

Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER I. "Can You Doubt It?"

"But men await the tale of love, And wear of the life of Troy." None of the events of life seem to have such a pronounced fatality as those which refer to love and to death.

Perhaps no men in New York felt more certain of his position in this respect than Dr. Robert Carter, a physician of renown, a man of great wealth, very handsome, and still unmarried though nearly forty years old.

"What a noble woman she is! How strong, how gentle and how wonderfully handsome! Only I do not feel her beauty. My heart beats no faster in her presence. I can forget her for weeks together. Yet I wish I could love her. I like her father; she has no embarrassing female relatives; and I ought to marry. Will it be right, but I know that there is such a thing as love. Professionally, I have met cases of 'love unto death.' Surely in the presence of Alida Van Buren—a woman who is even physically divine—I ought to feel love—but I do not!"

Engrossed with such thoughts, he had nearly reached his home, when he remembered he had promised to call upon a sick gentleman living in a neighboring street. He knew him to be a reckless speculator, and he had a very shrewd idea as to his physical trouble.

"I will wager my fee that he is dying of gold on the brain," he muttered as he went to the chamber of his patient. And he told him so plainly: "What have you to do with the money-market, Mr. Shepherd? He asked: "You, whose nervous system is all on the outside, and whose feelings are refined by prolonged culture. To men of your caliber the money market is only a common form of suicide."

"What is the world but a money-market, doctor?" "It is a great deal more. Men who make colossal fortunes do not die so much from choice as because it is their reason that suffers. When Nature produces a creature for the special purpose of making money, she does not burden him with nerves and with wants and desires that would scatter his forces."

"Money-makers are necessary to progress, doctor." "Certainly they are. This is the industrial age, and there must be men who are great reservoirs of capital. How else could we build railroads and lay cable cables! But consider the

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Cannot be cured with ordinary soothing syrups. The disease must be attacked at the root to eradicate the irritation of the lungs, heal the wounds and strengthen the respiratory organs. The composition of

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other Medicinal Extracts marks it amongst all other remedies as the true specific for the diseases of the throat, the bronchial tubes and the lungs. Here are a few conclusive proofs:

WESTERN UNION TEL. CO., Church Point, N.S., May 9, 1908. Blacking & Mercantile Coy., Ltd., 100 West St., N.S. Dear Sirs,—Rush one gross of Mathieu's Syrup to Church Point Station.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., July 27, 1908. Blacking & Mercantile Co., Ltd., Church Point, N.S. Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. received re Mathieu's Syrup. I have been using the article in my home for the last seven or eight years, and know of nothing better to use when one is subject to cough or cold. In fact, we would not be without it for twice the value. I have very much pleasure in recommending this article, and in selling it over the island I have the same report from our customers.

SYDNEY, C.B., July 30, 1908. Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd to hand asking for testimonial for Mathieu's Syrup. I have handed Mathieu's Syrup for one year, and find it one of the best sellers in a cough medicine that I have ever handled. I am ordering one gross from your traveler to day, as I sold the last bottle in stock yesterday.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nerve Powders which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can. 7008. McMurdo & Co., Wholesale Chemists at 1 Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

men who make great fortunes, and you will see that in all business matters they act with the steadiness and the certainty of instinct. Culture impairs natural instincts, makes them hesitating and tentative. You are too cultured, Mr. Shephard; you will never succeed in making millions; and I tell you, if you continue the effort, you will kill yourself. Go to the seaside—to the woods—to the mountains—go anywhere but to the money-market."

The sick man sighed and turned his head wearily to the wall. And Doctor Carter having done his duty, went slowly down stairs. He was buttoning his gloves and thinking of his dinner. As he passed through the hall he was arrested by the opening of a door. A small, slight figure, a woman's face, young and lovely; a soft, eager voice—made potential reason for his delay.

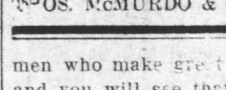
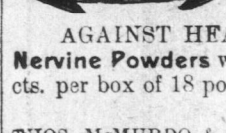
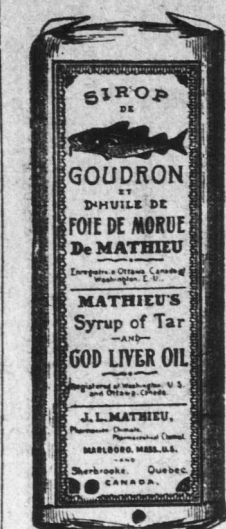
"Doctor Carter, how is my father? Is he very ill?" The white, anxious face lifted to his face was very beautiful, but that was not the charm. It was the face to which he had been waiting; it was the voice, which seemed to have half-forgotten echoes in his memory. No other woman had ever touched him in just the same way. He felt a right in her, and a determination to impress that right the moment she spoke to him. An unusual tenderness came into his heart, and the sick man acquiesced a sudden interest through the sick man's daughter. He sat down by her side and entered into explanations and directions not before thought necessary. He could have remained with her all day. Her eyes drew him like magnets; and when she gave him her hand at parting he hardly knew how to escape from its clasp. When all had been said, he still held it; and for a moment they looked silently at each other. In that moment her face was imprinted upon his heart. He knew that he must forever carry the sweet impression.

