

The Chalice of Courage

(Continued)

Did she seek in him that fine form of good breeding, gentleness and consideration? Where could she find these qualities better displayed? She was absolutely alone with this man, entirely in his power, shut off from the world and its interference as effectively as if they had both been abandoned in an ice floe at the North Pole or cast away on some lonely island in the South Seas, yet she felt safe as if she had been in her own house, or her uncle's, with every protection that human power could give. He had never presumed upon the situation in the least degree, he never once referred to the circumstances of their meeting in the remotest way, he never even discussed her rescue from the flood, he never told her how he had borne her through the rain to the lonely shelter of the hills, and in no way did he say anything that the most keenly scrutinizing mind would torture into an allusion to the pool and the bear and the woman. The fineness of his breeding was never so well exhibited as in this reticence. How often was not it that he does not utter rather than what he does that betrays the man.

It would be only to deny that he gave the man of these things. Had he dreamed that there would be no man in his life, but to remember them and to keep still—eye, that showed the man? He would close his eyes in that little room on the other side of the door and see again the dark pool, her white bosom, her graceful arms, the lovely face with its crown of sunny hair rising above the rushing water. He had listened to the roar of the wind through the long nights, when she thought him asleep if she thought of him at all, and heard again the scream of the storm that had brought her to his arms. No snow drop that touched his cheek when he was abroad but reminded him of that night in the cold rain when he had held her close and carried her on. He could not sit and mend her boot without remembering that white foot before which he would fain have prostrated himself and upon which he would have pressed passionate kisses if he had given way to his desires. But he kept all these things in his heart, pondered them and made no sign.

Did she ask beauty in her lover? Ah, there at least he failed. According to the canons of perfection he did not measure up to the standard. His features were irregular, his chin a trifle too square, his mouth a thought too firm, his brow wrinkled a little; but he was good to look at for he looked strong, he looked clean and he looked true. There was about him, too, that staid, unobtrusive efficiency that men who can do things always have. You looked at him and you felt sure that what he undertook that he would accomplish, that decision and capability were incarnate in him.

But after all the things are said and done where it is sent, and I, at least, am not the reader. This woman loved this man neither because nor in spite of these qualities. That they were might account for her affection, but if they had not been, it may be that that affection, that that passion, would have inhabited her heart still. No one can say, no one can tell how or why those things are. She had loved him while she raged against him and hated him. She did neither the one nor the other of those two last things, now, and she loved him the more.

Mystery is a great mover; there is nothing so attractive as a problem we cannot solve. The very situation of the man, how he came there, what he did there, why he remained there, questions to which she had yet no answer, stimulated her profoundly. Because she did not know she questioned in secret; interest was aroused because she was unable to solve the mystery. Propinquity, too, is responsible for many an affection. "The ivy clings to the first tree-trunk." Given a man and woman heart free and throw them together and let there be decent kindness on both sides, and it is almost inevitable that each shall love the other. Isolation, on the other hand, let them see no other companions but the one man and the one woman, and the result becomes more inevitable.

Yes, this woman loved this man. She said in her heart—and I am not one to dispute her conclusions—that she would never have loved him had he been one among millions to stand before her, and it was true. He was the complement of her nature. They differed in temperament as much as in complexion, and yet in those differences as must always be to make perfect love and perfect union, there were striking resemblances, necessary points of contact.

There was no reason whatever why Enid Maitland should not love this man. The only possible check upon her feelings would have been her rather anomalous relation to Armstrong, but she reflected that she had promised him, and she had kept her promise. When she had met him she had been heart whole, he had made some impression upon her fancy and might have made more with greater opportunity, but unfortunately for him, luckily for her, he had not enjoyed that privilege. She scarcely thought of him longer.

She would not have been human if her mind had not dwelt upon the world beyond the skyline on the other side of the range. She knew how those who loved her must be suffering on account of her disappearance, but knowing herself safe and realizing that within a short time when the spring came again, she would go back to them and that their mourning would be turned into joy by her arrival, she could not concern herself very greatly with their sorrows.

legs and emotions; and besides, what would be the use of worrying over these things? There was much more attractive for her thoughts close at hand. And she was too blissfully happy to entertain for more than a moment any sorrow.

