

# The Broad Highway

Jeffery Farnol

"Which We Call Life"

(Continued from Saturday.)

## CHAPTER VIII

In Which I see a Vision in the Glory of the Moon, and Eat of a Poached Rabbit.

The moon was rising, and hungry and weary, I came to that steep descent I have mentioned more than once, which leads down into the Hollow, and her pale radiance was already upon the world—a sleeping world wherein I seemed alone. And as I stood to gaze upon the wonder of the heavens, and the serene beauty of the earth, the clock in Cranbrook Church chimed nine.

All about me was a soft stirring of leaves, and the rustle of things unseen, which was as the breathing of a sleeping host. Borne to my nostrils came the scent of wood and herb and dewy earth, while up-teasing from the shadow of the trees below, the voice of the brook reached me, singing its never-ending song—now loud and clear, now sinking to a rippling murmur—a melody of joy and sorrow, of laughter and tears, like the greater melody of Life.

And presently, I descended into the shadows, and, walking on beside the brook, sat me down upon a great boulder, and, straightway, my weariness and hunger were forgotten, and I fell adreaming.

Truly it was a night to dream in—a white night, full of the moon and the magic of the moon. Slowly she mounted upwards, peeping down at me through whispering leaves, checking the shadows with silver, and turning the brook into a path of silver for the feet of fairies. Yes, indeed, the very air seemed fraught with a magic whereby the unreal became the real and things impossible the manifestly possible.

And so, starting up at the moon's pale loveliness, I dreamed the deathless dreams of long-dead poets and romancers, wherein were the notes of dreamy lutes, the soft whisper of trailing garments, and sighing voices that called beneath the breath. Between Petrarch's Laura and Dante's Beatrice came one as proud and gracious and beautiful as they, deep-bodied, broad-hipped, with a red, red mouth, and a subtle witchery of the eyes. I dreamed of nymphs and satyrs, of fauns and dryads, and of the young Endymion who, on just such another night, in just such another leafy bower, waited the coming of his goddess.

Now as I sat thus, chin in hand, I heard a little sound behind me, the rustling of leaves, and, turning my head, beheld one who stood half in shadow, half in moonlight, looking down at me beneath a shy languor of drooping lids, with eyes hidden by their lashes—a woman tall and fair, and strong as Dian's self.

Very still she stood, and half wistful, as if waiting for me to speak, and very silent I sat, staring up at her as she had been the embodiment of my dreams conjured up by the magic of the night, while, from the mysteries of

the woods, stole the soft, sweet song of a nightingale.

"Charmian!" said I at last, speaking almost in a whisper. Surely this was the sweet goddess herself, and I the wondering shepherd on Mount Ida's solitude.

"Charmian!" said I again, "you—have come then?" With the words I rose. "You have come, then?" I repeated.

But now she sighed a little, and, turning her head away, laughed very sweet and low—and sighed again.

"Were you expecting me?"

"I—I think I was—that is—I don't know!" I stammered.

"Then you were not—very surprised to see me?"

"No."

"And you are not—very sorry to see me?"

"No."

"And—are you not very—glad to see me?"

"Yes."

Here there fell a silence between us, yet a silence that was full of leaty stirrings, soft night noises, and the languorous murmur of the brook.

Presently Charmian reached out a hand, broke off a twig of willow and began to turn it round and round in her white fingers, while I sought vainly for something to say.

"When I went away this morning," she began at last, looking down at the twig, "I didn't think I should ever come back again."

"No, I—I supposed not," said I awkwardly.

"But, you see, I had no money."

"No money?"

"Not a penny. It was not until I had walked a long, long way, and was very tired, and terribly hungry, that I found I hadn't enough to buy even a crust of bread."

"And there was three pounds, fifteen shillings, and sixpence in Donald's old shoe," said I.

"Sevenpence!" she corrected.

"Sevenpence?" said I, in some surprise.

"Three pounds, fifteen shillings, and sevenpence," she counted it.

"Oh!" said I.

She nodded. "And in the other I found a small, very curiously shaped piece of wood."

"Ah—yes, I've been looking for that all the week. You see, when I made my table, by some miscalculation, one leg persisted in coming out shorter than the others, which necessitated its being shored up by a book until I made that block."

"Mr. Peter Vibart's Virgil book!" she said, nodding to the twig.

"Yes!" said I, somewhat disconcerted.

"It was a pity to use a book," she went on, still very intent upon the twig, "even if that book does belong to a man with such a name as Peter Vibart."

