

# Elaine the Fair

A Serial Story of Absorbing Interest.

**CHAPTER XVIII**

"Remarkable Escape from Death. An accident of a startling character occurred near the village of B., in France.

"An Englishman, apparently about thirty, fell from the train about half a mile from the station. The doctor who examined him pronounced him to be under the influence of some drug, of which a phial was found in his pocket. It is supposed that during the sleep induced by the drug he was thrown forward by the motion of the train and fell against the door, which must not have been properly closed, and that the weight of his body pushed it open, and in this way the accident occurred.

"By an almost miraculous chance he fell down a grassy embankment into a pool in a marshy bit of ground and was not killed. He struck his head, however, with some violence, and when taken up was unconscious, and now lies in a critical condition in a farm house near the scene of the accident. Two of his companions travelling in a different carriage happened to be looking out of the window and perceived something falling from the train, and having observed at the previous station that this gentleman was in the carriage, they gave the alarm and organized a search party to go back along the line, with the result that they found him in the position described, with his head fortunately above the water.

"Another circumstance which concurred in his lucky escape from instant death was that the train at this point slowed down in order to allow the up train to pass at a point nearer the station.

"The unfortunate gentleman had a bag with him containing a change of linen and a good supply of money in English sovereigns and also in French currency, but no letters or papers. One of his fellow countrymen, Mr. Macdonald of Edinburgh, volunteered to remain with him until his friends turned up. He still remains unconscious.

"Then followed a minute description of Sir Everard's apparel and personal appearance.

Lisabel Beresford read the newspaper report as she sat at breakfast, waiting for Miss Carden one morning in the little Welsh inn to which she and Lucy had retired. Sir Everard's forebodings had come true. He had an enemy who was determined he should never find out the cause of Lucy's sudden disappearance. Who could it be?

In her mind Lisabel went over all the inmates of Wayland Manor, rejecting each in turn.

"The only one she could not answer for was that queer foreign maid of Elaines, but she never left her mistress, and, besides, what possible motive could she have for it?"

The same cold chill she had felt before made her shiver. Lucy must not see the paper. She might recognize the description, and in her nervous state any shock would be most injurious. Lisabel, knowing the facts, did not see how unlikely even a minute verbal description would be to be recognized. She folded the paper up and put it away securely.

"They had been together for more than a week, and never once had Lucy referred to Wayland Manor, or to Elaine, or to anything connected with her old home. She had spoken freely of her life at the school at Brighton, but had given no reason for her sudden flight, and she never referred to her terrible experiences on arriving in London.

"They had a snug little cart with a sturdy mountain pony, and, as the weather was delightfully mild and sunny for the time of year, they spent hours of the day in driving about among the lovely scenery that surrounded the village. They often took a substantial lunch with them, and only returned in time to drink for a high tea, after which they drew their chairs round the cheerful fire and read the papers or looked over the magazines and reviews, of which Lord Britton had ordered a plentiful supply to be sent from London. A few letters reached Lisabel through her lawyer, but their connection with the outer world was small.

Lucy came down just then. Already the rest and the bracing mountain air had begun to tell on her. She was still pale and delicate-looking, but her lips were no longer white and the sadness had left her eyes.

"Lisabel," she said, when breakfast was over and they stood together at the window—"Lisabel, do you ever hear anything about Sir Everard Deunham?"

Lisabel looked at her startled. Why had Lucy chosen this time to speak of him?

"Yes," she said. "It is not so very long since I saw him."

"Where?" asked Lucy. Her friend noticed that her hands were trembling.

"At Wayland Manor, at a small

house-party there."

"What was he doing at Wayland Manor?" Her voice was scarcely under control.

"Doing?" said Lisabel slowly. "Dearest Lucy, what is he ever doing but trying to clear up this terrible mystery that separates you?"

"I told him he must not!" said Lucy in an agitated voice. "Tell him to give it up. There is no explanation possible. He will be sorry if he goes on. Why is he trying to find out? And why does he think that to go to Wayland Manor will help him?"

"He is looking for some clue. He thinks if he had hold of even the slightest he could follow it up."

"Has he got one?"

Lisabel hesitated. With Sir Everard lying in his present precarious state it would be most unwise to tell Lucy anything about him.

"He has been looking up all the old servants," she said at length, "and questioning them, but he discovered nothing of any consequence."