She pictured often her return and never by any chance did she think of going to a civilization alone. The man she loved would be by her side, the church's blessing would make them one. To do her justice, in the simplicity and purity of her thoughts she never once thought of what the world might say about that long winter sojourn alone with this man. She was so conscious of her own innocence and of his delicate forbearance, she never once thought how humanity would raise its eyes and fairly cry upon her from the house tops. She did not realize that were she ever so pure and so innocent she could not escape the reach of the high justice which Caesar, who was more than stable himself, would fain have his wife enjoy!

CHAPTER XV.

The Man's Heart.

Now, love produces both happiness and unhappiness, but on the whole I think the happiness predominates, for love itself if it be true and high in its own reward. Love may feel itself unworthy and may shrink even from the unwatching of the shoe lace of the beloved, yet it joys in its own existence nevertheless. Of course its greatest satisfaction is in the return, but there is a sweetness even in the despair of the truly loving.

Enid Maitland, however, did not have to endure indifference, or fight against a passion which met with no response, for this man loved her with a love that was greater even than her own. The moon, in the trite aphorism, looks on many brooks, the brook sees no moon but the one above him in the heavens. In one sense his merit in winning her affection for himself from the hundreds of men she knew, was the greater; in many years he had only seen this one woman. Naturally she should be everything to him. She represented to him not only the woman but womankind. He had been a boy practically when he had buried himself in those mountains, and in all that time he had seen no body like Enid Maitland. Every argument which had been exploited to show why she should love him could be turned about to account for his passion for her. They are not necessary, they are all supererogatory, idle words. To him also love had been born in an hour. It had flashed into existence as if from the flat of the Divine.

Oh, he had fought against it. Like the creature of old he had been scourged into the desert by remorse and another passion, but time had done its work. The woman he first loved had ministered not to the spiritual side of the man, or if she had she ministered in any degree it was because he had looked at her with a glance of practicality and youth. During those five years of solitude, of study and of reflection, the truth had gradually unrolled itself before him. Conclusions vastly at variance with what he had ever believed possible as to the woman upon whom he had first bestowed his heart, had got into his being and were in solution there; this present woman was the precipitant which brought them to life. He knew now what the old appeal of his wife had been. He knew now what the new appeal of this woman was.

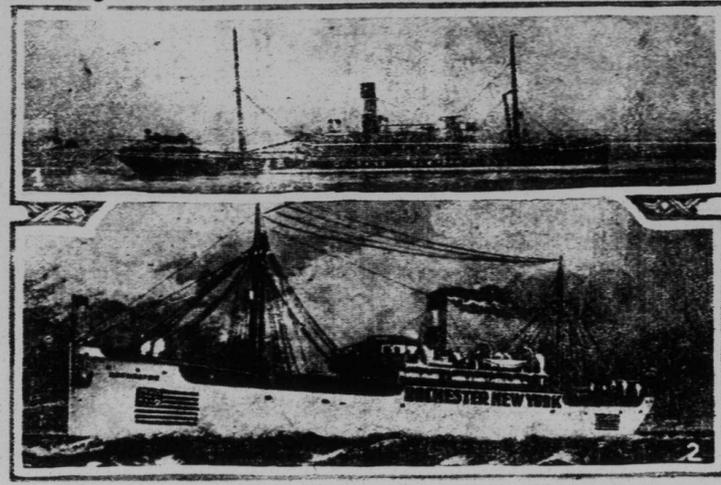
In humanity two things in life are inextricably intermingled, body and soul. Where the function of the one begins and the function of the other ends no one is able to say. In all human passions are admixtures of the earth earthy. We are born the sons of old Adam as we are reborn the sons of the New. Passions are complex. As in harvest wheat and chaff are mixed together until the end, so in love earth and heaven mingle ever. He remembered a clause from an ancient marriage service he had read. "With my body I thee worship," and with every fibre of his physical being, he loved this woman.

It would be idle to deny that, impossible to love as facts, but in the melting pot of passion the imprudent ingredient was mental and spiritual; and just because higher and holier things predominated, he held her in his heart a sacred thing. Love is like a rose; the material part is the beautiful blossom; the spiritual factor is the fragrance which abides in the rose jar even after every leaf has faded away, or which may be expressed from the soft petals by the hard circumstances of pain and sorrow until there is left nothing but the lingering perfume of the flower.

