Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd).

"You can't catch a train for an hour," Harecastle remarked. "And as it has just begun to rain you had better let me order a carriage."

"Thanks very much, but I think I would rather walk."

"You will get wet through, and that is not pleasant with a train journey on the top of it."

"It is very good of you, but——"

"You had better stay, Mr. Ackroyd," Joel said quickly.

Ackroyd made an effort at self-control, but his flush betrayed him, and the Jew knew that he had hit the mark.

"Ackroyd! My name is Sinclair. I think that I told you so."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sinclair," Joel said effusively. "But you are very like a man I know in the City. Forgive me for my mistake. But the resemblance is extraordinary. I really could not tell you apart."

"They say the world is full of 'doubles,'" Ackroyd replied calmly, "but who is this Ackroyd of whom you speak?"

"He is difficult to describe. Half city man, half journalist."

"A financial journalist?" Ackroyd asked.

"No, not even so respectable."

"Then indeed I cannot take it as a compliment that you should mistake me for him."

"It is no compliment, and none was intended," Joel said brusquely, and Lord Harecastle stared at the rough tone of his voice.

"The man of whom I speak might be termed a bad lot were he not well veneered with coatings of respectability."

"I thank you, Mr. Josephs."

"There is no need, but I should like to meet you again, if you will give me your address. I might be of some use to you in the City."

"You are very kind."

A servant burst into the room in a state of extreme agitation.

"Come quickly, my lord," he cried to Harecastle. "The Earl is dying."

Lord Harecastle rushed in the direction of the library. Ackroyd rose to his feet.

"You must not go, Mr. Sinclair," Joel said quietly but firmly.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Harecastle hastened to the library, where he found the Earl lying back in his chair unconscious. His face was of a deathly pallor, and his lips were bloodless, but to his relief he saw that he was still living. He ordered one of the servants to go immediately for a doctor. He himself made his father as comfortable as possible, but he had little experience of dealing with sickness, and it was fortunate that Mrs. Goldberg came to his assistance and at once took the direction of affairs in her own hands. She unloosened his collar and sent to her room for eau de Cologne.

For a while the Earl lay there. His breath came in gasps, and his body twitched convulsively. Harecastle looked on anxiously, and to his relief the Earl opened his eyes.

"The medicine," he whispered hoarsely, and made a feeble motion with his hand towards the writing-table. The bottle had not been replaced in the drawer, and Harecastle hastened to pour out a dose. The effect was immediate, and the Earl endeavored to sit up, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back with a groan.

"I think we had better get him to bed," Mrs. Goldberg suggested, and they carried him upstairs.

In the meantime Joel and Ackroyd were waiting in the hall.

"Do you think I have killed him?" Ackroyd said with a grin.

"Unless my judgment is at fault you are capable of anything," Joel said significantly, "and I would prefer to hear what is the matter with the Earl, before you take your departure."

Ackroyd mixed himself another whisky and soda, for he was beginning to feel the effects of the afternoon's excitement. So far he had succeeded, for he held the cheque in his pocket, but the Earl's death would stultify his success, as in that event the Bank might refuse to honor the draft. To his great relief Harecastle soon returned.

"He is better, and they have taken him to bed," he said gravely, but his face showed signs of the strain he had undergone.

"What is the matter?" Joel asked.

"Heart trouble. He is liable to these attacks."

Ackroyd looked at Joel, and then laughed grimly.

"I hope you are satisfied now. I believe this man thought I had murdered your father," he said to Harecastle. "I am quite at a loss why he should show such antagonism to an entire stranger."

Joel laughed derisively.

"You must hurry up, if you want to catch your train," Harecastle said brusquely.

"I am much obliged for your hospitality. Good-bye, my lord."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"And good-bye, Mr. Joel Josephs," Ackroyd continued with an undisguised sneer.

"Not good-bye, Mr. Ackroyd, we shall doubtless meet again," Joel rejoined harshly.

The other made no reply but disappeared from the hall.

"I don't like that man," Joel continued to Harecastle when they were alone.

