Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XIV.-

The Joels went to Leighton Manor, and both Rebekah and Harecastle were glad of the respite, for the latter stayed in town. He was beginning to feel that Rebekah was not satisfied that all was right. At times he almost wished that she would break off the engagement. He had vainly endeavored to forget Ethel Fetherston. He felt thankful that Fate had not thrown them together since their last interview.

A few days quiet in the country enabled Rebekah to come to a decision. She determined to set her mind at rest, for once and for all. She wrote to Harecastle to meet her at their house in Park Lane and went there with a foreboding of evil. She found there many packages containing wedding presents, to be opened. One was from Ethel Fetherston, and her memory went back to the rumor which she had heard of the engagement between her and Harecastle. The uncertainty was making her utterly miserable, and she longed to be able to satisfy herself that her suspicions were unfounded.

Harecastle was astonished at the change that a few days had made in Rebekah's appearance. He missed the frank, open look, the welcoming smile, and he wondered what had caused the alteration.

"Cyril," she began quickly. "I want to ask you a question. Do not answer without thought, dearest. I implore you to be frank with me."

"I always try to be, Rebekah."

"I know that. I have been very miserable lately. Sometimes I fear that you do not really love me," she said sadly.

Should he accept his liberty? The thought leapt at him, for here was a chance. He had but to say that he did not love her, and he would be free. The temptation was acute, and for a moment he wavered. But then he remembered all that depended on this marriage. Joel would never believe but that he himself had caused the rupture. He must lie, and lie firmly.

"Do you love me, Cyril?" she asked pleadingly. "Don't hesitate to give me pain. Speak the truth. It will be kinder. I could bear it now, but to discover later——"

She broke off and looked at him appealingly.

"I love you," he said in a hoarse voice, but his eyes did not meet hers, and she sighed deeply.

He went on to speak of the arrangements for the marriage, and he affected an interest that deceived her into believing, for the moment, that he spoke the truth. But then it was her desire to do so, and it is easy to persuade oneself that a state of affairs exists, when it coincides with one's passionate wish.

With an effort Harecastle redoubled his attentions, and in the end succeeded in smothering her suspicions.

He took her in his car, and as they were making their way along Bond Street, they were pulled up by the traffic. A lady, in a victoria, passed them, just as they commenced to move again. She looked at Harecastle and bowed. His face flushed, and he turned away, but not before Rebekah had observed his confusion.

"Who was that?" she asked quietly.

"Miss Fetherston," he replied.

She made no comment, but this accidental encounter once more aroused her suspicions.

During the afternoon she chanced to call upon Miss Stanton, the friend who had told her of Harecastle's engagement to Miss Fetherston.

She had been there a few minutes when she saw the object of her thoughts enter the room.

"Please make me known to Miss Fetherston," she said to her hostess, and the introduction was effected.

"We passed you in Bond Street this morning," Rebekah remarked. "I was with Lord Harecastle."

"Yes, I saw you," Ethtel replied quietly.

"You are an old friend of Cyril's, are you not?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, we have known one another for years," Ethel answered rather coldly.

"I wish so much that his friends should be my friends," Rebekah said pleadingly. "You know that I do not really belong to your world."

Ethel looked at her curiously, and was agreeably surprised at the refined beauty of the daughter of the Jewish millionaire. She felt nothing but contempt for the way she had been treated by Harecastle, but this girl was not to blame, for she could not have known of their engagement. She would have forgiven anything, save that he should go straight from having jilted her to bind himself to another.

"Will you come to see me at Leighton Manor? May I send the car for you?" Rebekah asked eagerly. "Any day this week will suit me. To-day is Tuesday. Shall we say Thursday?"

Ethel was possessed by a natural desire to know more of the woman that Cyril was about to marry, and she decided to accept the invitation, so she consented to go on the Thursday.

Rebekah returned at once to Leighton Manor. She did not quite know why she had asked Ethel Fetherston to visit her, but deep in her heart there was an intention of trying to ascertain if there was any truth in her suspicion that Harecastle cared for her.

CHAPTER XV.

When Ackroyd received Joel's second cheque he had fully determined to invest the proceeds and to retire into the country, where he could live on the interest in comfort. But he was inoculated with the fever of gambling and his good resolutions vanished. He changed nothing of his extravagant manner of living, and he revelled in luxuries. The City once more engaged his attention, and he launched forth into speculation. At the outset he was ftairly cautious, and if he had continued to be so all would have been well. It might have been thought that he would have learnt a lesson from his former experience, but such natures are not easily taught even by such a hard task master.

