hat and strolled out of the house and into the garden toward the western gate.

Percy always came that way; she would go there and watch for him.

Once she had said that she made a pretty picture standing among the roses with the sunlight drifting through the green branches upon her golden head. She liked to remember that.

Leisurely enough she strolled down the broad paved walk until she reached the high-arched gate.

Some one was standing near by—a man in dusty traveling clothes, leaning his elbows on the picket-fence, evidently admiring the flowering shrubs and broad leaves of the garden.

Evelyn turned her head away impatiently. She did not fancy an eye-witness to her meeting with her lover.

One moment the man's eyes rested on the haughty beauty carelessly enough, then he sprang forward with outstretched hands, a cry of joy falling from his lips.

"You!" he cried. "Great Heaven! can it be possible the one hope of my life is realized—I have run across you at last?"

Evelyn St. Claire stared at the shabby stranger in ill-concealed anger, drawing her slender form up to its fullest height. She had a dim consciousness she had met a person with just such a face somewhere before, but where or when, or who he could possibly be, she could not imagine.

Evelyn St. Claire's white brow puckered into an angry frown.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed haughtily. "I do not know you. If you attempt to enter this gate, I shall summon my servants to throw you from the garden!"

The man's face darkened.

"You once knelt at my feet and sued for a great favor, my lady," he replied harshly. "You told me, if I would grant that for which you pleaded, my face would be engraven forever upon your heart. You fatally beautiful face, and you won me over, even though my better judgment would have held me back. Look into my face and see if you do not know me!" he cried, and then pushed the broad-brimmed hat back from his flushed, excited face.

Even while he was speaking remembrance came back to Evelyn St. Claire like a shock of doom.

(To be continued.)

Umbrellas for Warships.

In order to gain protection from bombs dropped from aeroplanes, the British have invented "armored umbrellas" for their warships, and they have been received and tried out at Portsmouth. Unusual secrecy has been maintained in the fitting of a ship with the umbrellas. To each funnel, however, will be a sort of umbrella, to prevent the bombs falling into the uptakes of the furnaces and blowing up the ship's boilers.

Shiloh

"The Family Friend for 40 years." A never failing relief for Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bruce's Big Four Field Root Specialties

BRUCE'S GIANT FEEDING BEET—The most valuable Field Root on the market; combines the rich qualities of the Sugar Beet with the long-keeping, large size and heavy cropping qualities of the Mangel. We offer two colors, **WHITE** and **ROSE**. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 18c, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 29c, 1 lb. 50c, postpaid.

BRUCE'S MAMMOTH INTERMEDIATE SMOOTH WHITE CARROT—The Best of all field Carrots. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 18c, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 24c, 1 lb. 41.60, postpaid.

BRUCE'S GIANT YELLOW INTERMEDIATE MANGEL—A very close second to our Giant Feeding Beet, and equally easy to harvest. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 18c, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 29c, 1 lb. 50c, postpaid.

BRUCE'S NEW CENTURY SWEDEN TURNIP—The best shipping variety, as well as the best for cooking; handsome shape, uniform growth, purple top. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 18c, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 24c, 1 lb. 40c, postpaid.

FREE—Our handsomely illustrated 112-page Catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1913. Send for it.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., Ltd. Hamilton, Ontario
Established Sixty-three years



It means cement of the highest possible quality.
It means cement tested by experts whose authority is final at all our mills.
It means cement acknowledged by engineers, architects and hundreds of thousands of farmers to fulfil every requirement of scientifically made Portland cement.
It means a cement that is absolutely reliable, whether used for a great bridge or for a concrete watering trough. You can use

Canada Cement

with complete confidence that your concrete work will be thoroughly satisfactory. You ought to have this confidence in the cement you use, because you have not the facilities for testing its qualities, such as are at the disposal of the engineers in charge of big contracting jobs.

These engineers know that when cement has passed the tests made upon it at Canada Cement mills, it will pass all their tests. And this same cement is sold to you for your silo, your foundations, your feeding-floor, your milk-house or your watering-trough.

Use according to the directions in our free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." Canada Cement never fails to give satisfactory results. Write for the book. It not only tells you how to mix and place concrete, but will also suggest scores of uses for it on your farm, every one of them valuable to you. In asking for the book you do not incur the slightest obligation.

There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood

Address: Farmers' Information Bureau

Canada Cement Company Limited, Montreal



Home Dyeing
has no terrors for me—It's simple, my delight
Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results
That's because I use
DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy—Why don't you even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.—So Mistakes are Impossible.

Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors.

The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.