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DAILY EDITION.

MONDAY, NOV. 27

THE RESULT OF THE VOTE.

As was expected, the ratepayers have voted against the trunk sewer bylaw. The vote, while light, was unmistakable. However much the people want a trunk sewer, they do not want the kind of trunk sewer proposed in Saturday's bylaw. The people most directly affected, those living in the vicinity of Hay's Creek, were the most active in opposing the scheme.

The opposition was not to spending \$75,000, or an even larger sum, on a proper trunk sewer. The opposition was to spending that amount of money on a sewer that was left unprovided with a proper outlet to tidewater. The opposition was to the menace implied in the proposal to empty the city's sewage into a creek that for half the time every day runs dry. The city is quite prepared to endorse a sewer project that will provide for the sanitary disposition of the garbage after collecting it.

The opposition is also in the nature of a vote of no confidence in the Health Officer, who contributed to the Council's downfall by reporting to them that "sewage matter, well diluted and exposed, becomes rapidly innocuous" and that "an open sewer passing through a populous district, however objectionable, is not necessarily a danger to health." These sanitary ideals on which the Health Officer urged the prosecution of the scheme to empty the city's sewage into Hay's Creek are so contrary to those popularly held that they doubtless contributed largely to the by-law's defeat.

Even if an open sewer passing through a populous district of Prince Rupert could be proved to be a source of health—and some doctors recommend sulphuretted hydrogen, the gas which lends character to decayed eggs, as a remedy for indigestion—an elixir so offensive as an open sewer could never hope to prove popular with the multitude.

It will be one of the first duties of the next City Council to bring down a scheme for a trunk sewer connecting with tidewater. It will pass the rate payers without a dissenting voice.

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THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

"Excuse me getting down," said Pyne. "I dispossessed with a groom."

"You know the roads round here," she climbed into the seat beside him.

"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 veil.

"How is your mother?" he asked, abruptly.

He felt, rather than saw, her start of surprise.

She did not expect the relationship to be acknowledged with such sudden candor.

"She is much better," she assured him.

"That's all right," he announced, as if a load were off his mind. And then, somewhat to her mystification, he entertained her with the news.

Elsie and Mamie had quitted Penzance the previous evening, an aunt having traveled from Boston as soon as the first tidings of the wreck reached her.

"She was a young, nice-looking aunt, too," he said, cheerfully. "And I was powerfully fond of those two kiddies."

"The association of ideas might prove helpful," she suggested, with a touch of her old manner.

"That is what struck Elsie," he admitted. "She said she didn't know why I couldn't marry. Aunt Louise right off, and then we could all live together sociably."

"Oh! And what did the lady say?" "She thought it was a great joke, until I said that unfortunately I had made other arrangements. Then she guessed her niece had got a bit out of hand."

"Have you seen the poor fellow whose arm was broken? Enid had 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 ease, to make her realize that no matter what troubles life held they could be vanquished 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 pair in the dog-cart were out of sight. Then she went to the little room at the back of the cottage where Brand preterred to be busily engaged in compiling a scientific account of his surroundings.

"I am going out, dad," she said, trying to appear unconcerned.

"All right," he answered, laying down his pipe.

"I only came to tell you because Mrs. Sheppard is out, too."

Obviously Enid was determined that if Pyne's calculations were anything they should have fair play.

"Oh," he commented sharply, "but the maid is in?"

"Yes. She is such a stupid girl in some things. If—if our guest rings you will hear her. Would you mind asking Mary what it is in case she gets muddled?"

He glanced at her. She was pulling on her gloves, and vastly bothered by a refractory button.

"If I hear the bell, I will inquire," he said, and she escaped, feeling quite wicked.

When he was alone, he did not resume his task. In the next room, separated from him only by a brick wall, was his wife. A wall! Why should there always be a wall between them?

It was not of his building. Had she made it impassable during the long years? And what would be the outcome, now that Constance was in daily communion with her mother?

The doctor, in kindly ignorance, had told him that Mrs. Vansittart was convalescent and would be able to travel in a few days. In response to a question, the doctor added that the lady herself asked when she might be moved.

What was her plan? Mr. Traill, that day, had written him a sympathetic letter, mentioning the fact that Mrs. Vansittart had voluntarily rescinded her promise to marry him, and, indeed, judged by the light of present knowledge, had determined on that course since she first knew that her former husband was living.

Suddenly she brushed back his chair from the desk at which he sat.

"The young dog!" he growled. He had in fact followed the exact mental process which Pyne mapped out for him. The letter, the drive, Mrs. Sheppard's absence, Enid's uneasy wriggling at the doctor's words, all parts of an ordered plan. He was to be given an opportunity of seeing his wife and disentangling the twisted strands of twenty years. He rose impatiently, and paced the room, quietly withal, lest the woman in the next room should hear him. A decision had been forced on him. He could shrink it no longer.

"Pyne has contrived this," he muttered. "He thinks he can see more clearly into the future than a man twice his age. Enid is in the plot, too. And Connie! No, no, Connie. Dear heart! She is a vain, foolish and wild, but not wholly abandoned. Nor have I ever been. I was rich enough to gratify my whims, and, for a time, I lived in Paris, on the Riviera, in Florence and in Biarritz. But I was always meeting people who knew you, and, although my wealth, and perhaps my good looks, kept me in a certain set, I felt that our friends invariably took your side and despised me. That embittered me the more. At last your father died, and I saw some vague reference to your disappearance from society. I employed agents to trace you. They failed. Then I went to America and lived on a ranch in Nebraska, where I obtained a divorce from you on the ground of desertion. Desertion, Stehen! That was the plea I raised."