His body trembled if she laid a hand upon him, his soul thrilled for her; present or absent he conjured before his tortured brain the sweetness that inhabited her breast. He had been clearheaded enough in analyzing the past, he was neither clear-sighted nor coherent in thinking of the present. He worshipped her, he could have thrown himself upon his knees to her; if it would have added to her happiness, she could have killed him, smiling at her. Rode she in the Juggernaut car of the ancient idol, with his body, would he have unhesitatingly paved the way and have been glad of the privilege. He longed to compass her with sweet observances. The world revenged itself upon him for his long neglect, it had summed up in this one woman all its charm, its beauty, its romance, and had thrust her into his very arms. He was one of those great passions which illuminate the records of the past. Paolo had not loved Francesca more.

Oh, yes, the woman knew he loved her. It was not in the power of mortal man no matter how from his restraint, how absolute the imposition of his will, to keep his heart hidden, his passion undisclosed. No one could keep such things secret, his love for her cried aloud in a thousand ways, even his look when he dared to turn his eyes upon her was eloquent of his feeling. He never said a word, however, he held his lips at least fettered, and beyond her he believed that

AMERICAN VESSELS BRAVING U-BOAT DANGER ZONE



The pictures show the American steamships Orlean and Rochester leaving New York bound for the U-boat blockade zone, their intended destination being Bordeaux. Neither complies with the requirements prescribed by the revived Prussian U-boat war, the announcement of which led President Wilson to break diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany, but each flies the Stars and Stripes and has the national colors painted on its side.

and its obligations weighed down the balance upon the contrary side to which his inclinations lay.

He was not worthy of this woman. In the first place all he had to offer her was a blood stained hand. That might have been overcome in his mind; but pride in his self punishment, his resolution to withdraw himself from the hundreds of men she knew, was the greater; in many years he had only seen this one woman. Naturally she should be everything to him. She represented to him not only the woman but womankind. He had been a boy practically when he had buried himself in those mountains, and in all that time he had seen no body like Enid Maitland. Every argument which had been exploited to show why she should love him could be turned about to account for his passion for her. They are not necessary, they are all supererogatory, idle words. To him also love had been born in an hour. It had flashed into existence as if from the flat of the Divine.

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The Dark Face of His Wife Rose Before Him.

could not give way. He wanted to, every time he was in her presence he longed to sweep her to his heart and crush her in his arms and bend her head back and press lips of fire on her lips.

But honor and pride, held him back. How long would they continue to exercise dominion over him? Would the time come when his passion rising like a sea would thunder upon these artificial embankments of his soul, beat them down and sweep them away?

At first the disparity between their situations, not so much upon account of family or of property—the treasures of the mountains, hidden since creation he had discovered and let lie—but because of the youth and position of the woman compared to his own maturer years, his desperate experience, and his social withdrawal had reinforced his determination to live and love without a sign. But he had long since got beyond this. Had he been free he would have taken her like a viking of old, if he had to pluck her from amid a thousand swords and carry her to a beggar's hut which love would have turned to a palace. And she would have come with him on the same conditions.

He did not know that. Women have learned through centuries the weakness that fine art of concealment which man has never mastered. She never let him see what she thought of him. Yet he was not without suspicion; if that suspicion grew to certainty, would he control himself then? At first he had sought to keep out of her way, but she had compelled him to come in. The room that was kitchen and bed room and store room for him was cheerless and somewhat cold. Save at night or when he was busy with other tasks outside they lived together in the great room. It was always warm, it was always bright, it was always beautiful, they

The little pages of manuscript she had noted were books that he had written. He made no effort to conceal such things from her. He talked frankly enough about his life in the hills, indeed there was no possibility of avoiding the discussion of such topics. On but two subjects was he inexorably silent. One was the present state of his affections and the other was the why and wherefore of his lonely life. She knew beyond peradventure that he loved her, but she had no faint suspicion even as to the reason why he had become a recluse! He had never given her the slightest clue to his past save that admission that he had known Kirby which was in itself nothing definitive and which she never connected with that package of letters which she still kept with her.

The man's mind was too active and fertile to be satisfied with manual labor alone, the books that he had written were scientific treatises in the main. One was a learned discussion of the fauna and flora of the mountains. Another was an exhaustive account of the mineral resources and geological formations of the range. He had only to allow a whisper, a suspicion of his discovery of gold and silver in the mountains to escape him, and the canons and crests alike would be filled with eager prospectors. Still a third work was a scientific analysis of the water powers in the canons.

He had willingly allowed her to read them all. Much of them she found technical and aside from the fact that he had written them, uninteresting. But there was one book remaining in which he simply discussed the mountains in the various seasons of the year; when the snows covered them, when the grass and the moss came again, when the flowers bloomed, when autumn touched the trees. There was the soul of the man, poetry expressed in prose, man like but none the less poetry for that. This book pored over, she questioned him about it; they discussed it as they discussed Keats and the other poets.