Now presently, seeing I was silent, she stole a glance at me, and looking, laughed.

"But," she continued more seriously, "this has nothing to do with you."

of course, nor me, for that matter, and I was trying to tell you how hungry—how hatefully hungry I was, and I couldn't beg, could I, and so—and so I—"

"You came back," said I.

"I came back."

"Being hungry?"

"Famishing!"

"Three pounds, fifteen shillings, and sevenpence is not a great sum," said I, "but perhaps it will enable you to reach your family."

"I'm afraid not; you see I have no family."

"Your friends, then?"

"I have no friends; I am alone in the world."

"Oh!" said I, and turned to stare down into the brook, for I could think only that she was alone, solitary, even as I, which seemed like an invisible bond between us, drawing us each nearer the other, whereas I felt ridiculously pleased that this should be so.

"No," said Charmian, still intent upon the twig, "I have neither friends nor family nor money, and so—being hungry—I came back here, and ate up all the bacon."

"Why, I hadn't left much, if I remember."

"Six slices!"

Now, as she stood, half in shadow, half in moonlight, I could not help but be conscious of her loveliness. She was no pretty woman; beneath the high beauty of her face lay a dormant power that is ever at odds with prettiness, and before which I felt vaguely at a loss. And yet, because of her warm beauty, because of the elusive witchery of her eyes, the soft, sweet column of the neck and the away of the figure in the moonlight—because she was no goddess, and I no shepherd in Arcadia, I clasped my hands behind me, and turned to look down into the stream.

"Indeed," said I, speaking my thought aloud, "this is no place for a woman after all."

"No," said she very softly.

"No—although to be sure, there are worse places."

"Yes," said she, "I suppose so."

"Then again, it is very far removed from the world, so that a woman must needs cut off from all those little delicacies and refinements that are supposed to be essential to her existence."

"Yes," she sighed.

"Though what," I continued, "what on earth would be the use of a—harp, but be sure and—"

"In this wilderness, I don't know."

"One could play upon the one and curl one's hair with the other, and there is a deal of pleasure to be had from both," said she.

"Then also," I pursued, "this place, as I told you, is said to be haunted—"

"I went on, seeing that she was silent, 'not that you believe in such things, of course, but the cottage is very rough, and ill and climatically furnished—though, to be sure, it might be made comfortable enough, and—'

"Well?" she inquired, as I paused.

"Then—" said I, and was silent for

a long time, watching the play of the moonbeams on the rippling water.

"Well!" said she at last.

"Then," said I, "if you are friendless, God forbid that I should refuse you the shelter of even such a place as this—so—if you are homeless, and without money—stay here—if you will—so long as it pleases you."

I kept my eyes directed to the running water at my feet as I waited her answer, and it seemed a very long time before she spoke.

"Are you fond of stewed rabbit?"

"Rabbit!" said I, staring.

"With onions?"

"Onions?"

"Oh, I can cook a little, and supper is waiting."

"Supper?"

"Yes, you are hungry."

"I am ravenous!"

"Then why not come home and eat?"

"Home?"

(Continued tomorrow.)

## HER LITTLE BOY HAD PNEUMONIA

NEARLY LOST HIM. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP SAVED HIM.

The slight cough, the irritating cough, the tightness of the chest, if not attended to, will sooner or later develop into some serious lung or bronchial trouble, and our advice to you is that on the first inception of a cough or cold "Get Rin or Dr. Wood's."

Mrs. H. Washburn, Gaspeaux Station, N.B., writes: "I thought I would tell you just how much I appreciate Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for I would not be without it in the house. Twice my little boy, now four years old, has had pneumonia, and nearly died, but since using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I have kept him clear of even a cough. I often say that if it had not been for 'Dr. Wood's' I would have lost him."

"My little girl, ten months old, is subject to bronchitis, but when she seems to be stuffed up, and has difficulty in breathing I give her a few drops of Norway Pine Syrup every two or three hours, and in a very little while she is all well, in fact, on the first signs of a cold or cough we all say for 'Dr. Wood's'."

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer, but Dr. Wood's is the only one that when you ask for it, as there are many imitations on the market.

The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three nine-ounce trade mark, price 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was in pain in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like some inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and said Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all this pain by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy and all young girls who suffer should try it."

