

THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XXV. The rain was now driving in straight from the torn clouds above, there was no time to lose; Claude took her hand and bid her run with him, and turning up the sidepath from the main road, they reached a large shed, half-full of bark and shavings, where they were sheltered from the rain, though from the open front they could still see the tempest raging over the great mass of sky which the slight downward slope of the woodland from the shed made visible. Claude turned, shuddering from it.

Seeing the cause of her distress, he drew her back among the bundles of bark, where, by displacing some and piling others, he made a screened recess and arranged a seat for her. Her thick, irregular heartbeats became quiet and rhythmic, her face regained its usual color, and she closed her eyes as if to sleep. He sat by her and took her hand; she did not withdraw it, his touch was too healing. The storm crashed furiously on the rain rushed with a hissing splash on the roof, all round the shed, the air was still like the heavy vapor of molten brass. Jessie was undisturbed, her closed eyes were tinged like an infant's and her breath came with the easy ease of a sleeping child, she could not see the distracting dazzle of the lightning in the distance, the crackle among the bark-bundles which emitted a wholesome forest odor. She slept against the trunk of a tree, one can't play the game of life for one's own hand—especially if one is a father.

He feared to break the blissful silence or mar the exquisite peace of the sweet face so near him. They were completely isolated, seated round for the next hour, there was plenty of time, without speaking that perfect moment, "to look before and after, to pine for what is not." Besides, when he expressed his love and confidence more than that silent surrender of herself with the instant silence that his touch so evidently gave. "My bird will never escape me now," he thought, "I have fluttered home for good and all."

The tumult and tension of the last few days, with the climax of nervous agony wrought by the storm, had exhausted her; she only cared to be at ease now in the shelter of Claude's presence. In the pauses of the thunder, they could hear each other breathe; the wind prolonged the hiss of the rushing rain. The fragment next among the bark-bundles seemed like a solitary white bird, unhalloated thing could penetrate. "Turn on blessed rain; dash on, dash on, lightning, lightning, lightning, roar, majestic, deep-voiced thunder, tear the clouds and break up the heavens in their wild exultant strength; only let us be together. That storm resounds again, to see him, all the struggles and mental conflicts, the thousand reasons for avoiding him, fell from him like garments, and when she began to let some cloudlet of thought drift across her happy heaven, she was aware of the asked herself, more moved by Claude's eloquent silence than she had ever been by his words or his looks, she should be parted? Could either have any happiness apart from the other? His very presence healed her. Surely God had brought them together, and made them one. Excessive weariness is a narcotic, conscience falls asleep, the fierce thoughts of the storm, the sorrows of Orpheus melody, and the tired soul returns to leave the stone of Sisyphus any more up the steep; this is the Tempter's hour.

All the sophisms Claude had uttered, the falsetto and cruelty of conversations, the hiss of a soul union such as theirs must be, came stealing back, unchallenged, unresisted, with tentfold and she smiled a tranquil calm. To Claude they came also with renewed force, the offering of his own train, training no longer children to be moulded and controlled, but armed men to conquer, and armed men to conquer. "You are calm now," he said, at last, breaking the golden silence with reluctance, and she smiled in reply. "I never before was calm in a thunder-storm," she said, "what a crowd I am!" she added, with a low, tranquil laugh.

A terrific crack of thunder, as if the storm, after growing silently away in the distance, had returned in renewed fury, drowned her laugh. "Be calm," he replied, "Oh! Jessie, do you remember the viper?" "Ah! I was frightened," she returned; "I thought people died of viper bites."

"And you offered your life for mine. And you gave me something better than life, all that makes life sweet." She withdrew her hand, reality broke in upon the blissful wraith stream in which they seemed to be in some higher, nobler state, disembodied spirits, anything but mere mortals bound by the conventions and stern moral obligations. "No," she said, "I brought you trouble. But we part friends, for Jessie, Claude, let me say, you are my friend, and I am yours. You have given me the right, you must not trifle with me. Can you do it? No. We belong to each other, Jessie, we love each other with heart and soul. No power can part us. Trust to me, wholly, no love is perfect without trust. Leave to me these ethical and conventional subtleties to me. I am responsible to Heaven for both of us. Was not the woman made for the man, and only the man for God? He for God only, she for God in him? There is no wrong in such a union as ours, only the purest, holiest happiness. Besides, the last barrier is broken down. That miserable terror of Mrs. Grundy cannot come between us any more. You need never be afraid of what people will think."

"What do you mean?" gasped Jessie. "I have been seen. Don't you know what they say of people in our—in your—in short—"

ST. VITUS DANCE, MUST BE TREATED THROUGH THE BLOOD AND NERVES.

One of the Worst Cases on Record Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Whether or not 1904 has brought much comfort to the Leap-year young lady, it has certainly produced an epidemic of convict weddings—indeed, since the year dawned had been scarcely possible to read of a Continental paper without reading of some dramatic plight from the prison to the altar and of the progress of the bridegroom, after a too brief honeymoon, back to goal.

