The Chalice of Courage

CHAPTER XVIII.

In which these two lovers found themselves so unwittingly and inextricably favolved. It was indeed a curious and bewildering situation. Passionate adoration for the other rose in each treast like the surging tide of a highty sea, and like that tide upon the shore it broke upon conventions, ideas, ideals and obligations intangished to be made in God's image. The image is blurged as the animal.

those fron coasts that have withstood he waves' assaults since the world's itual has the ascendency. morning.

The man raved in his mind. White The man had shaped his life upon a mistake. He believed absolutely in he tossed his arms about him, he stop-

aslamed he was. By a curious com-bination of circumstances, Enid Maitast much be was. By a curious against match the present, realizing as he bination of circumstances, Enid Match and knew the truth; she innew that I from one point of view the weman had found the I from one point of view the weman had so there many the must ineverably hold to his been entirely unworthy the reverence in which her husband held ter memory. She knew that his wife had not loved him at all, that her whole heart had been given to another man, that Sepirate thought that he sepond the wild have been glad if he and she should be unable to resist the appear of the other man which her heart seconded so powerfully. If it were only that Newbold would not be false to the obligation of the other man which her heart seconded so powerfully. If it were only that Newbold would not be false to the obligation of the other woman's devotion, Enid might have solved the problem in a moment.

It was not so simple, however. The fact that this other woman had fought so desperately, had tried so had none to say limp and the other woman had fought so desperately, had tried so had none to say limp and no loved him, who had converged that the case. As Robert Maitland that she might not be dead, and that she might not be alone. The mean said, stery, the situation was quite hope less. Even Armstrong reluctantly a tiple they. The find publi

had fought so desperately, had tried so hard not to give way, entitled her to Enid Maitland's admiration and demanded her highest consideration as well. Chance, or Providence, had put her in possession of this woman's secret. It was as if she had been caught inadvertently eavesdropping. She could not in honor make use of what she had overheard, as it were; she could not blacken the other woman's memory, she could not enlighten this man at the expense of his dead wife's reputation.

Although she longed for him as much as he longed for her, aithough

Mr. Stephen Maitland found a certain being same way, we are better apart. It was none to say him nay. The woman though it kills me, although life without though it will same way, we are better apart. It was no to say him nay. The woman though it kills me, although life without though it wills me, although life without though it will say out you seems nothing, I would rather not live it, we are better apart. It was as if she had been caught inadvertently eavesdropping. She could not in honor make use of what she had overheard, as it were; she could not blacken the other woman's memory, she could not enlighten this menter, and he came in.

Her beard yearned to him. She was we shall find a way out of our difficulty—and yet he intended, also, to search the hills for miles on either same way, we are better apart. It would rather not live it, we are better apart. It would rather not live it, we are better apart. It would rather not live it, we are better apart. It would rather not live it, we are better apart. It would rather not live it, we are better apart. It was no until when?" demonstrated to all the nor any one had any doubt his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountains in the freezing cold. Robert Maitland had no other idea than that Enid's bedown any one had any doubt his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountains in the freezing cold. Robert Maitland had no other idea than that Enid's bedown any one had any doubt

her love for him amazed her by its depth and intensity, even to bring her feeling, she could not betray her dead sister. The imposts of honor, how hard they are to sustain when they

conflict with love and longing.
Enid Maitland was naturally not a little thrown off her balance by the situation and the power that was hers. What she could not do herself she could not allow anyone else to do.

The obligation upon her must be extended to others. Old Kirkby had no strong, the only other being who was

sea of trouble in a tangible way; she was done with Armstrong. Even if she had not so loved Newbold that she could scarcely give a thought to any

A singular situation: Armstrong had loved another woman, so had New-bold; and the latter had even married this other woman, yet she was quite willing to forgive Newbold, she made every excuse for him, she made none for Armstrong. She was an eminently sane, just person, yet as she thought of the situation her anger against Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It was a safety valve to her feelings, although she did not realize it. After all, Armstrong's actions rendered her a certain service; if she could get over the objection in her soul, if she could ever satisfy her sense of honor and duty and obligation, she could set-tle the question at once. She had only to show the letters to Newbold and to say: "These were written by the man of the picture; it was he, and not you, your wife loved," and New-bold would take her to his heart in-

These thoughts were not without a pensation of self sacrifice is in its realization. That she could and did not somehow ennobled her love for him. Even women are alloyed with base metal. In the powerful and universal appeal of this man to her, she rejoiced at whatever was of the soul, rather than of the body. To possess power, to refrain from using it in obedience to some higher law, is perhaps to pay oneself the most fattering of compliments. There was a satisfaction to her soul in this which was yet denied him.

