

## Contracted A Severe Cold After An Operation.

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE  
SYRUP**  
Effected A Complete Cure.

Mrs. Thos. A. Julian, Almonte, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know how thankful I am for what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for me. A few years ago I was operated on for appendicitis, and was confined to the hospital for five weeks. When I returned home I contracted a severe cold which left me with a bad cough. A neighbor told my husband about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup so I decided to try a bottle. When it was finished it had done me so much good I took another which completely cured me. I can very, very strongly recommend it."

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See you get "Dr. Wood's" as there are many imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

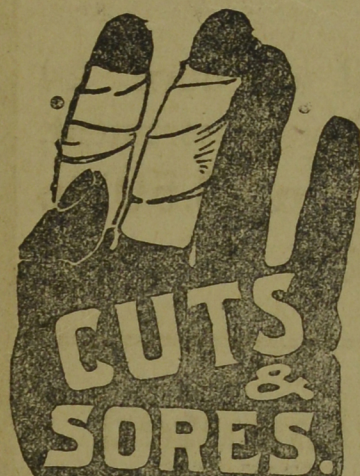
### PRAYERS FOR RAIN

Complete Performance of Rite Has  
Brought on a Flood

During long droughts prayers are offered for rain in Japanese villages; in some districts big fires are lighted on the mountains at night as an additional invocation, while the peasantry engage in united petition for a break in the long spell of dry weather.

In the village of Inano more strenuous methods prevail. Not far from the place is a waterfall at the head of the River Namase, a big rock of curious shape being beside the basin. The villagers proceed to the waterfall in a row, leading a horse, which animal, by the way, must be white with black spots. Reaching the basin they put the horse on the rock and read out a prayer for rain.

When the last word has been read one of the number should cut off the head of the horse with a sword, so that it falls into the basin, if the old-time custom were completely followed. Nowadays, however, they only make a small cut, and getting a little blood from the unfortunate horse paint the rock with it. According to old villagers, a number of years ago the rite was enforced in all its gruesomeness, a horse being killed, with the result that heavy rain set in at once, but it rained so much that there was a serious flood.

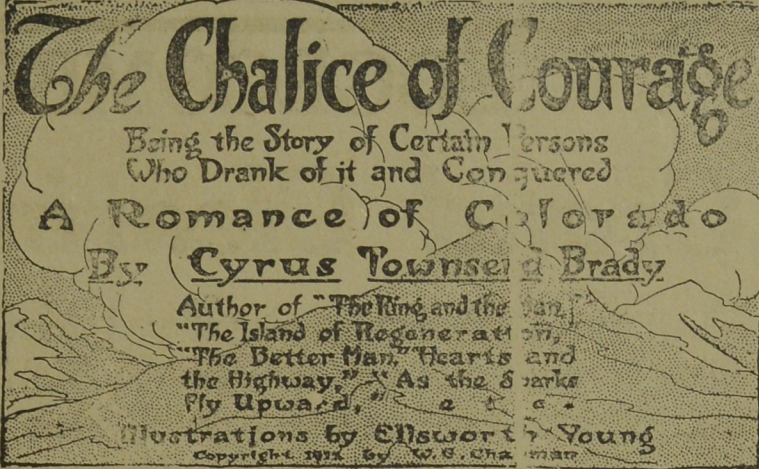


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### Canada Attracts Investors

A leading Canadian financial publication estimates that there is now at least \$500,000,000 of United States capital invested in Canada. Over \$150,000,000 is in the shape of branch factories and warehouses of United States manufacturers, while nearly \$124,000,000 is invested by residents of the United States in Canadian government, municipal and industrial bonds. United States life and fire insurance companies have \$67,000,000 invested in the Dominion, while over \$130,000,000 is invested in British Columbia mills, timber and mines. Investments in the prairie provinces are in lands, mines, packing plants, factories and warehouses.



"I can't help it," was the nervous reply. "I am afraid to be left alone here at night."

Her voice trembled; he was fearful she would have a nervous breakdown. "Very well," he said soothingly, "I will not leave you till the morning."

"Where will you stay?" "I'll make a shakedown for myself in the store room," he answered, "I shall be right within call at any time."

It had grown dark outside by this time and the two in the log hut could barely see each other.

