POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1905.

The Pillar of Light BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

of the Chinook.

sovereign as he went out.

mather."

BY OF PURLISHED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE TELEGRAPH IN THIS TERRITORY

CHAPTER XVIII-(Continued.)

Mr. Trail rose and paced slowly to the window. Pyne stared into the fire. There andwas no need for either of them to con-

buried memories!

Mr. Brand told him subsequently to con-reporter.

"It is easy to understand that I should vey the stated message to the hotel." "Come

be fanciful tonight," he said, returning to the cheery glow of the fire and the brightthe sailors and the negro. They all declared that both boats went down. The care of the barque, who ran to starboard, as the leading boat was swamped and sank on that side, imagined they heard cries to port. But though they lowered a boat, and cruised about the locality for hours, they found nothing but we eskage. You disaster centered in the narrative of and seda. they found nothing but weekage. You, of Mrs. Vansittart, and I called her my charlie, when I went to St. John's five prospective step-aunt."

of Mrs. Vansittart, and I called her my tended and kept in absolute quiet.

"Is Constance with her?" aske weeks later, could only tell me that you had felt very cold and wet. That is all 1 ever knew of the fate or the Esme until, in God's good time, I met Stanhope

"Then the manner of Enid's rescue is

"Absolutely. But Stanhope, who is sailor, and two men named Spence and Jones, who were Brand's colleagues on the Jones, who were Brand's colleagues on the Gulf Rock at that time, have helped me in building up a complete theory. It is quite clear that the second boat did not sink, as was reported by the captain of the John S. She was damaged, and had her mast broken, by the collision. In the darkness and confusion she would be readily carried past the barque, which was probably travelling four knots an hour. The state of the s

who freed them from control when the door opened said that they might go out thout jackets, the day was so fine. He descended the stairs, with a cigar n his mouth and a delighted youngster elinging to each hand.

In the hall he encountered a dozen jou nalists waiting to devour him. They had failed to penetrate the strategic screen interposed by the head waiter. Now the cnemy was unmasked and they advanced the attack.

sitiant had taken good care that the children were well provided for. They were

dressed, and the smiling maid

Pyne was ready for them. He had aleady outlined his defence. "Will one of you gentlemen, repre ing all, kindly give me a word in private?"

he asked. sharp prow of the sailing ship cleft through the seas and spurned the despairing hands clutching at her black walls.

A ponceman has just called to say that she was taken ill, and is now bein cared for at Mr. Brand's house."

Uncle and perhaps the sailing ship cleft through the seas and spurned the despairing hands bein cared for at Mr. Brand's house."

Uncle and perhaps the sailing ship cleft through the seas and spurned the despairing hands bein cared for at Mr. Brand's house." Too often had the older man pictured that horrific vision. It had darkened smany hours, blurred many a forgetful moment of pleasure with a quick rush of pain.

Even now, as he looked out into the still street, he fancied he could see Enide most.

Uncle and nephew glared at each other as men do when they call the gods to witness that no madder words could be spoken. Before the waiter, they perforce restrained themselves.

But Pyne shouted:

"Will meet you all here in an hour's time. I will be interviewed, sketched, snapshotted, give you locks of my hair, my auto-proper the waiter, they perforce restrained themselves.

But Pyne shouted:

"Will meet you all here in an hour's time. I will be interviewed, sketched, snapshot-ted, give you locks of my hair, my auto-proper the waiter, they perforce restrained themselves.

But Pyne shouted:

"Where is the policeman?"
"He's down below, sir. Shall I bring "He's down below, sir. Shall I bring him up?"

"He's down below, sir. Shall I bring him up?"

"Among the passengers saved from the Chinook is a Mrs. Vansittart. She is segant Jenkins, however, was too loyal in his friendship to Brand to tell them exactly how it came about that Mrs. Vansittart. Brand and his daughters. Make no reference to her name in the published lists. bell ring. These trivial tidings restored his sittart was sheltered in Laburnum Cottage. Wandering thoughts. How the discovery of his lost child had brought back a flood the house in the first instance, and that sulting my colleagues," said the surprised

rey the stated message to the hotel.

Nevertheless, he was the richer for a delivered bound to the torture." overeign as he went out.