Her action was quite different from his. She was putting away happiness which she might have had in compliance with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was which she might have had in compliance with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was flattering to her mind. In his case, it was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of safection so unbounded, of weaking the was a with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of affection so unbounded, of weaking the was a with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of mytom he was putting away happiness was almost as worthy, if infinitely less leadingly as the would have been unavailing, in weaking the could have been unavailing in certain comfort to her. All the com-pensation of self sacrifice is in its realization. That she could and did not somehow ennobled her love for him. Even women are alloyed with base metal. In the powerful and universal appeal of this man to her, she rejoiced at whatever was of the soul, rather than of the body. To

scourged nm. see could grory m n; be was ashamed, humiliated, broken. She heard him savagely walking up; and down the other room, restlessly impelled by the same Erinyes which of old scourged Orestes; the violator of the laws of moral being drove him on. These malign Eumenides held aim in their hands. He was bound and helpless, rage as he might in one moment, pray as he did in another, no light came into the whirling darkness of his torn, tempest torsed, driven

The Strength of the Weak.

Although Enid Maitland had spoken mnovable body the philosophers puztled over were exemplified in him. when she was alone her leart sank Whilst he almost hated the new wominto the depths as she contemplated an, whilst he almost loved the old, the dreadful and unsolvable dilemma yet that he did neither the one thing in which these two lovers found them nor the other absolutely was signifi-

ble to the naked eye, but as real as The image is blurred as the anima

the unquestioned devotion of a wom-an to whom he had been forced to hands up toward God, his heart cried mete out death in an unprecedented and terrible manner. His unwilling-inflicted upon it. No flagellant of old ever trembled beneath the body lash from the standard of devotion which as he under the spiritual punishment. He prayed that he might die at the bosom, made it impossible for him to same moment that he longed to live.

been more white and agonized.

"I give up." he cried. "What are honor and self respect to me? I want honor, loyalty."

The want the past behind. You "To a woman" "To a woman"

task ever laid upon her had been harden the woman, for a moment laying her hand task ever laid upon her had been harden the lips. "But I forgive you. I er than that. "I do love you, I will know how you suffer." not deny it. Every part of me responds to your appeal. I should be so ing. He stared at her a n ment and happy that I cannot even think of it, it his hand went to his throat as if he



SILENT WITNESS OF DESTRUCTIVE WARFARE



The accompanying picture is a silent witness of the destructive warfare being waged in the Somme campaign. The French troops, fighting valiantly, had just retired from this scene after a

"What prevents?"
The same thing which prevents you:

were choking.
"Unworthy," he said hoarsely, "unworthy of the past, unworthy of the present, unworthy of the future. May God formive me, I never can." "He will forgive you, never fear," answered Enid gently.

"And you?" asked her lover. "I have

ruined your life."

"No, you have ennobled it. Let "No, you have enholied it. Let mothing ever make you forget that. Wherever you are and whatever you do, and whatever you may have been, I love you, and I shall love you to the end. Now you must go, it is so late, I can't stand any more. I throw myself on your more years in I crow week. self on your mercy again, I grow weak-er and weaker before you; as you are a man, as you are stronger, save me from myself. If you were to take me again in your arms," she went on steadil, "I know not how I could drive ou back. For God's sake, if you love

That was the hardest thing he had ever done, to turn and go out of the mountains. Admitting that Enid was room, out of her sight, and leave her dead, the conclusions were sound, of standing there with eyes shining, with pulses throbbing, with breath coming fast, with bosom panting. Once more and at a touch she might have yielded!

that if the woman they all loved had

by any fortunate chance escaped the cloudburst, she must inevitably have

perished from cold, starvation and ex-

The Challenge of the Range.

Mr. James Armstrong sat at his desk before the west window in his private room in one of the tallest buildings in Denver. His suite of offices was situated on one of the top floors, and from it he had a clear and unobstructed view of the mighty range over the intervening house tops and other buildings. The earth was covered with snow. It had fallen steadily through the night, but with the dawn the air had cleared and the sun had come out brightly, although it was very cold.

Letters, papers, documents the de-

eleved had inhabited his whe's an mode it impossible for him to the real love that had come into the problem that would leave him with untarnished honor and undiminished untarnished honor and

few there were who had such knowledge of him, dreamed was possible. There was one thing that love could not do, however; it could not make him a patient philhad no other idea than that Enid's body was in the lake. He intended to drain it—an engineering task of no great difficulty—and yet he intended, also, to search the hills for miles on the state of the main stream down it was admirable, in that prompt, bold desire action was his chiefest characteristic.