"That is very evident. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing to his credit," Joel rejoined evasively. "I am extremely sorry for your father's illness. I hope it will not be serious."

"Quietness is indispensable," he said gloomily. "I do not think there is any immediate danger. But here is the doctor, he will tell us."

They conducted him upstairs, and they found that the Earl was recovering his strength.

The examination concluded, the doctor said that he must stay in bed for some time, and ordered absolute rest.

The letter that Harecastle wrote to Ethel Fetherston was a prevarication that he heartily disliked. He informed her of his father's sudden illness, but made no mention of the Earl's objection to their marriage. In fact, he led her to believe that he had not broached the subject. At any rate this illness would gave him a few days' grace, and in the meantime he might be able to discover some way out of the difficulty.

Joel fumed at the delay, for when he wanted a thing, he wanted it badly, and at the earliest possible moment. For a day or two the doctor would not allow any one to visit the Earl, and even forbade Harecastle to see him. But while these heart attacks are acute, the patient as a rule soon recovers from their effect; and within a week Harecastle had the doctor's permission to discuss business matters with the Earl.

Had the matter not been so pressing, he would have delayed it for awhile, but he felt that the present position was impossible. He would be severely handicapped at the coming interview, for he would be unable to speak his mind so freely as he would have done if his father's health had been normal.

The Earl bore evident traces of his illness, for his face was thin, and the lines around his eyes seemed to have deepened. For the first time Harecastle thoroughly realized that his father was an old man. The Earl's eyes were troubled, and he greeted his son with a wan smile that was pathetic.

"I'm not dead yet, Cyril, but it was a close shave. Perhaps it would have been better if I had died," he said pensively.

"You've years of life before you yet, father. But you must take great care of yourself. Don't worry."

"That is easily said, but the carrying out is difficult. I have many troubles, Cyril, but I cannot burden you with them."

"It is my wish to share them, and perhaps I know more than you think," Harecastle said significantly.

The Earl's face flushed hotly, and he made an effort to speak. A horrible fear seized him that Ackroyd had broken faith.

"I know of your losses," Harecastle continued. "They need not trouble you. It is of my marriage that I want to speak."

The Earl made an impatient movement with his hand.

"You must hear me, father. The subject cannot be postponed indefinitely. I must consider Miss Fetherston. If your objection is purely financial, you must waive it. I am not ambitious for wealth. Let us break the entail and settle all our liabilities. There will be sufficient left for us to live with comfort, if not with splendor."

"It would mean penury, Cyril. That course is impossible. I will never consent to it. May I ask how you know that I have sustained any loss?"

"Joel told me."

The Earl swore beneath his breath.

"You must not blame him. I believe he was acting for our good, and I certainly ought to know."

"Or to further his own ends," the Earl, added bitterly.

"I do not understand how this could affect him.

"Have you no suspicion, Cyril?"

"None."

The Earl appeared to be thinking deeply and Harecastle watched the varying emotions depicted on his face. With weakness he seemed to have lost a good deal of self-control, and one could more easily read the working of his thoughts.

"He wants you to marry his daughter," he blurted out at last.

"Rebekah!" Harecastle said in amazement.

This explained many things to him; and he wondered at his stupidity at not having grasped it before.

"Yes, Rebekah. True, it would be the first time that such a name has been borne by a Countess of Wolverholme; but it has a classical backing.

"But I don't understand. Such a thought has never entered my mind."

"You have been pretty friendly with her, Cyril, and she is not a bad-looking girl. There is, of course, the Jewish strain; but most of our families are now crossed with it. I do not think I shall be asking for any great sacrifice—if—"

"You too wish me to marry her," Harecastle cried, and his manner was expressive of great consternation.

"I don't only wish it, but there is no alternative," he replied with a grim look.

"Utterly impossible. Even if I were engaged to Ethel Fetherston, I should still be unable to do as you wish."

"May I ask the reason?"

"I do not love her," Harecastle replied simply.

The Earl laughed harshly, raised himself on his pillow, and looked his son sternly in the face.