He passed out into the street, when Elsur. Trail helped himself to a whiskey sie's sharp eyes, searching for a shop, suddenly caught sight of Enid hurrying to-

Pyne followed his example.

"Say, uncle," he cried, "here's a queer item. When I first met Constance I spoke item. When I first met Constance I spoke danger, but would recover if carefully "Is Constance with her?" asked Pyne. in the other man's mind. "A d—silly name, too."
"Constance seemed to think that, or its

"And where is Mr. Brand?" "He will be here soon. He asked me he asked.
"Well, sir, I hope it will not hurt your 'You mean your fiancee's aunt,' she said."
"Oh, did she?" had happened.' "Yes,and here's to her being my fiancee's Pyne's eyes gleamed into hers.
"Mr. Brand asked you to see my uncle?" With the morning came doubt. A maid, he said cautiously."
"Yes," she faltered.

"Did he say anything else?"

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"Do you see a likeness in this young lady to anyone you have ever known?"

had happened."

Enid's speech was not prone to trip. feelings, and it's a good many years ago now, but I could have sworn—well, I must out with it. She is the living image of

> "Indeed, that cannot hurt my feelings, as she is her daughter."
> "Her daughter! Your daughter!" gasp-

Whilst the children waited in the hall, and the butcher's and grocer's boys, he accompanied the girl up the stairs and From this lower current the stream of her gloves,

"It is very good of you to take this trouble," she said, and when he looked at her a slight color was visible through the

She did not expect the relationship to be acknowledged with such sudden can-"She is much better," she assured him. "That's all right," he announced, as if load were off his mind. And then, newhat to her mystification, he enterained her with the news.
Elsie and Mamie had quitted Penzance

> weled from Boston as soon as the first tiding of the wreck reached her.
>
> "She was a young, nice-looking aunt, too," he said, cheerfully. "And I was powerful fond of those two kiddies." "The association of ideas might prove she suggested, with a touch of "The is what struck Elsie," he adition and hen we could all live together sociably."
>
> "Oh! And what did the lady say?"
>
> "She thought it was a great joke, until the lady say to this way, stircken woman, the wife whom he had loved and for whom he had suffered.
>
> "Namette," he said, with utmost gentleman the support of the said of the lady say to the said, with utmost gentleman to the distressed. Indeed, there

e previous evening, an aunt having tra



whisper—'I treated you so vitely. I they should have fair play.

"Oh," he commented sharply, "but the you to join the man you had fought to save me. I deserted my husband and my save me. I deserted my husband and my husband to save me. I deserted my husband he. "Yes—cousin."

"Let me take you right in. I guess it would make a sensation if I—here, Mamie, just hug Miss Enid good and hard for me, will you?

"Yes—cousin."

A small serving-maid, with the ears of would make a sensation if I—here, Mamie, just hug Miss Enid good and hard for me, will you?

"Yes—cousin."

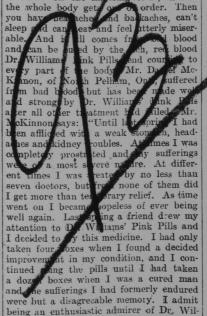
"Yes—cousin."

"Yes—cousin."

"Yes—cousin."

"Yes—cousin."

"Yes—She is such a stupid girl in some things. If—if our guest rings you will hear her. Would you mind asking Mary hear her. ed at her. She was pulling on humble myself. Stephen, I am not your





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"She thought it was a great joke, until "Sae thought it was a great joke, and "I said that unfortunately I had made of their arrangements. Then she guessed her inices had got a bit out of hand."
"Have you seen the poor fellow whose arm was broken? Enid has not had a moment to give me details of events since we landed."
From that point their conversation dealt with generalities. Soon the girl perceived his intent, His sole desire was to place her at her ease, to make her realize that no matter what troubles life held they could be vanquished if faced with a smile. She responded to his mood, and enlivened the drive with comments on the people they met and the houses and villages they passed. For two hours the world went well because it was forgotten.

Enid, the conspirator, waited until the back of the cottage where Brand pretend of the busily engaged in compiling a cientific account of his auriscope.
"I am going, dad," she said, trying to appear unconcerned.
"I'm ging," he answered, laying down his pipe.
"I'm ging," he give her giv

SPRING DUTIES (Quebec Telegraph.)