Those were happy evenings. She on one side of the fire sewing, her finger wound with cloth to hold his hand, she would fashion for herself some winter garments out of a gay colored, red, white and black ancient and exquisitely woven Navajo blanket, soft and pliable almost as an old-fashioned piece of satin—priceless if she had but known it—which he put at her disposal. While on the other side of the same homely blaze he made for her out of the skins of some of the animals that he had killed, a shapeless foot covering, half moccasin and wholly ieggins, which she could wear over her shoes in her short excursions around the plateau and which would keep her feet warm and comfortable.

By her permission he smoked as he worked, enjoying the hour, putting aside the past and the future and for a few moments blissfully content. Sometimes he laid aside his pipe and whatever work he was engaged upon and read to her from some immortal noble number. Sometimes the entertainment fell to her and she sang to him in her glorious contralto voice music that made him sad. Once he could stand it no longer. At the end of a burst of song which filled the little room—he had risen to his feet while she sang, compelled to the erect position by the magnificent melody—as the last notes died away and she smiled at him triumphant and expectant of his praise and his approval, he hurled himself out of the room and into the night, wrestling for hours with the storm which after all was but a trifle to that which raged in his bosom. While she, left alone and deserted, quailed within the silent room till she heard him come back.

Often and often when she slept quietly on one side the thin partition, he lay awake on the other, and sometimes his passion drove him forth to read to her from some immortal noble number. Sometimes the entertainment fell to her and she sang to him in her glorious contralto voice music that made him sad. Once he could stand it no longer. At the end of a burst of song which filled the little room—he had risen to his feet while she sang, compelled to the erect position by the magnificent melody—as the last notes died away and she smiled at him triumphant and expectant of his praise and his approval, he hurled himself out of the room and into the night, wrestling for hours with the storm which after all was but a trifle to that which raged in his bosom. While she, left alone and deserted, quailed within the silent room till she heard him come back.

She determined to end it, deciding that he must confess his affections. She had no pretension of the truth and no consideration of any evil consequences held her back. She could give free range to her love and her devotion. She had the ordering of their lives; and she had the power to end the situation growing more and more impossible. She fancied the matter easily resolvable. She thought

she had only to let him see it. In such ways as a maiden may, to bring joy to his own to make him speak. She did not dream of the reality.

One night, therefore, a month or more after she had come, she resolved to end the uncertainty. She believed the easiest and the quickest way would be to get him to tell her why he was there. She naturally surmised that the woman of the picture, which she had never seen since the first day of her arrival, was in some measure the cause of it; and the only pain she had in the situation was the keen jealousy that would obtrude itself at the thought of that woman. She remembered everything that he had said to her, and she recalled that he had once made the remark that he would treat her as he would have his wife treated if he had one, therefore whoever and whatever the picture of this woman was, she was not his wife. She might have been some one he had loved, but who had not loved him. She might have died. She was jealous of her, but she did not fear her.

After a long and painful effort the woman had completed the winter suit she had made for herself. He had advised her and had helped her. It was a belted tunic that fell to her knees; the red and black stripes ran around the neck and the broad collar, cuffed the warm sleeves and marked the graceful waist line. It was excessively becoming to her. He had been down into the valley, or the pocket, for a final inspection of the burros before the night which promised to be severe, fell, and she had taken advantage of the opportunity to put it on.

She knew that she was beautiful; her determination to make this evening count had brought an unusual color to her cheeks, an unwonted sparkle to her eyes. She stood up as she heard him enter the other room, she was standing erect as he came through the door and faced her. He had only seen her in the now somewhat shabby blue of her ordinary camp dress before, and her beauty fairly smote him in his face. He stood before her, wrapped in his fur great coat, snow and ice clinging to it, entranced. The woman smiled at the effect she produced.

"Take off your coat," she said gently approaching him, "let me help you. Do you realize that I have been here over a month now? I want to have a little talk with you, I want you to tell me something."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Kiss on the Hand.

"Did it ever occur to you," began Enid Maitland gravely enough for she quite realized the serious nature of the impending conversation, "did it ever occur to you that you know practically nothing about me?"

The man bowed his head.

"You may have fancied that I was not aware of it, but in one way or another you have possessed yourself of pretty all of my short and, until I met you, most uneventful life," she continued.