"We are not in a position to consider that. This marriage is absolutely essential. For more reasons than one," he said with ominous significance.

A flush of anger came to Harecastle's face when he realized his father's meaning. His look became rigid, and he spoke with force.

"You have borrowed money from him."

"Yes, and intend to borrow more," the Earl replied cynically.

"Upon what security?"

"The marriage. It is ample from his point of view, and so long as he is satisfied I am content. I must have this man's financial backing. It is imperative. You must make up your mind to the marriage."

"Never," Harecastle replied with energy. "He must be repaid immediately. I will at once see our solicitors, and arrange for the breaking of the entail."

"You will do nothing of the kind. My consent will be necessary, and that you shall never have. Rebekah will make a charming companion. You seem to have many interests in common. The girl loves you, Cyril."

"I had no idea of this."

"Your innate modesty, a trait which you do not inherit from me, thank Heaven. By the bye, do you realize what it will mean if Joel deserts me?"

"The liabilities can be settled," Harecastle said doggedly.

"Bankruptcy—my son—and such a blow would kill me, I think."

"How much do you owe Joel?"

"At present twenty-five thousand pounds, but within a week it will probably be increased to fifty. There is no means of escape. For the life of me, Cyril, I cannot see why you object so strongly. The thing is done every day. It is one of the penalties of our position that we cannot always afford to marry our choice, and a good job too," he added cynically. "Let me send for Joel, and the whole matter can be fixed up at once. You need not worry about Rebekah. She can be had for the asking. I told you that she loves you."

"Father, I seem to be knowing you for the first time. Surely this is not the real you? The illness must have upset you. What you say is vulgar. In another I should call it caddish."

"My position is desperate, and you do not seem to realize it."

"I am sorry, but I repeat once and for all that I shall not marry Miss Josephs. He must be told at once. He must not labor under this illusion for a moment longer. You shall not trade upon this, father."

"You are an utter fool, Harecastle, and I forbid you to speak to him. Man, you will stop him from advancing me the other twenty-five thousand," he cried furiously. "You must be mad."

"That is what I intend to do. I have been blind too long. I had implicit trust in you, and the last few days have completely revolutionized my ideas. From this moment I must have a say in your affairs. I have the right."

"You are quite hopeless, Cyril. At least promise me not to speak to Joel for a week."

Harecastle looked suspiciously at his father, whose eyes were turned away.

"No, I think I see your plan. In the interval you would succeed in getting money. I have quite made up my mind," Harecastle said firmly.

The Earl's features expressed great agitation, and he placed his hand to his heart. Harecastle ran to his side, but he was waived away.

"Get me the medicine, and don't slobber over me," he said irritably.

The attack was not a severe one and the paroxysm quickly passed. The Earl lay back in utter weariness of body and mind, but it was the latter that was causing him the anguish. He began to realize that Harecastle would not do as he asked, and he could see no way out of his difficulties. At all costs he must gain time. The money that would have paid his pressing debts had gone into Ackroyd's pocket. Only that morning he had been allowed to open the letters that had accumulated during his illness, and two of them contained threats of the issue of a bankruptcy notice.

And then, too, the fact of the discovery of his treason was weighing dreadfully on his mind. It was true that he had gained possession of the papers, but would he be sure that the security might not in some way leak out. He comforted himself that he held all the proofs that could possibly be extant, and turned his thoughts to his more immediate worries.

Lord Harecastle was gazing miserably at his father. He was troubled at the distress which he was causing him, but to him there seemed to be no alternative course. The loss of the money was but a minor matter. Was his father totally devoid of honor? Had he been bestowing his affection for all these years upon one who was dishonorable?

There was nothing of the modern slackness in his ideas as to what was dishonorable. He drew the line with strick rigidity, and to him his father's proposal was base in the extreme. No, he would not countenance the proposal, and he turned from it with loathing.

"I will leave you now, father," he said at last.

"Cyril," the Earl cried expostulatingly. "You won't tell——"

But Harecastle quietly closed the door behind him, and the Earl was left alone with his thoughts.

(To be Continued.)