—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEIG, 629 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs help, give her this advice, ask her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

## PROBATE COURT, CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN.

To Elizabeth Grigsby, wife of George B. Grigsby, of the City of Nome, in the Territory of Alaska, Lawyer; William F. Chapman of Los Angeles, in the State of California, one of the United States of America; Engineer; William J. Mahoney, of the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick; The Sisters of Charity of the Diocese of Saint John; The Mater Misericordiae Hospital and Home, in the said City of Saint John; The New Infirmary in the said City of Saint John; and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Saint John; and to all others whom it may concern.

WHERAS William J. Mahoney hath filed in this Court what purports to be the last Will of MARY A. CHAPMAN, late of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, Splinter, deceased.

AND WHEREAS Alice Chapman of the City of San Francisco in the State of California, one of the United States of America, hath prayed that the same may be proved in solemn form, you are therefore required to appear before me, if you so desire, at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John, at the Probate Court Room, in the Purvey Building in the said City of Saint John, on WEDNESDAY, the seventh day of June next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any, why such will should or should not be proved in solemn form.

Given under my hand this third day of April A. D. 1916.

(Sgd.) E. T. C. KNOWLES, Judge of the Probate.

(Sgd.) J. M. TRUBMAN, Deputy Registrar of Probate.

# Classified Advertising

One cent per word each insertion. Discount of 33 1-3 per cent on advertisements running one week or longer if paid in advance. Minimum charge 25 cents.

## To the Electors of the City of St. John

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Having been nominated for the office of Commissioner in the coming civic elections on the 10th and 24th inst., I beg respectfully to solicit your vote and support.

If honored by election I would give especial attention to the matters set forth in my announcement published in February, of which questions the most important in my opinion are the exercising of greater care in the expenditures, the improvement of our streets, and the procuring of a more equitable taxation system.

Sincerely yours,  
GEORGE FREDERICK FISHER,  
Everybody's Candidate.

## MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 19th May, 1916, for the proposed contract for four years, 6 and 6 times per week each way, between Mississauga, St. John and East St. John from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of St. John and route offices, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

N. R. COLTER,  
Post Office Inspector.  
St. John, N. B., April 7, 1916.

## AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—Salesmen \$50.00 per week, selling one-hand egg-beater. Sample and terms 25c. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Collectors Mfg. Company, Collingwood, Ont.

## FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Auxiliary Yacht "Pakwan." Is well found. The engine, a 12 to 15 h. p. standard, having recently been overhauled. F. H. Grimmer, St. Andrews, N. B.

FOR SALE—Small, bright, sunny house with 1½ acres of land, on Everett street, Hampton, less than five minutes from station. Modern plumbing, hot water and hot air heating; large cellar with Acetylene lighting plant. H. W. Schofield, P. O. Box 284. Tel. W. 193.

STAMPS FOR SALE—Packages contain a good assortment. Send 10c. for a trial package. Write Box C. B. care Standard office.

SAW MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT—Steam and water power plant in Victoria county is being offered at a very low cost for immediate sale. Suitable terms can be made for renting and sawing out this season's cut of spruce and hardwood. Capacity about three million feet. For further particulars write P. O. Box 576, St. John, N. B.

## EUROPEAN AGENCY

Wholesale Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from £10 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS (Established 1814.) 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Cable Address: "Annupale, London."

## TO LET

Comfortable and conveniently arranged flat No. 21 Chipman Hill, Large Parlor, Dining Room, Three Bedrooms, Modern Bathroom, Kitchen, Linen Closet, etc. Heated by land.

Flat No. 9 Horsfield Street, Six Rooms and Bath. Moderate rent.

J. A. PUGSLEY & CO.  
Pugsley Building, - 45 Princess St.

## APPLES

Apples for sale at JAMES PATTERSON, 19 and 20 South Wharf, St. John, N. B.

## Oranges Oranges

Landing, five cars new crop California Navel Oranges.

A. L. GOODWIN

## BELTING

Our new improved Rubber Belting is made to take the place of Leather Belting for small pulleys. Dampness or moisture, of course, does not affect it. Rubber Belting, of all widths and sizes—the high grade kinds. Belting made to special order.

ESTEE & CO., No. 49 Dock Street.

## HOTELS.

CLIFTON HOUSE.  
REYNOLDS & FRITCH, Proprietors.  
Corner Gormain and Princess Streets.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

"THE PRINCE WILLIAM"  
One of St. John's first class hotels for transient and permanent guests.  
Prince William Street.

ROYAL HOTEL.  
King Street.  
St. John's Leading Hotel.  
RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., LTD.