Copper mining shares were then the rage, and he decided to buy largely. Their value at once increased, and in consequence he gratified a desire for an expensive touring car. For a while everything suceeded, and in his dreams he saw himself rivalling Joel Josephs in wealth. But that imp of ill luck that had pursued him all his life determined to have a say in the matter. Down came the shares like a rocket. Paper that had represented forty thousand pounds was soon worth but twenty, then fifteen and finally ten thousand pounds. But this was not all for there was a liability attached which would more than swamp all the money that he possessed.

He was confident that all would come right if he only had sufficient capital to tide over this bad time. Writs were issued and judgments for large amounts were signed against him. Then came threats of bankruptcy, and he began to realize that he was in a tight corner.

Five thousand pounds would tide him over his present difficulties, and he felt that in a few months he would once more be in affluence.

But where to get this money!

His thoughts naturally turned to the Earl, and he determined to go and see him. He found him at Wolverholme Castle, but when he presented himself he was informed that the Earl was unable to see him. In vain he sent a pressing note demanding an interview. The reply was a curt refusal. He wrote a long threatening letter, but this was returned to him, enclosed in another envelope.

"He evidently does not know that I got back the letters. Shall I tell him?" Ackroyd ruminated. "But perhaps he is acting under Joel's advice. I think I had better deal with the Jew."

This course was not at all to his liking, for he held Joel in profound respect. If he could have seen any other alternative he would have avoided the interview. He had the utmost fear of getting himself into his clutches, and he was sufficient of a lawyer to know that he would be rendering himself liable to a long term of imprisonment if they should dare to have him arrested.

That was the crux of the matter. Would they dare? Joel was just about to ally himself with the Earl's family, and he would naturally be desirous that nothing should be made public that would reflect upon his daughter.

Yes, he would take the risk and beard Joel.

As soon as he had come to this decision he drove in his car to his chambers in St. James'. By the use of the telephone he ascertained that Joel was at present staying at Leighton Manor, and he decided to go there to see him.

He went to his safe and took out a large envelope, which he opened, and from which he took some photographs.

They were copies of the cipher letters which he had had taken before he had handed the originals over to Joel.

And so Ackroyd still possessed irrefutable evidence of the Earl's treachery.

Soon after lunch Ackroyd started in his car for Leighton Manor. He was not possessed of the self-confidence that sustained him upon his first journey to blackmail the Earl, for in Joel he realized that he was dealing with a man of different calibre.

He had heard the news of Harecastle's engagement to Joel's daughter with great interest, for it explained what had hitherto puzzled him, namely the reason that had animated Joel in buying the cipher letters for so large a sum. Naturally he had no idea that the letters had been used as a lever to force Lord Harecastle to marry the Jew's daughter. He merely thought that the engagement was on the tapis and that Joel had thought it advisable to destroy evidence that might injure the family with which his daughter was about to ally herself.

During the journey Ackroyd carefully thought out his plan of campaign. He looked with interest as he approached the palace that housed the famous millionaire, but it was with trepidation that he asked the footman, who answered the door, to send in his name to his master.

He had not long to wait, and was ushered through the vast hall into a cosily furnished library. The room was a large one, and was evidently the one in which Joel worked. On the writing-table rested a telephone, and an open door led to another room, which Ackroyd imagined might belong to a secretary.

Joel was evidently in no hurry to see him, for a half an hour passed and still he did not come. Ackroyd's nervousness increased and he dreaded the interview more than ever. Were his need not so desperate, he would have turned tail and fled, but money he must have, and quickly. The luxury which he had employed for the last few weeks had become a necessity to him. The thought that he might have to return to his former poverty struck terror to his heart.

If this delay was intentional Joel wac acting astutely, for each moment rendered Ackroyd less fit mentally for the battle which he knew he would have to wage. But at last a termination was put to his suspense, for Joel entered briskly.

"A surprise visit, Mr. Ackroyd. What can I do for you?" he asked curtly. "I am very busy and cannot spare you much time."

"First I must congratulate you upon your daughter's engagement to Lord Harecastle," Ackroyd began coolly. "It supplied a motive that was puzzling me."

"I am glad that your curiosity is satisfied," Joel said sarcastically. "But surely you haven't come down here to tell me that."

"Not entirely, Mr. Josephs. In fact I am here to throw myself on your mercy."

"That means more money. I understand you've been making a fool of yourself by investing largely in copper mines. You should have asked my advice. I should have told you to leave them alone."