Newbold might have answered that there was one subject which had been casually introduced by her upon one occasion and to which she had never again referred, but which was to him the most important of all subjects connected with her, and that was the nature of her relationship to one James Armstrong whose name, although he had heard it but once, he had not forgotten. The girl had been frank with herself in following his deft lead when he talked with her about herself, but she had shown the same reticence in recurring to Armstrong that he had displayed in questioning her about him. The statement she had just made as to his acquaintance with her history was therefore sufficiently near the truth to pass unchallenged, and once again he gravely bowed in acquiescence.

"I have withheld nothing from you," went on the girl, "whatever you wanted to know, I have told you. I had nothing to conceal, as you have found out. Why you wanted to know about me, I am not quite sure."

"It was because—" burst out the man impetuously, and then he stopped abruptly and just in time.

Enid Maitland smiled at him in a way that indicated she knew what was behind the sudden check he had imposed upon himself.

"Whatever your reason, your curiosity—"

"Don't call it that, please." "You desire that I have been gratified. Now it is my turn. I am not even sure about your name. I have seen it in these books and naturally I have imagined that it is yours."

"It is mine."

"Well, that is really all that I know about you. And now I shall be quite frank. I want to know more. You evidently have something to conceal or you would not be living here in this way. I have never asked you about yourself, or manifested the least curiosity to solve the problem you present, to find the solution of the mystery of your life."

"Perhaps," said the man, "you didn't care enough about it to take the trouble to inquire."

"You know," answered the girl, "that is not true. I have been consumed with desire to know."

"A woman's curiosity?"

"Not that," was the soft answer that turned away his wrath.

She was indeed frank. There was that in her way of uttering those two simple words that set his pulses bounding. He was not altogether and absolutely blind.

"Come," said the girl, extending her hand to him, "we are alone here together. We must help each other. You have helped me, you have been of the greatest service to me. I can't begin to count all that you have done for me, my gratitude—"

"Only that?"

"But that is all that you have ever asked or expected," answered the young woman in a low voice whose



He Stood—Entranced.

gentle tones did not at all accord with the boldness and courage of the speech.

"You mean?" asked the man, staring at her, his face aflame.

"I mean," answered the girl swiftly, wilfully misinterpreting and turning his half spoken question another way, "I mean that I am sure that trouble has brought you here. I do not wish to force your confidence, I have no right to do so, yet I should like to enjoy it; can't you give it to me? I want to help you, I want to do my best to make some return for what you have been to me and have done for me."

"I ask but one thing," he said quickly.

"And what is that?"

But again he checked himself.

"No," he said, "I am not free to ask anything of you."

And that answer to Enid Maitland was like a knife thrust in the heart. The two had been standing confronting each other. Her heart grew faint within her. She stretched out her hand vaguely as if for support. He stepped toward her, but before he reached her, she caught the back of the chair and sank down weakly. That he should be bound and not free had never once occurred to her; she had quite misinterpreted the meaning of his remark.

The man did not help her, he could not help her. He just stood and looked at her. She fought valiantly for self-control a moment or two and then, utterly oblivious to the betrayal of her feelings involved in the question—the moments were too great for consideration of such trivial matters—she faltered.

"You mean there is some other woman?"

He shook his head in negation.

"I don't understand. There was some other woman?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Dead."

"But you said you were not free."

He nodded.

"Did you care so much for her that now—that now—"

"Enid," he cried desperately, "believe me, I never knew what love was until I met you."

The secret was out now; it had been known to her long since, but now it was publicly proclaimed. Even a man as blind, as obsessed, as he could not mistake the joy that illuminated her face at this announcement. That very joy and satisfaction produced upon him, however, a very different effect than might have been anticipated. Had he been free, indeed, he would have swept her to his breast and covered her sweet face with kisses broken by whispered words of passionate endearment. Instead of that he shrank back from her and it was she who was forced to take up the burden of the conversation.

"You say that she is dead," she began in sweet appealing bewilderment, "and that you care so much for me and yet you—"

"I am a murderer," he broke out harshly. "There is blood upon my hands, the blood of a woman who loved me and whom, boy as I was, I thought that I loved. She was my wife, I killed her."

"Great God," cried the girl amazed beyond measure or expectation by this sudden avowal which she had once suspected, and her hand instinctively went to the bosom of her dress where she kept that soiled, water stained packet of letters, "are you that man?"

(To be continued)

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

To Mrs. R. D. BARRETT:
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother—

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
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