Enid Mary's formal "yes," and the girl came to him.

"Please, sir," she said, "the lady says she is anxious to see you."

He walked firmly to the door, opened it and entered. He had made up his mind what to say and how to say it. It would be best to ask his wife to discuss matters in a friendly spirit, and, for their daughter's sake, agree to some arrangement whereby Constance should see her occasionally. There need be no tears, no recriminations, no painful raking through the dust-heaps of the vanished years. The passion, the agony, of the old days was dead. The secret had been well kept. It was known only to those whom they could trust, and they might part without heart-burnings, whilst Constance would be spared the suffering of knowing that her mother and she were separated forever.

These things were well ordered in his brain when he looked at his wife. She was seated near the window, and her beautiful eyes, brilliant as ever, were fixed on his with harrowing intensity. They shone with the dumb pain of a wounded animal.

He walked towards her and held out his hand. Her illness had brought out certain resemblances to Constance. She looked younger, as some women do look after illness. Sure'y he could not, even had he harbored the thought, use cruel words to this wan, stricken woman, the wife whom he had loved and for whom he had suffered.

"Nanette," he said, with utmost gentleness, "do not be distressed. Indeed, there is no reason why our meeting should be painful. It is better that we should have a quiet talk than that we should part again in anger and bitterness."

She caught his hand in both of hers. Still she said nothing. Her large eyes gazed up at him as if she sought to read in his face the thoughts he might not utter. The memories he might not recall. Her lips distended. He saw her mouth twitching at the corners.

"Nanette," he said again, though his voice was not well under control, and something rose in his throat and stifled him. "I appeal to you not to give way to emotion. You may become ill again—and I would never forgive myself."

Still clinging to his hand, she sank on her knees by his side. But there was no wild burst of tears; her sorrow was too deep for such kindly aid.

"Stephen," she whispered faintly. "I cannot ask you to forget, but you have spoken of forgiveness. Can you forgive?"

He bent over her and would have raised her; she clung to him with such energy that he desisted.

"My poor wife!" he murmured, "who am I that I should deny that which I hope to obtain from my Creator?"

"But—" she panted, in that unnerving whisper—"I treated you so vilely. I left you to join that man you had fought to save me. I deserted my husband and my child for the sake of the money he bequeathed to me. In the last of wealth I strove to crush you out of my heart. And now that God has humbled me I must humble myself. Stephen, I am not your wife. I obtained a divorce."

"Nanette," he cried. "I cannot bear to see you kneeling at my feet. I ask no revelations. I forgive you as wrong you may have done me, fully and freely, as I hope to be forgiven."

She yielded to his pleading and allowed him to raise her. For an instant she was clasped to his breast.

"It would be happiness to die in your arms, Stephen," she said, wildly. "I do not deserve it, I know, but Heaven is merciful."

The dreadful idea possessed him that in her weak state this passionate wish might be granted.

"Nanette!" he cried, "you must control yourself. If you will not promise to sit down and talk quietly I will leave you."

She obeyed him instantly.

"I don't care how much you scold me," she said, "but you must not go away. I mean to see you before I left Penzance. I came here that night. I looked through the window. I saw my daughter and her adopted sister listening to you and weeping because of a mother's shame. Then I must have lost my senses. I ran away. I remember nothing else until I woke up to find Constance caring for me—in your house."

He tried to break in upon the trend of her thought. This was by no means the line he had intended to pursue. His hope was to soothe and calm her, to part from her in amity and without giving her cause to deplore a loss of dignity.

"I am only too pleased that when illness overtook you you committed to my care and to Constance. Poor girl! She thought you were dead."

"Did you tell her that?"

"No, but I allowed it to be assumed, which is the same thing."

"When did she know the truth?"

"In the afternoon, after you left the room. I had to say something. It was—better—for you—that I should say you were my wife."

"So, even in that trying moment, you strove to shield me from unjust suspicions. Stephen, how could I have acted towards you as I did?"

Again he endeavored to lead her to talk of the future rather than the past.

"There is one great surprise in store for you," he said. "But it is a pleasant one in every way. Enid is Mr. Traill's daughter."

"I am glad," she said simply. "I do not understand, but you must tell me another time. Just now, I can think only of you, and of myself. You must listen, Stephen. I will do all that you demand, hide myself anywhere, but you must know everything. When we parted, when I deserted you to nurse a dying man, I was foolish and wild, but not wholly abandoned. Nor have I ever been. I was rich enough to gratify my whims, and, for a time, I lived in Paris, on the Riviera, in Florence and in Biarritz. But I was always meeting people who knew you, and, although my wealth, and perhaps my good looks, kept me in a certain set, I felt that our friends invariably took your side and despised me. That embittered me the more. At last your father died, and I saw some vague reference to your disappearance from society. I employed agents to trace you. They failed. Then I went to America and lived on a ranch in Nebraska, where I obtained a divorce from you on the ground of desertion. Desertion, Stehen! That was the plea I raised."

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