Lucy looked relieved.

"Oh, the servants!" she said. "But why did he go back to Wayland Manor?"

"I suppose he thought he might hear something that would guide him."

"Did he?"

"I think not."

"Where is he now?"

"Heard he had gone abroad."

"Do you know his object?"

"I know no particulars, and anything I do know I am under a promise not to mention. But I can tell you this much—that there seems to me to be no object for his journey which can in any way be connected with you."

Lucy looked uneasy.

"Of course, if you have promised, I will not ask you anything more," she said; "but if you could have told me I might have been able to find the link."

"I really do not think you could," said Lisabel. "I have gone over it many times in my mind, and it seems to me quite impossible it should have anything to do with you. As I said, I know none of his reasons or why he thinks it necessary to take this journey; still, what I do know gives me that impression."

"I wish he would give it up. I cannot be easy in my mind until I know he has closed that page in his life. It makes me miserably anxious to think of what mischief he may do by some unconsidered action."

"Lucy, it is not like you to give way to unfounded fears."

"They are not unfounded. I know, and therefore I fear."

"Perhaps you are not a good judge. Your judgment may have been affected by the strangeness of the circumstances."

Lucy laughed a dreary little laugh. "You do not—you cannot know what you are talking about," she said. "I am not unwilling to leave the subject. Is Sir Everard changed? Does he admire Miss Verinder very much?" she asked after a pause.

"I should say not. I should say that he sees no woman, he thinks of no woman but one. And yet that woman has not the courage to speak out and give him the chance of clearing up the mystery which darkens two lives. Lucy, won't you break through your silence, and if you will not tell him, at least tell me and I will advise you as I would wish to be advised if I were in your place? Wait a minute before you decide and remember that neither he nor I could believe any ill of you, even if we saw you do it."

"Oh, I have done no harm!" said Lucy impatiently. "But, Lisabel, do you think I should have acted as I did if such an easy way out of the difficulty as you suggest had been possible?"

Miss Beresford sighed and changed the subject.

"By the way," she said, "I came across a bundle of old photographs this morning. They were in my bag, and must have been lying there a long while. There is one of you among them. You are greatly changed."

"I suppose so. It is a good while since I had my photograph taken."

"This is one taken on the terrace in Wayland Manor, with a dog beside you."

A spasm of strong emotion crossed Lucy's face.

"Poor Bruno!" she said.

"There was another photograph taken of you with Elaine," said Lisabel, understanding the pain it must be to Lucy to have recalled to her memory any actor in that night's tragedy.

"Yes," said Lucy, "I think I have a copy among my things."

"I should like to see it, of all things."

"I can get it for you, if you like. And I will bring down mine and compare them."

In a few minutes Lucy returned

with the photograph, which she handed to Lisabel. A strange thrill passed through the latter as she took it in her hand. It seemed to her as if she were on the verge of a discovery of the nature of which she was totally ignorant. She looked at the picture with intense curiosity and interest. Lucy was sitting on the grass, a childish little figure, her lips parted in a roguish smile, her big eyes luminous with laughter. Standing beside her was Elaine, slight and small, looking down on her companion with an expression Lisabel could not read. The artist had not succeeded in catching Elaine at an advantageous moment. She looked years older than she was, and whether it was the silvery fairness of her hair which did not show in the photograph, or that her eyes came out rather colorless, or both, she could not tell. Of course Mr. Verinder produced was disagreeable.

"It is not a bit like Elaine," she said; "and yet it is like some one. Of course you are right. I did not care to keep it. Elaine said he had all the copies and negatives destroyed."

Lucy started.

"Elaine said that? My uncle thought it a good one of me."

"Anybody would," said Lisabel. "You look a perfect little witch, but Elaine is detestable! No one who saw this would think she was one of the most beautiful women in England. She reminds me of some one. I can't exactly tell of whom. Do you know who it is?"

Lucy looked at it for a moment, then pushed it away with a shudder.

"Tear it up or burn it. She went towards the fire with it in her hand. 'Oh, please give it to me!' cried Lisabel. 'We will exchange'—and she pushed the photograph she had given you, and I can cut off Elaine's figure, and then have yours enlarged. I should like it so much I can have it," said Lucy, "and I should like to have a picture of Bruno. I was very fond of him. By-the-by, is he still at 'Wayland Manor'?"