VICTORIA HOTEL.  
Better Now Than Ever.  
ST KING ST., St. John N. B.  
ST JOHN HOTEL CO., LTD.  
Proprietors.  
A. M. PHILLIPS, Manager.

HOTEL DUFFERIN.  
FOSTER & COMPANY, Proprietors.  
King Square, St. John, N. B.  
J. T. DUNLOP, Manager.

WINES AND LIQUORS.  
RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.  
Established 1878.  
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants.  
Agents for  
MACKIE'S WHITE HORSE CELLAR  
SCOTCH WHISKY,  
LAWSON'S LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY,  
SIMPSON'S HOUSE OF LORDS SCOTCH WHISKY,  
KING GEORGE IV. SCOTCH WHISKY.

AUK'S HEAD RASS ALE.  
FABST MILWAUKEE LAGER BEER,  
GEORGE SAYER COGNAC BRANDIES.  
Bottled Stores, 44-46 Dock Street,  
Phone 839.

WHOLESALE LIQUORS.  
WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS, successor to M. A. Finn, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchants, 110 and 112 Prince William St. Established 1870. Write for family price list.

M. & T. MCGUIRE.  
Direct Importers and Dealers in all the leading brands of Wines and Liquors; we also carry in stock from the best houses in Canada, very Old Rye, Wines, Ales and Stout, Imported and Domestic Cigars.

11 and 15 WATER STREET.  
Telephone 578.

## ELEVATORS

We manufacture Electric Freight, Passenger, Hand Power, Dumb Waiters, etc.

E. S. STEPHENSON & CO.,  
St. John, N. B.

The Union Foundry & Machine Works, Ltd.  
ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS.  
Iron and Brass Castings.  
WEST ST. JOHN, Phone West 10  
GEO. WARRING, Manager.

J. FRED WILLIAMSON  
MACHINISTS AND ENGINEERS,  
Steamboat, Mill and General Repair Work.  
INDIAN TOWN, T. JOHN, N. B.  
Phones, M-239; Residence M-1734

WATCH REPAIRERS.  
W. Bailey, English, American and Swiss watch repairer, 188 Mill Street. Work guaranteed.

ERNEST LAW  
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,  
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery,  
3 COBURG STREET.  
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

PATENTS.  
"PATENTS and Trade-marks procured. Featherstonhaugh and Co., Palmer Building, St. John."

Musical Instruments Repaired  
VIOLINS, MANOLINS and all string instruments and Bows repaired.  
SYDNEY GIBBS,  
81 Sydney Street.

ENGRAVERS.  
F. C. WESLEY & CO.  
Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers,  
58 Water Street, St. John, N. B.  
Telephone 982

NERVES, ETC., ETC.  
ROBERT WILBY, Medical Electrician, Specialist and Masseuse. Treats all nervous diseases, weakness and wasting, neurasthenia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, etc. Facial bleaches of all kinds removed. 37 Coburg Street.

MANILLA CORDAGE  
Galvanized and Black Steel Wire Rope, Oakum, Pitch, Tar, Oils, Paints, Flags, Tackle Blocks and Motor Boat Supplies, Gunny Ranges and Brooms and Tinsware.  
A. S. SPLANE & CO.  
19 Water Street

# A Column

## Be Of Interest

Herein are Related Facts and Activities of Industry, Home, Fashions

NEWS OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

We are always pleased to receive any news of Women's Societies, fashion notes, new or tried recipes, etc., which may be of interest to our readers and we will publish same when suitable. All communications for these columns to have name and address (not for publication), and to be addressed to the Editor, Women's Column, The St. John Standard, St. John.

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near

Fashion—The stop—and off—also off—lady is the Red of Baron Tyne, and Admiral

"I leave The proud to a sign, left me no Louisville

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near

Fashion—The stop—and off—also off—lady is the Red of Baron Tyne, and Admiral

"I leave The proud to a sign, left me no Louisville

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near

Fashion—The stop—and off—also off—lady is the Red of Baron Tyne, and Admiral

"I leave The proud to a sign, left me no Louisville

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near

Fashion—The stop—and off—also off—lady is the Red of Baron Tyne, and Admiral

"I leave The proud to a sign, left me no Louisville

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near

Fashion—The stop—and off—also off—lady is the Red of Baron Tyne, and Admiral

"I leave The proud to a sign, left me no Louisville

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near

Fashion—The stop—and off—also off—lady is the Red of Baron Tyne, and Admiral

"I leave The proud to a sign, left me no Louisville

It is no since female as clerks numerous total near