POOR DOCUMENT

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The Pillar of Light BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.) place was only a small farm. When we of the past." Were married the stipulation lapsed, bethance of you, at any rate, leaving me for cause it was more advisable for me to reduce than the stipulation lapsed, bethance of you, at any rate, leaving me for cause it was more advisable for me to reduce the stipulation lapsed, bethan th

The properties of the specimen and personal properties of the properties of the specimen and personal properties of the specimen and personal properties of the properties of

I remember. She wished Mr. Pyne to telegraph to his uncle. When he quitted us to take the message she, too—how weird it all seems now—admitted that she experienced something of the intuitive know—perienced something of the intuitive know—prights in its comparative dangers and pri-

perienced something of the intuitive know-ledge of the future you have just spoken of."

"I am not surprised. Poor Nanette!
She was always a dreamer, in a sense. Never content, she longed for higher flights. She was a woman in ambition 'ere she ceased to be a child. When I married there the reas only eighteen. I was ten

but where could she have but have but where could she have but where could she have but had but have but have but have but have but have but have but ha

"Millionaire indeed!" protested Enid, regards him as a man admirable in many breaking in with her own tumultuous ways, but she impressed me with the idea not express myself to thoughts. "I would not exchange you for that she believed she was doing that which that she believed she was doing that which lune trouble, was

smile. "But there! I am daty deluding myself into a postponement of a painful duty. My secret must out—to you, at any rate. When I married your mother, Constance, I was an attache at the British Embässy in Paris. Her maiden name was Madeleine Nanette de Courtray. Her family, notwithstanding the French sound of her name, was almost wholly Euglish. They were Jersey people, recruited from British stock, but two generations of English husbands were compelled to assume the style de Courtray owing to entailed states on the island. There is something quaint in the idea, as it worked out. The

say that. It seems to cut us apart. What have you done that you should dread the worst than can be said? And why should there be any scandal at all? I cannot bear

you to say such things."

"I think I understand you, dad," said
Constance, her burning glance striving to
read his hidden thought. "Matters cannot rest where they are. You will not ow-my mother-to go away-a second me-without a clear statement as to the future and an equally honest explanation

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"You of taget, End, that there is a grave when only a small listm. When we shall be small and possible and the state of the state of

she ceased to be a child. When I married her, she was only eighteen. I was ten years older. My thought was to educate her to a somewhat higher ideal of life than the frivolities of a fashionable world. It was a mistake. If a girl harbors delusions before marriage the experience of married life is not a cure but an incentive. A less tolerant man would have made her a safer husband."

Constance would listen to nothing which would disparage him.

"I hate to be unjust to her even in my thoughts, but where could she have found a better husband than you, dad?"

"Willionaire indeed!" protested Enid, "Garden as a man admirable in many would retired in a few days and it was my intention to tell you something, not all, of my history, largely on account of your heads one, and with it my wife."

"I would it my wife."

"I wonder if you are right. I am too your he the your history and history an

Brand looked at her with troubled eyes. thought I'd never get be considered if they have brought me two such daughters," he said, with a mournful it is always amazing to a parent to find smile. "But there! I am daily deluding unexpected powers of divination in a G. H. BRIST

are honored. Enid, you see now how doubly fortunate you are in being restored to a father's arms—" CARFFILLY STUDY YOUR GASE | ly sneered at by solid pute my social supremacy." As each complaisant sentence rolled forth he laughed quietly in the darkness. "Mother," said he suddenly, "Mr. Traill "Mother," said he suddenly, "Mr. Traill CAREFULLY.



BACKACHE-KINNEY! tions were surpassed. Before sine count utter a word her son pretended to misum destand her agitation.

earl's daughter I cannot afford to be quiet-

and I have had a lot of talk about Enid during the past two days. I have not seen

has occurred. said, not at all appeased by his seeming carelessness as to what the Dowager Lady Tregarthen or Mrs. Taylor-Smith might

you until this evening before dinner, so 1

have had no oportunity to tell you all that

say when gossip started.

"Well,it is,in a sense," he admitted. "You see, we are jolly hard up. It is a squeeze for you to double my pay, and, as I happened to inform Mr. Traill that I was gowern the same and the same trails and the same trails. ing to marry Enid, long before he knew she was his daughter, it came as a bit of a shock afterwards to hear that he intends to endow her with two hundred thous-and pounds on her wedding-day. Now the question to be discussed is not whether the adopted daughter of a poor lighthouse-keeper who may be Lord This and That in disguise is a good match for me, but wheth-

irl with a great fortune." Lady Margaret was stunned. She began breathe quickly. Her utmost expecta ions were surpassed. Before she could

and I had jolly well made up our minds somewhat in advance, but it was a near thing, a matter of flag signals—otherwise I should have been compelled to consider myself ruled out of the game. Therefore, during your tea-table tactics, if the Dowger, or that old spit-fire, Mrs. Taylor Smith, says a word to you about Brand, just give 'em a rib-roaster with Enid's two hundred thou', will you? Whilst they are hundred thou', will you? Whilst they are recling under the blow throw out a gentle hint that Constance may chanare Trail's nephew. Ensuare' is the right word, isn't it? The best of it is, I know they have been worrying you for months about my friendship with 'girls of their class.' Oh, the joy of the encounter—It must be like the property helped a good deal. The followed by mail steamer. During the last boilers exploded as she went down, and the whole of June we week of May and the whole of June we trophe. The captain noticed that the strange ship went off close hauled to the wind, which blew steadily from the west, so ite, in the leading boat, with your father and mother, you and my wife and child, the like the property of the encounter—It must be like the property of the encounter—It must be



ATT. EATON CLIMITED CANADA .TORONTO

Jack Stanhope never afterwards remembered undressing, so thoroughly tired was he, and so absurdly happy, notwithstanding the awkward situation divulged at the

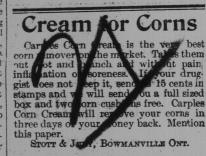
friendship with 'girls of their class.' Oh, the joy of the encounter. It must be like blowing up a battle-ship with a tuppenny hapenny torpedo-boat.'

So her ladyship—not without pondering over certain entries in the Books of the Proudly-born, which recorded the birth and marriage of Sir Stephen Brand, ninth baronet, "present whereabouts unknown"—went to bed, but not to sleep, whereas Jack Stanhope never afterwards remember the voyage?"

you and Edith throve amazingly. Do you so he, in the leading boat, with your fathere and mother, you and my wife and enild, followed in that direction. He shouted to followed i

mine. By that time, the ladies were so enthusiastic about the sea-going qualities of the was driven under and filled, and the succession to divert the other man's thoughts from the embarrassing topic of Mrs. Vansittart. He knew that Brand was not likely to leave them in any dubiety as to the past.

Discussion now was useless a more idle. I received my last cable. Were father was a strong man



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ing warships, where the best metal and the heaviest guns are all-important. It is not so in society, even the society of a small Cornish town. Although I am an