"I think I shall light the fire," continued the man, "it will be sort of company for you and it gets cold up here nights at this season. I shouldn't wonder if this rain turned into snow. Besides, it will dry your clothes for you."

Then he went over to the fireplace, struck a match, touched it to the kindling under the huge logs already prepared, and in a moment a cheerful blaze was roaring up through the chimney. Then he picked up from the floor where she had cast them in a heap her bedraggled garments. He straightened them out as best he could, hung them over the backs of chairs and the table, which he drew as near to the fire as was safe. Having completed this unwanted task he turned to the woman who had watched him curiously and nervously the while.

"Is there anything more that I can do for you?" "Nothing. You have been as kind and as gentle as you were strong and brave."

He threw his hand out with a deprecating gesture.

"Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes."

"And your foot?"

"Seems very much better."

"Good night, then. I will call you in the morning."

"Good night," said the girl gratefully, "and God bless you for a true and noble man."

### CHAPTER X.

#### On the Two Sides of the Door.

The cabin contained a large and a small room. In the wall between them there was a doorway closed by an ordinary batten door with a wooden latch and no lock. Closed it served to hide the occupant of one room from the view of the other, otherwise it was but a feeble protection. Even had it possessed a lock, a vigorous man could have burst it through in a moment.

These thoughts did not come very clearly to Enid Maitland. Few thoughts of any kind came to her. Where she lay she could see plainly the dancing light of the glorious fire. She was warm, the deftly wrapped bandage, the healing lotion upon her foot, had greatly relieved the pain in that wounded member. The bed was hard but comfortable, much more so than the sleeping bags to which of late she had been accustomed.

Few women had gone through such experiences, mental and physical, as had befallen her within the last few hours and lived to tell the story. Had it not been for the exhaustive strains of body and spirit to which she had been subjected, her mental faculties would have been on the alert and the strangeness of her unique position would have made her so nervous that she could not have slept.

For the time being, however, the physical demands upon her entity were paramount; she was dry, she was warm, she was fed, she was free from anxiety and she was absolutely unutterably weary. Her thoughts were vague, inchoate, unconcentrated. The fire wavered before her eyes, she closed them in a few moments and did not open them.

Without a thought, without a care, she fell asleep. Her repose was complete, not a dream even disturbed the profound slumber into which she sank. Pretty picture she made; her head thrown backward, her golden hair roughly dried and quickly plaited in long braids, one of which fell along the pillow while the other curled lovingly around her neck. Her face in the natural light would have looked pallid from what she had gone through, but the fire cast red glows upon it; the fitful light flickered across her countenance and sometimes deep shadows unrelieved accentuated the paleness born of her sufferings.

There is no light that plays so many tricks with the imagination, or that so stimulates the fancy as the light of an open fire. In its sudden outbursts it sometimes seems to add life touches to the sleeping and the dead. Had there been any eye to see this girl, she would have made a delightful picture in the warm glow from the stone hearth. There were no eyes to look, however, save those which belonged to the man on the other side of the door.

On the hither side of that door in the room where the fire burned on the hearth, there was rest in the heart of

the occupant; on the farther side where the fire only burned in the heart, there was tumult. Not outward and visible, but inward and spiritual, and yet there was no lack of apparent manifestation of the turmoil in the man's soul.

Albeit the room was smaller than the other, it was still of a good size. He walked nervously up and down from one end to the other as ceaselessly as a wild animal impatient of captivity stalks the narrow limits of his contracted cage. The even tenor of his life had suddenly been diverted. The ordinary sequence of his days had been abruptly changed. The privacy of five years which he had hoped and dreamed might exist as long as he, had been rudely broken in upon. Humanity, which he had avoided, from which he had fled, which he had cast away forever, had found him. Abit, excessit, evasit, erupit! And, lo, his departures were all in vain! The world with all its grandeur and its insignificance, with all its powers and its weaknesses, with all its opportunities and its obligations, with all its joys and its sorrows, had knocked at his door; and that the knocking hand was that of a woman, but added to his perplexity and to his dismay.