Robert Carter was nearing forty years old, and accustomed to diagnose both mental and physical symptoms. He knew what had happened to him. "I have fallen in love at last," he mused. "I was taken so absolutely unawares. However, in real life, he said decidedly to himself, 'love is the most manageable passion in the world.' Then he wondered if he should tell his brother. He would, and then he would not; and yet he knew his indecision was all a pretense of indifference. In his heart he was longing to describe the loveliness and sorrow which had subjugated him.

There was indeed between Robert and Will Carter a brotherly affection which could not endure reservations, although no two men could have been more dissimilar in many respects. Robert lacked all sentiment and poetic tastes and was without spiritual discernment. No obstinate questions of "Why?" or "Where?" ever troubled him; and no mere matter of feeling him was ever likely to interfere with his "getting on" in the world. Will Carter cared very little for the world, but much for the unfeathered inner side of life. He was a lover of nature, a fine musician, a man who inhabited only his head and his heart and who put all fleshly desires under his feet. Yet, in spite of these radical oppositions in taste and character, the brothers had a strong attachment for each other. Accustomed to give all affairs of their lives a mutual confidence and discussion, they derived from the habit something of that moral discipline which a priest derives from manufacturing his conscience. And though Robert's many duties separated them from morning to night, as soon as they were together

starting shoot through the square, swift, straight and resolute. I knew he was going to the country. I made a rendezvous with him there. "To-day I also made a rendezvous in the country. But it was with a young lady." "Robert! You made a rendezvous with a young lady? What is she? What is her name? Where is her habitation?" "She is Mr. Ambrose Shepherd's daughter. I do not know her personal name yet. She lives in the next street. Ambrose Shepherd is very ill. I have advised his removal into the country, and his daughter asked me if I would visit her father there. I said I would. "But then? That is not all!" "Not quite." To be continued.

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to DEC. 16th, 1910

- List of unclaimed letters including names like Alcock, Patrick; Baker, Miss Beatrice; Barnes, Wm.; Bayley, A. J.; Bennett, John; Beazley, B. M.; Beachler, Louis; Brien, Michael; Bidgood, Leo; Bishop, Lena; Booth, J.; Brown, Wm.; Butler, Wm. B.; Butler, Rachel; Butler, Denis; Butt, Miss Julia; Butt, Miss Julia; Butler, Billie; Butler, Miss Annie; Benson, Miss Myrtle; Brown, Miss E.; Best, Veronica; Boyd, Mrs. Parsons; Carlson, J. R.; Clarke, Mrs. Jennie; Carey, David; Charlton, G. G.; Connors, Patrick; Connolly, Jas.; Cook, Thomas; Collins, Miss Minnie; Conran, Nicholas; Cooper, Miss Betsey; Cotter, Denis; Connor, M. F.; Connors, Michael; Cullmore, Miss; Current, Miss Lizzie; Collier, Bertha; Costello, M.; Canning, Louisa; Callahan, Lizzie; Dalton, Mrs. Sarah; Davis, Miss Maggie; Davis, A. M.; Dawe, Edith; Davis, Orestes; Delaney, Miss Bessie; Dickenson, Edward; Dosken, E. R.; Downey, Elias; Dobbin, Miss Mary; Dodd, Fred.



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SEAMEN'S LIST

- List of seamen including names like A. Petrie, Harold; Drannack, Peter; Baird, John; Benjamin, Chas.; Smith, Joseph; Kelly, J. C.; Randall, John; Sharpe, Peter; Bewshir, Wm.; Hassell, Augustine; Penigan, Augustus; G. P. O. December 16th, 1910; Whelan, Patrick; Lester, J.; Young, Albert; Baquet, Capt. J. J.; Pardy, John; Blackler, Capt.; Bugdan, Jessie; Laurence, Edward; Walters, James T.; Evans, Capt. Henry; Ritchey, Milton; Simms, Wm.; Flinders, Capt. John; White, John; Pettie, Capt.; Adams, Richard; Wyatt, Capt. George.

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