"I am in a tight corner," Ackroyd said quickly.

"You must remain there then, that is if you are relying upon my help to get out of it. We have had our little business transaction together. That is terminated, and I take no further interest in you, Mr. Ackroyd."

"But you took an advantage of me. If I had known that Lord Wolverholme's treachery interested you so personally, you would have had to pay a much larger sum before I should have handed the evidence over to you. I asked you to give me the balance."

"Mr. Ackroyd," Joel said coldly, "your impertinence approaches the sublime. I have every mind to telephone to the police station and give you in charge for blackmail. Your punishment woul' not be a light one."

(To be continued.)

"I can testify to the great merits of your Emulsion, especially in all diseases of a pulmonary nature. It has saved many lives that otherwise would have yielded to consumption . . . we keep *Scott's Emulsion* in the house all the time and all the family use it."—MR. C. J. BUDLONG, Box 158, Washington, R. I.

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CATARRH IN HEAD.

Pe-ru-na---Pe-ru-na.

MR. WM. A. PRESSER.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1722 Third Ave., Moline, Ill., writes:

"I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered, not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers.

"I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and it effected a complete medical cure, and what is better yet, the disease has not returned.

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

Read This Experience.

Mr. A. Thompson, Box 65, R. R. I., Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, nose was stopped up half of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual hawking and spitting.

"I have tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna.

"After I had taken about one-third of a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now completely cured, after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years.

"I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

Windmills were invented and used by the Saracens.

At least a million telegrams are sent over the world's wires daily.

Sheep's horns are used for shoeing horses in Iceland.

Cigars form part of the daily rations of the Italian soldier.

A fox can scent danger a quarter of a mile off if the wind is in a favorable direction.

Bagley—"All of Mrs. Howe's children call her the 'mater.' Isn't it nice to see such affection?" Bailey—"That isn't affection. She succeeded in marrying off six daughters in six years, and they call her the 'mater' because they think she has fairly earned the title."

Girlhood Vigor Regained.

Every woman should take Psychine regularly. It creates an appetite and is the greatest of digestants. Psychine is a boon to run-down, tired and overworked women for there is LIFE IN EVERY DOSE. Mrs. J. T. Miller of 63 Notre Dame St., Winnipeg, proved this, for she says: "I am thankful for what Psychine has done for me. I was laid up with weakness. Oh, how I suffered. My appetite was very poor and my stomach was greatly disordered. To-day I am strong and well, for Psychine has brought me permanent relief. I feel like a new woman now to what I did before taking Psychine. I feel the vigor of girlhood in my veins once more."

Psychine regulates and strengthens the stomach and is an infallible remedy for all disorders of the throat, lungs and chest. All druggists and stores, 50c. Sample sent on application. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Psychine drives away La Grippe!

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We put up listed stocks as security. Don't let any one advise you against making money. Make your money work during the Winter months. We know the Banks want you to leave it in the Savings Department. And they are making money by lending yours to other people. Why not lend it yourself and get the profits? We guarantee every loan we make with CASH. Write us.

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About the Farm

PREVENTING PIG TROUBLES.

There is no class of inquiries which are answered witah so little satisfaction to the agracultural press and to its readers as those concerning ailing pigs. It is hard enough to diagnose pig troubles when one has an opportunity to make a personal examination, and doubly hard when such an examination is impossible. Even after the trouble is correctly diagnosed, treatment in the case of pigs is often very unsatisfactory. The truth of the old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," was never better illustrated than in the case of pig disease. There is no need of arguing the desirability of keeping the pig healthy and thrifty. All readers will agree with us on this point, but singularly enough it is difficult to get them to act upon their own belief. Take, says Wallace's Farmer, the disease known as partial paralysis, which has become quite common, comparatively speaking during the last two or three years. We are convinced that if due care were exercised in the matter of feeding the pigs and very common preventive measures taken, this disease would not be at all troublesome; but notwithstanding the frequency with which we have emphasized the importance of preventives during the past two or three years, not one out of ten of our friends who asked for help in this particular matter have made an effort to prevent it. In addition to providing clean, well-ventilated sleeping quarters and a ration which contains some muscle-making food in addition to the corn it will pay to feed the Government recipe to all hogs which show any signs of disease. This recipe, which we have published many times before, is as follows:

	Pounds.
Wood charcoal	1
Sulphur	1
Sodium chloride	2
Sodium bicarbonate	2
Sodium hyposulphite	2
Sodium sulphate	1
Antimony sulphide (black antimony)	1

These ingredients should be completely pulverized and thoroughly mixed. The dose of the mixture is a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs to be treated, and it should be given but once a day.