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him O K."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

RATHER TOO HASTY.

Concerning a late popular physician, Dr. McK——, many stories illustrative of his quaint, kindly qualities of head and heart are told. One of the most amusing was about a runaway.

The doctor was sitting in his surgery one Saturday afternoon when he heard a terrible hubbub, and looking out of the window saw a runaway horse dashing down the street. Seizing his hat, he hurried out, and found a big crowd collected about the kerb.

"Anybody hurt?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied a bystander; "the driver's almost killed."

The doctor pushed his way into the throng and caught sight of a young man whose head was twisted to one side and whose body was bent half double.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, wrapping one of his powerful arms round the unfortunate's neck, "this is evidently a case of dislocation of the shoulder. I'll reduce it at once."

Suiting the action to the word, he seized the young man's elbow and gave him a Herculean wrench. The victim howled vigorously and made frantic efforts to speak.

"Oh, doctor," he gasped, "please stop! Oh, stop him somebody! He's killing me!"

"Be quiet, you fool!" said Dr. McK——, sternly. "Can't you see I'm reducing this fracture?"

"But, doctor—oh, doctor, I w-w-want to tell you," stuttered the young man, "that I was b-b-born this way!"

"Born this way!" thundered the medico, suddenly letting him go. "Weren't you hurt in the accident just now?"

"No, sir," said the cripple, humbly; "they've taken that feller into the hotel!"

Girls with pretty necks dislike high collars.

ON THE FARM

SHOW-RING PRACTICES.

A correspondent to the English Live-stock Journal has the following pertinent remarks regarding objectionable usages and practices in the show-ring:

Looking back at past shows, one is struck by the ever-increasing abuse of sawdust, covering the backs of Shire horses with sawdust, or, to be more correct, paper dust. How often at the ring-side is the question asked, "Why is it used?" and never an intelligent reply! Some folk answer, "Oh! it catches the judge's eye." Possibly it does, much in the same way as it catches the onlookers' eyes when the horses are trotting past, or if one happens to be on the leeside on a windy day. Then one exhibitor will say, "Others do it, so we must." This, indeed, is unanswerable, because of its absurdity. Next we hear, "It makes them look bigger." That being so, it is only one step on to add some binding material to the dust; call in the aid of an expert modeller, who, with a trowel and a few other tools will be able to make some noble specimens out of frameworks.

These are some reasons given for the coating of dust, but I have yet to discover the reason, if any exists, for those weird stripes and tufts of soap and dust which are perpetrated on the bodies and limbs of the unfortunate quadrupens. Are they intended for decorations? If so, then pre-historic man had a better art training. There is not another breed of horses shown that it is thought necessary to disfigure in this way. Why, then, should Shires need to be hidden under this papier-mache covering?

In the early days of the Shire Show it was practically restricted to yearlings and two-year-olds, and only appeared over their loins. The reason given—viz., the prevention of chills—was altogether acceptable considering the bleak weather we get sometimes in February; but now it is used on all ages and in all weathers, and many are really encased in it from head to foot. A more absurd sight to a lover of horses than a large class of Shires as now shown would be difficult to imagine.

Surely the time has come for some exhibitor to lead the way by exhibiting his horses as nature made them; it would be more pleasing to the eye and less dangerous to that organ.

EARLY WINTER CARE OF STOCK.

Many stockmen practise false economy in not giving farm animals sufficient food of the proper kind and requisite care during late fall and early winter. None should forget that it is much easier to keep a beast in good condition than it is to bring a run-down animal back to normal. On farms where stabling capacity is limited, and where feeding facilities are not-up-to-date, sometimes there is a tendency to neglect the stock for the first few days, or perhaps weeks, after winter sets in. Some excuse themselves on the ground that they did not anticipate wintry weather so early in the season. Others aver that they must save the food supply because it will be more urgently needed before spring opens.