A typical case was reported a few weeks ago from Buda-Pesth. A man named Peter had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and a pretty girl, Erika S., who had known him as a prisoner for some years, tried to dissuade her from her project. All his pleading was useless, and at last, in a fit of pique, he made representations to the Minister of Justice to have the girl's sentence commuted, so that she might give way unless her wish was granted.

As a result of this request the convict was granted an hour's freedom, and with a warder for "best man" and the police for "bridegroom" took place. As soon as the ceremony was over, however, the prisoner again, his wife bidding him an affectionate goodbye.

THE WIFE GAOL. A week or so later Weggensstein, near Geneva, was the scene of a similar wedding. The bridegroom was a two-year laborer for burglary, and the bride was a woman who had begged permission to marry before going to the central prison. On the day of the wedding, the bridegroom was escorted to the office of the magistrate, where the civil ceremony was performed.

More romantic was the recent union of a young man and woman of a Brazilian nationality. So attached was the young lady to her betrothed that she had followed him to the prison, and she had spent the night in the cell with him, so that in time she may join him as his wife in the penal colony.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THE PRISON. The bride and groom were married in a carriage and pair. The bride was soberly attired in black, and the groom in a dark suit. The ceremony was performed by the deputy-mayor, with a few local officials working on it.

THIS BUTCHER IS ALL RIGHT

HAD DIABETES BUT WAS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Great Interest in the Case as People Realize what will Cure Diabetes who will Cure their Kidney Disease.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 1.—(Special)—The people learn that it is well known that the general health depends on keeping the kidneys right, and how many diseases are directly connected with a severe kidney disease is received interest.

For that reason the case of A. W. Holman, the well-known butcher of 1924 Main Street in this city, is well worthy of attention. Mr. Holman had Diabetes. Now he is a well man.

He had Diabetes for six years. I tried all kinds of remedies but to no use. My attention was called to Dodd's Kidney Pills by an advertisement and I began to use them. I got the first box when I was completely cured.

As it is conceded that what will cure Diabetes will cure any Kidney Disease it must be admitted that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any Kidney Disease.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AT BRAES.

What is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland.

Lady Sinclair and party have arrived at Achvaradale Lodge, Raay, where she stays until the late autumn.

Murdo Grant, of the head office of the Caledonian Bank, has been appointed agent for the banks of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland.

The directors of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, Limited, recommended a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum out of the profits of the half-year.

Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Blackett, formerly of the 93rd Regiment and now in the 1st Battalion, The Buffs, is at Arbigland, his country seat near Dumfries, at the age of 77.

The High Court of Justice has decided against adopting the uniform of the British Army in Canada and the United States.

James Coats, Jr., Paisley, has succeeded to the management of the Coats & Co. works at Paisley.

William Cook, blacksmith, Carron, has been appointed to the position of blacksmith in the 1st Battalion, The Buffs, at Arbigland.

John Smith, of the 1st Battalion, The Buffs, is at Arbigland, his country seat near Dumfries, at the age of 77.

The High Court of Justice has decided against adopting the uniform of the British Army in Canada and the United States.

Comprehend facts - not advertisements. The popularity of Blue Ribbon Soap is a fact.

LOWER PRICES USE BETTER QUALITY FIBRE CAN BE HAD IN Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, & INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you the best prices.

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO. Limited

which have been made public are correct reproductions.

BUCHANAN'S UNLOADING OUTFIT

When its parts are put together the Walsdever map measures 8 feet wide and 4 feet high. It represents the new continent with a vastness which seems comical to a man of today.

FEATHER DYEING

HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME. Attractions for Sportsmen on the Island of the Grand Trunk.

Keep Minkard's Liniment in the House.

"Then you have no sympathy for the deserving poor?" said the charity worker. "My" retorted the self-made man. "Why, sir, I have no sympathy for the deserving poor."

Piles

Dr. Chase's Ointment

A rather pompous orator rose on one occasion to make an extended speech at an electioneering meeting.

Wearry Watkins—"My folks always told me I was cut out for a gentleman."

Minkard's Liniment Cures Rheumatism

AMERICA AND ITS NAME

AFTER FOUR CENTURIES OF MYSTERY.

After nearly four centuries of mystery the first map on which the name of America was used to designate the Western Hemisphere has been found.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

GRILLED LION STEAKS.

An explorer who has often by compulsion eaten the flesh of animals not generally used as human food, says that grilled lion steaks are delicious.

Pains in Back Now All Gone.

After Twenty Years of Suffering From Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia, a Perfect Cure is Made by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

A medicine which will cure such a severe form of kidney disease as that described below can certainly be relied upon for any ordinary case of this ailment.

It seems fool to experiment with new and untried remedies when there are thousands ready to testify that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have given relief to thousands of people.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 35 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect your signature, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.