Lisabel checked an exclamation, and then said quietly—"I understood he was destroyed by Mr. Verinder's Elaines, because he bit Elaine. She has the mark of his teeth on her arm."

Lucy's eyes opened wide and then clouded with a look of horror.

"I forgot—poor Bruno!—and her voice died in a murmur. Then, rousing herself, she went on. "Forget all we have been talking about, Lisabel. Believe me, to forget is the only way. I will go and put on my things now."

(To be Continued.)

## KELVIN

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mrs. T. Caldwell has returned to her home after spending the winter with her sister in Boston, Mass.

Miss Jean Smith spent Sunday in Northfield, the guest of Mrs. John McInelly.

Miss Rennie Hemming of Northfield, is spending a few days in town.

We are glad to report that Mrs. M. Mardell is somewhat improving from her recent illness.

Miss Maggie Tutt spent Sunday in Northfield.

A recruiting meeting was held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith spent Sunday at Little Lake, the guests of Mr. Reg. Jull.

Sugar making is the order of the day in this locality.

A. N. R. Thornton of Scotland, is spending a few days with her son here.

Mrs. Sprague has returned to her home in Kelvin.

A few from this vicinity attended Mr. N. Glinsk's auction sale on Monday at Little Lake.

Mr. W. Dale of Mt Pleasant was calling on Mr. A. G. McCrimmon on Thursday afternoon.

## WOODBURY

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. B. J. Force, Gobles, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Force.

Private Louis Fournier, Woodstock, visited with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fournier one day last week.

Mrs. Burton Kipp, Creditville, is spending a couple of weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Force.

Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, of Cathcart, recently visited with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Read.

Mrs. Wm. Force who has been visiting her sister in St. Thomas, has returned to her home here.

Mr. Gordon Davis has secured a position in shell works, Brantford.

Mr. James Theal of Grimsby, was presented with a son and heir on April 10th. Mrs. Theal was formerly Miss Olive Force of this place.

Miss Elia Read, Cathcart, has recently been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Read.

The monthly meeting of the Woodbury Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs. Joseph VanEvery on Tuesday last.

Mr. Peter Vansickle has moved to Woodstock.

## FOUR SERMONS ON THE SUBJECT OF IMMORTALITY

### The First One Dealt With the War and Immortality.

Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of the First Baptist Church on Sunday commenced the first of a series of four sermons on "Immortality." The subject of his initial discourse was "The War and Immortality," and he chose for his text John 14:2: "I go to prepare a place for you."

"The attention of all thinking men has been called by this great war to the truth of immortality as never before. This subject has been forced upon us by the fact that thousands of our kindred men have fallen in battle. I am thinking specially of those who have lost their loved ones, of that large company who wait in fear every day of evil tidings from the front and who think of our friends who are standing hourly in the valley of the shadow of death.

The war has served to emphasize many things, and among these are (1) The sacredness of international oaths. (2) The rights of weaker states. (3) The superlative worth of freedom. (4) The duty of the strong toward the weak. (5) The supremacy of the spiritual ideals of life. (6) The hope of immortality. The passing, of so many men has served to emphasize this.

What we are in the end of all these thousands who nobly fighting have nobly died? Is the six feet of earth to which their bodies are consigned all there is to it, or is there a life beyond for them and hope of immortality for us?

A noble army men and boys, The matron and the maid, Before the Saviour's throne rejoice. In robes of light arrayed. They climbed the steep ascent to heaven. Through struggle, toil and pain, O God may grace to us be given. To follow in their train!

In a time like this no one can afford to be indifferent to the truth of immortality. The life to come is no unmeaning term. We pause often to think of our loved ones in battle, to pray for their safety, and if they have fallen, our thoughts go wandering after them into eternity. There are some men who claim that the truth of immortality has no interest for them, but you can rest assured these are not the men who have given their sons to battle, the men who have passed through a deep and heavy grief.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow, Who never spent the midnight hours, Weeping and watching for the morrow, He knows ye not ye heavenly powers."

The question of immortality is not a mere theological question, one which men might draw fine and often meaningless distinctions. No, it is a great human question that is best studied face to face with life when men are sorrowing, suffering, and facing eternity. The sweetest word I ever heard spoken on immortality was spoken by a Roman Catholic nurse to a father who had just watched the expiring breath leave the body of his only son. As she pushed his golden hair back on his forehead, she said: "Don't cry, he will be going for a long time now. What sweeter word could she have said? That was the comfort of the truth of immortality coming to a broken-hearted father in an hour when all other truth seemed to mean quite so much to him.