On this certain morning a month possibly have strayed away and died, of starvation and exposure, rather than drowning. At any rate, he would leave nothing undone to discover her.

He had strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intensive and the strong's recklessly expressed intensive and the strong's recklessly expressed intensive and the strong's recklessly expressed intensive and the strong of honor and self respect to me? I want you. I have put the past behind. You love me, and I, I am yours with every fiber of my being. Great God! Let "To a woman."

"No, but you will some day." She said, a man's thoughts declare his guilt, I "through my tears I can smile at you, and already disloyal to the other woman; deeply, entirely so. I have betrayed her, shamed her, abandoned her. Let me have some reward for what I have gone through. You love me; come to me."

"No," answered the woman, and no task ever laid upon her had been hard on his ligs. "But I forgive you. I would leave nothing undone to discover her.

"He had, strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intenstition of going into the mountains imsterong was not easily moved from any purpose he entertained, or lightly to be hindered from attempting any enterprise that he projected, but by the time the party reached Denver the winter had set in, and even he realized the futility of any immediate search for a dead body lost in the word of gigantic are or the string of a mighty bow. Each task ever laid upon her had been hard on his ligs. "But I forgive you. I or the string of a might bow. Each white peak mocked him, the insolent

aggression of the range called him irresistibly to action.

"By Heaven," he said under his

Robert Maitland had offices in the came building. Having once come to a determination, there was no more unhe was standing in the private room of a low chair before another window removed from the desk somewhat, staring out at the range. The old man was huddled down in his seat. and despair. Of all the places in Denver, he liked best his brother's office fronting the rampart of the mountains and hour after hour he sat there times swept bare by the fierce winter gales that blew across them, some-times shining and sparkling so that the eye scarce sustain their reflection of the dazzling sun of Colorado; and at other times seen dimly through

dead, the conclusions were sound, of mists of whirling snow.

Oh, yes, the mountains challenged him also to the other side of range. His heart yearned for his child, but he was too old to make the attempt. He could only sit and pray and wait with such faint and fading hope as he could still cherish until the break up of the spring came.
For the rest he troubled nobody; nobody noticed him, nobody marked him,
nobody minded him. Robert Maitland
transacted his business a little more transacted his business a little more softly, a little more gently, that was all. Yet the presence of his brother was a living grief and a living reproach to him. Although he was quite blameless he blamed himself. He had not known how he had grown to low his niece until he had lost her. His conscience accused him hourly, and yet he knew not where he was at fault or how he could have done differently. It was a helpless and hope-Now no one had the faintest hope that Enid Maitland was yet alive, ex-cept, perhaps, her father, Mr. Stephen Maitland. They could not convisce him, he was so old and set in his opinreently. It was a helpless and hope-less situation. To him, therefore, en-tered Armstrong.

"Maitland," he began, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going into the moun-

"I can't help it. I can't sit here and face them, damn them, and re-

him, he was so old and set in his opin-ions and so utterly unfamiliar with the conditions that they tried to describe to him, that he clung to his belief in spits of all, and finally they let him take such comfort as he could from his vain hope without any further se-tempt as contradiction.

via Stephen Maitland rose unstead fly to his feet and gripped the back of

"Did I hear aright, sir?" he asked with all the polished and graceful cour tesy of birth and breeding which neve

eserted him in any emergency what pever. "Do you say—"
"I said I was going into the moun tins to search for her."

But the old man did not hear him.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed with deep feeling. "I have sat here day after day and watched those mighty hills, and I have said to myself that if I had youth and strength as I have love, I would not wait."

I would not wait."
"You are right," returned Armstrong, equally moved, and indeed it would have been hard to have heard and seen that father unresponsively; "and I am not going to wait, either."
"I workered." "I understand your feelings, Jim, and yours, too, Steve," began Robert Maitland, arguing against his own emotions, "even if she escaped the flood, she must be dead by this time."

"You needn't go over the old argument, Bob. I'm going into the mountains, and I'm going now, No," he continued swiftly, as the other opened I'm a free agent, and I'm old enough to decide what L can do. There is no argument, there is no force, there is no appeal, there is nothing that will restrain me. I can't sit here and eat my heart out when she may be there."

"But it's impossible!"
"It is impossible. How do I know that there may not have been somebody in the mountains; she may have wandered to some settlement, some

hunter's cabin, some prospector's hut."
"But we were there for weeks and saw nothing, no evidence of humanfilled with secret nooks you could pass

by within a stone's throw, and never see into; she may be in one of them. I suppose she is dead, and it's all foolish, this hope; but I'll never believe it until I have examined every square rod within a radius of 50 miles from your camp. I'll take the long chance the longest, even."