No progressive farmer is in such position as will make it necessary to give either of these answers. The progressive farmer has learned from experience that the general condition of his stock from November until June depends largely on the condition in which the animals are in November, and the treatment accorded them until January. Shelter from the first storms and extra precautions in feeding until they become accustomed to dry feeding avoids what in too many cases proves to be a chill, and a setback that weeks of special feeding later on cannot overcome. Particularly is this the case with young stock, or those animals that are not strong and rugged. In most cases milch cows receive due attention. The farmer has too often realized the serious effects of the first storm in a greatly diminished flow of milk. This decreased supply is a true warning that the animals demanded shelter and extra food. With those animals that are not giving milk the effects were also serious, but not so evident to any except those who know their stock. —Farmer's Advocate.

"INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT CIGARS."

When you snip the head off your cigar, light your match and then leisurely tilt back in your swing chair, a pleasurable feeling comes to you as soon as the match is applied to the end of the cigar, and if the cigar is a "Pharaoh" it will continue until you reluctantly throw away the sweet end.

Did it ever occur to you, however, the amount of study and work necessary to produce a good cigar. We would advise you to visit a prominent factory the next time you have an opportunity and watch the "modus operandi."

In the basement you will find the original bales or cases as they come from foreign countries.

Then they go to the casing room where the bales are opened and the tobacco cased, or dipped in water, which requires an experienced man, for if too much water is used on a very absorbent tobacco, it will not dry well; and if worked too fresh in a cigar the cigar is apt to pull hard and go soft while smoking. If not enough water is used on a dry type, the tobacco does not develop its best flavor; will break easily thus causing waste.

The "hands" or "carots" are stood on the butt end in casing box for 24 hours, then shook out, sent to the next department where they remain 24 to 48 hours, until the tobacco has absorbed all the water and becomes suple and silky. It is then passed over to the strippers who take out the large middle stem.

The class of tobacco that forms the inside of the cigar is now called "filllers" and is sent to the drying room where it is placed on clean smooth floors, spreading it about 6 inches thick, turning it twice a day takes three to five days. Some manufacturers dry on screens in a few hours very dry, and then spray, dump in a box, and let it draw back.

Payne claims that quick evaporation runs away with too much of the aroma and gum, and induces a flatness to the taste, and if dried by steam or near a fire a "smokey" taste develops, and the cigar is apt to burn the tongue.

The fillers should now be laid away loosely for a week or more to cure, if a blend is being made the filler should be laid away four to eight weeks so that the cigars will run uniform, if laid away to dry they won't blend, if too moist they may go mouldy, a constant watch must be maintained.

Eventually the fillers are given over to the cigar makers, and here the cigar can be easily spoiled, generally by the workman placing some pieces crosswise, or by rolling too tightly, because the finest tobacco ever placed in a cigar will taste flat if the cigar does not pull easily.

When finished the cigars are laid away in humidors for at least 24 hours before packing, and after packing, are placed in a humidor for a couple of months to properly season.

Then it is up to the dealer to take proper care of his stock, as many a good cigar is spoiled by being kept down cellar in the summer, and by being kept up on the shelves in the winter.

For the past few years J. Bruce Payne, Limited, have been catering more particularly to the retail trade, or shipping in smaller lots and more frequently, to their jobber so that their "Pharaoh" cigar always goes over the counter to the consumer in prime condition.

The sperm whale can remain under water for twenty minutes.

A Frank Statement

Pe-ru-na is the Best Medicine in the World.

I RECOMMEND PE-RU-NA.

MR. EMILE MAROIS.

MR. EMILE MAROIS, 1879 Ontario street, Montreal, Canada, writes:

"After taking nine bottles of Peruna, I find that I am cured.

"I still take it occasionally. For me it is the best medicine in the world.

"I have recommended it to a number of persons."

Mr. J. C. Hervus Pelletier, Dept. de l'Agriculture, Ottawa, Ontario, writes:

"The Peruna is particularly efficacious in the cure of catarrhal affections of the **lungs and bronchial tubes.**

"Six bottles cured me this winter of **bronchitis.** I am completely restored and I owe thanks to the Peruna.

"I have recommended this remedy to a large number of my friends afflicted with the same trouble, and they have verified my good opinion of this **valuable remedy.**"