He had cherished a dream that he could live to himself alone with but a memory to bear him company, and from that dream he had been thunderously awakened. Everything was changed. What had once been easy had now become impossible. He might send her away, but though he swore her to secrecy she would have to tell her story and something of his;

the world would learn some of it and seek him out with insatiable curiosity to know the rest.

Eyes as keen as his would presently search and scrutinize the mountains where he had roamed alone. They would see what he had seen, find what he had found. Mankind, gold-lusting, would swarm and hive upon the hills and fight and love and breed and die. Great God!

He could of course move on, but where? And went he whithersoever he might, he would now of necessity carry with him another memory which would not dwell within his mind in harmony with the memory which until that day had been paramount there alone.

Slowly, laboriously, painfully, he had built his house upon the sand, and the winds had blown and the floods had come, not only in a literal but in spiritual significance, and in one day that house had fallen. He stood amid the wrecked remains of it trying to recreate it, to endow once more with the fitted precision of the past the shapeless broken units of the fabric of his fond imagination.

While he resented the fierce, savage, passionate intensity the interruption of this woman into his life. While he throbbed with equal intensity and almost as much passion at the thought of her.

Have you ever climbed a mountain early in the morning while it was yet dark and having gained some dominant crest stood staring at the far horizon, the empurpled east, while the "dawn came up like thunder?" Or better still, have you ever stood within the cold, dark recesses of some deep valley of river or pass and watched the clear light spread its bars athwart the heavens like nebulous mighty pinions along the light touched crest of a towering range, until all of a sudden, with a leap almost of joy, the great sun blazed in the high horizon?

You might be born a child of the dark, and light might sear and burn your eye balls accustomed to cooler deeper shades, yet you could no more turn away from this glory, though you might hate it, than by mere effort of will you could cease to breathe the air. The shock that you might feel, the sudden surprise, is only faintly suggestive of the emotions in the breast of this man.

Once long ago the gentlest and tenderest of voices called from the dark to the light, the blind. And it is given to modern science and to modern skill sometimes to emulate that godlike achievement. Perhaps the surprise, the amazement, the bewilderment, of him who having been blind doth now see, if we can imagine it not having been in the case ourselves, will be a better guide to the understanding of this man's emotion when this woman came suddenly into his lonely orbit. His eyes were opened although he would not know it. He fought down his new consciousness and would have none of it. Yet it was there. He loved her!

With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Suppose she had been a woman of his own race; had she been old, withered, hideous, he must have loved her on the instant, much more if she were young and beautiful. The thing was inevitable. Such passions are born. God forbid that we should deny it. In the

busy haunts of men where women are as plenty as blackberries, to use Falstaff's simile, and where a man may sometimes choose between a hundred, or a thousand, such loves are born, forever.

A voice in the night, a face in the street, a whispered word, the touch of a hand, the answering throb of another heart—and behold! two walk together where before each walked alone. Sometimes the man or the woman who is born again of love knows it not, refuses to admit it, refuses to recognize it. Some birth pain must awaken the consciousness of the new life.

If those things are true and possible under every day conditions and to ordinary men and women, how much more to this solitary. He had seen this woman, white breasted like the foam, rising as the ancient goddess from the Paphian sea. Over that recollection, as he was a gentleman and a Christian, he would fain draw a curtain, before it erect a wall. He must not dwell upon that fact, he would not linger over that moment. Yet he could not forget it.

Then he had seen her lying prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandonment, on the sward; he had caught a glimpse of her white face desperately upturned by the rolling water; he had looked into the unfathomable depth of her eyes at that moment when she had awakened in his arms after such a struggle as had taxed his manhood and almost broken his heart; he had carried her unconsciously, ghastly white with her pain-drawn face, stumbling desperately over the rocks in the beating rain to this, his home. There he had held that poor, bruised slender little foot in his hand, gently, skilfully treating it, when he longed to press his lips passionately upon it. Last of all he had looked into her face, warmed with the red light of the fire, searched her weary eyes almost like blue pools, in whose depths there yet lurked life and light, while her golden hair tinged crimson by the blaze lay on the white pillow—and he loved her. God pity him, fighting against fact and admission of it, yet how could he help it?

He had loved once before in his life with the fire of youth and spring, but it was not like this. He did not recognize this new passion in any light from the past; therefore he would not admit it. Hence, he did not under-

(To be continued)



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