"Well, that's all right," said Robert Maitland. "Of course, I intend to do that as soon as the spring opens; but what's the use of trying to do it

now?"
"It's use to me. I'll either go mad for her there."
"But you will never come back if

you once get in those mountains alone."
"I don't care whether I do or not.

"I don't care whether I do or not. It's no use, old man, I am going, and that's all there is about it."

Robert Maitland knew men. He recognized finality when he heard it, or when he saw it, and it was quite evident that he was in the presence of it then. It was no use to say more.

"Very well." he said. "I honor you for your feeling, even if I don't think much of your common sense."

much of your common sense."
"Damn common sense," cried Arm-birong, triumphantly. "It's love that

moves me now."

At that moment there was a tap on the door. A clerk from the outer office bidden to enter, announced that

old Kirkby was in the ante room.
"Bring him in," directed Maitland, eager to welcome him.

He fancied that the newcomer would

enterprise. "Mornin' old man." drawled Kirkhy. "Howdy, Armstrong, my respects to you, sir," he said, sinking his voice a little as he bowed respectfully toward Mr. Stephen Maitland, a very sympathetic look in the old frontiersman's eyes at the sight of the bereaved fa-

"Kirkby, you've come in the very,

"Allus glad to be Johnny-on-the-spot," smiled the older man.

"Armstrong here," continued the

didn't care for him a little bit, but at home and one daughter in there was something in the bold hardi-hood of the man, something in the way which he met the reckless challenge of the mountains that the old man and all the others felt that moved the inmost soul of the hardy frontiersman, He threw an approving glance at him.

"I tell him that it is absurd, impossiing, and I want you to tell him the same thing. You know more about the mountains than either of us."

"Mr. Kirkby," quavered Stephen Mait.

WEST LAND REGULATIONS

land, "allow me. I don't want to in-fluence you against your better judg-

seems as if I were being put in the selfish position by my opposition." conditions.

"No, no," said his brother. "It isn't Duties—Six months residence upon

Extract from a letter of a Cana ian soldier in France.

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

Dear Mother:—

I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Manufactured by the Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.

Yarmouth, N.S.

More About The H. C. of L.

With all commodities soaring in price, it behoves the buyer to look for full value in every article.

When Buying Matches Specify Eddy's!

tion, but besides this every box is a Generously Filled

Lock out for short-count matches, there are many on the market.

Avoid imposition by Always Everywhere Asking for Eddy's

1867 -- OUR-- 1917 JUBILEE YEAR

every prospect of it being the best yet. Students can enter at any time. SEND FOR RATE CARD



S. KERR.

undoubtedly assist him in dissuading Livery, Sales and Armstrong from his foolhardy, useless

Exchange Stables

McCallum Street. 42-1yr.

OEITUARY

ALEXANDER BELL

The death of Alexander Bell, snow melt, he is going into the mountains now to look for Enid."

Kirkby didn't love Armstrong. He is survived by his widow, three sons



is there, and perhaps alive still, and in need, you would not say a word to deter him."

"Why, Steve," expostulated Robert Maitland, "surely you know to the control of the Distric t. Entry by proxy may be nade at any Dominion Lands Agency

that. You have your wife and children, but this young man—"

"Well, what do you say, Kirkby? Not within nine miles of his homestead well, what acyou say, Kirkby? Not within nine miles of his homestear that it makes any difference to me on a farm of at least 80 acres en what anybody says. Come, we are wasting time," interposed Armstrons, who, now that he had made up his mind, was anxious to be off.

"Jim Armstrong," answered Kirkby, decidedly. "I never thought much of the conditions. A habitable sidence is performed in the vicinity.

Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions. cultivation under certain conditions
In certain districts a homesteader

mind, was anxious to be off.

"Jim Armstrong," answered Kirkby, decidedly. "I never thought much o' you in the past, an' I think sende you've put out this last projick of yourn, that I'm entitled to call you a damn fool, wich you are, and I'm another, for I'm goin' into the mountains with you."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Stephen Maitland fervently.

"I know you don't like me," answered Armstrong. "That's neither here nor there. Perhaps you have cause to dislike me, perhaps you have not. I don't like you any too well myself, but there's no man on earth I'd rather have go with me on a quest of this kind than you, and there's my hand on it."

Live stock may be substituted witlivation under certain districts a homesteader in conditions. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead right may take a purchasted his homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead right may take a purchasted his homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead right may take a purchasted his homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead right may take a purchasted his homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation Pre-emption patent may be ob

main quiet."

"You will never come out alive."

"Oh, yes, I will; but if I don't, I pwear to God I don't care."

"Abvertise in The Advocate for.

"Lix is all. E. I.