As long as men keep on dying so long will men keep asking the question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' You can no more let the question of immortality alone than you can let the questions of life and death alone. Every funeral bell, every funeral procession, every wreath upon the door, every death notice in the daily paper, every casualty list on the bulletin board will call after you, 'If a man die shall he live again?'

"O hills of God that shine afar, We catch the breath of thy pure air, We see through melting clouds thy star, Our hearts grow warm as on we fare."

I believe in heaven because it is one of the universal convictions of the race. I believe in heaven because all men believe in some kind of a heaven after death, where the good are rewarded for the deeds done in this life. These universal convictions of the race regarding God, sin, atonement, rewards and punishments beyond are true. That is the way God made man with these innate convictions regarding these great eternal duties. We cannot believe for one moment that God would deceive, mock or play false with any of His creatures. As surely as he has made the eye for sight, the ear for sound, the throat for song, the fin of the fish for water, the wing of the bird for flight, so surely has God made man for himself, both here and hereafter, and because man has a forever, He gives him here intimations, foreshadowings and foregleams of immortality. In the Alps we read of blue crystal clear and air so pure that tourists can see reflected in the liquid depths of a mountain tarn objects beyond the reach of the eye, and so it is with the truth of immortality. The argument because life is ever changing. We live in a changing world. The argument Socrates gave to the men of his

day was satisfactory for them, although it would not satisfy a 20th century man. Immortality is not something that can be mathematically demonstrated. It is a matter of faith, of inner heart experience. Paul could say: "I know if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we shall have a building of God," and no amount of argument could lead him to give up this conviction. Victor Hugo said: "I feel in myself the future life, I am arising, I know, toward the sky." Tennyson, after his long struggle with doubt, after the passing of Arthur Hallam, came to the point where he was willing to believe where he could not prove, and so he writes: "I trust he lives in Thee, And there I find him, Worthier to be loved." That was a matter of faith and a venture we all must make if we would find comfort in the truth of immortality. Because Mrs. Kingley believed she would not prove she had written on the tablet over her husband's grave these significant words: "We have loved." "We love."

"I believe in heaven because the Bible declares the very truth that nature and history foreshadow. Heaven is one of the great themes of the Bible. The Bible takes these universal convictions of the race such as the existence of God, the reality of sin, the coming judgment, immortality and clarifies them. So we read Christ brought immortality to light. Men had believed in it before, but he set it forth in new and blessed relationships. We can judge the importance of the future life not only by the number of passages in the Bible in which it appears, but also by the fact that it is implied all the way through the book for without the truth as a working hypothesis much of the Bible would have no meaning whatever. Jesus plainly declares in the text that heaven is a place as well as a state and with many other passages might the argument from the Bible be enforced.

III. Character requires it. In thinking of heaven I feel that all too often we have over-emphasized the locality of heaven, the fact that heaven is a place to be entered at death, to the neglect of that other larger fact that heaven is a state to be entered into here and now and to be perpetuated and enlarged after death. Heaven is primarily a state and afterwards a place. Before man could enjoy heaven he must conform to the laws of the heavenly life. Heaven would mean nothing to a man who does not live in the will of God. He would not be at home there.

Those are striking words Byron puts into the lips of the Prisoner of Chillon: "Very chains and I grew friends, So much a long communion tends, To make us what we are."

He was at home in chains, felt a certain friendship for the man would have been at a loss without them. Character alone fits us for Heaven. Conformity to the will of God here is the best preparation for heaven after death. We must choose heaven here or we will never reach it. We must walk in that direction here and now, we will never get to heaven. Heaven must come to us before we can enter heaven, and because our fathers and mothers lived in a blessed anticipation of heaven and so were fitted for it, longed for it and departing, had the smile of heaven on their faces. We can only think of heaven as having entered into that life for which they longed and for which they had made preparation for so many years.

When young Robert Hall stood by the grave of his sainted father, he was led from a life of questioning and doubt to one of faith and surrender to Christ by the reflection, that knowing his father as he did, he knew that that could not be the end of such a noble life.

CONSCIENCE PROCLAIMS IT.