Our friends should always keep before the hogs a box of wood ashes or charcoal, in which a little salt has been mixed. This ought to be where the hogs can have access to it at all times. If they will adopt these simple precautions and then exercise some care in feeding a balanced ration, the number of complaints of pig diseases of one sort or another will be cut in half within three months.

FARM NOTES.

The ignorant engineer gets from 30 to 50 per cent. less steam efficiency from a given amount of coal than does the man who knows. The intelligent dairyman is really an efficient engineer. He makes every pound of feed count.

Agriculture now takes its place as a business as sure in its operations and results as manufacturing and merchandising. It is no longer a haphazard proposition in which guessing plays the most prominent part. Farmers are now as much interested in the cost of production as the maker of pig iron or of nails, realizing as they do that therein lies the true secret of profit.

It may be set down as a general rule that all plants have certain climates in which they thrive best. It has been observed that plants more dwarfed and branching, more abundant foliage, and their leaves and fruit possesses brighter colors, the nearer they reach their northern boundary of successful cultivation. It has also been noticed that, in the northern limits, a plant is more productive, generally contains more sugar and gluten, and requires a shorter time to complete its growth.

Let pains be taken to pack the butter in the neatest way possible and to have it arrive in the very best condition so far as texture and surroundings are concerned. Aim always to have the vehicle it is carried in, also the crates, jars and other packages containing it as clean and attractive as they can be made. If it is necessary to carry apples, vegetables, hides or other products of the farm in the same wagon, let these be disposed of before the customers are served, and never allow anything with a pungent odor like the kerosene can to be carried in the same wagon. The difficulty last mentioned can sometimes be overcome by suspending the offending article for transportation below the body of the wagon.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HOBBY.

Rarely Without a Camera and Has Taken 10,000 Photographs.

It is no exaggeration to say that Queen Alexandra's premier hobby is photography. Indeed her Majesty is without question one of the most enthusiastic amateur photographers it is possible to meet. She is said now to possess albums containing over 10,000 photographs, all taken by her own hands, representing royal and important personages, places and festivals in all parts of Europe, says London Tit-Bits.

For a period of sixteen years now the Queen has been a devotee of the camera. She possesses five cameras. It was, of course, as Princes sof Wales that her Majesty made her first snapshot.

Although to-day the Queen really does very little developing, she has so thoroughly mastered its technicalities that she is fully competent to enter the dark room which was specially built on the new royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, at her instigation and print off her films. Wherever the Queen goes—be it a cruise in the royal yacht to her home in Denmark or a ride across country in the Highlands—she is never without a camera. That she uses it is evident when it is stated that during one of her Mediterranean cruises she secured 1,400 photographs in six weeks.

In her way of going to work she is most methodical. Her photographs fill many albums and under each photograph her Majesty has written a description of the picture and the date when taken. They include a great variety of subjects, from the King's stud horses taken in the old days at the annual sale at Wolferton to portraits of her grandchildren on the lawn at Sandringham and the ruins of the Parthenon. The photographs of her grandchildren fill three albums alone and now amount to several thousand. They depict them at their games romping with each other, and one that made the King roar with laughter when he saw it has caught two of the younger sons of the Prince of Wales, each endeavoring to exert his right to a certain toy by the free use of his fists.

One is not surprised to hear that his Majesty has frequently fallen a victim to the ever alert camera of the Queen. What she regards as one of the best photographs of the King is that which depicts him talking to Lord Suffield in the grounds of Marlborough House. Then she has photographs of his Majesty running and in all sorts of unconventional positions. These very much amused the Kaiser when he was in this country, and he is said to have begged the Queen for one of these humorous sets, as she terms them.

Then the Queen has put her hobby to a novel use. She has had certain photographs reproduced on china. This service is kept at Windsor and only used by the Queen when entertaining her most intimate friends. Each cup contains a photographic reproduction and they are all of the humorous type. One shows his Majesty running across the lawn to greet a friend. They say at Windsor that should his Majesty drop in to tea when this service is being used he never gets this cup, because he might accidentally drop it.

DIFFICULTIES.

He—"So you are going to marry Mr. Slocum?"

She—"No; it's like this. Father is quite sure of his prospects, mother doesn't care for his people, and I'm not particularly keen—and he hasn't asked me yet!"

In some parts of Japan during a wedding ceremony the toys of the bride are burnt.