The injustices and the incompleteness of this life requires heaven; else God is not just. The parable of Lazarus and Dives emphasizes this very truth.

Those who remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest the good things, and likewise Lazarus' evil things, and now he is comforted and thou art tormented.

No one can look out upon this life with its inequalities, its injustices, its wrongs that are never inflicted here without feeling the need of an immortal life, where these shall be balanced and justice meted out. Right on the scaffold and wrong on the throne, will be reversed in the life to come. The vindication of God's wisdom and love requires immortality. We can not think of Pilate and Christ, of Judas and John, of Nero and Paul, as occupying a common ground in the future life. Thus, conscience proclaims the necessity of a heaven for the virtuous, for the righteous and John in revelation proclaimed the fulfillment of this when he wrote: "I saw underneath the altars, those who were beheaded for the witness of Christ."

The incompleteness of life too, argues a heaven beyond.

The facts of life confirm the hope. That in a world of larger scope, What here is faithfully begun, Will be completed, not undone. There we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him face to face. This is the blessed hope of the Christian and with this hope before us, we are prepared to win a good warfare on the side of the right against the wrong, and so shall we make the most of life here and insure a place among the blessed beyond. Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the Crown of Life."

Going to France.

Kingston, Ont., April 10.—A cablegram was received here this morning from Lieut.-Col. Frederick Etherington at Cairo, Egypt, stating that the Queen's stationary hospital was leaving there to-day (Monday) for France.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## 3 BATTALIONS ARRIVE SAFELY ACROSS WATER

### 74th and 75th, Both From Toronto, and 56th, From the West, Are Safe.

Toronto, April 11.—Mayor Church yesterday received official notification of the safe arrival in England of the 74th and 75th Infantry Battalions.

from Toronto and the 56th Infantry Battalions from Calgary and Saskatoon.

Private messages to this effect were also received by Mr. W. G. Gooderham, President of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company, and Mr. L. H. Howard, 131 Madison avenue.

These battalions crossed the Atlantic on the C. P. R. liner Empress of Britain, which sailed from Halifax on Thursday afternoon, March 30, at 4 o'clock.

The message received by Mayor Church indicated that the voyage was not without its exciting features; in fact, it stated that the troopship on approaching Britain had encountered "submarine trouble."

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

### COUNT ZEPPELIN



German Aerial Commander: "No hospitals, no cathedrals here—pass on!" (Meaning that such institutions are the favorite targets of the zeppelins.) —From Fete Mele, Paris.

## Healthful Sleep

is necessary for the enjoyment and prolongation of life. During sleep Nature renews the vital forces of the body and restores the energy. Sleeplessness is one of the evil results of indigestion. To avoid it, keep the stomach well, the liver active and the bowels regular. The health of these organs

## Is Assured by

Beecham's Pills. A harmless vegetable remedy, which acts immediately on the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys, toning and putting them in good working order. Millions of people sleep well and keep well because, at the first unfavorable symptom, they begin to take

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, Hull, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S.A. Beware of cheap imitations.

## I won't go out, I'll telephone!

When those biting winds whirl round, the modern housewife turns with ever increased comfort and delight to her telephone.

It's aid in stormy weather is invaluable; in pleasant weather a necessity. The modern home is actually managed by Bell Telephone, which laughs at rain or hail, snow or heat and costs less than 5 cents a day.

Have you a telephone? If not, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day!

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada. Gentlemen—Please see me about Residence Telephone Service.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Save on Soap

It's a waste of good money to buy 5 cent cakes of soap, when a 15 cent bar of N.P. contains more soap—and far better soap—than 4 or 5 of the 5¢ cakes. Prove this on the scales! 15¢ the big bar

THE WORLD'S BEST MANUFACTURED BY DAVID MORTON & SONS, BRANTFORD, ONT.

## Thoroughbred

must be carefully selected from the best stock. No other way is successful.

We carefully select our fabrics from the best manufacturers and with the same care select our operators. The result 'Thoroughbred'—in Modelling.

## BROOKS

TAILOR

JAEGER'S AGE

## HOWIE

NEXT N

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

ARMY GENERAL

"Ant Army MacQu Four of frier "Check seurs e On s Mercha J. S. BR GENERAL

## The First

By Ian H

Being a story of Kitch

## Price

STEDMAN

Both Phones 569

## Adv

is the fou ful enter vertiser is a good m

## Courier